**At the cemetery: with Nigisti, Alam Khasay, Mebrac, Woyni, Ethiopia and Maakele (Visitng Lucia’s and Sylvio’s graves). Making coffee and conversing about the past**

Alam: In Damazin there was a cemetery for Christian, we buried our dead with the Christin Southern Sudanese who were living in the area. When Manna died, Mama Lucia sent us cloth for the funeral. Gual Gonchi, died and lost every saving she had. When Lucia went to the Sudan, she took Gonchi’s sister and was able to sell the property and give the money to her. Gonchi was tight with money. She was a miser. She had buried the gold in her house and cemented the place. But after her death they could not find the gold. She had no ID and feared what would happen to her.

Nigisti: In Damazin cemetery, Geday and Manna are left there and many Eritreans. She recounts he story of the man who died in the hospital and he died but was brought to mama’s house. The man had a donkey and he refused to sell it, it was stolen, which saddened him and caused his death. He was sad, and had nobody, so in the absence of mama, they washed and buried him because he was Eritrean.

Alam: Zenebeash who was then living in Damazin refused the body but later we found out that she was Tigray. There was a woman who died and no one knew her. They decided to wash and bury her and went to her box to find clean cloths (which in her lifetime no one could touch).

In Damazin we used the Catholic cemetery to bury our dead.

There were many more women we had to bury in Damazin who had no one to do the service.

Lina: I heard that one day after three years of drought my mother made balila, and said to women, let us go and pray and went around the town singing and praying. A visiting prince saw and asked what are they doing? He was told these Eritrean are praying for rain, he laughed why is God going to listen. It rained that very night; looking for the women the prince gave a sheep to eat. He was impressed with the Christian women. “Lord has Mercy on us” (Wgizio maharana)

We had good time, but it is gone now.

We got along with the Sudanese then, even if we had a different religion.

Nigisti: I remember Katya and how she learned to swear,a nd how she used to play with her own daughter in Damazin, they were playmates.

Lina: Mother saw all of her grandkids except Charlotte. She wanted to come to the wedding of Adriano but passed away a month or two before it. We held Adriano’s marriage despite the morning period.

Nigisti et all: How are your daughters Lina?

Alam: I remember when Lucia was getting ready to leave to American for Adriano’s son.

Lina: how did you find your country ALam and Nigisti after you left the Sudan?

Nigisti we are good, what can we say, our own cannot be told in bad terms. We sold our Sudanese property and came home to Eritrea, our country. We have water at home, given to us in the martyr’s name but often we lack water.

Lina: when you came here how did you find your country? We all have a new life.

But is life in Sudan better?

There is a lot to improve here, lack of good soap, at times the pipe has no water but we pay every year for the water, it is a bit of disappointment.

Lina: I also buy water now, but we are at home, that is good.