

Stories Unspoken

of 11 migrant women

HOME LOVE

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Situation life has taught me a lot
clouds I believe that true love

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I went to the hospital, and in the

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when I said yes, he let him in.
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my third month of pregnancy.

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and whispered that am thankful. At the same time, I had a
lot of questions running into my head with no answers.

The doctor congratulated me of the birth of the baby. As we went outside,
I asked him "you looked like you aren't you afraid
because you're still a student?"
He told me not to worry.
Me in my pregnancy. One
went to hospital. The
from my brother
closed. With my brother.

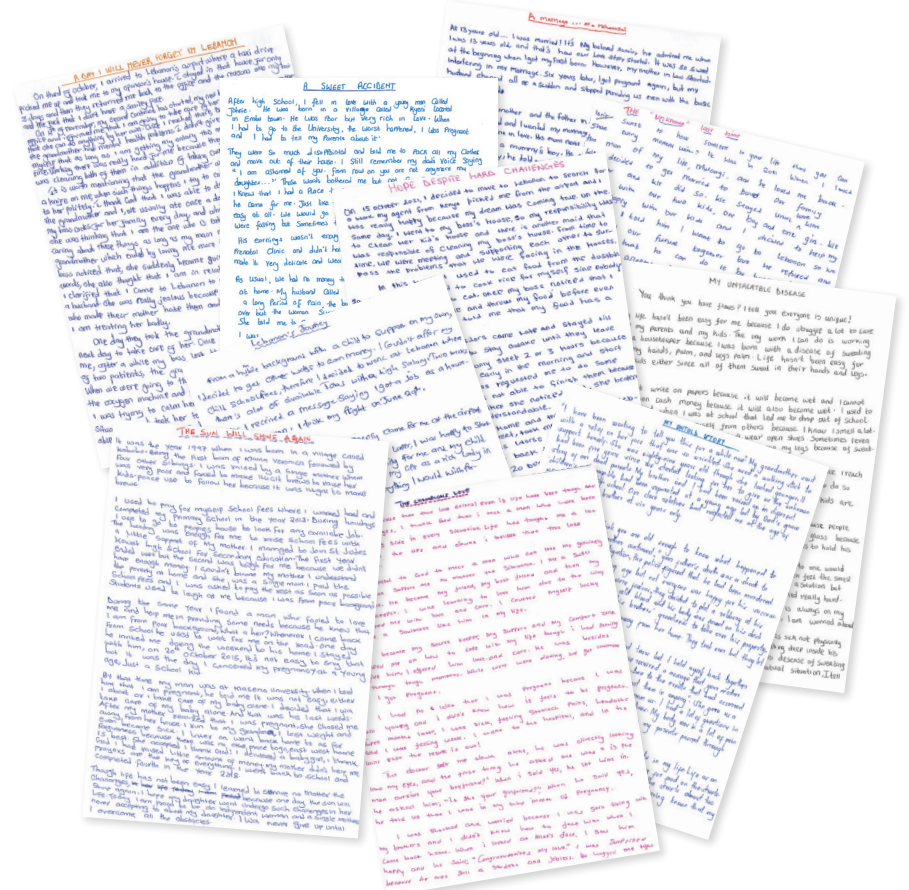
March 21st 2016, I
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Today, I
God for this
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I had. Life is a journey,
I am passing through I can never
believe I have strength of a woman and



