

A COLLECTION OF WORK
FROM THE MIXED MEDIA EXHIBITION
OF FREEDOM INTERNATIONAL
SCHOOL'S 2024-25 JR HIGH CLASS



MY STORY

THE STORIES WE'RE TOLD
THE STORIES WE CARRY
THE STORIES THAT SHAPE US
THE STORIES WE TELL



“This is my Story” was a multimedia exhibition by our Jr High students at Freedom International School, presented at the end of the 2024-2025 school year. It was the result of their exploration into how the stories we carry through life shape our identity.

A NOTE FROM CYNDI WIEBE, FIS ART INSTRUCTOR:



I've been so honoured to hear the students' stories as we explored this topic throughout the school year.

The project was inspired by Segun Olude's book, *Itan Ati Asa: Yorùbá Narrative in Words and Images*. In his book, Olude says “If we stop speaking our languages, we are in danger of losing history and stories and the knowledge that they hold.”



As I read that, I thought about our students and all the stories they have, some that may be in danger of being lost before they reach future generations. I've even heard that some students are worried about learning English as they're worried that they'll lose pieces of the language along the way. This project allowed us to bring it all out, verbally share stories and memories, then explore them in different ways and through different art styles.



What you will read and view on the following pages skims the surface of the deep pool of stories that were shared. Thank you for joining us on the journey.



THIS IS MY STORY

Muddasir

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I want to be a soccer player. It is the hope that I had since I was a kid and it is the hope and dream anyone could have in this life.

I want to be able to build soccer fields in my country so that many people will have the opportunity to become what they want to be. It is a dream anyone could have and I won't give up until I achieve my goals.

With hard work and dedication, anything is possible. That is why all of us need motivation. Sometimes it helps us work harder and keep us going until we can achieve what we want to achieve.

When I'm on the field I feel powerful. It's like I'm Mbape. He runs so you can't catch up, and I'm like him. I dribble like him, and I run like him.

Whenever I play soccer with my friends I feel happy and I'm working my to become the best soccer player ever. I want to have that feeling forever.





MUDDASIR'S GOAT SOUP

This is my favourite. Enjoy this soup with fufu. YUM! (from betumi.com)

INGREDIENTS:

1 pound of goat meat cut into chunks, bone in:

1 teaspoon of peeled, fresh grated ginger (about an inch to 1 1/2 inch)

2-3 cloves of garlic, crushed

1/2 teaspoon of ground aniseed (sekoni) or other seasoning of your choice

1 heaping teaspoon of no-salt seasoning of your choice (I'm using Mrs. Dash garlic and herb; many Ghanaians would likely use a couple of seasoning cubes)

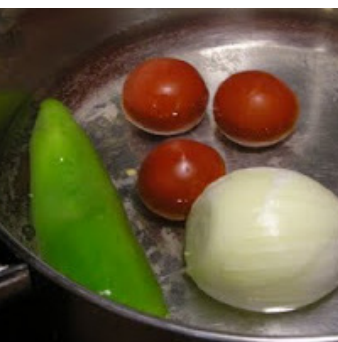
1/2 to 1 teaspoon of ground dried red chili pepper

1 teaspoon salt (or to taste, or substitute seasoning salt)

2 small bay leaves

1/2 cup onion, chopped

3 whole kpakpo shito, whole, if available



DIRECTIONS:

Put the goat meat in a soup pot and season it with the above ingredients. Stir the goat meat well, and add 1/2 cup water to the pot. Cover, bring the water to a boil, lower the heat to simmer.

Prepare a second pot with:

4 oz of washed tomatoes, whole (1

large or 2 small-to-medium. I used 4 small Campari)

~4 oz of peeled onion (about 1 medium)

Fresh whole red chilli peppers to taste (probably 1 to 3, depending on type and heat), tops cut off, and seeded if you like

4 cups of water

Bring that water to a boil and simmer 10 or 15 minutes until the vegetables are soft, then remove grind them together (in a blender or an asanka) and return them to the water in the second pot, along with 4 more cups of water.

Stir in 1 tablespoon of tomato paste, let it simmer a few minutes, and add the broth to the meat. Let the soup simmer until the goat meat is tender, then remove the goat meat

and, for a nice clear soup, strain the broth through a sieve, into the pot using a spoon if necessary to help force some of the ground vegetables through the sieve (scrape the underside of the strainer with a spoon).

Return the meat to the pot and adjust the seasonings (salt, onion, tomato, pepper, etc.) to taste. This may need to simmer for a couple of hours: goat meat tends to be tougher than beef. Add a little more water if necessary.

To simplify this recipe, grind the vegetables (tomatoes, onion, pepper) at the beginning and add them to the meat pot, along with 8 cups of water. Barbara insists that the best flavor is obtained if you first allow the goat meat to simmer for 15 minutes before adding the vegetable broth.

There are many variations of this recipe: you can cook some eggplant or zucchini in a saucepan, then blend and add it near the end for a thicker soup; or you can add many other vegetables like okra or mushrooms, or other herbs or seasonings.

