

Story of two AIDS Orphans

I was about to close the office at about 5:30 p.m. Friday, March 5, 2010, when two kids walked in alone. One seemed from the maturity of his face and language, a boy of about 8 – 9 years old in a small body, sized about 5 years. His little brother by size was about 2 years.

“David is my name and he is my little brother. We lost both mam and our father about a month ago. During the first night after their death, many had come to mourn them and decide our fate. I heard them discuss that we were sorcerers and should be lapidated to death. I took my little brother in my arms and ran to the central station. There we hid and begged from travelers.”

“Only today a kind young man told me: ‘why are you staying here’? Go find Dr. Cecile to help you. He instructed me how to find you. Will you help us?”

That evening we went to the orphanage, where both are doing fine and the big brother is at school. David keeps looking after his brother with special care.

Most AIDS orphans come to us as sets of siblings. We encourage them to continue to take care of each other during meals, games, bathing and sleeping. This seems to recreate as much as possible home conditions.