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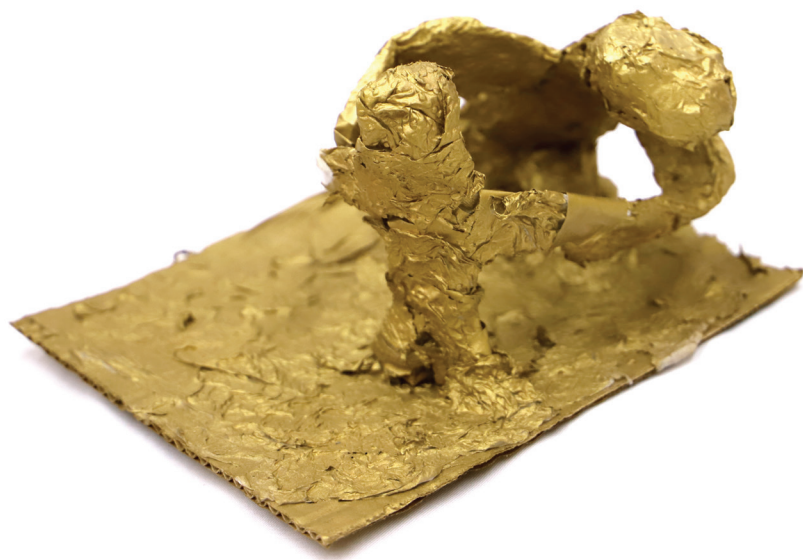


This book is part of the MISEREOR project funded by The German Catholic Bishops' Organization for Development Cooperation.

The aim of the project is to advocate for better protection of the Migrant Domestic Workers through Awareness on Mental Health and Suicide Risks.

The main goal of this project is to strengthen the rights of migrant workers in Lebanon and to improve their mental health through the following activities:

- *Awareness sessions and supporting events.*
- *Psychosocial activities including art therapy and storytelling.*
- *An infographic video subtitled in different languages, to raise awareness about the rights and duties of foreign workers arriving to Lebanon, to be displayed in the arrival hall at the airport.*
- *A study on the mental health situation, needs, and suicide risks of migrant domestic workers in Lebanon.*



Our world, filled with wonders and cultural diversity, is inhabited by many wonderful and creative people. They are the women who hustle their daily roles as helpers in our homes. However, each and every one of them has a unique and surprising story to tell about her country of origin.

This interesting book takes us on a journey, through multiple stories, to meet these creative women workers and discover their amazing world.

A book made possible after their participation in a training course on storytelling at Caritas Lebanon's safety house.

Through these stories, readers will learn about new cultures and exciting traditions from around the globe.

They will have an open window to the world, where they can broaden their horizons and accept differences, they will realize that beauty lies in diversity and a peaceful coexistence with others.

These wonderful women workers' stories will inspire them to explore the world around them and realize their own dreams.

It is an opportunity for readers to learn from other people's experiences.

This book is the perfect companion for those seeking to discover more about this vast universe.

Reverend Father Michel Abboud
Caritas Lebanon President



Irene's Story

Irene, a 19-year-old woman from Africa, left her loved ones and came to Lebanon in search for greener pastures. Her day-to-day life was very different from everything she has imagined.

The champions love race

I am sure that true love exists!

Even if life has been tough and full of challenges, I thank God that I met a man who has always been on my side in every situation.

Life has taught me a lot, despite the ups and downs, I believe that true love conquers. I prayed to God to meet a man who can love me genuinely and can support me no matter the situation.

I met a very sweetheart "Allan". He became my friend, my best friend and then my secret keeper. I started falling in love with him due to the way he treated me with love and care. I was lucky to have him as a soul mate. He became my secret keeper, my support and my comfort zone. He helped me on how to cope with my life.

I thought that I had nothing to give him but I ended up offering him love and care. He was by my side through tough moments.

While we were dating, we got intimate and I got pregnant. I had no idea that I was pregnant because I was still young and I didn't know how it feels to be pregnant.

Three months later, we went to visit our friend and we spent one week for seminar. During that week, I was sick, I had stomach pains, headache and I was feeling weak. I went to the hospital, and in the urine test, the result is out! The doctor sat with me alone, he was directly looking into my eyes, and the first thing he asked me was "is the man outside your boyfriend?" I replied "Yes" and he asked my boyfriend to join us. When he joined, the doctor asked him "is she your girlfriend?" and he said yes then the doctor told us that I was in my third month of pregnancy.

