

Ruth House



Hope for broken
African women

“When he had raped her, he poured acid on her vagina.”



Please

My pain is so great,
my voice is a silent scream.
My body is broken,
my spirit torn.
Like a chocolate
wrapper,
I'm thrown away.
What hope is there?
What help
to heal my hurt,
too deep for words?

Please

“When you look into the
darkness and all you see is
darkness, what hope
is there?”



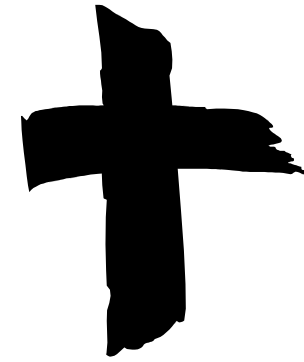
Like a vice
fear grips
and strips
my beauty

All pain
no gain

Trust?
thrust
crushed

tears
fears
broken

“I’ve been ripped apart. I feel so
dirty, so ashamed.
What’s the point of telling
anybody? Who can possibly
help me now?”



On the hill,
they tore me to pieces.
My beauty was exposed,
humiliated, violated,
my spirit seared, scarred, savaged

And they laughed
and left me.

I understand.

Hope?

Sunrise tinged the sky
with hope
but not for me.
Every day is dark
no hand to hold
no hand to heal.

“I can”

A broken man
with broken hands
from a broken hill
reaches out
“Trust me?”

It's asking too much,
isn't it?

“Speak up for the people
who have no voice.”

These are very uncomfortable pages, for you to read, and me to write.

Women are being raped and abused in Ghana daily, and I have tried to capture not the facts, but the feelings. For until we can feel with them, we will never be moved to help them.

Sadly, so often we shut our minds to the emotions. Then it isn't long before we shut our minds to the need as well.

My conviction is that what Ghanaian women need is for us to share their hurt. They need to know that they are not uttering a silent scream. They need to know that we are hearing and feeling.

From that fertile soil, all things become possible.

The Serving Africa Mission is trying to build Ruth House, a small hostel for broken women, just outside its base in Ghana.