PERSONAL EXPERIENCE - AUGUST 7TH 1998 BOMB BLAST BY S. M. KAVISI CURRENTLY SENIOR DEPUTY SECRETARY (STAFFING) AT TSC H/Qs

Background

The morning of August 7th 1998 was just like any other ordinary day. I woke up in the morning and prepared to go to the place of work (Teachers Service Commission H/Qs housed then at co-operative Bank house in Nairobi - Kenya). In fact my initial perception had been that I could encounter any danger between the house and the office but not in the office itself. There is a lesson to learn here that our safety is not in the place where we are but, in the Lord God the maker of Heaven and Earth.

Just before 10.00a.m. I was preparing to attend a Chief Executive Officer's meeting after clearing my desk. I remember serving the last visitor, currently the District Education Officer, Meru North. Then I left for the meeting, which started promptly at the Conference room on 4th floor of Co-operative building.

Bomb blast

Just after we had started with the main issues of the agenda around 10.30a.m., we heard a small blast near the US embassy which attracted the attention of everybody in the meeting.
I stood to see what was happening and within no time the main bomb blast took place and I was hit and fell down unconscious. The rest of what happened is unknown to me as I came to my senses around midnight and was asking the nurse at MP Shah Hospital what actually happened.

It is not until the following day that I learnt that it was a bomb blast, a phenomenon which was least unknown to majority of Kenyans.

Injuries
I suffered multiple injuries in the forehead, chest and hands and lost sight of my left eye. All in all I thank God for sparing my life. Equally, I thank Kenyans who sacrificed their lives to enter into the building to rescue us without whom most of us would have bled to death. Thanks also to the medical service providers who worked round the clock to save our lives. Thanks also to well wishers and friends of all walks of life who prayed with us for quick recovery.

Appeal
My appeal to all friends and well-wishers is to accept and accommodate the bomb blast survivors the way they are taking into consideration that they have gone through difficult times.
Additionally I do appeal to Constitution of Kenya Review Commission to consider including a Solid legislation in the constitution that will take of the plight of the Bomb blast survivors for now and in the future.
AUGUST 1998 BOMB BLAST

August 7th, 1998 is a day I will not forget in hurry. As usual during this season, the day was a bit cold and clouds covered the sky. It was a Friday and I had looked forward to a nice “members” day with friends and family in the evening. I had an appointment for lunch with my sister-in-law, Susan Kinyua and her husband who were visiting us from Meru. The appointments were not to be as I ended up in a hospital Theatre for operations and later in a maternity ward.

Just before 10.00 a.m on that day, I sent one of my staff to the welfare canteen for two samosas which I took with my office tea. As a Senior Personnel Officer with the Teachers Service Commission, I had an office on the 12th floor of Co-operative house and was processing payments for teachers in Nyanza province. I had several teachers to attend to as well as other office issues. When I finished my tea, I summoned one of my officers named Rosemary Mathai to my office and as I consulted with her, hell broke loose.

At precisely 10.32 a.m. I heard a loud bang outside co-operative house. During that period, bankers were on strike and we had a Bank on the ground floor of our building. Since there had been demonstrations all over in the previous days, I thought this was just one of such activities. However, within about fifteen seconds a bomb hit our building. I was knocked down and fell on my back. It then became dark all over. Partitions and the artificial ceiling fell on me. The glass windows of the building broke and injured me and the building really shook for about ten seconds. After that, the dark smoke and dust created by falling objects started clearing and that is when I realized that the building was still standing though badly damaged.
I jumped over the rumble and reached the staircase. It was then that I realized that I had been badly injured on the face, hands and legs. I had also been hit on the head and chest. My colleagues and our visitors were also injured.

I walked down the twelve floors as I was bleeding profusely. When I reached the ground floor, I entered into a van which had many injured people and we were taken to Kenyatta National Hospital.

At Kenyatta National Hospital, I was taken to the Theatre and operated on. Later, I was admitted to the private wing maternity ward where I stayed for two days. I had a turban on my head by the time I was discharged from hospital and was on sick off for more than two months. I lost a lot of my property in the blast as well as the blast disorganizing me as I was in the process of going for further studies which I have not taken to date due to lack of a sponsor. I had wanted and still wish to take a Bachelors Degree in Human Resource Management, as I am a partly qualified Certified Public Secretary, if a sponsor for the course becomes available.

In March 1999, I was again admitted at Kenyatta National Hospital for an operation on my injured left hand. The operation was successful and I regained use of my hand although it pains during the cold season.