MAP TO MUDDASIR

1. MY SCHOOL IN AFRICA

My school in africa is important because that where grew up and go to school.

2. SOCCER

Soccer is important to me beacuse whenever me and my firends play. We fight alot because they cheat a lot.

3. INDEPENDENT

Independent is important to me because it represent africa and it is very important to us.

4. MY HOUSE IN AFRICA

My house in Africa is important to me because it is the place that i grew up and spend most of my life over there. One time it rain too much and a field up my house so we went to swim.

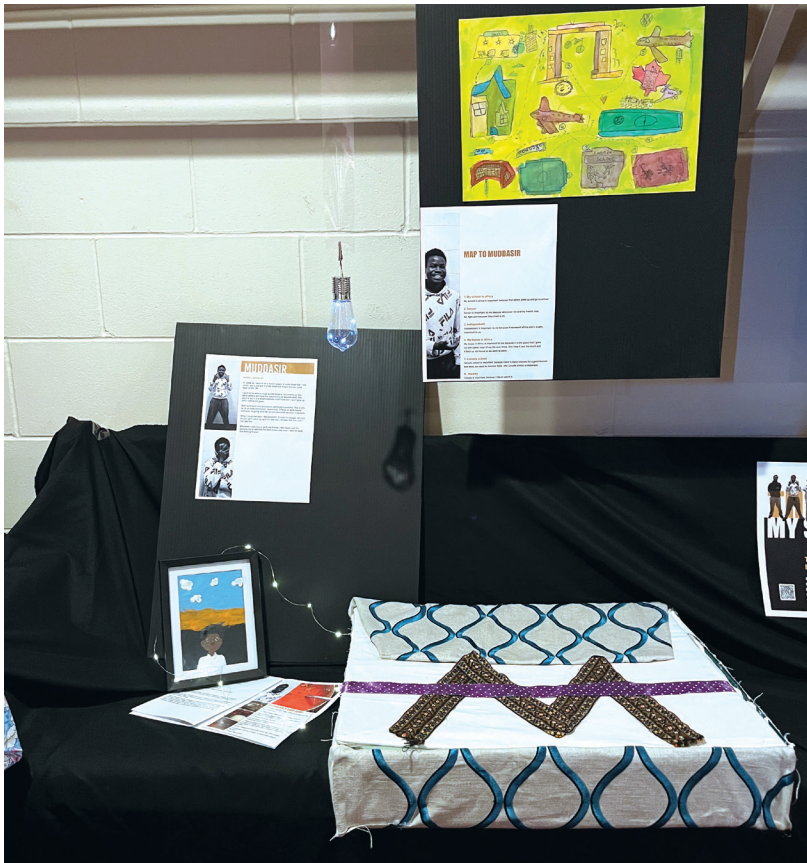
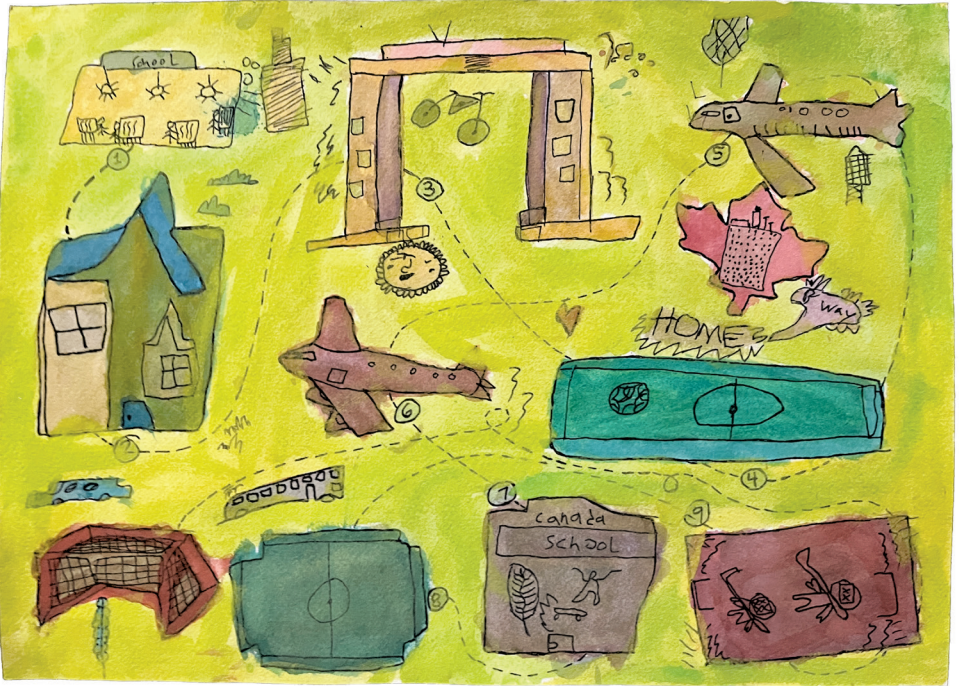
5. CANADA SCHOOL

Canada school is important because there is many chانس for a good feuture and what you want to become thats why Canada school is important.

