

**My name is Grace and I am from Kenya.
I support the Imagine No Malaria campaign.**



**My name is Grace and I am from Kenya.
I support the Imagine No Malaria Campaign.**

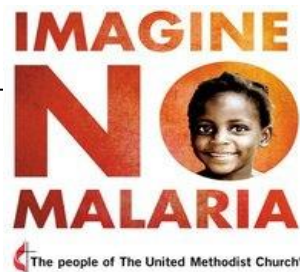


My name is Grace and I am from Kenya. We have a lot of malaria in Kenya which kills so many of our children and old people and others, too. Soon after visiting a small city called Kisumu, my 28 year old son became ill. He complained to his friends at work that he was not feeling well and vomiting whenever he ate something. But I didn't know this. He hid it from me because we were having family troubles and he did not want to worry me more. He bought some tablets and hoped he would become well, but after one

My name is Grace and I am from Kenya. We have a lot of malaria in Kenya which kills so many of our children and old people and others, too. Soon after visiting a small city called Kisumu, my 28 year old son became ill. He complained to his friends at work that he was not feeling well and vomiting whenever he ate something. But I didn't know this. He hid it from me because we were having family troubles and he did not want to worry me more. He bought some tablets and hoped he would become well, but after one

week he asked his younger brother to take him to the general hospital. This is a very busy hospital and the doctors have no time to think of their patients as people and to care for them properly. My son was given a prescription for quinine, a very expensive medicine and sent home. When my younger son returned home late at night I asked him where he had been and he told me about his older brother. He hadn't been able to get the tablets to his brother because they had had to wait so long at the hospital, so the next day I took the tablets to my son at his home. He was in terrible condition that day. I cannot forget that day. It was a Saturday and I wasn't able to get money out of the bank; it was closed and I did not have an ATM card. I needed the money to send him to a better hospital. I tried to borrow the money, but I was not successful. On Sunday he seemed a little better, but at 2 o'clock he started shaking and throwing up. I went to a pastor and he told me to pray; the pastor said I needed to tell God what I needed. I prayed for money to take my son to the hospital. When I finished praying I got up to get my jacket to go back to my son's house. There was a knock and it was my son's friend. When I told him I needed money he reached in his pocket and gave me enough money to take a cab to the hospital. I saw the hand of God, but then as we were leaving a neighbor said that her son would take us to the hospital in his car so we could save the cab money. She contacted a woman who worked in the hospital who arranged that my son could be admitted without me paying the full amount until the bank opened the next day. So my son was admitted and he was able to sleep that night. But the doctor told us the next day that the malaria had destroyed his internal organs. He died 3 days later in the hospital.

And that is why I support the Imagine No Malaria campaign.



week he asked his younger brother to take him to the general hospital. This is a very busy hospital and the doctors have no time to think of their patients as people and to care for them properly. My son was given a prescription for quinine, a very expensive medicine and sent home. When my younger son returned home late at night I asked him where he had been and he told me about his older brother. He hadn't been able to get the tablets to his brother because they had had to wait so long at the hospital, so the next day I took the tablets to my son at his home. He was in terrible condition that day. I cannot forget that day. It was a Saturday and I wasn't able to get money out of the bank; it was closed and I did not have an ATM card. I needed the money to send him to a better hospital. I tried to borrow the money, but I was not successful. On Sunday he seemed a little better, but at 2 o'clock he started shaking and throwing up. I went to a pastor and he told me to pray; the pastor said I needed to tell God what I needed. I prayed for money to take my son to the hospital. When I finished praying I got up to get my jacket to go back to my son's house. There was a knock and it was my son's friend. When I told him I needed money he reached in his pocket and gave me enough money to take a cab to the hospital. I saw the hand of God, but then as we were leaving a neighbor said that her son would take us to the hospital in his car so we could save the cab money. She contacted a woman who worked in the hospital who arranged that my son could be admitted without me paying the full amount until the bank opened the next day. So my son was admitted and he was able to sleep that night. But the doctor told us the next day that the malaria had destroyed his internal organs. He died 3 days later in the hospital.

And that is why I support the Imagine No Malaria campaign.

