

CHEBET'S STORY

PART ONE:

April 2017:

My 3 month old daughter, Brielle Chemutai, and I are living with my mother in Kericho when my mother-in-law invites us over to her house for Easter holiday celebrations. We of course accept the invitation; make travel arrangements and a day prior to the event we arrive in Mosoriot.

The event's preparations are underway and I can't help but wonder why everything seems over the top. Nonetheless I brush off the thought. Afterall, my mother-in-law has always been one to plan things way ahead of time. The event is also a chance for the relatives of my Husband, Brian, to finally meet Brielle. I then manage to convince myself that things are nothing short of okay.

CHEBET'S STORY

It is now the day of the event and I am excited to see the guests arrive. I happen to see a tent being put up and for that reason I start thinking that this could be a surprise wedding for Brian and I.

There are women in the kitchen cooking lots of food, a group of Brian's cousins are standing at a corner organizing the day's programme and so because I feel left out I ask my mother in law to assign me some tasks so that I can be of help.

"Just take a shower and prepare Chemutai as well. Today is your day, and that means no work for you." She says.

I oblige. After taking my shower and dressing Chemu I notice more guests are arriving. Despite being earlier told that today will not be a day of work for me I decide to help with the serving of food.

Throughout the event I am all smiles being myself I of course crack a few jokes with the people whom I know as we eat and engage in small talk. All is well and I am still as excited as I was when the event started.

Moments after we are all done eating our lunch we are requested to move outside to where the tent is. We sing and dance, speeches are being made and later on Brian and I are asked to sit at the front, facing the rest of the people. At this point we are the centre of attention.

A green *maasai shuka* is gifted to Brian whereas I receive a beautiful African print *leso*. Chemu on the other hand receives way too many gifts, I can barely mention them. (It feels like a wedding reception guys! ☺ ☺)

Anyway, the party ends and in the evening I am all over the place. I can't seem to stop talking and raving because of how excited I am. My mother calls to ask how the event was and I tell her everything.

"These people are super awesome mum, the event was way bigger than I anticipated!"

My mother is excited for me and she bids me goonight.

CHEBET'S STORY

CHEBET'S STORY

It is dinner time and we are all set to have dinner together. By 'we' I mean the remaining guests, who are mostly Brian's cousins that decide on sleeping over.

Unfortunately there is some confusion in the kitchen, the food delays and so by the time it is being served the food is really cold. Brian asks to know why food is not only being served cold but also what has taken so long and I take the blame. I apologize to him but he rejects my apology.

"This is not your mistake. There are plenty of women in this house (His sisters and cousins) to do this so don't beat yourself up." He says to me.

"Okay." I respond.

It is time for us to go sleep and my Mum-in-law asks everyone in the room to say something before we each retire to our beds. It is my turn to speak and again I apologize. *"Thank you for hosting us mum, I am really sorry guys for delaying and serving you cold food."*

They all stare at me with blank faces and not a single soul says a word.

I am now paranoid. *"This is it! This is how my relationship with Brian ends."* I think to myself. *"I mean, I'm certain I have made a great mistake."*

I am now in bed and I cannot sleep due to the thoughts on my mind.

"Why was the event that big? Was this a way of telling me good bye? Why did they give me all those gifts? Could it be because they think Brian and I haven't bought Chemu enough things? Why didn't that one cousin of his greet me? Did she hate me for being too loud? Oh wait I was too talkative today! I should have kept quiet, or at least talked less. I am such a bad person. I talk too much. I should watch my words. Oh no! I was also too talkative with Brian's mother. That's not how it's supposed to be. I don't have respect for my elders."

The thoughts go on and on. I toss and turn in my bed and I even end up waking up Brian's elder sister just so I can apologize once more for being the bad person I

CHEBET'S STORY

know myself to be. She asks why I think I am a bad person and I narrate to her how I have done many bad things, especially earlier on during the party

"No, you must be out of your mind. You're not a bad person, just relax and go back to sleep!" She assures me.

But then again I am not convinced and so I can't bring myself to sleep. My mind is filled with numerous negative thoughts. One negative thought after the other. Each thought giving birth to an even bigger one.

It is finally morning and after breakfast, those who had slept over make their way out to their homes one by one.

I serve my tea and *mandazi* but I have no appetite. I fail to eat.

A certain neighbor who had come to visit and says,

"You do understand that you are a lactating mother and that your child needs to breastfeed right? You should eat. At least for the sake of the baby! Don't be selfish!"

I assure her that I will eat. But I don't. I then start thinking of how I must be the worst mother on this earth! I cannot eat yet I need to breast feed.

For the remaining part of the day as well as the next few days, I do not utter any positive thing. I don't smile, or laugh and I keep telling my husband's younger sister, Justine, how I am such a terrible person.

She constantly demands that I stop with the negativity but I find it impossible to do so. Justine however, is a girl with zero chills. Therefore each time I insist that I am bad, she goes along with it. Reverse Psychology and tough love is what I call it.

"Yes, you are indeed bad! You are such a bad person! You are not eating, you are not listening to me and you haven't bathed Chemu since the day you came here. And you will continue being bad if you do not stop doing these things!" She says.

"Sure. Sure, I am bad if I keep doing these things. You are right. I will listen to you." I respond

CHEBET'S STORY

But it does not stop there. At this point I do not even have the energy or psyche to do anything at all. For days, I do not take a shower nor do I sleep. I have lost track of the days to the point where four days have passed, yet I would still refer to the day we had the Easter event as 'yesterday'.

CHEBET'S STORY

It is Monday morning and people are going back to work. I see Mother in law leaving for work and I tell myself that I really need to apologize to her for how bad a wife I have been to her son and also the terrible mother I have been to her grand daughter.

Brian has asked severally whether I am okay because he has noticed I have been acting different. *"I have never seen you like this, are you really okay?"* He would ask and on this particular morning he asks if I am okay and I immediately apologize to him for being a bad person. I apologize for waking up late and not cooking the entire family breakfast on time. I keep apologizing over and over again as I serve them breakfast and they all just look at me with blank faces unaware of how to respond.

I become more paranoid. *"This is it. This is how this relationship ends. They do not even want to talk me."* I think to myself.

Brian goes back to Nairobi for work later on and his brother goes back to school. We are left with the sister and a few cousins. I ask Brian's sister whether or not I should call her mum to apologize and she says I do not need to because I have not done anything wrong. I insist that I need to talk to her and so she calls her mother. A few hours later, my mother in law comes back and I rush to her car. It is heavily raining and so she tells me to get into the car which I do. Before I even speak she shows me a beautiful second hand dress she has bought for Chemu and asks if I will be able to wash out the stain on the dress.