6. HOCKEY

Hockey is important because I like to watch it.







THIS IS MY STORY

Muzzamil

WHEN YOU'RE KNOCKED DOWN

If you get knocked out you stand up and achieve what you came for. Because sometimes in life you get knocked out and sometimes you cannot get back up.

Even though you get knocked out you still have hope inside you.

When my grandmother died, I got knocked out. I couldn't get back up and I tried to but I couldn't. My family and friends tried to get me back up but they couldn't get back up. When I was playing soccer with my friend, I realized that sometimes in life we lose someone important in our life. And sometimes, we get knocked out but sometimes we don't get knocked out.

My friend helped me realize that sometimes we lose someone in our life. Some of my friends lost some of their parents and their Grandma. They helped me realize sometimes we lose someone important in our life.

When we get knocked out remember that you always have a family beside you. You have them and some don't, so be grateful that you have a family beside you and always love them.

In the future I want to help other so that they could focus on their dream And to be the greatest people on earth and to continue to be the greatest.

My dream is to provide a safe future for others.





Jollof rice is the most delicious food you will ever taste. You eat it with chicken and add a little bit of salad with your jollof rice.

INGREDIENTS:

- 2 cups long-grain parboiled rice
- 1/4 cup vegetable oil (or any oil of your choice)
- 1 large onion (chopped)
- 1 red bell pepper (blended)
- 2 tomatoes (blended) or 1 cup canned tomato puree
- 2 tablespoons tomato paste
- 3 cloves garlic (minced)
- 1 teaspoon ginger (minced)
- 2 teaspoons curry powder
- 1 teaspoon thyme
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- 2 bay leaves
- 1-2 scotch bonnet peppers (optional, for heat)
- 3 cups chicken or vegetable broth (or water)
- Salt to taste
- 1 teaspoon white pepper
- 1/2 cup frozen peas (optional)
- 1/2 cup diced carrots (optional)
- 1/4 cup chopped green onions (optional for garnish)





DIRECTIONS:

Fry the tomato mixture The blended tomatoes, onions, bell peppers, and spices are fried in oil until the oil rises to the top and the sauce thickens.

Cook the rice. The parboiled rice is added to the sauce, along with stock and seasonings. It's then cooked until the rice is cooked in the sauce and becomes tender.

That's the general list of ingredients! You can adjust the seasonings and ingredients to your taste, but this is the core of Jollof rice. You rinsed the rice before putting the in the sauce and after that you let it sit for about 5 minute and open it, Put in some bayleaf if you want, about 2 or 3 bayleaf. If you want you can add some vegetables to your jollof rice.



MUZZA'S JOURNEY

GOAL NET. When i was in africa we had a game against the best team so we were playing soccer so the other team started to win so we locked in and we started to play our best and we came back and the score was 5 to 7 we won by 2.

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE.

Independence is important to me because that is where we all muslims pray and hang out together as a family.

BIKE. I like to ride bikes with my friends and we always ride bikes whenever we have time. My friends taught me how to ride a bike and we always do a bike competition to see who is the best biker.

MY HOUSE. My house is important to me because other people do not have a home to live in and some people have homes to live in and that is where I grew up and that is why my house is important to me. My mom she's in africa and she live's in my old house.

SOCCER. I like to play soccer every day with my friends and we always get in trouble for playing soccer everyday and fight to see who is the best soccer player.

PLANE. Without planes we all would not be here right now that is why plans are very important to me.

