

# MY STORY

**By Grace**

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My name is Grace Murugi Nyage. I was born in a family of four. Whereby I am the second born, the firstborn is my brother. My mother lives over a big house at Nairobi, it is always filled with babies and children of my relations. In fact, I hardly recall any of the occasions as a child.

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An early age, I spent most of my free time in the field playing and joking with the other girls in the area. At night, we used to share my food and blanket with my brother since we have not many blankets so that each one could have his/hers own.

We would wake up in the morning and find that our parents have left for work, and said we were the ones that look after ourselves since we were taught by our mother that we should not go to our neighbors place. At night when our parents arrive we could be happy because they knew that today we have something for supper.

We stayed for four years and still life was smooth and nice. After those four years because my father was working on the company which was making bread and he was the manager he was transferred to a new place. Because he loved us so much he said we should all go with him.

There we went and again it was to start a new life of which it was difficult since we had to change schools and also was difficult for my mother since she had left working of which she was not used to. But because of my mother's faith toward God, she got a job.

The job that mother got was to make snooks some for supermarkets and shoes, while my father was working

as a manager and from there we were earning a living of which we are getting satisfied from what both of them were earning.

A time reached that was back in 2002. My mother was not working again so we were expecting everything from our father who is earning very little amount of money. Even going to school became a problem because we could go without having anything in her stomach and even the fees were a problem.

We continued that way for about six months that is when my mother decided that she should leave for the village so as to not suffer that much. But because of God's love, my mother got a job and father was transferred to another town.

There we started living a new life, with new people and new surroundings which was ok for us all since we were going to school and my parents were both working. So there we were having a better life, not suffering anymore and we were going on with life.

The time I was much attached with books since I was in class five but I had to leave school and went to look after my mother at home. I was crying from morning until evening. I would see my friend going to school and I was left alone at home hoping that God will make a way for me to go to school.



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After some weeks I saw God really loves his people because my mom got well although the ulcers were still there since they are permanent but I started schooling again. I was forced to repeat the previous class since I had not learned for two consecutive terms.

But all in all I agreed to repeat so as to continue with school rather than staying home and doing nothing. After going back to school for about one term and a half I was so disappointed to hear my father had been stopped from working where he used to.

As the years went by my brother finished his primary section and he was supposed to join the secondary section. My parents were happy because of their son and they took him into the secondary section happily. Unknowingly my mother's work collapsed, whereby she tried to rise again and to look for job but it was difficult for her.

After that time now my mother just stayed at home thinking about what she can do but nothing came. At least it ended my father striving for us paying the rent, water and electricity bills and my brother's school fees. My mother and I were just home.

As time went by my mother was so sad because she's not used to staying at home and now she started suffering from ulcers which made her very weak. Now I was forced to stop going to school to take care of my mother since she could do nothing.

Here in By Grace, I found many people with different backgrounds and different communities. Life is hard, we try our best. I remember when I met with a friend named Cecelia who until now helped me understand the life people were living and helped me survive.

Up to date she is still my friend and she helped me in many things. We usually keep on trusting in God – everything is possible with Him. Here I continue with my studies from class six, up to now I just trust in God no matter how the situation.

It has been a hard time for me to be here since I went to the hospital and I was told that I been suffering from ulcers which have grown and so I should be careful with what I take. I should not take milk a lot and keep away from acid.

I just quit school and went home crying asking for God why but was not getting the answer, but just kept crying having nothing to say, nothing to tell but shedding tears. After a short while I saw my brother home and asked him why he is there but the answer I got was tears.

Now at home, we have nowhere to turn. We stayed without eating or swallowing anything for a week and after that week my mother started looking for small jobs and earning something.

We continued that way until the year 2007. We were still that way for my mother and father. Mom Salome communicated and we were brought By Grace so as to continue with our studies.