

I am **NTEZIYAREMYE JOHNAS**, Congolese by nationality aged **20 years old**. I was born in North Kivu Bunagana, in **1990, 5th march**. I am the second born after a girl, but first born in boys. My parents are still alive but pushing in old age. So the total number of members in the family is 10 together with parents.

I reached in **Uganda in 2001**; where as my parent and other children came earlier in 1997, April 12th. The war started hotly, I was at school and there I took my own way and their own way too. I was caught by rebels though young. Rebels needed young boys very much. But I would feel the absence of parents due to childhood.

I had no way to go away from the rebels after two months. I told them that I am going to easy myself at the same time to get fire wood for the camp. When they accepted, I used that opportunity to escape from them with two women they had thought of raping as one of their mission. When reached in the village, I heard that my parents were still alive in the refugee camp in Uganda Kyangwali. I decided to work for money in order to follow them in Kyangwali. As I knew that they died long ago the same to them. I took time to raise money because I was very young and the only work I could do was to get water to people and pay me per jerry can. Each was **100sh** and I could make at least 10 a day using my small head with small age. Here it was hard for me to raise **100,000sh**, then there was one old man who could always see me all the time fetching and he asked me why I was doing too much of work when I am young? I told him that I am an orphan, working hard to meet my parents whom I thought they died long ago, now are in Uganda. Then as I was explaining this old man started crying. He asked me my parent's name and when I replied, he found that my father was his best friend. He also knew that he died.

This man asked me how much I had made since I started, and good enough I had **30,000sh** which was not enough for transporting me from **DRC** to Uganda. Then he told his two friends about me and they came up with decision of topping up to what I had made and the following three days I started my journey to Kyangwali settlement camp.

As I reached to Kampala, all the money were stolen and I just asked the buss going to Hoima, reaching in the bus, I would sit down because I was without money and when they could ask why? I could tell them that my back have a problem, but me I knew where the problem was in the pocket.

When I reached there everything was new. I looked thin because I had spent four days without eating anything and parents were not sure whether I was the one. But later on they had to mark me as their son. Life in that camp was not supportive due to sicknesses of parents and children, going to school, finding what to eat were another war. I worked hard to see that I help them and myself too. The only way to get help was prayers since I was young and new in place I could find food in bush after long struggle.

This condition was very general and not until Coburwas came in to save youth and the community as it is today. I was among those who heard the message of **Coburwas** first, because my problems were beyond my age. I came to find solutions in **Coburwas** as days were elapsing.

When **Coburwas** thought of starting the **Hostel**, I was the first to be picked in that year after my **primary 7**. I could feel leadership in me and the same year James became a Manager in **TH**. I was empowered by **Coburwas** to be the **President** of the **Hostel** with **Kobwa Solange**. Later I empowered **BAGISHA JOHN** who could work with the late sister **Jenifer**. And I was in **Senior 2** per now I am in **Senior 3 Bwikya SS**.

I thank God for his voice and grace to keep still pushing me in the wonderful services. To see me now being accepted as a **SAVANT IN TH, I THINK HE HAS A PURPOSE OF EVERY THING**. The hands which Coburwas has joined with **TH**, will never get shamed, but always **God** will keep it seen in the eyes of enemies who did not want development in his community. I am very ready to help my brothers to provide positive change to refugees in Africa and the world at large. I request your prayers all the time, because I head young ones and even those who are older than me. I will manage in the name of **God**. Please keep directing me whenever I go away from our rout towards changing lives of refugees and others too.

**I would like to thank the following people Officially> WEREJE BENSON *for starting Coburwas to saving our lives as youth.* AMANI JEAN PAUL *for good leadership skills to young ones in coburwas* JAMES KAZINI *for empowering me.* EMMANUEL NS *for good guiding and advice and others.* MAMA AFRICA BETH *for the cross of lives of refugees on your head and* BOARD OF DIRECTORS *for good decisions in maintaining constant support to refugees through COBURWAS.***