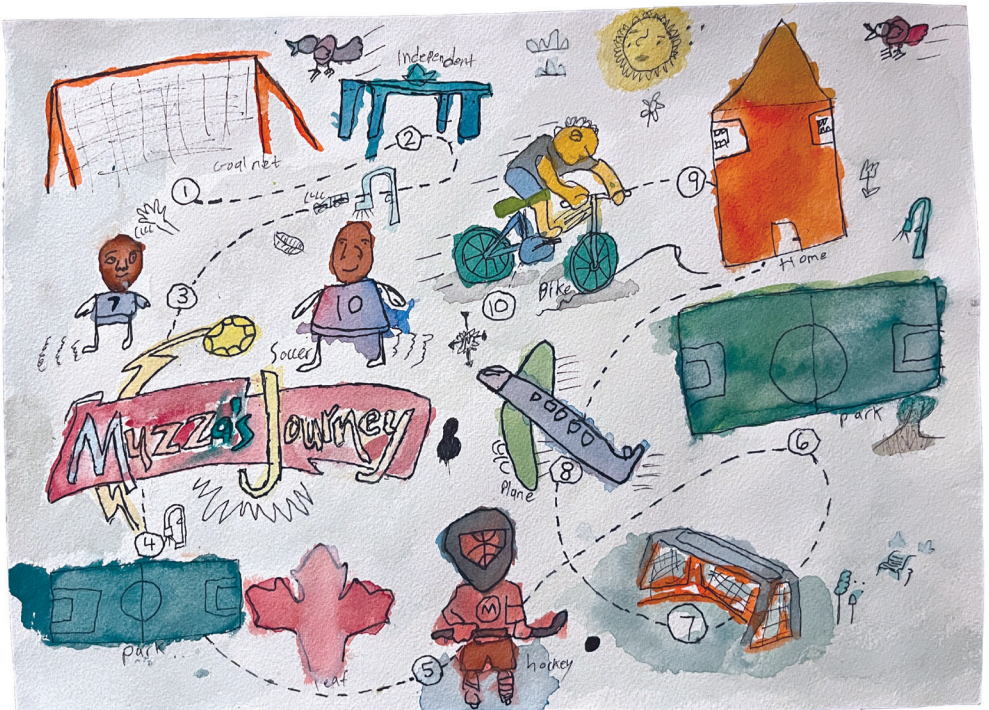


TV PARK. The TV park iss are very important to me. If there is no soccer field we would not be able to play soccer in Africa. The reason why we call it tv parks is because they sell tvs there, beside the park. It was close to my house.

MAPLE LEAF. It is important to me because it represents Canadians and me and all the people who live in Canada.

HOCKEY. When I came to Canada I did not know how to play hockey the first time I was introduced to hockey in 2023 I started to play hockey. I was not very good at it and I always got sub out of the game as the years went by I became very good at hockey.

ABAVANA PARK. This park is important to me because we always fight to see who owns the park and sometimes we grab a big stone to fight and get scared off.





THIS IS MY STORY

Stephanie

HOPES & DREAMS

*(Swahili, Kinyarwanda,
French, English)*

Mbele yangu niliona mipango mungu
aliyonipangia,
Na kufungwa kwa muhuri wa dhahabu.

Indeed I'm wild like a wildflower.
I suppose my dreams can still be chased,
I'm a human that's seen things go with
the wind.

Mbaho gusenga uwiteka.
Mbaho kugirango dusangire ijambo rye.

If hoping is like wishing upon a star
And dreaming is like walking on cloud
nine....

Then I hope my heart stays kind like my
mother's heart.
May my soul look for the good in people.
And may I continue to serve the Lord
with all my heart.

Pas perdre tout, tout sauf le seigneur...
Stephanie



HOPES & DREAMS

English

In front of me I saw the the plans God
made for me,
And sealed with a golden stamp.

Indeed I'm wild like a wildflower.
I suppose my dreams can still be chased.
I'm a human that's seen things go with
the wind.

I live to worship the Lord, I live to share
his word.
If hoping is like wishing a upon a star,
And dreaming is like walking on cloud
nine....

Then I hope my heart stays kind like my
mother's heart.
May my soul look for the good in people.
And may I continue to serve the Lord
with all my heart.

Lose everything, anything but the Lord....
Stephanie





STEPHANIE'S HONEY CHICKEN

Honey chicken is a sweet recipe to make even if you feel too lazy to cook. Honey chicken can be served at weddings, parties, or just a meal at home. Here is a simple guide to the best honey chicken you could make.

INGREDIENTS.

10 chicken drumsticks.

1 cup of honey

1/2 TSP soy sauce

1 TSP of clubhouse LA Grill vegetable seasoning

1 TSP of chicken seasoning blend of your choice

juice from half a lemon

25 ML of oil.

DIRECTIONS:

Step one: Defrost 10 chicken drumsticks and place in a bowl.

Step two: Get a small bowl and add 1 cup of honey, 1/2 TSP soy sauce, 1 TSP of LA Grille, 1 TSP of chicken seasoning, and squeeze juice from half a lemon in the chicken, and 25 ML of oil.

Step three: Preheat your oven to 500 degrees F.



Step four: Mix the chicken and the sauce together and arrange on a baking tray then place in the oven.

Step five: Put the chicken in the oven for 12 minutes and then open the oven and flip the chicken over for another 12 minutes.

Step six: Leave the chicken in for about 4 and half minutes until it looks crispy brown.





STEPHANIE'S JOURNEY

Hi, my name is Stephanie and I was born in Kigoma, Tanzania. I am the youngest of 9 children and I am one of 3 in my family with Albinism. In Tanzania, people with albinism are treated like objects. This is because parts of their bodies like hands and guts are considered powerful in witchcraft. My mom personally knew someone with albinism who had been killed, because of this she had already known it wasn't going to be safe, so she knew we needed to leave.

I grew up in a large family which meant there was a lot of love to go around for everyone....

AFRICA, TANZANIA....

I was born and raised in Kigoma, Tanzania for 3 years until my family and I moved far away from it. I don't remember much about back home, but I do remember how we lived in a big group of other families and there was always a lot of fun, laughter, cooking, and so much more that I dearly miss. Where I used to live in the compound, there was a mango and banana tree in the back of the compound where my childhood friends and I would pick from even though we were not allowed to without asking. I always used to lead my siblings everywhere we went because they would listen and follow me everywhere even though I was the youngest amongst them all.



HSC HOSPITAL....

