



**This is the testimony of Mutesa, a survivor of the Rwandan genocide**

My father, mother and elder brother were killed in early May. When the *interahamwe* began searching for Tutsis we made a conscious decision to separate in case some of us survived. My mother wanted us to stick together, but there was no time for discussions. We left our house in Kimironko on the morning of 24th April 1994. I was only 9 years old. My older brother said he would look after me. My little brother aged 4, my sister aged 11, and my mother left together. My father left with my 7 year old sister.

Only four of us survived. I saw my brother and all the men running with us beaten and hacked to death. Later I found out my two sisters and little brother had survived. We do not talk about our experiences. We try to stick up for each other because we don't have any one else to care for us. Life is hard, but we carry on. There is no other way.

**Today's Reading of the Testimonies marks the 15<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Rwandan genocide, in support of survivors like Mutesa.**