

# My graduation was like a dream!



To believe I would ever graduate in my life was to deceive myself. Coming from a family of twelve people where Dad was the sole bread winner, I could not imagine attending university education. Sometimes I even felt reluctant to concentrate in my education, thinking it would not lead me anywhere.

But Dad, being a school teacher, kept encouraging me to concentrate. He constantly encouraged me to work hard and secure government scholarship for university education.

Yet inside, I knew I could not make it. I quite well knew the level of competition for the scholarship. More so, I was in an upcountry school where only a handful of students would secure the over 4,000 annual scholarship vacancies, majority of which are taken by excellent performers from the central and western regions of the country where there was peace and the children accessed all the necessary facilities for their studies.

Then, I only knew Rev. Otto Naptali, the Director of then, Keziya Orphanage Home as a religious leader. I had no idea that he would be in the position to support my education.

It was until after I dropped out of school in the year 2006 while at Senior Five (S.5) and joined *boda-boda*, a kind of motorcycle taxi commonly used in Uganda that Rev. Otto probably learned of me and came to my rescue. I cannot tell whether he picked special interest in me because of my background as a former Kony's Lord's Resistance Army (LRA) child soldier.

Through his support, I ably rejoined school in 2007. I went back to S.5. But even when I finished my Advanced Level of Education in 2008, I still did not have any hope of attending any further studies.

When Dwyer Terry visited Uganda in early 2009, I drafted my story of the LRA abduction and shared it with him with the desire of having the story published. Later on, I got a feed back that someone read the story and offered to sponsor my university education. That someone was Karl Olson.

I was really so pleased. I concentrated on my books and narrowly missed a First Class. The glory goes to God! On my graduation day, I could not believe I was the one graduating. The whole thing felt like a dream.

I am so thankful to Karl Olson for his sacrificial support towards making me somebody in the society. I pray every day that the Lord, God reward him abundantly for his sacrificial offer. Thanks to Shared Blessings and the Keziya for being there for us!