

STORY OF “Albino JOSPHINE”

In Keumbu, just outside the hospital entrance, we had come to distribute spectacles but fate had another mission for us. Crawling on her hands and knees was an albino woman whose presence made us pause. Her name was Josphine.

When we spoke with her, Josphine shared the deep emotional wounds she carried not just from her physical condition, but from the cruelty of others. People questioned whether she was married, who would ever marry her, or if she had children. Some refused to shake her hand or let their children near her. Others wouldn't eat from the same plate or drink from the same cup she had used. Yet through all this, Josphine remained grateful. “I have a loving family,” she said. “Even though people call us cursed, they are always there for me.”

As we knelt beside her, we saw the toll of forty years of crawling: her heels, knees, and palms were cracked and bleeding. She had no gloves, no padding, just raw skin against the earth. Achim and I didn't need to ask more. We knew what had to be done.

Three days later, we returned with a wheelchair.



Josphine couldn't believe it. Strangers she met one day had returned to change her life the next. As we lifted her into the chair, tears streamed down her cheeks. We embraced, overwhelmed by the emotional joy of that moment. After decades of crawling like a toddler, Josphine now had the gift of mobility.

We left Keumbu knowing that this wheelchair had not only changed her life it had restored her dignity.