Managing myself and family was quite expensive after the bomb blast as I had to forgo any development agenda for quite some time. Medical expenses as well as travelling and being immobilized took a big toll on my finances and personal development. Also, to this day, I fear being in tall buildings especially in the City of Nairobi, Kenya. My scars are still visible.
Assistance given to further my education would be highly appreciated. Also due to the injury to my hands, I might not be able to take up a career in horticultural farming when I retire from work as I had wanted. Therefore, any investment in real estate would be very ideal for me to enhance my pension and enable me look after my family consisting of a wife and three children.

GEORGE GICHIMU KARIMI
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LAUNCHING OF TSC 1998 NAIROBI AMERICAN EMBASSY BOMB BLAST SURVIVOR’S ASSOCIATION

I was serving some three (3) teachers in Co-operative House 12th floor on 7th August 1998 around 10:30a.m in the morning when the Bomb Blast hit the American Embassy Building on Haile selassie Avenue in Nairobi. The Co-operative House was adjacent to the American Embassy.

I was hit on the face and bled profusely while lying on the floor unconscious until several hours when I was rescued by rescue mission.

I was taken to Masaba Hospital around 4 p.m where I received first-aid, 12 stitches on the forehead and one stitch at the back of the head. I was admitted in the Hospital for 3 days. I paid a hospital bill of Kshs.5,800/= to the hospital after 3 days.

I continued receiving out-patient treatment until 20th September 1998.

I underwent 2 operations on both eyes.

I suffer from persistent low sight, recurrent headaches, hip and spinal cord pains, acidity, fear, dizziness, cannot sit and walk upright and lack of sleep during cold weather seasons.

C. M. KARIUKI
ID/NO:0564178
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TO TSC 1998 NAIROBI AMERICAN EMBASSY BOMB BLAST SURVIVORS ASSOCIATION.

SHORT STORY OF THE MATERIAL DAY 7th 8.98

It was on Friday 7th August 1998 at around 10:30am when a sound like a fire burst was heard. This made many people in the office to move next to the window to find out what happened outside.

After five seconds later the actual bomb blast occurred sending the whole city in 6 ames.

From that point I found myself in Kenyatta Hospital where I was admitted for three days.

Since this time AMREF has assisted us in medical but since USAID help through AMREF is new ending, the formation of Association within the TSC will be our next hope for future.

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MY LIFE EXPERIENCE AFTER THE BOMB BLAST

On 7/8/1998 I was in co-operating house 3rd floor when the blast occurred. For sometime I was like in a deep sleep (unconscious) and when I woke up I found people praying in all languages and I also joined. The place was very dark it’s like I had gone out of my mind but when I recollected my senses I saw people walking out through the stairs. I followed them until when I came out of the building.

When I reached out I found many people outside raising their hands up in prayers. I was bleeding heavily so I was overcame and fell down. I was collected put in a pick up and we were taken to Kenyatta National Hospital.

There were so many others there waiting hence the treatment was not immediate. I became unconscious and when I woke up four days later I found myself with bandages all over the body. I had not known what had happened to me and after a week I was told that I was injured in a bomb blast. I remained in hospital for about a month and when I was discharged I went home on tripled walker my immediate injuries were cuts all over the body. I later discovered that I was dizzy. Detailed investigations reviewed that I had a ruptured ear drum and the balance fluids were leaking.

Life became unbearable to me because I was ever in hospital without improvement. On 28th February 1999 I was readmitted in hospital for grafting of the eardrum and revision of scars. I was in hospital for a period of three weeks but no improvement was registered. The whole of 1999 I was in and out of hospital without success. By the end of the year I was recalled to resume duty. I was walking without the tripled walker but with a lot of difficulties. I was working for half a day but I would confess I was not doing much because I lacked concentrating probably because I was facing a lot of health problems. By the end of year 2000 I was a desperate person who did not have any hope of healing.

The beginning of year 2001 my health deteriorated so much that by April 26th, 2001 I was urgently flown to Holland for further treatment. While I was there I underwent so many medical examinations, which reviewed a leakage of the balance fluids. I was operated again on 2/5/01 at St. Lukas Hospital Netherlands. At the end of May I was back in Kenya a bit better. By the year 2002 I was almost fully recovered. No more dizziness.