"This is it. She even thinks I cannot do proper laundry...this is how it ends".

Anyway, I assure her I will manage to wash out the stain and I let her know that there is something important I need to tell her. She suggests we talk about it over a hot cup of tea and so we head into the house.

Justine prepares the tea as she fills her mother in on how her day was. As Sarcastic as Justine has always been she starts talking about how I had disturbed her all day. She serves the tea, looks over to me and asks,

"Chebet ama Chai yetu Ni mbaya pia?"

This makes me feel all the more guilty.

I begin to tell my mother in law how bad a person I am but she does not understand where all this is coming from. She asks what it is I have done and so I explain.

CHEBET'S STORY

"I didn't even iron Brian's shirt yesterday for the party. Clearly I am a bad wife to your son. I am sorry. I also mentioned yesterday that the meat in the kitchen was bringing in a lot of houseflies yet I am not in a position to comment on the state of your house. I am deeply sorry."

She starts laughing. I assume the laughter is a confirmation of what I was saying. Maybe this is the impression she's always had of me. She stops to ask where all this is coming from but notices I hadn't touched my tea. Apparently while I was busy apologizing I got too distracted to realize that a fly had found its way into my cup of tea. Justine is therefore requested to bring me a fresh cup and as soon as she does I gullop the tea within a second lest they say I don't want their tea. As soon as I am done with that I go back to my apologies.

"Please accept my apology for all the things I have done. I will understand if this means I have to break up with Brian. It is entirely my fault."

She is now getting worried and she holds my hand, asks me to breathe and relax. She tries to reassure me that I haven't done anything wrong but I do not buy it. Deep down I still convince myself that she is angry with me.

CHEBET'S STORY

We are set to travel back to Kericho the next day. I spend the entire night contemplating how hectic it will be to carry all my luggage especially since I did not expect to receive these many gifts. I go to bed knowing I'll carry all the luggage by myself because I don't want to cause unnecessary stress to anyone.

Morning comes and I don't feel like taking a shower or putting much thought into my attire. I wear a pair of faded black pants and an old white top and as if that is not bad enough, I don't brush my teeth. I am not paying any attention to myself much less to my daughter, Chemu, who I have unknowingly left under Justine's care.

My mother in law asks us to put our luggage in her car so that she can drop us off at the bus stage on her way to work and just as I am taking some of the luggage to the car, I collapse and die! (Okay I thought I was dead!)

Remember how I hadn't been taking any food or drinks? Not even water? For about 5 days? Well, that's the reason behind me collapsing. I had not breastfed Chemu due to my poor eating habits. She had been surviving on cow's milk (at three months old) because of my foolishness.

As soon as I regain consciousness, my mother in law insists that I take a big cup of *mursik*. Moments later she helps me into the car. At this moment I am not even aware of where my daughter is and in all honesty I am not really bothered by that at all.

We are on our way to the bus stop where I am to board a bus to Kericho and this is where shit hits the fan. This is where things get real. As we approach the bus stop, I hear people gossiping about me. I could hear them say things like,

"There she is, she's the one giving this village trouble, she does not even know how to take care of her husband and child" (Ndio huyu, she's the one giving this village trouble, hajui hata kuchunga Bwanake, hajui hata kuchunga mtoto wake.)

CHEBET'S STORY

We get to the bus stop and I refuse to alight my mother in law's car because I am scared for my life. I am afraid the mob of people outside talking ill of me are going to gang up on me and kill me. Yes I am simply just hallucinating.

My mother in law very politely and humbly asks me to get off the car because it is getting late and I am traveling with a baby. Not to forget she is also getting late for work because of me. So I alight. However, I am crying, telling her how sorry I am. She offers me some transport money but I decline, She forces it into my hands but I throw it away. Suddenly a huge truck passes along the road (Mosoriot-Kapsabet road). It is the campaign season and there is a guy talking through the microphone in the truck. On the truck I see a picture of me and the name (Edna Chebet Kiptum) In my head I'm thinking of how these people have gotten my name wrong. I convince myself that the reason they have changed it is because I don't deserve to be called Laura. I also note that they have called me by my father's name(Kiptum). Maybe it is because they just want me to go and stay with him.

“I will never be married. I should never be married, That's why they put my name as Kiptum.I will just go home to my father, stay with him and ask him to give me part of his land because his marriage thing is not for me” I think to myself

The guy on the truck mentions my name saying how I am a huge disappointment to Mosoriot village. He talks about the campaigns and elections but my mind twists it all. All this while my mother in law is speaking to me but I am not listening. All I can think of is how today must be my last day on Earth.

I am forced me back into the car and we drive back home. I glance at the back seat and I see a white cloth with the name Chebet Kiptum engraved on it. In retrospect it was not a piece of cloth but a white dust coat with the words "Kenya Power" printed on it. On seeing the cloth with my name on it I start thinking that the reason we are driving back is because they want to kill me, bury me in their compound and use this white cloth as a cover for my coffin.

We arrive home, I quickly get off the car in search of the grave I am certain they have dug for me. I spot a natural depression on the ground at the back of the house.

‘This is it! I knew it. I really am dying today!’

CHEBET'S STORY

I stand next to my 'grave' waiting for my death while I recite my last prayers. My mother in law is busy offloading most of my luggage from the car and I am thinking of how she is probably doing that because she knows I don't need those things because after all, today is my last day. I am not even thinking of Chemu at all. I am just focused on my death. My mother in law comes to where I am and requests me to get in the car. We are going to Eldoret town. There is traffic along the way and lots of people as well due to the ongoing campaign. My eyes are not seeing strangers though, I see my friends and relatives mocking me. I hear them say things like,

"There she goes. Shame on you" (**Ndio huyu anapita. Shame on you**)

They are all condemning me for all the bad things I have done and I look down in shame because I cannot face them.

We arrive at my mother in law's other house in Eldoret town and I refuse to alight because in my head I am certain lots of people are waiting for me outside in order to lecture me then kill me. With much persuasion I get off the car and we head into the house. No one other than the house help is in. I am still skeptical about everything and I do not even want to sit down, I constantly leave the house to try and see if any 'attackers' are hiding in the compound. I am served my lunch but I do not eat. My mother in law asks my father in law to join us and she goes on to explain to him what's going on. All this time Brian has been calling me but I have been ignoring his calls. I do not see the point in speaking to him because in my head, with the amount of wrongs I have committed- especially towards his family- my relationship with him is obviously long gone. There's no possible way that he would still want to be involved with me.