HSC Hospital plays a big part in my story today. When I moved to Winnipeg, it was the first place I called home. At the age of 2 and 1/2 to 8 years old I had cancer in my right eye. When I was little, I was pushed off a wooden bench by accident that caused me to fall on my right eye, then a bruise appeared underneath it. At first, it was nothing serious until my eye got to the size of a golf ball. When I got to the doors of HSC, I wasn't aware that for the next year and 9 months, it would be where I would learn many new things and meet some wonderful people who would fill my room with laughter. When all I could hear was silence and tears. I wasn't ever allowed to go outside, so I would always sit near the window on my mom's lap and admire how beautifully the sunsets were and how everyone that would catch my attention had a different walk. The halls were quiet, colourful, and definitely always clean. I rarely ever had visitors cause not many people were allowed in my room unless you were my mom, nurse, or doctor. My family only ever visited twice and they would bring me gifts such as a dress that had so many flowers and was one of my favourites until I lost it. It will forever be a place I hold dearly in my heart.



HOME....

I've lived in the same house for over a decade now. I've made so many memories that make me feel like I'm living in a fairytale. My mom loves to plant and grow a lot of varieties of vegetables. In the summer she normally plants tomatoes, potatoes, pumpkins, and other stuff. The house we live in was built in the 1900's but looks like it was built 20 years ago today on the outside, but on the inside it looks very different. It's been such a pleasure to live near the stores, hospital, friends and family. A memory that never fails to make me laugh is when we first moved in, we ended up leaving a pot of beans on the stove for several hours and we were so lucky that nothing was burnt. Another memory is when we came back from church. We thought we left the keys inside so my siblings ended up voting against me so that I would climb through our back door window because I was the smallest and lightest to carry. We later found the keys in my mom's bag and laughed so hard that my brother got a nosebleed which made us laugh even harder than before. Inside of our house the walls used to be blue and green until we got our whole entire house repainted to more of today's colours. We got the inside of our house painted grey and beige, it turned out very nice and the space felt more open than before.



MY GRANDPARENTS....

My grandparents are the kindest people I've met. They live out of the city and they have a cat named Cinder, she is the cutest cat ever. Where they live reminds me a lot of fairytales from stories I used to read in kindergarten, the ones that keep you in wonder and asking questions as if they are disney characters from an old enchanted movie. We always try to find time to hang out as much as we can throughout the school year and summer. My favourite memory is when they taught me how to ride a bike without pedals. I also enjoy going on picnics, swimming, and hanging around their house and playing board games, especially mouse traps because I always win. They make me very happy when I feel like no one cares about me. When I miss them. I look at the picture book they made for me and my sister Eli. They will forever be my people and favourite grandparents in the world.



DEER MEADOWS FARM....

Deer Meadows Farm is where I first saw chickens and other animals. In grade 3 we went to the farm in the winter. When we got there it was so cold and everything was frozen. My favourite part of the whole field trip is when one of my friends got lost because she was picking corn from the corn maze we were in. The next day she brought the corn she picked the day before as her lunch. We all laughed and that was my best of all time grade 3 memory ever

“

*...watching
the sky
change
just like us
humans
when we
chose to
trust God
in things
we can't
control
when
things go
differently
then we
planned.*

”

because our class never found a way to make each other laugh until our stomachs hurt and someone would end up peeing their pants. I've only ever been to Deer Meadows Farm a couple of times and if I could go back and go on the hay ride again I would give my favourite rock away.

BIRDS HILL PARK....

Birds hill is my favourite place to go in the summer because there is always something to do when you think there is nothing to do. You can ride your bike, swim, play volleyball, and watch sunrise and sunsets any time they are open. A couple of summers ago my sister, my grandparents, and I went swimming with our friends from school. We ended up seeing our grade 3, 4 teacher and we all hung out and had a picnic. On that same day it was when I learned how to do a backflip underwater. I've been to Birds Hill so many times I even wrote a poem about how it makes me feel and how it calms my mind hearing people having a great time with family and friends. My favourite part is hearing all the kids just being kids and not on there screens but enjoying the nice summer air, and watching the sky change just like us humans when we chose to trust God in things we can't control when things go differently then we planned.

“

Her smile reminds me of a disney princess that never got her happy ending, but through her eyes I always see a spark...

”

AUNT AGATHA....

Aunt Agatha lives very far away in the summer but when winter comes around she moves to the city, she has her own big garden where she plants watermelon, sweet peas, pumpkins. Fun Fact: she lives beyond the mountains where wild animals live and play all day. Whenever I go over to her house in the summer I sometimes see bunnies and deers that come to eat from her garden without her knowledge until they get caught and run away for their dear life. Her smile reminds me of a disney princess that never got her happy ending, but through her eyes I always see a spark that comes back now and then whenever she is around those she dearly loves and cherish. I always look forward to sitting around the table with her because it brings so much joy to me and because of her food, especially her raspberry seven up lemonade, watermelon, sausage, and her famous sam ash potatoes with gravy. Aunt Agatha reminds me a lot of Ruth from the bible. She has a soul that stays calm in the midst of a storm and brings peace and comfort to those who feel lost, lonely, and brings love to a place where it's needed the most when we can't feel it the moment of hurt and pain. I may not know much of her story and she may not know much of mine, but what I do know is that she is love and peace to all who walk along with her even if it's just for a while until they reach the next stop.