I would say now I have recorded a tremendous improvement. Nowadays I only have stress related problems, which are expensive to treat. But I believe that if I can’t change the situation I must change the attitude for I know God has a plan for me a plan for welfare and not for evil to give me a future and hope.
That eve I had dreamt that I had a grand wedding ceremony and that many people attended, we had slaughtered a cow and people ate meals in plenty that we had also prepared or rather made a big cake which we had decorated in red.

Being 7 months pregnant with a lot of fatigue I woke up very late compared to other days. I tried to prepare myself as fast as I could so that I reach the workplace on time but all was in vain as I reached my then working place which was Co-operative House very late.

Precisely 10:30 a.m I heard the first loud explosion on the 15th floor where I was working as an accountant's clerk, immediately I ran towards the glass wall and stood to there conscious to see what was happening on the ground. No sooner had I realise what was happening than I heard another explosion but louder than the first one.

Buildings shook to the effect of the second explosion then the whole city was in hectic as people were at that moment screaming for help and within no time the cloudy smoke filled the air. All of a sudden the glass walls were shattered including glass windows.

While still standing on the then glass wall the big piece of glass from up landed on my face followed by other small ones which cut me all over the body.

After bleeding like hell, due to unconsciousness I eventually collapsed for five minutes and when I gained my conscious my legs had to carry me but only to find that my eyes had no sight any more. Therefore I resorted to screaming for help "please help me, help me I am not seeing". Fortunately somebody heard me before I could throw in the town although she was also injured it was not to my extend. Determined to rescue me she told me to hold over her dress tightly and then...
She led me through the stairs from 13th to 3rd floor.

On 13th floor I met red cross nurses who were going up stairs to rescue more people. Fortunately one of them put me on his back and out of the building I was, he took me straight to their ambulance. Even though it was full one must had his or her God awake to at least get a chance of slipping. Injured colleagues on the floor because the chairs were not only occupied but ever occupied.

Eventually we reached at Nairobi hospital there I was admitted at the intensive care unit where I was attended by 3 doctors a surgeon, another for eyes and a gynaecologist. After their observation they came to a conclusion that I had inadequate blood so I had to be added more, at that moment the whole body was bandaged. Next day I was transferred to the intensive care unit to high dependency unit and later on to the theatre. Doctors concluded that my eyes were badly damaged, that was after I had come out of theatre, for the feelings they said that it was in a stable condition and that it was not affected. However, this tamperedised me and accelerated the pain in my body in that I started talking to space, screaming and kicking the space claiming it to be the football. Nevertheless I could take no food and whenever I was given I would throw it away. I was given urine and stool on the bed without knowing the right place to do so.

Doctors couldn't put up with my behaviour and they resorted to referring me to the Counsellor, the Baptist Church Counsellors came and I must admit that they played a big role by encouraging me as well as playing for me and at the end of the day I had to cool down and accept the reality and even got saved. Kenya Society for the Blind were also called in to help in my rehabilitation, they taught me how to walk using a white cane by taking me to the toilet there also taught me how to dress up and how to make the bed.

After one and a half months I was fully recovered and discharged but after 2 days at home I went...
to Machakos technical school for rehabilitation at Machakos technical school for the blind. During my time there I was taught several things including baby care, orientation and mobility, independent living skills plus the braille. I also socialised with other blind students. After two weeks I returned to Nairobi hospital for delivery, it was discovered that due to effect of the bomb blast the baby had already turned upside down in the womb nevertheless the umbilical cord was said to had rolled around the neck so I had to go for emergency operation.

Around 11 o'clock Wednesday 28th October 1998 I delivered a bouncing baby girl whom I named Jean Bahati, Bahati which means good luck in English is my first born and only. Thank God that Bahati was born alive because most of the expectant mothers miscarried. After 17 days I had recovered and the baby was also in good health so I was discharged.

Actually at home I had to start new life by learning everything a fresh I thank God that people from the Kenya society for the blind were supportive throughout my rehabilitation. They taught me how to breast feed, changing napkins, bathing the baby and cooking.

Up to date I am still going through this intermittent rehabilitation because there are morethings which I am yet to familiarise myself with. Once the baby began feeding on solid food I went back to Machakos technical training school for the blind with the baby and the baby sitter to resume rehab school for the blind. During independent living skill subject I could operate within my room, I was taught how to cook and baby care among others, after I had completed the courses I was given a certificate and went back home.

Kenya society for the blind in conjunction with the USAID introduced me to talking computer training programme so I was among the first survivors to study computer. Challenging it was because I was not conversant with the computer.
language which is full of commands. Hardly had I caught up with the lessons when my employer called me to resume work as a telephone operator, therefore my aspiration of becoming an accountant came to an end.