As my mother in law narrates what has been happening, a part of me immediately decides that I need to apologize to your father in law and the next thing I know, I am down on my knees with my hands in the air, reciting an apology.

"Dad, please forgive me. I am a bad person, I don't deserve to be your daughter in-law....."

CHEBET'S STORY

He asks me to get up and tells me he has forgiven me. Now, the fact that he says he has forgiven confirms everything I have been feeling. I must have done something wrong. I mean, why else would he accept my apology?

I am driven to Eldoret Memorial hospital and my cousin Vivian is called to help out. It seems I am being a little too much for these people (my in laws). They also make a call to my mum but she does not answer at the time because she is sitting for an exam although later on she calls back and promises to come by the next day. Justine brings me some juice to boost my energy levels since I have not been eating and she succeeds at guilt tripping me into drinking it. Moments later the doctor examines me and says that he will inject me with a sedative to calm me down.

I am still very paranoid and so I totally resist the injection being administered to me. It is surprising how energetic I am seeing as I have not been eating at all these past few days. The doctor threatens to call security to pin me down so that he can forcefully inject me and upon hearing that I get frightened and so I comply. The drug is meant to calm my nerves and help me fall asleep but I try with all my might not to sleep lest I do and fail to ever wake up again.

A few minutes later the doctor writes me a prescription and on our way home we of course pass by Chandaria hospital to get the drugs I have been prescribed.

We get to Chandaria, Vivian (my cousin) goes into the hospital and comes with the medicine(Zyprexa). We then drive back home, supper is prepared but again, I don't eat. My mother in law goes back to Mosoriot and I am left with my father in law, Justine and my Vivian. I feel so sleepy and exhausted due to the sedation but I keep struggling to stay awake. I mean, I don't want to die. I know my behavior in the morning may have proven otherwise but at this point I am not at all ready.

Justine comes to where I am, switches off the TV and forces me to go to bed. I get into bed but I still cannot bring myself to sleep.

Justine and Vivian stay with me throughout the night because at my state being left alone is not safe at all. We all sleep in the same room and because of that my guilt kicks in again. I start thinking of how my cousin Vivian and I have come to squeeze ourselves into my in-law's house.

"We are very bad people. We need to repent" I whisper into Vivian's ear and within a short period of time I manage to fall asleep. Vivian must have wondered what I meant by repentance. Oh well, it is a new day now and my mother calls to inform us that she is on her way. Meanwhile I'm with my little sister (Nicole). Apparently she had been in the house the entire time but for a moment there I had

CHEBET'S STORY

forgotten her existence. It is now Nicole's turn to 'babysit' me because both Vivian and Justine have to go to work.

Much later in the day ask Nicole to read me a scripture from the Bible, ***Revelation 22:22***

(A few months earlier, my younger brother had a Psychotic break. The day he came to visit Chemu and I he kept talking about Revelation 22! and was even eating leaves from the trees in my mother-in-law's compound. We are a crazy family, right?)

By the time Nicole is reading out the scripture to me, Justine is back from work. The one word I pick out of the verse is the word "Cursed". I then start telling Nicole and Justine how our family is cursed! At this point my mother arrives and she looks really really worried. She talks with my mother in law and Justine for a while then proceeds to take Chemu so that she can give her a bath.

"We are totally cursed! Look at what is happening. You even want to wash the baby on the corridor? Pure curses! Who baths a baby on the corridor yet there is a bathroom???" I exclaim

Mum calmly says, *"It's okay Chebet. There is no problem. Let me wash her so that we can go back home."*

"Yes! Yes. Let us go home because we have really wronged these people. We do not deserve to be here" I respond.

She finishes bathing her, dresses her and before we leave I spot a car driving into the compound. It's my Uncle (a medic) and his wife. They come inside the house, lunch is served and as usual I refuse to eat. "I deserve to die so I don't see why I need to eat." I say, almost as if talking to myself. My uncle happens to hear this and he comes closer to where I am. Now my uncle (Dr. Chirchir) and Justine are one and the same when it comes to tough love.

My Uncle: So Chebet, mother of one, why aren't you eating your food?

Me: I have wronged these people terribly. I don't deserve to eat their food.

My uncle: Then why are you still here if indeed you have wronged them? And has anyone come directly to you and told you that you have done wrong?

CHEBET'S STORY

Me: No. But I can feel it. Even my father in law said he has forgiven me. That means I wronged him.

Him: I carried with me several liters of water and if you do not eat Chebet I will use the drip on you whether you like it or not!!

(Silence)

He then stands, goes to the car and actually comes back with the drips! Jokes aside, at this point I am petrified! I mean all that water? Using an IV drip? No way! I now have no choice but to eat. I have about four spoons of food and I tell them I am now ready to go. Mum packs our things and takes them to *Daktari's* car. I follow her (I don't remember who was carrying Chemu), must have been my mum. I board the car and when my mother-in-law comes to hug me goodbye, I refuse. In my head I'm like "I don't even deserve a hug from you" She insists but even then I refuse. She takes my hand and says,

"I am sorry. Have a safe journey. You will be fine"

I don't respond.

My uncle and his wife drop us off at the Kericho stage (Wareng') and the journey back to Kericho now begins.

END OF PART ONE

CHEBET'S STORY

PART TWO:

We arrive in Kericho at round 7pm. Mum cooks dinner but I don't eat even a single spoon and I am still silent. She begs me to eat but I refuse. Chemu is still feeding on cow's milk, I guess and it is now we go to sleep. Mum sleeps in the same room with me and all this time I honestly don't remember where Chemu is. The next day a few people come to visit me. They had been told I am unwell. Deep down I really do not want to see or even talk to anyone. The guests greet me but I don't respond. Not a single word. I am just staring at them. A blank face is all I have and so most of them do not even stay long. Later on, mum starts doing the laundry. The clothes she has to launder are so many. Clothes from about three weeks ago that belonged to Nicole (my little sister), Chemu and I. I start feeling really guilty again for not helping mum out with the laundry. But then again I really don't feel like doing anything at all. Days go by and the guilt slowly wears off, mostly because mum keeps reassuring me and telling me that everything is okay and that I should not feel like I am a bother to anyone. My mum in law kept calling as well and that really helped to ease off the guilt I earlier felt. She would tell me how I haven't wronged anyone and she would also assure me that things will be okay. Gradually things do start to get better. Hubby starts calling me personally. Before, he would only communicate with my mum and back when I was at their home in Eldoret he would check up on me through the sister.

