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THE RIGHT KIND OF GOOD

Foreign Aid Helps Congolese Women but It Can't Fix Their Broken Country

On a warm morning last August, the kind when the air is sweet with a dewy humidity and the sun bathes the skin instead of burning it, Helina Nyirabikari and her family gathered what they could carry on their backs and fled from the upheaval of violence in their homeland--the eastern part of the Democratic Republic of Congo. With the warmth of the sun on their faces, they headed east in search of safety. But as they moved quietly beneath the towering canopy of the forest, three armed men, two in uniform, discovered them. Her family scattered but 60-year-old Nyirabikari, moving slowly because of abdominal pains, lagged behind. She was taken captive.

The attackers threw Nyirabikari to the ground. She tried to kick them away but the men overpowered her, forcing her strong legs down, beating them until blood pulsed from her shins and she lost the strength to resist. Six hours later, after each of them had taken their turn, they set her free. Bewildered and in excruciating pain, she got to her feet, blood still streaming from her legs, and limped away, surrounded by lush green foliage and tall trees, guided only by the direction of the sun.

"I walked until I couldn't walk anymore," she says.

Nyirabikari's story is one that's all too common in the Congo. This particular attack was likely part of an organized roundup of people that spanned a few days in July and August of last year. While the majority of the country enjoys relative peace, those who remain in the eastern region are still plagued by ongoing violence, as opportunistic groups form and battle over control of Congo's rich mineral reserves. Rape is one of the many methods the warring parties use to destabilize the region and gain power.

The moment Nyirabikari was taken captive also marked the last time she would see her three sons alive. "My husband insisted on going back to look for them," she says. So three weeks later he disappeared back under the canopy, eventually discovering the decomposing bodies of three men he believed were their sons. After the gang rape, Nyirabikari was treated by an international humanitarian agency, Cooperative for Assistance and Relief Everywhere (CARE), through a project it established in the area called Tumaini ("hope" in Swahili). CARE has been operating in the Masisi area since 2009 and is currently receiving funding from the UN for various health-related projects. Nyirabikari, her husband and their remaining children now live in an Internally Displaced Peoples (IDP) camp in the high-mountain town of Kitchanga, at about 8,000 feet above sea level, in North Kivu.

"Counselors (at Tumaini) tell us to release our minds and not dwell on the past," Nyirabikari says. But for Nyirabikari the past isn't over. Nor is it for many other Congolese women. According to the UN, over 8,000 women in the Kivus reported being sexually assaulted in 2009. And today, after 15 years of instability, crimes of sexual violence continue to be committed with almost complete impunity, according to the American Bar Association, which has offices in Goma.

To an outsider, these numbers might make Congo look like a country in perpetual, universal despair. But travelling along a lakeside road in Goma tells a different story, one of comfort and safety. Humanitarian aid compounds and private properties built and rented out to Westerners hide behind heavily guarded iron gates with spectacular views

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of Lake Kivu, inches away from the poverty most Congolese are forced to endure. Many of these institutions, especially those based in Goma, have been there for many years and look more like government institutions than temporary compounds.

With rape and violence still common, it's clear that aid in the Congo isn't producing fundamental change, despite the havens of security on the lakeside road in Goma. And, perhaps, it shouldn't be expected to. Historically, the purpose of humanitarian aid in a disaster zone has been to provide temporary relief while the government reasserts its authority and oversees a transition to peace. In the Congo the wait has been unusually long. Meanwhile, expensive foreign aid programs continue to deal with the aftermath of violence as if the war had just started. And it's the aftermath that continues to receive most of the attention. Anneke Van Woudenberg, a senior researcher for the Democratic Republic of Congo, in Human Rights Watch's Africa division, says that a clear disconnect exists between treating the symptoms of the problem and actually dealing with the problem itself. "There is medical support and socio-economic support (in the Congo), but very little has been put toward ending sexual violence," she says. "What do we do to stop adding to the pile of victims? Less than 15 percent of money is going to combating sexual violence." Foreign aid in the Congo will likely stay for months and years to come but is it doing much good? More to the point, is it doing the *right kind* of good?

In the Democratic Republic of Congo, the floodgates of help opened in 1994, following the genocide that took place in neighboring Rwanda, and it happened while Nyirabikari and her family were living in peace in the hilly region of Walikale, some distance from the border. Hutus, a Central Africa ethnic group, killed millions of Tutsis during a war to take control of the country. The ethnic tensions between the two groups dates back centuries and the mass killings in Rwanda resulted in two million refugees flooding into the Congo. Dozens of humanitarian aid organizations followed, setting up refugee camps to assist survivors.

What refugee camp aid workers did not anticipate was that their help would also attract perpetrators. On the heels of fleeing victims came Hutu militiamen. In the camps they enlisted recruits and launched more attacks against Tutsi and moderate Hutus back in Rwanda. Aid groups, all 250 of them, inadvertently breathed life back into a dying conflict by filling the bellies and mending the wounds of people who went on to take more lives. The Tutsi-led Rwandan government finally put a stop to the rebel militias feeding off of the frenzy of foreign aid in Congo. They launched their own attack in 1996, which temporarily forced aid agencies to pack their bags and, much worse, destabilized Congo entirely. Nyirabikari and hundreds of women like her, quietly pursuing their lives in villages throughout the area, had no idea what was headed their way.