I was shocked and worried because I was still living with my brother and I didn't know how to face him once I am back home. When I looked at Allan's face, I saw him happy and he said "congratulations my love". I was surprised because he was still a student and jobless. He hugged me tight and I whispered that I am thankful. At the same time, I had a lot of questions running into my head with no answers. The doctor congratulated both of us. As we went outside, I asked him "you looked happy but aren't you afraid since you're still a student? What about your parents' reaction?" He told me not to worry and that he will support my pregnancy.

One week later, I got sick again and I went back to the hospital. The results were the same but I hid them from my brother

because I wasn't ready to be chased. With my boyfriend's help, I escaped from my brother's house.

March 21th 2014, I was blessed with my baby girl, "Samantha Davine". I was the happiest woman in the world and proud to be called "mother". Allan was so happy as well. At this stage, we had to inform our parents. Surprisingly, my mother was happy and excited and she came to see us. However, Allan's parents were shocked. They got angry and told him to deny the baby. He refused and told them that he won't leave me.

Samantha was three months when her dad graduated. I met his parents during the graduation. It was the first time I met them. Unexpectedly, they welcomed me in the family even though I wasn't married officially to their son.

Today, I thank God for who I am and the woman I have become. I thank God for Allan for being always beside me. We always treat each other with love and respect even though the situation was hard.

Life is a journey, full of lessons. No matter what I am passing through I will never give up. I believe I have the strength of a woman and I can make it.

NEVER GIVE UP NO MATTER WHAT!
(MARY NJOKI)

I HAVE TO TELL WOMEN, NEVER TO JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS OWN COVER ... MARY NJOKI

YOU SHOULD WORK HARD TO ACHIEVE YOUR GOAL:
(FLORA)

AIM HIGHER LIKE AN EAGLE AND
NEVER GIVE UP IN LIFE. (IRENE)

FALL DOWN SEVEN TIMES GET
UP EIGHT. (IRENE)

Francesca's Story

Francesca, a 19-year-old woman from Africa, was young and full of dreams before coming to Lebanon.

After she started working as a domestic worker, she was deceived and mistreated which led her to give up all hope of a brighter future.

For you... Father

How will life be without a father?

It was 9th august 2021 when I decided to come to Lebanon to work and earn money for my father's treatment.

First, I was most welcomed in my boss house where I started work. It was on 11th September when I received a shocking phone call that my dad had brain cancer.

My boss stopped paying me and stopped my communication with my family. After many efforts, she paid me under one condition; not to use my phone and not to complain about how she treats me otherwise she will shoot me and never let me see my family again. However, she stopped feeding me, she violated me by beating me and giving me a lot of work until 12:00 am.

Two weeks later, I recovered but I wasn't comfortable, I was forced to steel food to eat and I was always sick but tried my best to work hard to get money for my father's treatment.

One day, the boss' daughter asked me to go and clean her room which she had poured Nescafe on everything and her brother told me to continue my work in the kitchen. The daughter started beating me because I have refused to do her room. I was very angry so I decided to beat her back.

I was afraid from my boss reaction because I slapped her daughter, that's why I escaped.

A couple saw me and helped me by introducing me to Caritas because there was no other place to go. I was welcomed to OAK Shelter.

One month later, on 22nd April I was informed about my daddy's death. I was tired and started to ask god questions about my life "why me?!".

After coming to Olive shelter and sharing my story with mama, I became stronger and now I am just waiting to go back home and meet my beloved son, and nephew because they are the only family that I still have in this world.

We should never give up and always trust God, knowing that there is no situation that has no end...

IF YOU CAN LOOK UP YOU CAN GET UP!
(Leah)

A JOB IS A JOB WHATEVER HARSHIPS YOU FACE
(Flora)

THERE IS ALWAYS LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL
(Lucy)

Mary's Story

Mary, a 29-year-old woman from Africa, left behind her family and children for a better future. Instead, she fell victim of abuse.

A marriage... or a Rehearsal

At 13 years old...I was married with my beloved Samir, he admired me when I was 13 years old, and that's how our love story started. It was so sweet at the beginning when I got my first born.