At the moment I am certain he is so done with me and that our relationship is over, because who would still want to date a 'mwendawazimu' (crazy person)? Despite the fact that I am convinced he is no longer interested in our relationship. I even tell my mum but she brushes me off and tells me I am just being paranoid. I still do not buy it. However, months go by and I eventually regain my smile. I start to shower daily and I even begin to eat. I start breastfeeding Chemu again and I see that I can be a good mother to her. Hubby suggests that we go to Nairobi and stay with. I ask him why and he says he wants to be with the two of us (Chemu and I). At the back of my mind I am convinced he just wants to be with his daughter and not really me. I tell mum about it and she asks if I am really sure about going to Nairobi. I tell her yes (Because I also wanted to be sure that that Brian is still committed to this relationship.) My cousin Vivian, a psychologist, is also skeptical

CHEBET'S STORY

about my decision to stay with Brian in Nairobi because she can tell I am not yet fully recovered. I assure her that I am fine and with that, Chemu and I travel to Nairobi to be with her dad even though a part of me is still paranoid about this relationship. We get to Nairobi and Brian is waiting for us at the bus stop. He helps us with the luggage and we head to his house. Upon arrival I notice he has bought a new sofa set, a baby basin, a TV and many other things. The last time I was there the house only had a carpet and two office chairs that my uncle had donated to me. Instead of being happy though, about the new developments, I get paranoid and angry because Brian did not consult me before buying these things. I ask him why he decided to buy things without consulting me and I presume that his actions meant I no longer have a say in this relationship right. I start thinking that he has replaced me. Someone else must have been part of this decision and with that I conclude that this relationship did indeed end. Brian however apologizes and he tells me the reason he never told me anything was because he wanted to surprise me. I refuse to believe him because in my head I just cannot bring myself to buy his story.

Days go by and I am still insecure about my relationship with Brian. Gradually though I begin to realize that Brian is still doing the things he used to do way before I even got sick. He assures me of his love for Chemu and I and he continues to take care of the both of us. Brian has a job at an Insurance broking firm in Ngara and so he wakes up early in the morning to go to work, leaving Chemu and I at home. We live at a flat somewhere along Thika road. The same flat my cousin, Kevin, and his wife live in. We are neighbours and so I often spend time with Kevin's wife. They also have a baby who is two weeks younger than Chemu.

Brian is not exactly receiving enough salary to cater for all our needs and we have a lot of needs, especially for Chemu. Life in Nairobi is quite expensive but we do not want to be a bother to our parents. Nonetheless, every time I ask Brian for food or diapers, he does not hesitate to provide. Most times I don't have to ask. If he notices we need something, he will buy it. I can see that he is struggling even though he does not tell me. I therefore start feeling guilty again for being a burden to him. I begin to apply for as many jobs as I possibly can. I get called for an interview or two but they do not pan out. I am now frustrated and Brian suggests

CHEBET'S STORY

that I start online academic writing. Online academic writing is basically just doing assignments for students who are living abroad. Brian has a friend who does online academic writing and he gives me his number. His name is Elishama, a patient guy he is and I know this because as an employee I could see how much stress I am giving him. After contacting Elishama he asks me to send him a sample of an academic paper just so he could ensure I have an idea of what academic writing entails. He reviews my sample and he approves of it. We are good to go. He sends me the rules and regulations, terms and conditions for my new job and I am assigned my first assignment. It is an English/literature paper. I work on it and send it over to Elishama but he sends it back with a whole lot of corrections. Note that before I got that job Hubby had totally praised me by telling Elishama I would be perfect for the job seeing as I am a journalist. However, the exact opposite happens. Elishama asks me to re-do the paper, which I do, about thrice or four times until he finally gives up and asks me to leave it be. The next day he gives me another assignment and yet again I mess it up. Now if you know me, you know that I am very good at English, or at least I was back in High School. The thing is, the mistakes I kept on making were simple and basic grammatical errors. Things like typos,,poor subject-verb agreement, repetition etc.

Clearly, my brain is not properly functioning just yet. But still, Elishama gives me a third job. (See what I meant when I described him as a patient man?) I guess the fact that he is friends with Brian makes him a little more lenient. I finish doing my third assignment and this is where Elishama finally draws the line. At this point I am pretty sure he couldn't stop wondering what I it is I am on.

"It seems like journalistic writing and academic writing aren't exactly the same." Elishama says to me on phone. I go ahead to ask whether he has anything else for me to try and work on and he says he will think about it then let me know. I am left thinking, *"How can I be so foolish? Brian tried to help me yet I have dissapointed him. Such a shame."*

I feel guilty but I console myself with the fact that Elishama is probably just too much of a perfectionist. And so I decide that it's not me, it's him.

CHEBET'S STORY

(Anyway, If you're currently reading this Elishama, I just want to thank you for your patience, euphemism and tolerance!)

Days go by and it is now June 25th, my birthday. My self esteem is extremely low and I am basically just depending on Facebook for well wishes from friends and family with the hope that they make me feel a little bit better. I happen to receive a birthday message that helped me feel a tad better even though it was from someone whom I didn't have a personal relationship with. However I feel really good that someone somewhere has thought of me. I am mad at Brian for not getting me anything for my birthday but I brush it off anyway because I understand our financial situation. Besides, Chemu comes first. The next day, a friend of mine from highschool, Edith, calls me to check up on me and she asks me how I spent my birthday. I did not do anything for my birthday but stay home and that is exactly what I tell her. She then asks me where I am I tell her I am at home. She proceeds to wish me a good day and I get back to what I was doing before she called. I go back to sleep. (Sleeping was a part of my daily routine. I would sleep throughout the day most of the time.)