THE SWINGS....

Last year was the best school year I ever had in the history of school. That exact same year I also cried, laughed, and enjoyed every single second of it. I went on 3 picnics and went to my very first swimming lessons. I built many friendships and lost some in the process. One of my all time memories from last school year is when me, my sister, and two of my friends went on a picnic near a school I used to go to. During our picnic we played games and ate a lot of snacks. We also played on the swings. My childhood friend Celine was pushing me on the swing because I asked her to push me. We took turns swinging and playing hide and go seek. We did a lot of talking about what we enjoyed that school year and other things that would catch our attention. On our walk home me and my sister said our goodbyes with Celine and Sabine. That day felt like the best day ever because I had spent my afternoon with the people I loved most in the world. The weather was so nice that day, it was so nice I skipped all the way home. If I could relive it one more time I would because instead of spending my whole day worrying for no reasons, I spent my day with people God blessed me with.

THE LIBRARY....

The first time I went to the library was last year with one of my favourite teachers. That day me and my classmates went to the library with our science teacher. It was so big and looked like a hospital playroom just with books everywhere you looked, everyone was so quiet but loud at the same time. When we got inside I immediately ran straight for the chapter books while the others didn't really mind being there. As I roamed the rows of books my inner child was so happy and my stomach was doing backflips because I was around so many books. For while I wasn't sure where to start until a book caught my attention, it was a book with a hard cover titled love something. Once it was in my hands I couldn't stop reading, when time came for us to leave, I had to leave it behind until the next time came again. A week later we went back again to read

more, when we finally got there I ran back to where I last put the book in hope it would be there, and by the grace of God it was still there. I read until chapter 4. Later my science teacher offered to take it out for me until I got my own library card. After i finished the book we went back as a class as Miss was returning the book and making sure the boys wouldn't kill each other. Me and the girls in my class fell asleep on the couches in the library until it was time for us to live. We were dead cold asleep, it took our teacher awhile for her to wake us up, but eventually we woke up and returned to school in one piece. I took this chance to take time to learn patience because when you put faith inGod you trust that his love for you will never change even when you forget your just a pacer by who God has given the gift to share the good news he wants them to see and share with everyone but especially themselves because you can't always share the gospel to those who need to hear it if you can't understand it yourself, that would be cheating and stealing the right from those who have never heard it first hand.

WRITER'S MESSAGE....

I, Stephanie, hope that when you read a little bit of who I am today it reminds you that walking with God isn't always going to look the same for everyone including you. Though the storms may come and the winds may blow, always remember who you were yesterday is not who you are today or tomorrow because God has the ability to change you in ways you thought he couldn't but he did. In (Proverbs 3:5-6) says " Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways submit to him, and he will make your paths straight." When God made us he made us in his own image. He made us and gave us our story to tell and share with everyone, so truly always look at the bright side of life and thank him for always giving you another chance at life through giving you a story that's yours to share. Even you have a story to share....

Stephanie Niyimfasha



THIS IS MY STORY

Rahim

THEY'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORRY

When I grow up, I want to be a soccer player or a doctor so that I can save other people's lives in the future.

I want to live in Monaco with my family if I become rich. I hope I can live the luxurious life I want to live. I want to get married and have four children. One day when I die, I hope they will inherit my properties. I will train them to also become great in the future since training helps me also learn. I hope training will also help them achieve what they want to achieve in life. Now I'm training to become good at soccer.

I want to become a successful person and I will train them to also be successful so they never have to worry.





RAHIM'S JOLLOF RICE

This is a type of rice that can be eaten for lunch and dinner and it usually turns red when you are done cooking it. Jollof rice can be eaten with fried chicken and boiled eggs. It is my favourite!

INGREDIENTS

- Red bell pepper
- Tomatoes
- Onion
- Scotch bonnet pepper
- Sunflower oil
- Tomato paste/puree
- Mild curry powder
- Dried thyme
- Bay leaves
- Chicken stock
- Chicken stock cubes
- Sella/Golden basmati Rice
- Salt



INSTRUCTIONS

Step one: Wash the tomatoes and peppers. Remove the stalk from the peppers. Peel the onions. Wash the rice under a cold tap until the water runs clear, and drain in a colander.

Step two: Chop the remaining onion. Slice the remaining tomatoes thinly.

Step three: Heat the oil in a pan under medium heat, then pour the chopped onions. Cook until the onions start to turn brown.





Step four: Add the blended pepper mix, curry powder, thyme, bouillon cubes, and bay leaves into the pan—Cook for 15 mins making sure to stir occasionally. Then add the tomato paste and the sliced tomatoes. Reduce the heat and simmer until the moisture reduces and the oil separates to settle on the surface. This sauce is key to getting the jollof right; this is where the jollof flavours and aroma develop.

Step five: Bring back the heat to medium. Add the washed rice and the stock, then add two cups of water and taste for salt. Cover the pot.