However, my mother-in-law started interfering in my marriage.

Six years later, I got pregnant again, but my husband has suddenly changed and stopped providing us even with the basic needs like food.

I became the mother and the father in the house.

I did all that because I loved my husband and I wanted my marriage to persist. Little did I know that I was the only one in Love.

His mum never stopped interfering because my husband was a mummy's boy. He always listened to his mum whatever she said. One day, he told me the kids are not his children and this broke my heart into pieces. So I went back to my grandparents' house because I was afraid to hurt my kids.

As our tradition says that every marriage's solution should be solved by the elders of the village.

When we were asked to talk about our problems, Samir started. I thought that he will say that I am the problem or maybe a bad wife. Surprisingly, he said that his kids are not his' in front of everyone including his own kids. My first born was old enough to understand what her father said. She started crying. Those words were so sharp to my ears, so painful to my heart. My eyes started dripping tears uncontrollably. The elders too got very upset with his words to an extend they sent him away and asked him never to come near my family again. My first born was so angry and told me she will never go back to her daddy's home again. As a good mum, I had to consider my daughter's opinion.

Deep down, I thought my husband will change not knowing that a fool is always a fool. He came back to tell me that he wants to marry again. I was shocked because of the bitterness I had towards him. So I asked for a divorce and he accepted without hesitating.

Now I am left with my two little angels alone, I am strong for them.

However, I have to tell the women:

"Never judge a book by its own cover".

BELIEVE IN YOURSELF TO KEEP MOVING

STEP BY STEP... THAT'S ROAD TO SUCCESS → PHILLIS

FORWARD EUNICE NATURE

INHALE THE PAST
EXHALE THE FUTURE
LORNA J

Phyllis Story

Phyllis, a 31-year-old woman from Africa, wanted to change her life through migrating and sending money home to provide a proper education for her children. But she was deprived of her salary and her dreams faded.

Lebanon's Journey

Do you think you would do anything for your child?

From a humble background with a child to support on my own, I decided to get other ways to earn money. I couldn't afford my child school fees, therefore I decided to work at Lebanon where there's a lot of available jobs with a high salary.

Two weeks later, I received a message saying I got a job as a housemaid in Lebanon. I took my flight on June 29th.

On my arrival, my Lebanese agent picked me from the airport and we went to the agency office.

Three days later, I was happy to start this job since I saw this as an opportunity for me and my child to get a better life. I even imagined my life as a rich lady in the future with my house and everything I would wish for.

Few months later, life started to become hard. I noticed my boss had many passports of other immigrant girls that she had hidden

under the chair. She started giving me a lot of work and little food.

I worked from morning to evening without resting and most of the time I slept late at night and woke up early.

I was tired from all of this and decided to ask my boss to take me back to the office. She refused and became angry. She claimed that she paid a lot of money to get me and if I wanted to go back I would have to pay her. I became depressed and weak and doing my work was a big problem. I insisted to go back to the office, but she was beating me every time I complained, and threatened me to take me to jail to finish my contract there.

I was tired of everything and I felt like I was almost losing my mind. Finally, she was tired of me and urged the office to come for me. Instead of helping me, my agent left me on the street.

By God's grace, a good "Samaritan" who was passing by saw my trouble and helped me.

I could not hide my happiness in Caritas because I met kind hearted people who helped me, fed me and gave me clothes.

I was given medication and I was sleeping well.

God abundantly bless Caritas.

Waiting for my date to travel back to my country and unite again with my family.

I can say "Always trust God".

ONCE YOU STOP LEARNING, YOU START

TO LOSE FAITH
(MARY NJOKI)

YOU THINK YOU HAVE FLAWS? I TELL YOU EVERYONE IS UNIQUE!
(BY LORNAH)

LOVE CAN CONQUER EVERYTHING (Leah)

ALWAYS BE YOURSELF
(MARY NJOKI)



Lornah's Story

Lornah, a 28-year-old woman from Africa, is an independent woman that was looking forward to change her future but found herself in a forced labor net.