A few moments later I hear a knock on my door. It's not yet evening so I am certain it's not Brian and even then, Brian doesn't usually knock the door when he comes home from work, I mean he lives here. I don't usually get visitors and for some reason I am not spending time with my cousin's wife anymore so I am really taken aback by the fact that there is a knock at my door. I open the door and I am shocked to see Edith and Melisa! (My best friends from highschool) At this point I have no idea how they were able to find out where I was living and I do not know how to react. They have a birthday cake for me and I quickly let them in. I am sure they notice that I am not being my bubbly self but I guess they must have thought that these were the side effects of motherhood. We talk and catch up until it is now time for us to cut the cake and take pictures. I am casually dressed and I haven't taken a shower since morning. They are in a hurry, or so I assume, and I quickly rush to my room, change into better looking clothes and moisturized myself. We eat cake and take pictures and it is now time for them to leave. (In all honesty, I couldn't wait for them to leave. I was just tired of faking the smiles, and the

CHEBET'S STORY

laughter. Deep down I wasn't okay.) Hubby comes back in the evening and I fill him in on the events of my day.

I tell him how my friends came and I was overjoyed by the fact that they surprised me with cake but he doesn't react the way I know he normally would. Maybe he noticed I wasn't genuinely happy.

Anyway, days go by and some of my friends (Joyleen, Kutto, Justine) ask me if I have a job yet. I explain to them how I tried online writing and failed terribly. I leave out the real reason I failed at online writing and I just tell them that Elishama was just too much of a perfectionist and I couldn't keep up with him. Kutto and Joyleen suggest that I try asking another friend of ours (Valentine Ng'etich), who also does academic writing. In the evening I tell hubby that I have found a solution and he asks which one it is and once I tell him he agrees to it and supports me. He tells me to give it my best shot this time. Next day I call Valentine and I send her a sample paper and we start working. The first paper turns out okay but with minor corrections. Joyleen later asks if she can join me in online writing and we agree to it. (Joyleen used to stay not so far from our place hence every paper Valentine would send us, we would do together.) Things are looking good but we are a work in progress. (However by the time we wrote our fifth paper things were not so bad.)

The papers are a tad complex than Elishama's since these are science based. However with Joyleen's help of course, I manage. Later on we stop working for Valentine because the guy, who paid her so that in turn she could pay us, stopped paying her due to the fact that our work is mostly plagiarized. And the way we really struggled and spent sleepless nights and tons of money on mobile data just so we could interchange the information we found on Google with the hope that our work won't look plagiarized. For example if a sentence goes something like "Solar power is obtained by harnessing the energy of the sun's rays." We would rewrite it as 'The sun's Ray's give us the energy to obtain solar power'

This time I don't beat myself up too much about it because earlier on thanks to this job, I had done some work and gotten paid for it. So Joyleen quit. A few days later it hits me that I have tried online writing twice and failed both times. The negative

CHEBET'S STORY

thoughts start kicking in. I start having thoughts like , "You can't even keep an online job, do you think you can handle permanent employment? Brian is out here trying to help you but you are just good for nothing. You have a daughter yet you cannot sustain a job in order to feed her. What will you tell your mother? What will Brian think of you? When will you be able to just work well without causing any issues?"

Shortly after I text Justine and I let her know that the negative thoughts are back. She had told me to alert her if I start feeling how I felt during my first episode. I then call my mum, while crying, to tell her how much of a loser I am. I tell her how I don't think I'll ever get a job and how I am such a disappointment to her, Brian and Chemu. My mum is silent the entire time because I she is shaken by all this. She figures out that I am back to how I was a few months ago and she urges me to keep calm. She encourages me that I will eventually get a job and that even if I don't things will work out in the end.

I try to fight the thoughts, I have and I call Brian too to inform him of what my situation is. He says he is busy with work but will come home as soon as he can. Meanwhile Justine has already called my mother in law to tell her how I am feeling. A short moment later my mother in law calls and asks to know more about these thoughts I am having. I refuse to be specific and all I tell her is that the thoughts are just random negative thoughts.

"Chebet I want you to be your own doctor now! Please try and control those feelings" She says to me.

I don't know who informs Vivian, but she also calls and her being a psychologist, recommends that I speak to a counselor. About an hour later I receive a call from the counselor recommended to me by Vivian and she asks me several questions. One of the questions she asks is whether or not I am having suicidal thoughts. The answer is yes. I had been thinking about ending my life. She asks if Brian was abusive and the answer to that was obviously no. Then she asks if we could afford basic needs and I tell her yes. And that is the truth; we could afford our daily basic necessities. She tries to comprehend the situation but it appears she can't because

CHEBET'S STORY

she proceeds to ask, “What exactly is your problem then Chebet?” I tell I just want to die because I feel like a burden to people. So she asks,

“Is your family supportive?”

“Yes.”

“Do they understand that you are jobless?”

“Well, yes. They do understand”

At this point it is clear to me that, Mrs Counsellor does not understand what exactly my problem is. She asks for the directions to my house so that she we can have a more indepth conversation and within no time she is at my doorstep. We talk for a while and she asks me what my hobbies are.

“I enjoy writing, dancing and playing basketball.” I tell her.

She advices me to keep my mind busy by maybe starting a blog and she also promises to keep in touch. I am so pumped up by Mrs.Counsellor’s visit and I start feeling so much better. I even start writing and after a paragraph I stop because my destructive thoughts are back again. By this time though, hubby is already back home. I tell him about the counsellor and he asks if I feel like the therapy has helped and I assure him that it has. Slowly by slowly though, I lose the fight. The negative thoughts win and I stay up all night. I keep telling Brian how bad of a person I am, how I deserve to die etc! He shows me a motivational video by Dr.Kilimo (If you know him, you know him) He is really funny and so I laugh a little and we managed to sleep.

Morning comes, hubby goes to work as usual and I am left home with Chemu and a myriad of negative thoughts. At this point again I have started neglecting Chemu. I have not done any house chores in a long while and my appetite has once again gone out the window. I am now basically back to square one. It is around 3pm when I call hubby in tears telling him how I can’t breastfeed chemu because ei do not have any breastmilk. (He was to attend some work dinner that night but he cancelled it)Brian comes home to find the house in a mess, Chemu and I are both crying. Whew! So Brian calls my cousin and his wife and asks them to get us some

CHEBET'S STORY

food. They come back with milk, some *mandazis* and they make some tea which I am forced to drink. My cousin's wife, Barbz washes a few of Chemu's clothes for me and after that she, together with the help of my cousin and Brian, cooks supper but I do not touch my food. My cousin, Kevin and Barbs go back to their house and I keep disrupting Brian's by telling him how I want to go away. I went on and on until he got too tired. He begs me to let him sleep because he needs to get up early for work the next day. I let Brian sleep but as soon as he notices that I am just seated on the bed, he gets up, locks the bedroom door and hides the key so that I do not get out.

