

**Kenyata's journey –
a poem and a narrative, revised January 2 2024**

The (mostly) rhyming poem

Kenyata was born in Bukavu, a beautiful Congolese town
But painfully close to Rwanda, Uganda, who greedily wanted that land.
He was gifted the name of Kenyatta, wise leader 'gainst brutal white
rule,
And his father believed that his father looked just like Jomo Kenyatta
himself.

He worked to serve God in the Catholic Church
Inspired by Archbishop Christophe Munzihirwa
Who taught these young boys you must not, at all costs,
Betray your own country of Congo
He was killed in this work by Rwandan invaders in October 1996.

A serious, principled and maybe sad boy, with parents already divorced,
His mother was gone, stepmother unkind to this special and first-born
young boy
His father ensured that he went to the village, each and every school
holiday-time
To learn all he needed to know for his life from his wise old grandfather
living there.

John DeCost, rich white priest, befriended Kenyata, and sponsored him
right there and then
From Year 5 in school to University days

Later turbulently struck by the War.

While Kenyatta grew up, the West was developing a new lot of capitalist tricks

Electronic devices needing just all the minerals right there in Bukavu's South Kivu

The greed of the West, always knowing no bounds, meant they charged in to grab what they could

These minerals funded the two Congo Wars, with all of the tragedy that followed.

Kenyatta, 22 at this time, remembers the bombs being thrown

At Bukavu from nearby Rwanda

This signalled invasion to come in October that year Nineteen Ninety-Six.

There were refugee camps on the border, with killers and innocents together

Who had fled from Rwanda's genocidal eruption, ignored by the West to the end.

The UN refused to help address this huge issue, so Rwanda Uganda invaded.

The narrative

The war started on a Monday. On the Sunday, Kenyatta was coming from church

He saw a man with a machete, displaying three human fingers on the machete.

This was way beyond his experience, and he couldn't eat for a week.

On the third night of no eating, the local invasion began, and Kenyatta had to run.

He helped some Rwandese and Burundese people, who were also running,

Including Catholic sisters and nuns.

They took the direction towards Kenyata's family villages

Their destination was Kisangani.

In the villages, Kenyata was known and he saved these people from attack.

They were all given a compound in which to sleep, thanks to Kenyata.

There were Mobutu soldiers in the villages.

The next day, a very old man advised Kenyata not to go to Kisangani

Because no-one could know where this will end

God-given advice because thousands were massacred at Kisangani.

Kenyata decided to stay in the village

And told the crowd he would not go with them

They offered him money to accompany them, but he refused.

Kenyata stayed for a week.

He later learned that this was the village where his Luindi ancestors came from

And where initiation ceremonies took place.

10 generations ago, Kenyata's ancestors fought the Belgians' colonial cruelty

Scattering to all the areas in Central Africa, like the Jews in historic Europe.

Kenyata returned to Bukavu, but found that the Governor was taking young men by force to join the Army

Once again, he had to run.

The Canadian priest, John LeCost had fled for his own safety,
Leaving Kenyatta \$3,000 at that time, with continuing support later.
Like his ancestors, Kenyatta scattered to Rwanda, Uganda, Kenya, then
Cape Town, South Africa

Where he re-started his studies.

As his money ran out, he encountered a spiritual woman born in
Vietnam

Supreme Master Ching Hai, spiritual leader of the Guanyin Famen/Quan
Yin

He recognized the special nature of this young man, and – over time –
Gave him \$10,000 to finish his studies. Another God-given blessing.

Kenyatta returned to Bukavu after the end of the 2nd Congo War in the
early 2000s.

The FDLR were trying to recruit people at that time

Kenyata got arrested, for no good reason, and once again had to run.

With further help from a priest in Bukavu, he made his way to the UK.

But instead of making himself comfortable in his new country

He has continued tireless human rights work from afar

Receiving constant reports of the continuing violence and horror

In the east of DRC, which he processes, and now produces campaign
ideas

For his new activist home, the Justice Congo Group.

Written, with grateful thanks, by his Justice Congo Group colleague,
Penelope Abraham