Step six: Allow the rice to boil, then reduce the heat to low. Check the rice after 15 mins; if there is still liquid on top of the rice, place the lid back on. Check again after 5 mins, repeat until most of the liquid at the top is absorbed, and you can see the rice.

Step seven: Stir through with the wooden spoon and reduce the heat to lowest for the remaining sauce in the rice to be absorbed. Continue to check and stir every 5 mins until all the liquid is absorbed.

Step eight: If you find the rice is still hard, but there is no liquid in the pot, don't add any more liquid. Cover the rice with a foil sheet before placing the lid on the pot. Reduce the heat to the lowest and allow the steam to build up inside the pan to cook the rice. Open the pot occasionally to stir the rice. Remove from heat when the rice is cooked, and all the sauce is absorbed. Stir through with a wooden spoon and cover for a few minutes before serving.

RAHIM'S TOWN

1. THE CROCODILE POND:

The crocodile pond is important to me because some crocodiles were there when my Grandfather was still alive and sometimes I used to swim there. That is why it is important to me.

2. MY HOUSE:

My house is important to me because it provides shelter to me and my family every time and sometimes my friends come to my house and we watch television at night sometimes .

3. THE ROAD:

The road was important to me because I walk on it and sometimes my mom gives me her motor and I ride it with my friend on the road

4. THE TREES:

The trees are important to me because I always climb on them sometimes with my friends to get fruits and one day one of my friends fell from the tree and broke his hand twice.





5. MY SOCCER PARK:

My soccer park is important to me because I train my soccer skills there and sometimes they send us to different places to play soccer.

6. MY FRIEND'S HOUSE:

My friend's house is important to me because sometimes when my mom's not at home sometimes I go there and sleep and sometimes eat and sometimes we sneak out at night and go to watch soccer matches.

7. CANADA:

Canada is important to me because I don't go anywhere at night and I stay home for the rest of the day.

8. THE AEROPLANE

The aeroplane is important to me because the first time I went into it and when it was landing I thought it was crashing then my dad was laughing at me and when I came off the plane I felt relief.

A young boy with curly hair, wearing a light-colored t-shirt and dark pants, stands with his arms crossed on top of a large, dark metal suitcase. The suitcase is the central focus of the lower half of the image, showing its latches and straps. The background is a plain, light color.

THIS IS MY STORY

Yosief

DREAMS

When I grow up I want to be a Soccer player. and be rich. With the money, I want to serve God.

I was born in Eritrea, I lived there until I was 6 years old. In those 6 years I learned about God a little bit but we were challenged because in Eritrea you can't be a Christian. Because of that, my 2 sisters were in jail. When they got out of jail, our family went to Ethiopia. We had so many obstacles. When we came to Ethiopia, we lived there for 5 years. In those 5 years I learned more about God. For example, I learned about baptized, and why we need to be baptized, I learned about following God.

Right now, I am serving God by reading the Bible to know about his word.

My hope is that in the future I will teach people who don't know about God.

I want to serve God by helping peoples, by buliding so many churches, and being a Prophet.





YOSIEF'S JOURNEY

ERITREA

I was born in Eritrea, I lived there for like 2 years.

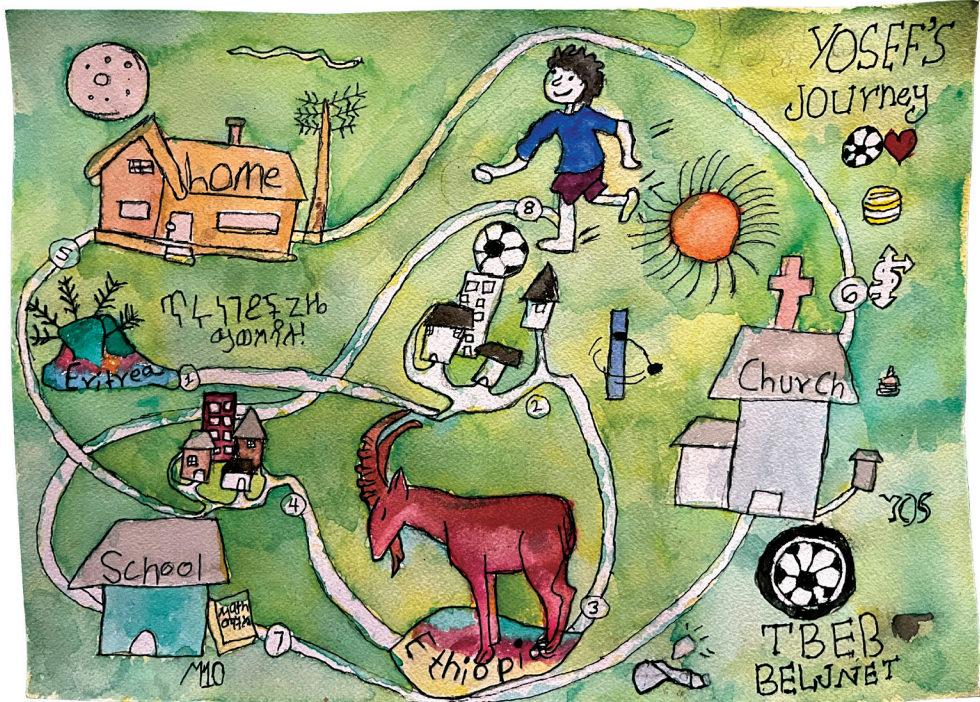
ASMARA

I Lived there until I was 6. In those years I knew about God a little bit, I was learning in GS School.