Morning comes and hubby has to go to work but he is so worried. He calls Joyleen since she's the closest one around (she's our neighbour) and I guess he doesn't want to bother Kevin's wife because she also has a kid to take care of. He tells me Joyleen will come over to keep an eye on me and keep me company. He leaves the radio at Hope FM and a sermon was taking place. The pastor goes on and on about how;

"You should be grateful for whatever you have because there are people who have less than you have yet they are still grateful."

This gets feeling so guilty. Joyleen comes and asks what exactly is wrong because Brian sounded so worried when he called her. I tell her exactly what has been going on and she offers me some encouragement. She asks me to try and be more grateful with what life has offered me and even proceeds to tell me about a similar experience she had been through. She tells me how her situation was worse and upon hearing her story, more guilt kicks in. She notices Chemu has not had a bath in days and she helps me bath her. She asks if I have fed Chemu and she suggests we prepare some porridge for her since Chemu is to be weaned anyway. I quickly cook the porridge but for some reason Joyleen decides it's not fit for Chemu's consumption and she suggests I go buy some fresh milk. All this time Chemu is crying silly and Joyleen is trying so hard to calm her. I feel more and more guilty. I walk to the balcony and I think of throwing myself over but a neighbor passes by and says hi and I decide to go back into the house. Joyleen is giving Chemu milk while shaking her head in a way that just makes me feel more inadequate and guilty. I go to the washroom and I am experiencing diarrhoea. As soon as I am

CHEBET'S STORY

done and I am about to flush the toilet I realize there is no water and the one in the storage tank is over too. (MORE GUILT!!!) Because, if you know, you know.

Joyleen stays with me throughout the day ends until Brian comes back. At this rate even Brian's father has called to ask what exactly is wrong with me. I do not follow up with their conversation because my mind is just more focused on my death. On the other hand, Brian had been looking for Zyprexa from all the chemists in the neighborhood and he did not find any. I overhear Brian telling Kevin that he has not found the medicine he has been looking for. But the next morning, Brian and Kevin suggest we go to church. I agree. I am dressed in black official pants and a green sweater. We get to church and the sermon freaks me out completely because the fact that Kevin and Brian suggested this church and the fact that the pastor's message felt directed at me, I am convinced that they told the pastor about what I am going through. In between the sermon the Pastor insists that new members ought to introduce themselves. I panic but hubby encourages me to stand, and so I do. As soon as I am done introducing myself, the pastor urges us to contribute some money for the church's project. As embarrassing as it was for me I reach over to Brian and he hands me money to give out as contribution. (I had no money on me and I could just feel people staring at me as I picked the money from Brian since he was seated a bit further from me)

After church on our way out I am attracted to the aroma of meat being cooked outside. This aroma triggers me because I love meat and I had not eaten in a very long time. There are some women serving and eating and in my head I am just feeling guilty for only contributing fifty shillings in church. There is also another group of women talking about kids and how people like to compare kids without knowing their background. I am quickly reminded of how earlier on I had told Barbz, Kevo's wife that she had under dressed her child unlike me who had dressed her child really heavily in fear of the cold. Unfortunately for me, by the time we were leaving Church to go home the sun was so hot and I just felt like everyone was against me, talking about me and mocking me. Including Brian.

We get home and Brian asks me what my thoughts on the sermon are and I tell him it was okay. Deep down I feel that he is mocking me and before we even finish talking about the sermon, there is a knock at the door and more than ten people

CHEBET'S STORY

flock in. Most of whom I know. They are Brian's friends and in my head I am thinking they are here to send me away because Brian has most probably told them much of a handful I am. Their surprise visit blows everything up for me. I am in shock! Total shock! I can not move. They come in and I immediately lock myself in the bedroom I am thinking they might even beat me up for stressing Brian like I have. I try to eavesdrop on their conversations and all I can hear is, "*what she has done is really bad*" Little do I know, they are actually speaking about a different person. Not me.

One of Brian's friends, Andrew, calls out my name and I ignore it at first because I am shaking in fear. He calls me again and I go to the living room. I see a bunch of snacks, foodstuff and lots of Chemu's gifts that they have brought for us. I sit with them in the living room but I silently and secretly feel out of place. At some point, a guy called Mesheven comments on Brian's weight gain. I however pick it up as sarcasm because according to me Brian had lost some weight. This in turn makes me feel really bad and so I excuse myself and get out of the house. I am carrying Chemu with me this whole time. I go to the balcony and I just want to jump off of it together with Chemu. A few moments later, Andrew joins me outside and so I change my mind. He tries to engage me in conversation but I just keep telling him that I am deeply sorry for wronging his friend (Brian).

He laughs because he doesn't understand what I am saying. The more he laughs, the more I feel like he is mocking me. He notices I am almost crying and suggests that we get back to the house. I go straight to the bedroom and I suddenly hear all of them burst into laughter. I presume it is because Andrew has told them about what has happened outside. They talk for some time and then they call me again to offer me the gifts they brought. I reject the gifts and ask Brian to receive them because in my head, the gifts belong to him. They then insist that I give out an appreciation speech and I cannot help but think of how they just want me to apologize to Brian. I start formulating the apology but the words cannot seem to get out of my mouth. I stammer through the first sentence of my apology speech but Brian intervenes. It is getting late and they all start leaving, Komen is left behind and hands me a huge amount of cash but I completely reject it. I do not feel worthy of receiving any money from them, or anyone for that matter. (I think Komen later

CHEBET'S STORY

on gave the money to Brian) Brian escorts them and so I am left alone with Chemu. I look over at the kitchen sink, and the dishes they had used were plenty. I go over to wash them but I am psyched to do anything. I go to the bedroom and I start packing. Brian comes back and he does not say much to me so I assume our relationship is over. For real this time.

A few moments later my mum calls me and asks me to travel back home ASAP (She had been told my ordeal) I agree with her and I tell her I'll travel back the next morning.

Morning comes and Brian goes to work. We are not talking, but he calls Joyleen and Kevo to come help me with the luggage. I did not sleep the previous night and I am still wearing the same clothes I wore to church the previous day. Hubby calls to say good bye but I refuse to talk to him. Joyleen asks me what things I will carry and I tell her I am not carrying anything because (in my head) I am going to die anyway so I do not need to carry any clothes. I knew there were people outside waiting to stone me to death so I kept looking outside to see where they were.

See the thing with mental illness is that you could be suicidal but then again you are also afraid of dying. The day before I was very suicidal but today I am afraid that there are people waiting to kill me.