My untreatable Disease

You think you have flaws? I tell you that everyone is unique!

My life hasn't been easy for me because I do struggle a lot to care for my parents and my kids.

The only thing I can do is working as a housekeeper because I was born with a disease of sweating in my hands, palm, and legs. Life hasn't been easy for my kids either since all of them sweats in their hands and legs.

I cannot write on papers because it will become wet and I cannot touch even cash money because it will also become wet.

I used to get bullied when I was at school that led to be dropped out of it.

Sometimes I separate myself from others because I know I smell a lot. I wear always socks because I can't wear open shoes.

Sometimes I even cry because I have white substances between my legs.

Sometimes I find it hard to visit my friends because once I reach their house they ask me to remove my shoe.

It is very hard to do so because it will smell bad.
I am even sadder because my kids are passing through the same situation.

When I am in a bus traveling I have to cover my hands because people can see my hands sweating.

I cannot even touch a clear glass because I will leave some fingerprints on it.

Every man's dream is to hold his women's hand, in my case it's not possible.

Whether it is cold, whether it is not, I always sweat. No one would like to be around me because I do smell bad, I can even feel the smell by myself.

I tried to go to the hospital thinking I will find a solution but I didn't. The doctor told me there's no treatment. I tried really hard.

However, even if I didn't find a solution, the smile is always on my face just to keep moving forward.

However, I am worried about my kids.

To everyone who is reading this story, maybe someone is sick not physically but mentally and he's suffering.

Suffering from something deep inside his mind. Just like me, as I am trying to overcome this disease of sweating hands and feet.

If you are passing through a mutual situation, I tell you can do it!

LIFE IS LIKE DAY AND NIGHT AFTER THE DARKNESS AT NIGHT SUN WILL SHINE AGAIN DURING THE, SO DON'T WORRY ABOUT TOMORROW (LORRA-J)

ALWAYS LOVE OTHERS... BECAUSE WE ARE CREATED BY THE SAME GOD WHO IS THE CREATOR OF ALL UNIVERSE (FLOYA)

LIFE IS A JOURNEY FULL OF LESSONS AND IT TAKES TIME TO ACHIEVE (IRENE) YOUR GOALS PRESS ON...

NEVER GIVE UP IN LIFE UNLESS LIFE GIVES UP ON YOU!
(Lucy)

Eunice's Story

Eunice, a 29-year-old woman from Africa, left her country in search of a better future, but instead fell prey to human trafficking.

The "unknown" last time

Isn't it sweet to have someone in your life that you can share every moment with?

It was in 2011 when I loved the man of my life "Mwangi", and he loved me back. We decided to get married to build our family together and we did so. We stayed together until we were blessed with our two kids, a boy and a girl.

We lived happily with our kids and I decided to help my husband. I told him I want to go to Lebanon so we can build our future together but he refused and told me that he can do it by himself. When I insisted, he accepted because our babies needed education.

On 20th April 2021, while I was in my agent's office, he texted me and asked me why I was online very early. We had a lovely conversation and he told me his plans for the week. From that time, I did not get any message from him for five days.

I was sending messages but none of the messages was answered.

One day, my mother called me and asked me if he was still having the same plans for the weekend, I told her that I have been calling and messaging him but there was no answer.

I searched on Facebook to see if I can find him. The first picture I saw was my love's picture with a "Rest in peace" caption.

I didn't believe and send a message to the girl who posted this picture.

I was shocked and even didn't know what to do.

I talked to the agent office and told him that my husband is dead and the people who were working with him are the ones that killed him.

He didn't even reach home that day we last spoke.

He was killed on his way home.

After hearing this news, I was very weak and I was about to lose my mind. I did everything I can just to stay strong for my kids.

I always cry and still remember our memories I feel like I am dead.

On the other side and get worsen, my brother-in-law wrote a letter to the police that he wants to remove my husband's name from the kids. He wanted to take them because I wasn't around. I felt like my hands are tied and every time I remember this I feel like I am responsible for them.

