



Nieuwsbrief



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Beste lezers,

Bedankt voor de vele reacties op onze vorige nieuwsbrief. Er wordt door iedereen ontzettend meegeleefd, dat voelen we heel goed, en we zijn er blij mee.

Hoewel er voorzichtig optimisme heerst nu Kibaki en Odinga elkaar afgelopen week de hand hebben geschud, is het in sommige streken helemaal nog niet rustig. Er wordt, in onze ogen, veel te weinig gedaan om het geweld te laten stoppen!! Dagelijks nog worden in sommige gebieden mensen verjaagd, vermoord en huizen in brand gestoken.

Zoals we in de laatste nieuwsbrief al verteld hebben, hebben we hier wat mensen geholpen, die in de problemen zijn gekomen door al het geweld van de laatste tijd. Veel mensen in Nederland geven aan ook graag iets te willen doen, en we hebben dan ook van B'ware een beetje financiële ruimte gekregen om de plaatselijke nood te lenigen.

We zijn niet van plan een grote aktie te gaan starten, daarvoor zijn genoeg andere mogelijkheden. Mochten wij voor het geld geen dringende bestemming vinden, zullen we het overmaken aan het Rode Kruis.

Hiermee komen we toe aan de reden van deze extra nieuwsbrief.

Het volgende krantenbericht is van afgelopen vrijdag. Het betreft een ingezonden brief van een man die, net als al die andere duizenden mensen, alles heeft verloren.

Dit bericht raakte ons zó, dat we het willen delen. Een indringend en schokkend verhaal, daar willen we jullie wel graag voor waarschuwen...

Verder hebben we even geen woorden meer...

Groetjes van Joost, Patries, Steven en Doris.

To the Editor. . .

The editor welcomes brief letters on topical issues. E-mail: mailbox@nation.co.ke or write to: The Editor, Daily Nation, POB 49010, Nairobi 00100

TALKING POINT

President Kibaki, Raila and all Kenyans stand accused

I write this letter as my final mortal action upon this earth.

I have determined to collect email addresses of the prominent people that I know and my friends and send it to them from an anonymous email address for two reasons.

First, to spare them the distress of knowing beforehand what I am doing, therefore saving them from culpability, and second, because my identity is now and in future irrelevant — it could be any of those men around the country who feel like I do.

As you might guess from my style of writing, I am a well-educated man. I am a graduate of Nairobi and Strathmore universities. I have been privileged to be educated around the world.

I have worked in Berlin, Stockholm, London, New York and many other places. I speak six languages fluently.

Even with all these achievements, I have no more reason to live. If you will want to look for me as you read this, go to City Mortuary where I have determined to fester among the anonymous people there.

I will explain why in this let-



Victims of political violence from Kibera slums stretch out their hands for food donations.

ter, and like Pavlov, I shall retire. This is my only protest.

Mr Kibaki, I indict you.

You stole the election that I stood for six hours to participate in. By your actions, my life irrevocably changed. History will now forget the great achievement and legacy that you were poised to make and it shall remember that for your self-righteousness, people lost lives, property, and most of all, hope. On the blood of my people, I indict you.

Mr Odinga, my chosen president, on the blood and tears of my people, I indict you.

Because of your bitterness, justified though it is, my life irrevocably changes. My greatest achievements, my family,

died in your name. My son, my heir, named after my great ancestors, went up in smoke before he could say my name, or his great name. Koitalet.

My twin daughters, Wanjiru and Sanaipei, were found by my burnt house in Eldoret, having bled out of their wounds. My wife died with the seed of six men inside her, demented and finally catatonic. This happened in your name, Sir. Because you have to get justice. Because my wife was from the wrong community. Because you must get what is yours.

You will read this and feel nothing. You will rationalise it as accepted collateral damage. Some must die in the pursuit

of justice, isn't it?

Kenyans, on the blood of my children, I indict you all. You lost the ball. You forgot that our ethnicity is something we joke about, as we go about our business.

You forgot that we do not fight, we mediate. You forgot that we are a great people, built on the back of great people. You forgot that it's just elections.

On the blood of my children, on the tears of my dead wife, on the tears of our mothers, on the tears in the sheets of those people who are sleeping in the rain, I indict you.

PATRIOT,
Nairobi.