**CITY OF BROKEN DREAMS**

I vividly remember growing up in the village in Central Kenya in the 80’s and 90’s. My family was what you would call ‘middle class’ with both of my parents working as primary school teachers. We did not have much in terms of resources but we enjoyed the fresh air and food in the village. I remember walking barefoot to a local primary school. I would thereafter help my mum with domestic chores since I am the first born in our family.

In 1979, we moved from our old house into a new one. The new house was made of stone and I remember how excited my sisters, brothers and I were. After about a month or so, we received a visitor in our home. The man was a high school teacher from Uganda. He had run away from Idi Amin’s regime in Uganda and wanted to rent our old house. He discussed the matter with my parents and he rented the house. He got a teaching position in a local Secondary school. I frequently interacted with his family especially with his daughter Sarah. After knowing us for a while, the man told my parents that I had a lot of potential education wise if only they could take me to a boarding school. That man became my destiny connector. In 1980, my parents took me to a girls only boarding school. I was in grade 5 then.

I loved the school and did well in my studies. Catholic nuns ran the school. After passing my grade seven examinations, I joined a Secondary school far away from home, also run by Catholic nuns. I enjoyed my studies there as well and performed very well in my Form 4 exams. I joined another school for my Advanced level studies for two years. It went well and I scored good marks that enabled me to join a middle level College in Nairobi City in 1989.

The Catholic Church ran the College that I joined. I loved the place and easily studied for my 3-year Course in Business Administration. I attained good grades and certificates from the College. I completed the course in 1991.

It did not take long for me to get a job in the Country’s motor industry in early 1992. I worked for this particular Company until July 2017 (25 years). It is in this Company that I met my late husband in 1993. We dated for one year and officially got married in 1994. I was 24 years old at the time. We had a happy marriage and our two children came in quick succession. Our daughter in 1995 and our son in 1997.

In mid-1995, my husband joined another motor Company that offered him better terms of service. Life was good. However, my husband started complaining of things going wrong at his place of work in early 1997. I enquired from him what was going on but he was an introvert. A man of very few words. He stopped complaining after a while and I thought that everything was going well. I was expecting our second born then. Our son came in July 1997 and my husband was extremely happy.

However, one Friday evening in November 1997, my husband did not return home which was very unusual. Early the next morning, he had still not returned. I became very uneasy. At around 10:00 a.m., someone came into our house and informed me that my husband had been found brutally murdered and his body dumped in a nearby quarry. I remember the confusion that followed. The tears. The agony. My son had just turned four months. My daughter was two years four months old. I was twenty-eight [28] years old at the time.

I called his relatives who were living far away from Nairobi. I also informed my parents, brothers and sisters. His close friends as well. We went ahead with the funeral arrangements and we buried him after one week. Our worst nightmare had just begun.

After about one month, I went back to work. It was really tough. I decided to move to a place nearer my place of work as I grieved and healed. Within weeks, I started being questioned by his relatives about payments from his place of work. I informed him that I did not know because they had not contacted me. They did not believe me and went on to follow it up with his former employer.

Fortunately, his employer was on my side. I believe they sympathized with the two little children that I had. Payment was made to me silently and I invested the money in a family home. I continued working at the same motor company. I settled down with my children and shut my ears to all the noise coming from his relatives. Luckily, with the support of my boss at the motor company, my children attended decent schools and acquired excellent education in primary and secondary school.

We have never received justice for the death of my husband up to today twenty-seven [27] years later. His mother was really affected by his death so much so that she lost her memory and eventually died in early 2021. We tried to follow up on the events following his death but got nothing even from relatives working in the police force. We left everything in the hands of God. I hope that we shall receive divine justice. Some day.

My boss at the motor company passed away in 2010 due to a heart attack. I remained in the company but things were never the same for me. It became a daily struggle because the company started wobbling under new management. I was eventually retrenched in July 2017. The severance pay was poor even after having worked for the company for 25 years.

It became extremely difficult to get another job mostly due to my age at the time [48 years]. I struggled so much because my children were still in the university. None of my family members was willing to help. I became the topic of gossip and slander in family circles. The first thing that I lost was my car. By the time I realized that I was fighting unknown spiritual battles, I lost my house as well. My house was taken by well-known people. However, justice has been hard to come by. I have tried everything including hiring a private investigator [whom I can barely afford] but nothing.

I am now back to hiring a room where I stay with my children. A friend of mine gave me a clerical job in his company in industrial area. The job does not pay well and the working environment is not conducive. I have no choice but to persevere. Bills have to be paid. I am also working with a pastor regarding the spiritual issues. I am hopeful that divine justice will prevail. One day.