However it was cumbersome especially to my husband who was taking and collecting from work. My family's anticipation came true when my husband could no longer tolerate the situation consequently I switched to a cheaper place and began a new life as a single parent.

Situation continued to worsen with time that I resorted to employing a quilter who could take as well as collect me from the work place. I also employed a housemaid who would be looking after the house. Baby's health status as well as mine deteriorated and on going for treatment I was discovered to have ulcers and blood pressure, the baby was said to have developed anaemia. Fortunate enough the America with USAID catered for our medical bills however, with time they declined and we had to cater for it ourselves. Even though the programme came to an end I am very optimistic that God willing the answer to my problems will be found and that my baby will get good education and medical care.
The Act of Terrorism: Attack on 7th Aug 1998
in Nairobi (American Embassy)
As Narrated by Survivor (Peter Mutua)

It is quite disappointing to reveal that death
came first with a shock. It was around 10 am on
7th August 1998 and I was comfortably
seated in the office on 13th Floor of the Cooperative
Bank House where I worked at that time. I heard a
very big vibration of explosion and I laughed at first telling my friends that was not a normal gun shot but a bomb. My
friends ran to the window and started running round within the office in confusion. That kind of
response created within myself to rush and see
for myself what might be happening. I was shocked
to see smoke and something alike fire at the ground
floor of the house we were in. As I was turning round,
the very first what one can do at such a situation,
a very big explosion occurred that left me in a black-out
and at that time I could not see bother to reason because
the last of my judgment was that "All is finished." After a
short while I regained consciousness and found
that debris of broken wooden materials and fallen ceilings
on and around my self. I suddenly say that God came
to my rescue because I managed to come out of
the mess and eventually out of the building. I could
not see because my right eye had already been
blind and the left eye was full of blood.
It was not an easy task to make it to ground floor because there were all sorts of debris and even people who tended to manage themselves along the stairs. The whole event was a hell because imagine you are on the floor of the building and you are injured hence the people are shouting, groaning in fear, pain and others warning that the building can collapse anytime. I thank God for I eventually came out of the building. In fact I only knew that I was taken to hospital in a vehicle but I cannot tell the type or kind of vehicle and even I came to realize later the hospital I was taken to is Kenyatta National Hospital.

I suffered multiple deep facial injuries which after healing gave me a different appearance from the former. I also suffered a deep cut at the wrist of my left hand which made it too delicate to rely on. My lower three (3) front teeth were shaken to the extent that they had to be removed. My nose was incisedly stitched because of multiple pieces of glass that had to be removed and to date it aches quite a lot. Breathing problems notwithstanding.

The whole issue traumatized my family and more especially my boys to the extent that to date they still remember the incident and keep on enquiring whether there is a way to get revenge.
Socially the Bomb Blast was very positive to the Isi leftovers because it is like the world’s death. God is good for we are alive and more especially for five years now. The ugly events caused to us, our Almighty God comforts us.

Now that I am weak to this extent, I find it difficult to cope with daily mundane activities, but I only persevere hoping that our true God will hit the whole event for my and other survivors benefit who were equally equally affected. And it is my earnest prayer that one time the survivors should will come together, review the past, and forecast the future.

Peter Muniru
TSC 580859
Bomb Blast Survivor.
This was 7th August 1998 around 10.00 A.m. I was seated in my office on the 17th floor of the co-operative house. Initially a sound similar to a tire burst or gunfire was heard and immediately followed by an explosion.

I could not understand all what went wrong instantly but within seconds, I found myself thrown to a distance of approximately eight feet (8ft) from where I was sitting.

After about two to three (2-3) minutes I could not figure out what all the mess was. I found that the whole house was in smoke.

At the same time, I was bleeding profusely, I stood up from where I was thrown and saw some people lying on the floor and others walking down the stairs – all in bloodshed.

I followed the group that was walking down the stairs virtually everybody wailing and crying and shouting “JESUS”.

I reached the ground floor and was picked by some good Samaritans and taken to a nearby vehicle, which took me to Kenyatta Hospital, I was admitted for two days where I was stitched on my face and stomach.

After I was discharged I continued attending hospital both at Kenyatta and Aga Khan for treatment.

The effect of the bomb up to now have affected me physically and psychologically because I am still traumatic.