Joyleen insists that I at least carry some clothes for Chemu, and I only pack her shawls (To be used after she had died). I refuse to carry the diapers but Joyleen finds a way to put them in the bag without me knowing. My cousin, Kevin calls a Taxi that comes and picks us up. I hesitate leaving the house because I am afraid people are waiting to kill me outside. Joyleen and Kevin are wondering why I am wasting so much time and they start suggesting that I travel tomorrow because it is starting to get really late. I tell them that I must leave no matter how late it gets because I did not feel like Brian wanted me around anymore. I don't take a shower and so I leave in the same clothes I had worn to church the day before. We board the taxi; Joy and Kevo ensure that they are seated on either side so that I am in the middle. Joy carries Chemu and we get to town and head on over to where we board a matatu to Kericho matatu. Joyleen goes back but I remain with Kevin. I spot a guy who has worn a t-shirt with a certain message that I believe is meant for me. I

CHEBET'S STORY

am thinking of how everyone in Nairobi and beyond knows about me and all the sins I have committed. So again I don't want people to see me because I am ashamed.

The radio in the shuttle is on (Songs playing) and then after a while it's now time for news. However I hear my own thing on the radio.

"Today before eight pm we will meet at our designated venue and we shall kill her! She is a disgrace to the community and she deserves to die"

The fact that I am hearing this from the radio in the shuttle brings me a lot of panic because I am now convinced that this vehicle will drive me to where I am meant to die. Kevin is carrying Chemu, and I am just seated thinking of how I will die. We leave Nairobi at around 4pm and so it gets dark before we even get to Kericho. This feeds onto my paranoia even more. I start seeing different signs along the road (They were normal road signs but I was hallucinating again. We reach Nakuru and we stop over at the petrol station. I see a printed paper on the wall and I don't remember what it was saying but I see 'Legs for sale'

I tell myself that these people have really thought my death through that they have already planned on how they will sell my body parts once they kill me. Along the way I see another poster. This one says "eyes and ears for sale" among other things. At this point I am guaranteed that this vehicle is not going to Kericho because of how long the journey has taken.

Moments later we get to Kericho and we find my mum waiting for us at the stage. I refuse to alight because I don't want to die but the driver urges me to and so I do. I am shaking and as soon as my mum spots us, she comes towards us and hugs me but I do not respond. She gets us taxi and we head home. In my head I am still convinced that today is the day I die. We reach home, mum cooks dinner but I don't touch that food. I refuse to drink even water. The TV is on and I see a person pointing to me and calling me the devil herself. I turn away and start looking around the house. I take a look at the calendar and I see that it is dated 1989. This gives me the impression that we have travelled back in time. I start feeling nonexistent and my mum tries to calm me when I start telling her that she is not my mother because I am the devil.

CHEBET'S STORY

Kevo is still present, Chemu too. But I have forgotten about their existence. It is now time to sleep and I refuse to sleep because I feel like once I do, I will die. Mum holds me down and assures me that the world is not coming to an end and so there is nothing for me to worry about. I sit up and once again, I don't sleep that night.

Morning comes, I wake up and go to the balcony again wanting to throw myself but I am at the first floor and so I know that the impact from the fall will not be enough to kill me. I however start trying to fix my head in between the railings on the balcony and my mum sees me and rushes to where I am.

"I want to die! I don't exist. This cow grazing here does not exist! We don't exist! Nothing exists! I am the devil! I am the source of all problems in the world! I have killed so many people! I have caused so much suffering and destruction to this world!" I cry.

At this rate mum insists that I take a bath so that we can visit the hospital and I totally refuse to abide by that. She gets angry and yells at me because in the midst of her trying to calm me down I bit her hand. My mother is a clean freak with some serious OCD and so she forces me with all her might to get into the bathroom and have a shower. She begins to undress me; she even bathes me herself and dresses me up. All through I am crying telling her how she cannot possibly be my mother because I am the devil. It's now time for us to leave the house and head on over to the hospital but as usual I give them a hard time. It is a battle and Kevin has to help mum force me out of the house because I refuse completely. They manage to get me downstairs to where the taxi was. They force me into the taxi and I am barefoot at the time because I lost my sandals while fighting with mum and Kevin. The neighbours have now camped outside to witness what is going on because I have caused a huge commotion. After much struggle we get to Kericho District hospital and they again have to force me out of the car. This time is different. I am being forced out by random men who were at the hospital when we arrived. This scares me even more because I start thinking they are out to kill me. A lot of threats mixed with persuasion later, I am taken to the hospital's waiting area. One of the nurses comes over to check on me and I do not engage her. I am quiet. One would not believe that I was the same girl who just caused a fracas outside and had to be

CHEBET'S STORY

forced in by numerous people. The nurse goes away for a short while and comes back with a syringe in her hands. She tells me she wants to administer me an injection. I do not know why and how but I start running. I am not familiar with the hospital and so I have no idea where I am running to but still, I keep going. I find a room filled with lots of people. They all seem to have severe injuries and they are so many they have to share the beds in that particular ward. I start feeling guilty because unlike them, I am physically healthy yet I am giving both the nurses and my family a hard time dealing with me. I decide to go back to where I was initially and for some reason the nurses had not even bothered to run after me. I guess they figured I would go back eventually. I go back and they start laughing as soon as they spot me. The nurse asks me to cooperate or else she'll call some guys to pin me down to a dirty and rusty bed, that was right next to us. I comply and so she injects me the medicine but just like before I struggle to stay up because these sedatives make me paranoid. Eventually I pass out and I sleep through the night. I wake up the next day and my mum tells me we are going to Eldoret. The reason she decided we go to Eldoret is for me to receive better treatment. Again, I refuse but she insists.

Remember I didn't carry any clothes from Nairobi so I am just wearing big sweatpants and t-shirts. Mum forces me to take a shower, and I do. I put on a pair of sweatpants, slippers and a t-shirt; and off to Eldoret we go. We get there and I start feeling like everyone is just staring and laughing at me. I feel so ashamed and so I walk with my head down. Shortly after, the doctor who had attended to me months earlier during my first episode, shows up. Next thing I know I am taken to the ward and I am admitted. I had totally refused to take the drugs orally so they decide to sedate me so that I can fall asleep and have the Zyprexa administered to me through the drip. At this moment I am not aware of what is going on since no one is saying anything to me. I am used to the normal liquid in the drip being clear and so when I wake up to find a yellow (Zyprexa) substance is being injected in me without my knowledge I assume it is poison and so I forcefully and quickly take it out of me. I start bleeding nonstop. Mum is asleep and she does not hear me waking up. Chemu is in the room as well. I had not been breastfeeding her and so mum would mostly just feed her porridge that my cousin Vivian would bring to the hospital on a daily. My mother-in-law would come to visit me severally as well and

CHEBET'S STORY

would bring with her gifts for Chemu and I (God bless her soul). I stay in the hospital for the next 6 days. Shortly after I forcefully take the drip off my arm, my mum wakes up and finds that I have been bleeding. She hurriedly calls out to the nurse and the moment the nurse sees what I have done she gets furious with me.