Oh dear God, help me to conquer this situation.

ALWAYS

BE STRONG

AND SEE THE POSITIVE SIDE OF

EACH STORY!

(EUNICE NGURE)

FAILURE IS THE ONLY WAY TO SUCCESS

(Lucy)

Leah's Story

Leah, a 25-year-old woman from Africa, left the love of her life in order to secure a better future. She dreamt of a great wedding and a family. In Lebanon, her hopes faded away.

A sweet accident

After high school, I felt in love with a young man called “Johnie”. He was born in a village called “Kyen” located in Embu town. He was poor but rich in love. When I had to go to university, the worst happened, I was pregnant and I had to tell my parents about it.

They were so much disappointed and told me to pack all my clothes and move out of their house.

I still remember my dad's voice saying “I am ashamed of you. From now on you are not anymore my daughter...” Those words bothered me but not for so long because I knew that I had a place to run to, my boyfriend's house. I called him and he came for me. Just like that I become someone's wife.

Life wasn't easy at all. We would go for a day without a meal not because we were fasting but sometimes there was nothing to eat. The money wasn't enough even to eat. I didn't even attend the prenatal clinic and didn't have food balance for the pregnancy, so

this made it very delicate and weak.

Time flies, I had to deliver my baby.

As usual, we had no money to go to the hospital, so I had to deliver him at home.

My husband called a woman from the village to help. After a long period of pain, the baby came. It was a boy. I thought it was over, but the woman surprised me that there was another baby inside! She told me to push harder and 10 minutes later, it was a girl. I was confused. I didn't know what to feel first, I laughed then I started to cry.

I was afraid. “How on earth will we be able to take care of my twins” I looked at them, they were so small and looked like angels. I was afraid even more when they started crying. My husband was very happy. He kissed me hundred times. He whispered “Now more than ever I'll work hard for us”.

After a couple of months, he got a job in Qatar through the embassy where he works in. Our life has changed at least we were able to settle our bills.

Our kids will be celebrating their 6th birthday this September. Love can conquer everything.

Now my prayer is, until death do us apart.



Mary's Story

Mary, a 28-year-old woman from Africa, was hired as a housekeeper; even though that was not what she signed for in her employment contract. She refused to work and finally reached Caritas Lebanon shelter.

Hope despite hard challenges

On 15 October 2021, I decided to move to Lebanon to search for work. My agent from Kenya picked me from the airport and I was really happy because my dream was coming true.

On the same day, I went to my boss's house, so my responsibility was to clean her kid's house and there is another maid that was responsible of cleaning my boss's house.

From time to time, we were meeting and supporting each other to surpass the problems that we were facing in the houses.

In this house, I used to eat food from the dustbin, so one day I decided to cook rice for myself since nobody was giving me food to eat. Once my boss noticed that I was cooking, she came and throw my food before even eating them and she told me that my food has a bad smell.

Additionally, if visitors came late and stayed till 3:00 AM, I was obliged to stay awake until they leave and in this case I will only

sleep 2 or 3 hours because I have to wake up early in the morning and start working.

One day my boss requested me to do some stuff for kids, and I was not able to finish them because I was feeling tired, so when she noticed that, she beaten me and she was not understandable.

After a while, I left home and the agent from Lebanon picked me from the street, took me back to my boss's house and the situation was worse than before.

On 16 December, I decided to go back to the agent and search for a new house.

On 20 December, I found a house that I can work for, I thought that I found someone who will be more understandable and respect me but unfortunately it was the opposite.

My new boss was really severe for example I can't use my phone in the house, she was not giving me food to eat, in addition to that I used to stay awake for late hours and I had to wake up really early.

One day I woke up very sick due to the fact that I didn't eat for 4 consecutive days and asked my boss if I could not work this day, she told me to apologize for requesting a day off and she fired me from her house.

I slept outside in the street for 2 days, it was really cold and I felt that I will die.