J. M. NGUKU
MY EXPERIENCE ABOUT THE 7TH AUGUST BOMB BLAST

The morning on the 7th of August 1998 was a bright morning. I woke ready to face another bright day. I went to work at Co-operative House on 17th floor (Audit) and began to work. At around 10.30 am I had just had my tea when I heard an explosion. As was the custom then we all rushed top the window wondering what was going on at the same time other colleagues were saying the explosion was the same as when the sunbeam supermarket roof collapsed.

That was all that I remember as the next time I opened my eyes we were engulfed in darkness and one could 't see anything. I also realized that I was lying on the floor but couldn't remember how I got there. I heard my colleagues weeping, some shouting and praying and as I wondered what had happened I realized that I couldn't feel the left side of my upper body from the face to the waist i.e. it was numb. All this time I was still lying on the floor and didn't know the next move. Then I heard my friend called Caroline Kiruhai's name and so I lifted up my head looked toward the direction the sound was coming from and it was the direction where the door was. Therefore gathered strength and shoot up to catch up with her because she had already run toward the stairs.

At that time my mind realized that probably the electricity fuse for 17th floor had blown and caused the destruction but as I went down the stairs (trying to catch up with Caroline) I saw that the darkness persisted and people were flowing up the stairs from each floor and I also noticed that they were injured and had blood all over them.

By this time I hadn't realized that I was also injured. When we got to 15th floor, some one gave me a garment and told me 'jiwekelee hii kwa mikonono'. There was some light in this floor and that where I looked down on my arm and saw so many deep cuts and blood flowing from my arm but I couldn't feel anything because I was numb.

My mind told me that it must have been the transformer for the whole building that had blown out. All the ways down the stairs through each floor doors had been blown from their hinges, some walls had fallen on to the stairs that we had to jump over and there were some sober people who were encouraging us telling to move fast before the building collapsed. This caused panic and people started falling on each other on the stairs but God is good because eventually we got out.

Out of the building all I could see was smoke and people with blood all over. I didn't know where to lead then some one came to me and told me to follow him, which I did. He led me to a vehicle together with several others of my colleagues then the vehicle sped off. But as we were leaving I looked back at the Co-operative building and the sight was a shock such that I started trembling all over. The house was all black and all the glasses were shattered. It was such a sight.

All of us in the vehicle started asking each other what had happened but no one seemed to know instead we started crying and praising God. All the way toward Kenyatta Hospital crowds along the road and they were all holding their mouth, head looking very shocked and I was wondering kwani how do we look like? I was also wondering what could have happened to my friend Carol.

When we got to Kenyatta National Hospital there were people to receive us and they gave us bandages and a place to sit. We were so many and there were all kinds of
injuries. Some people had their lower lips cut off and others had cuts on their arms and eyes and so doctors & nurses were attending to those seriously injured first. After seeing how injured others were, I asked my neighbor (i.e. the person who was seated next to me) what kind of injuries I had because I could feel numbness on my face and when I touched it there was blood on my hands. I only asked about the face because I could see the rest of my body. My arm was badly cut in several places and my neck and chest too. She looked at me and told me that I had deep cuts on my forehead and cheek (just below my eye) and on my chin – just below my lower lip.

Upon telling me that, I decided that I was better than most of the people I had seen & so I decided to go out to a more open place for fresh air because I was feeling like suffocating but when I stood up and took several steps, I felt lightheaded and started falling but was caught by someone and was put on a drip. All this time I was wondering whether my family was aware of what had happened. I even had a lunch date with my then boyfriend and who is now my husband and was wondering how I would contact him and tell him that I couldn’t make it. I didn’t realize by then that it was a national tragedy and that everyone was aware of what had happened more than us who were involved. I came to learn that it was a bomb at around 4p.m in the evening.

I am a Christian and even then I was one so I started praying and praising the Lord and asking Him to give me strength. All in all, the whole tragedy was a really hard thing to go through but I drew my strength from God. When I got home everyone encouraged me not to look at myself in the mirror so I imagined that I must look a terrible sight and it was true, I did look terrible with stitches all over my face. My boyfriend later confided in me that immediately he saw me he was so shocked at how I looked but decided not to alarm me.

God is good and five years down the line since that fateful day, I thank God for the Strength He gave me and continues to do so for each passing day. One good thing that came out of the whole tragedy is that both my boyfriend and I decided that life was indeed too short and one could die anytime and so we should to grab the moment and we got married in June 1999.