"You want to kill me with these yellow things you are injecting me." I cry

"No, this is medicine to help you get better."

"I am not sick!!" I yell.

They inject me with sedatives again, I fall asleep and they put me on the drip. I wake up later; take off the drip, bleed a lot and they re-do the procedure all over again. This was the cycle until they decided they cannot do it anymore. My uncle, (Mr tough love, Mr. Reverse Psychology) Doctor Chirchir comes by the hospital and he is very upset with me. He takes my hand, injects the drip into it and tells me to cooperate or else he'll let me go home to die if that is what I wanted. (Not his exact words though). I remain asleep for a better part of my stay in that hospital because of the drugs I was on. A lot of people would pay me a visit but I would not even know. It is now my last day at the hospital and my mum asks me where I want to go as soon as I am discharged. I can't make up my mind at the time and so she suggests we go back to Kericho and I agree to that. Dr Chirchir offers us a ride to the bus stop, we board a *matatu* and moments later we arrive.

Days go by and I am actually getting better. I am still a little paranoid, and feeling guilty. My self esteem is still quite low but the hallucinations were not there anymore. In my head I knew that Brian was completely done with me and so everyday I would tell the ones around me about how single I am because I wronged Brian's family terribly. Brian isn't talking to me and so I am so sure he wants nothing to do with me. I later on start to notice a day would not go by without him calling my mum to check up on me. I ask mum why she is still talking to Brian yet we are not together anymore and she says he is only checking up on how we are fairing. Days later the clothes I had left back in Nairobi are sent to me and I now confirm that Brian and I are indeed over.

CHEBET'S STORY

Chemu and I stay in Kericho for a about a month or so. I would sleep a lot and one day I overhear mum trying to explain to my dad the condition I am suffering from and dad did not want to hear any of it. He perceives this to be pretense and he gets so angry that for the first time in a long while he yells at me. This takes me by surprise because it is unusual for him to do so. Nonetheless, I didn't stop sleeping too much.

One day while at home I notice a white car drives into the compound. It is my mother in law. I begin to panic and I keep asking my brother why he thinks my mother in law is here yet her son and I are not even in talking terms anymore.

I love *Mursik* so much and my mother in law knows this. She brings with her a whole 3 litres of Mursik, for me. I welcome her and I am asked to prepare some tea for her which I do as she catches up with my parents. After a couple of hours it is time for her to leave since she has to report for work.

I am left with so many questions as to why she came but I slowly begin to see that there is nothing wrong to it. After a while I start apologizing to Kevin, the wife (Barbs), Joyleen and everyone else who was involved in my mess. Each of them assures me that I have not wronged them in any way and so I start to feel better with time. A month I realize I have started to regain my smile, my self-confidence is back and Brian and I start talking again. I'm still quite skeptical about our relationship and so I keep asking him, constantly, if he still genuinely loves me. He assures me that he does (God bless his soul) however, I can't help but wonder what kind of a person he must be because if it were me, I may have dumped someone.

A while later a friend sends me a job opportunity for me to apply. It is an Internship at Standard Media Group. I decide to give it a try and alas! I am called for an interview. I pass the interview and so I am required to start work in a week's time. This means I have to look for a house help and a place to stay. I am still not convinced that Brian is still interested in being in a relationship with me and so I called him to inform him that I got the job and I am looking for a place.

"What do you mean you are looking for a place to live?" He asks in disbelief because it has always been the norm that whenever I am in Nairobi, Brian, Chemu and I, live together.

CHEBET'S STORY

I travel back to Nairobi with Chemu and upon arrival Brian together with his friend, Mesh Muller, is waiting for us. They assist with the luggage and carrying Chemu and shortly after we get to the house. I notice he has furnished the house and has bought new things but this time I do not get upset about it. I manage to find a househelp and soon after, I start my internship. I still had a few negative thoughts that would kick in every once in a while but the fact that I had something meaningful to do kept me on toes. Most times I would stay up at night overthinking things instead of sleeping and as a result I would doze off at work a lot. During this internship I am very silent because I am full of self doubt, I am a bit of paranoid and I am also afraid of being judged. Journalists (especially at The Standard Group) tend to be extroverts. Therefore, everyone at work keeps asking why I am so silent. Thankfully, my Boss, Wesley Sonoiya saw potential in me and so he tells me of a vacant position of a sub-editor that has opened up and he asks me to forward him my CV. I do so but due to a lot of panicking and the unresolved issues with my self confidence, I fail the interview.

Even then Wesley continues to forward other job opportunities my way and he encourages me to keep applying. Each time I would write an article, he would always appreciate it and commend me for my good writing skills. Lilian Wanjia, my other boss as well would try as much as possible to understand me for dozing off at work. There are times I would doze off just as soon as I get to work. One day I am dozing off as usual and I get a call from my Uncle, Dr Chirchir. I am shocked to see that he is calling me and I immediately stop feeling lethargic. I pick up the phone and he says he has seen an article I had written trending online. He congratulates me and to be honest, coming from him it meant a lot. This motivates me and even though I was still not as talkative as I usually am I started feeling like life is indeed worth living.

I later on regain everything and even I get much better than I even was before I got sick. I don't know when and how it happened but it has been two years now and so far so good!

I have not gotten a job after my internship but I keep applying and applying. I get moments when I feel like giving up but I do not. I decide to start a business and at

CHEBET'S STORY

the moment I cannot say that I am where I want to be but I am definitely very grateful that I am not where I used to be.

I have a beautiful daughter, Chemu. I have the most supportive husband, Brian and the most helpful and loyal mother ever. Not forgetting the support of my in laws, my best friend, Justine and my entire friends and family at large.

I cannot thank you all enough.

I appreciate you and above all, GOD IS GREAT.

I WILL FOREVER LIVE FOR HIM!