On the 3rd day, my boss found me and asked me what I wanted to do, so I told her that I only need my clothes and I don't want to work for her anymore. So she gave me my clothes and requested her driver to take me to Caritas Office.

Never give up no matter what!





Lucy's Story

Lucy, a 27-year-old woman from Africa, had a tough childhood but she never gave up. She was a survivor and decided to leave her country to forge a brighter path elsewhere. Unfortunately, she found herself caught in another trap that led to forced labor.

My untold story

“I have been wanting to tell you this for a while now”.

My grandmother said with a relief on her face that was so wrinkled. She used a walking stick to support herself. She was eighty-nine years old though she looked younger.

It had been five years since we started looking for her to give us the unknown story of our dead parents.

My brother and I had been raised up in different children's orphanage. We had been separated at a young age but by God's grace we met after high school. Our close relatives had neglected me at the age of two years and my brother at six years only.

“Now my children, I think you are old enough to know what happened to your parents”. My grandmother continued, “Your father's death was a shock to everyone but after investigations, the police figured out that he had been murdered. He was rich at a young age but not everyone was happy for his success. His brothers, who were older, were jealous, they decided to plot a

robbery at his workplace. He was murdered in cold blood and his body was found on his desk in his office.

After his burial, his brothers' greediness to take over his property, let them to chase your mother away from her home. They took over but they let you two stay behind".

The imagination of that made me shed tears but I held myself back and took a sip of tea.

"Months later, we received a message that your mother was ill and unfortunately she passed away. Due to the events that had occurred before, her family never allowed us to support them in any way". She gave us a certain look as if she expected a word from us. I had a lot of questions in my head and I was so angry at my relatives. My body was in a lot of pain for a moment I thought I felt the same pain my parents passed through during their death.

This pain made me reflect the hurtful moments in my life.

Life as an orphan wasn't easy.

I remembered the days I had to beg for food on the streets. Before we got help from well-wishers, we had stayed on the streets for almost two years.

I reflected our miserable lives and now it felt worse having known that my father's family was the key to all our suffering.

Life was not that easy for us on the streets.

We had to pass through hell at a very young age. I was only 4

and my brother Jerry was 8 years. After being neglected by our relatives, we found ourselves roaming on the streets.

We used to sleep under the tree. My brother would leave me in the morning and go to look for something to eat.

Sometimes I would beg passengers who would pity me and give me some coins. Life went on like that for some months and we preferred it like that because it was better.

As time passed, we gained friends who were also street kids.

They shared tips on how to survive in the streets. We got a better place to stay where we would be protected from rain and bad weather. It was made of nylon bags and bamboo it was my home and I treasured it.

Though life has been so tough for me, giving up had never been a choice for me.

Losing my family has taught me how to get tough as life gets tougher. I have become aware of the hard situations in life at a very young age and I would never want to see my family go through the same in the future.

I believe that I will pursue my dream of becoming a flight attendant and I will also help others in the same situation.

Never give up in life unless life gives up on you!



Lorna's Story

Lorna, a 24-year-old woman from Africa, is an active person with many dreams. Her aspirations came to an end after the many forms of violence she was confronted with when she became a domestic worker.

The sun will shine again

It was in 1997 when I was born in a village called “Kabobo”.

Being the first born of my mother “Veronica” followed by four other younger siblings. I was raised by a single mother who was followed by the police because it was illegal to be a single mum.

I used to pay for myself school fees where I worked hard and completed my classes on 2013 at a primary school.

During holidays, I used to go to people's house to look for any available job. The holiday was enough for me to raise school fees with a little support of my mother. I managed to join St Jude's Kokwet School. The first year ended well but the second was tough for me because we didn't have enough money. I couldn't blame my mother because I understand the poverty at home and she was a single mum. I paid half the school fees and I was asked to pay the rest as soon as possible. Students used to laugh at me because I was from poor background.

During the same year, I found a man who loved me and helped me

in providing some needs because he knew that I am from a poor background. Whenever I come back from school he used to wait for me on the road. One day he invited me during the weekend to his home. I stayed with him, on 20th October 2015, it's not easy to say that but it was the day I conceived my pregnancy.