It has been a long road to recovery and I am still recovering. I hate loud sounds because every time I hear it my heart beats faster & I immediately remember that day. I also hate it when a car moves very fast and takes a corner because I feel like it will overturn and that is something I started feeling after the bomb. I have also learnt that we carry death with us everywhere we go. This is because the office is the last place anyone could imagine they’d die. Usually it’s when one is traveling or out in town but not while seated in the office working. I therefore count each minute that I live a blessing and ask for protection and strength for the rest of the days I live in this world.

However this is not an experience I would wish on anyone not even my worst enemy and I pray that those who create bombs & use them would sit down and consider the consequences of their actions on innocent persons and stop this whole business of terrorism activity because I don’t think it solves anything instead it only creates more hatred, bitterness, pain and anger.

BY LUCY WAITHIRA MUGWE
TSC NO: 600881
BOMB BLAST.

It was August 7th 1998, at around 10.30am. As usual, I was in the office doing my routine work. We were on 13th floor, Cooperate 3-4. House, Accounts Section, Cash Office. I heard a loud explosion, but I could not tell that was it was about 4.00pm on that same day, but now in the hospital.

What happened that time, I heard the explosion, and I wanted to know what, but I could not move further from where I was seated. I stood up yes, but when I was trying to walk to the window, I found myself full of blood all over the body. When I was trying to touch and find out from my friends what that was, everybody was crying here and there, the office was disorganised.

I thought I was dying. But God is great, I didn't die that time. Now moving or getting out from that office was a big problem. The lifts were not working, everybody wanted to be first to be out, but we real struggled to get down from 13th floor. Now, I can't remember how I got to the hospital, I just found myself at forces Memorial Hospital at around noon. And this was the time I started remembering, I know that happened, but not exactly how it happened. I had a very serious head injury. It took a full week without sleeping. The head was achy me seriously, until when I was operated
that is when I started feeling better at least. I was admitted for a month. I was discharged and I was given about 3 weeks free off. Since that time I'm having some problems because I'm unable to do what I could do before the time. Some times I do forget a lot of things, I'm having headache now and then. Some times I do feel an easy chill up to now I doubt like cold sound. Let us not experience something great God will give. Amen.

CHARLES N. G. M. A. G. N. I.

As 600.79
Bank Robbery Account
On Friday the 7th August 1998 at
10.20 I was working normally in Salaries My area on the 2nd Floor in the Western Wing of the Co-operative Bank Building when I heard a
big Bang.
I was not sure whether it was a bomb or not. I thought that it
occasionally produced a loud sound between the two buildings when it happened.
Most of the staff stood by the windows to try and get a better view of what was happening.
This time louder than the first one. I heard things breaking and windows glasses flew in all directions. All over.
Four all paintings in the office were all flattened down and the building was filled with cars and
wailings.
I was badly hurt on the face and head my clothes were torn, blood streaming down and was bleeding profusely.
I stood up with other colleagues forced ourselves through the debris which had already closed the doors and
any other openings until we got to the western stairs.
Our first stop on the way were joined several other people who were descending from other stairs who also had hand crutches and their clothes were heavily stained. After we went down, I was immediately ushered into a waiting room and others were taken to Kenyatta National Hospital where I was transferred and admitted. The same day it was announced that all things were good changed in my life. I stood the distance by the side and was able to stand again and fell into the embrace of the winds.

They went on until sometimes when I got used again to the winds in my working environment and at home.
NAIROBI – AMERICAN EMBASSY
BOMBING OF AUGUST 7th 1998

SILAS GITONGA MBUGI
BOMB BLAST SURVIVOUR OF 7th AUGUST 1998

It was on Friday 7th of August 1998 when a terrible thing happened on my life. I was busy working at the co-operative Bank Building which housed the Headquarters of the Teachers Service Commission which was my employer.

At around 10.30 am, I heard some shooting at the American Embassy Building. Being on 3rd floor of the co-operative Bank building I could even see the embassy building. All of a sudden I heard a very loud blast and the co-operative building shook. I was thrown to the floor whereby I lost consience. When I gained consience, I found that I had cuts every where and the clothes I wore were all in tatters. I was bleeding profusiously.

I managed to move out of the building and I was taken to the Kenyatta National Hospital by Police Ambulance. I was stiched and bandaged all the areas that were bleeding and given several injections. I was booked for follow ups. I had deep cuts on the face, hands, head & legs. I even have impaired hearing, and sight. I also lost many teeth.

In 1999 American and local doctors performed re-constru ctive operations to remove the tabloids which were all over the body.

I am still under treatment under the care of AMREF which unfortunately is coming to end this month.

S. GITONGA