

SAA CID



Displaced



Oromo Camp, Shibis District, Mogadishu City

Mogadishu, Somalia 20 August 2009

Mogadishu has been synonymous with anarchy since the last military dictatorship fell in January 1991. Nearly two decades have passed, and self-interest, ignorance, incompetence and conflict continue to fuel the destruction of any semblance of stability, security and development. For the poor, vulnerable and marginalised people of Somalia, what endures is their capacity for hope in a hopeless situation.

Mumino Ahmed Maadey is a 33-year old mother of a 1-month old boy. She currently lives with her 64-year old father, Aadan Abdi Isman, in the district of Karaan in Mogadishu City. This is far from where she was born; and she has endured more than she should have in her lifetime.

“I was born and raised in the town of Baidoa, in the Bay Region. There was a terrible drought in the early 1990s, and in 1994 my mother (Halimo, 48 years) and 2 brothers (Ali, 20 years; Farah, 18 years) died of starvation. My father and I travelled to Mogadishu to try and change and improve our lives. We moved to Karaan District, where we survived for 15 years in a displaced persons camp. In that period, I married 3 times. I produced my only child with my third husband, Ali (38 years old), whom I have been married to for 2 years.

Two months ago there was intense fighting in our area of the city. The shelling was terrible, and many people died. My father and I fled to another displaced person's camp in the district of Shibis. My husband was away working as a mason, so he was not with us. Since that time, I have not seen or heard from my husband. I miss him, and I hope that we can be reunited some day.

Since our recent displacement, my situation has gone from bad to worse. My father is old, and is unable to work. So our lives depend upon begging and the food that we can from SAACID's food kitchens.

The conflict seems endless, and we always hear gunfire and explosions. Our camp continues to fill with more displaced families from other parts of the city. Displacement is our life. Survival is our only aim.

My father and I dream of returning to Baidoa Town, but that is just a dream, as we will never have the money to return to our origins. It costs about 300,000 Somali Shillings for the transportation back to the town (about 9 USD); and then we need money to establish ourselves and find employment.

I would really like to see my husband some day.

I don't want to blame anyone for what happened to my family, because it is just Allah's Will.

I do want to go back to where I was born, as my father also dreams. This gives us hope to endure".



Mumino, her father and son