ETHIOPIA

Next I came to Ethiopia, and there I learned about God more. I was learning in BBS private school. There I learned English a little bit, and I could speak English.





ARABSA

This is the village where I was living. In this village I made so many friends, I improved my soccer. After this all the school ended. When the school started I left that school and changed to another. I went to public school, and I learned there for 2 Months.

MY HOME

There was where I was living when I was in Arabsa, I lived there for 5 Years.

CHURCH

This was where I was learning about God, the church was near to our

house. There were two my favorite teacher, they are: Yokabed and Betu. Also my sister was a teacher in that church, and she was teaching me. She was one of my favorite teachers ever.

BBS SCHOOL

This is the best school I have ever seen, I made so many friends there and now I miss them. I want to meet all my friends and play with them again.

SOCCER

This activity was what I was playing with my school friends and other friends. When I grow up I want to be Soccer player.

THIS IS MY STORY



Nyaboth

MY HOPES FOR THE FUTURE



Hi, my name is Nyaboth. I'm 14 years old, I'm from South Sudan and I live in Winnipeg, Canada. I want to share my dreams and hopes with you guys.

My dream is to become a professional soccer player in the future, become rich, help people and also people back home.

Send money from here to there.

So that they can send their kids to school to study.

So that they can get something to eat. and they can have clothes too.

I hope my country can get better.

Right now there are a lot of things going wrong there. They are killing children. throwing children in a fire. I really want this war to stop.

I want to help in the future but right now I am in Canada, trying to learn more English.

But...



I am always thinking about ways to help my country.

I am glad to be learning here. It can be very hard to learn but I am trying.

Sometimes I want to give up but I can't give up. If I give up, I won't be able to help.

We came here for a reason. My family came to Canada to be safe. We lost a lot of people in our family, but we got a new start here.

I want to help others be safe.

And grow.

And learn.



NYABOTH'S STORY (SO FAR...)



Hello, my name is Nyaboth. I would love to talk about my story and how I got to Canada. I am 14 years old. I was born in Melaka, and I have six siblings. I came to Canada because there was a war happening there, and we couldn't stay, so they told us that we needed to move.

We agreed to their request , but since we were a big family, they informed us that they couldn't take all of us at the same time.

We asked, "Why can't we go together as a family?"

They replied, "Because you are a big family".

and we said, "No problem."

And then with the war still going on, i and my family, decided to go with out their help. During that time we faced many challenges, there was not enough food and know enough hospitals.

The next day, they said, "Today is your day to leave, you are going to a country named Canada Winnipeg." We were so excited to go and study in school so we could learn the language they speak in Canada. But we were not expecting to go because the day we were leaving was the day we had church and songs—but we had no choice. So we picked up our stuff and left in the morning.

“

We were excited, but it was winter—it was so cold! I was scared because I thought it would be winter forever.

”

We took a bus to Ethiopia and stayed for three days. It was so funny—they gave us food, we went for walks, and we looked around. The next day, we left for Ethiopia to Addis Ababa, the capital.

After an hour, I woke up and they gave me food again. This time I ate it and they gave me water. I said thank you. Then they said we were in Australia, but they told us to sit because it was not where we were getting off. We said OK and sat again. We were still waiting. We stayed in the airport for one more hour, but I felt better because I could eat again.

After that hour, they said, “We are here—in Toronto.” We were in Toronto because they needed to give us boots, mittens, and coats. We said, “Thank you,” and we wanted them one by one. As they gave them to us, they said, “It’s time for you to go because the people in Winnipeg, Canada are waiting for you.”

So we went back to the airport. I was so excited, but I was thinking, What if I go to Canada and have no friends and I don’t know English? How will I make friends? I was not happy about that, but I didn’t come to not make friends—I came to make friends. So I said to myself, I could make one or more, so I didn’t worry. So we arrived in Winnipeg, got off the airplane, and saw the people waiting for us. They said, “Welcome to Winnipeg!” We were excited, but it was winter—it was so cold! I was scared because I thought it would be winter



forever. But they said, “This is Winnipeg, Canada—it has summer, winter, fall, and spring.”

I didn’t understand English, so someone translated what the people were saying into our language. They said, “We will take you to a small building to live in for now,” and we said, “OK, thank you.”

So we went and lived in Winnipeg, and they told us that a woman named Mary would come visit us. She would bring clothes for us to wear. And she did show was a amazing even everyone was happy with that. Not only that she and her friends have is with shopping too she was a great help.

To be continued...

THAT'S THE END OF THESE
CHAPTERS, THOUGH WE HAVE
MANY MORE STORIES TO WRITE.
THANK YOU FOR JOINING US!



MY STORY

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