By that time, my man was at Maseno University. When I told him that I was pregnant, he told me it was not easy, either I abort or I take care of my baby alone.

I took care of the baby alone and that was his last words.

After my mother has realized that I am pregnant, she chased me away from her house. I lost weight and became sick.

I went back home to ask for forgiveness because there was no other place to go. She accepted thank God! I delivered a baby girl, I thank God I had a small amount of money.

My mother didn't help me. Prayers are the key of everything. I went back to school on 2018.

Though life has not been easy I learned to survive no matter the challenges, because one day the sun will shine again.

I hope my daughter won't undergo such challenges in her life.

Today, I am proud to be an independent woman and a single mother, never accepting to abort my daughter.

I will never give up until I overcome all the obstacles!



Florah's Story

Florah, a 30-year-old woman from Africa, suffered abuse that led to mental illness. Through continuous follow-up and treatment at the shelter, she regained her dignity and self-esteem.

A day I will never forget in Lebanon

On 3rd of October, I arrived to Lebanon's airport where a taxi driver picked me up and took me to my sponsor's house.

I stayed in this house for only 3 days and then they returned me back to the office and the reasons was my hair and the fact that I don't have a smiley face.

On 4th of November, my second contract has started, my new boss picked me up from the office and informed me that I am going to take care of her mother, while indicating that she can do anything by her own.

Once I reached there, everything was the opposite, the grandmother had mental health problems.

I didn't give up and I kept telling myself that as long as I'm getting my salary this means that everything is fine.

Working there was really hard for me because they had two houses and I was cleaning both of them in addition of taking care of the grandmother.

It is worth mentioning that the grandmother was sometimes pointing a knife on me, when such things happen I try to calm her down by talking to her politely. I thank God that I was able to deal with such situations.

The grandmother and I, we usually ate once a day despite the fact that my boss cooks for her family every day, and when she gives her mother food she was thinking that I am the one who is eating them.

From my side I was not caring about these things as long as my main role is to take care of the grandmother which ended by loving me more than her family.

When the boss noticed that, she suddenly became guilty and she was telling me bad words, she also thought that I am in relationship with her husband, I clarified that I came to Lebanon to work and not to search for a husband. She was really jealous because she thought that I am the one who made their mother hate them and she also told her brothers that I am treating her badly.

One day they took the grandmother to the hospital.

I went the next day to take care of her.

Once I arrived, she was happy seeing me, after a while my boss left the hospital. Our room was composed of two patients, the grandmother asked me to take her to the toilet. When we were going to the toilet, the grandmother wanted to remove the oxygen machine and the bed sheet of the other patient and I was trying

to calm her. I finally succeeded to control the situation and took her to the toilet then to her bed. I was not able to leave her alone because I was afraid of her actions.

Earlier in the morning, my boss came to the hospital and the grandmother informed her that I took her to the toilet. She told me that her mother told her that she gave me money. She's lying because her purpose was to make the grandmother hate me but in fact they are making their mother hate them.

I thank God that from January till June my boss really loved me. Starting July my boss started gossiping about me.

I decided to leave.

While I was walking, a taxi driver helped me till I reached Caritas.

To sum it up, a job is a job whatever hard things you face.

You should love others because all the universe is created by the same God!

Stories Unspoken

of 11 migrant women

*This book tells the stories of 11 migrant workers.
The power of storytelling helped change their lives.*

*It also includes their artworks produced over
the course of art therapy sessions.*

*Through their stories and drawings, these women were given
an opportunity to be seen and heard, and to find understanding
and empathy for the hardships that they went through.*

*It is a chance for them to be more in tune and aware of their
feelings by writing them down to facilitate the healing process.*

*This enables them to express their good and bad experiences,
and helps them acknowledge their strengths and weaknesses while
learning about the life lessons that led them to who they are today.*

THERE IS ALWAYS LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL
(Lucy)