Intertribal conflicts that had previously simmered beneath the surface exploded into a full-blown civil war. In 1997, an insurgent group called the Alliance of the Democratic Forces for the Liberation of Congo-Zaire, or ADFL, battled from east to west and took control of Congo's capital, Kinshasa. The group's leader, Laurent-Desire Kabila, declared himself president, ousting long-time authoritarian leader Mobutu Sese Seko. Relative peace lasted until a year later, when President Kabila, wanting the country to be more self-sufficient, ordered the removal of all foreign military personnel. This

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infuriated those who were told to leave. Another group, called the Congolese Rally for Democracy, formed and the Second Congo War broke out.

That's when the country reached a major turning point. Ragtag rebel groups became opportunistic, waging small-scale attacks as they attempted to take control of rich mining areas. Violence became a way of life. Men were killed outright and women were sexually assaulted. And the strategy worked. Normal existence was disrupted. Anarchy reigned. The rebel groups were free to plunder as they saw fit.

Among the victims during that period was Zamud Sikujuwa, a Congolese woman now in her fifties and living in Goma. Today, while standing in a summery cotton-knit dress with skin the color of chestnuts, she flashes a broad smile. Leaning on a cane, she pushes herself up and limps, but does so with such dignity that with each step she appears more stoic.

"I'm a survivor," she says. "But for a long time (after the attack) I couldn't stand the sight of any man."

In 2001, Sikujuwa and her family were going about their daily routine in her village, which sits along the Congo River, when six men she assumes were Tutsi rebels emerged from the bush and demanded money and food. When they found out the family didn't have much to offer, they shot Sikujuwa's husband in the head. He died immediately. Sikujuwa's two sons started crying. The rebels then killed them, too. Sikujuwa was the only one left. She screamed with terror.

"Be quiet," they warned. "Now you will see what we'll do to you." All six men raped her. But the horror didn't end there. When they were finished, one of the men pulled out his gun and inserted the barrel into her vagina. Then he did the unthinkable. With the final thrust, he pulled the trigger.

"I was half dead then," Sikujuwa says. "I don't remember what happened next."

It may seem arbitrary that women are singled out in this way but in the Congo they play an indispensable role in keeping the family and the entire community functioning. They farm the land, prepare the food, collect firewood, and are the primary caregivers for their children. They are the primary labor force for the entire nation. Their role has become even more important since the start of the Congo wars. Men in Congo traditionally managed the production of cash crops--agricultural goods for export, like coffee. In 1985, more than a decade before the first Congo War, the Congo was one of the world's largest coffee producers. Today the country produces less than a third of the coffee it used to, according to a report published in 2007 by the Centre for Agricultural Bioscience International. Producing crops for export is time-consuming and requires more land than subsistence farming. With the ongoing displacement of Congolese people, men in the east have been put out of work. Consequently, women have become more critical to the survival of communities. To terrorize them is to terrorize entire populations.

The same year Sikujuwa was attacked, President Kabila was assassinated and a year later a new peace treaty was signed. By June 2003, a transitional government took shape, headed by Joseph Kabila, the son of Laurent-Desire Kabila. The war had killed millions. Twenty percent of women reported having been raped. Eight out of every ten Congolese had been forced to flee their homes.

Wherever illegal mining takes place in the Congo, the rape of women can also be found. In an annual report, the UN said the Mai Mai Sheka rebel group — a criminal

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network within the National Army that's active in the mineral-rich Walikale territory, where Nyirabikari is from — raped more than 300 people in July and August of last year. Nyirabikari's first attack was likely apart of that assault. According to a Mai Mai soldier who was turned over to UN authorities, the mass rape was ordered by Mai Mai leader Sheka Ntabo Ntaberi to draw attention to his group.

A peace treaty was signed in 2003 and three years later a democratic election took place, but not without the help of billions of dollars from the international community. Despite the end of the civil war, violence persists. And the country's rich mineral wealth is largely to blame. To beef up national security, rebel groups have been rapidly integrated into the national army, but oversight remains lax, allowing criminal networks to continue conducting illegal activities.

And the army isn't the only ineffective element of Congolese society. The police force is weak, underpaid, and it often resorts to asking for bribes if its presence is needed, and also if it's not, and they just happen to show up. The court system is a skeletal operation that lacks real authority. The government is weak, corrupt, and exercises almost no influence in rural areas. Meanwhile, foreign aid agencies are now a feature of everyday life, fulfilling functions that the Congolese should be taking over. Foreign aid, in other words, has become institutionalized in post-war Congo and there is little to suggest that will change.

A white weather-beaten tarp hangs over a sagging roof made of sticks and straw. The moisture in the air feels heavy enough to make the entire roof cave. There is no electricity. When Nyirabikari walks into the shack, dust swirls up into the shafts of sunlight falling through spaces between the wood panels of the wall. Nyirabikari's home is thick with the smell of damp wood. It's cold. Three people live here in a space the size of a small shed. Nyirabikari sits gingerly on her daughter's plywood bedside, looking out of her doorway and into a great expanse. More well-worn tarps, hundreds of them, lie just outside. The tarps cover the dilapidating roofs that shelter thousands of people in Kitchanga, the IDP camp where she lives.

This is where Nyirabikari settled and was reunited with those in her family who survived the attack only months before. Many women can't or won't go back to their home villages. Despite the large numbers of women affected, to be a rape victim is still profoundly stigmatizing and results in permanent displacement. Many survivors are ostracized by their villages or, fearing rejection, never make the attempt to return. In turn, Kitchanga and others like it are looking more like permanent encampments.

Just outside Nyirabikari's hut is a small chicken coop that houses a few birds that were provided by an aid program. Most from the original group were stolen a few days after she received them. Across from the coop is a small vegetable garden that she started with seeds given to her by Heal Africa, a Congolese aid organization that receives private funding from the U.S. and lobbies for funding from the EU. A UN Peacekeeping Mission camp is a short walk up a steep hill and several foreign and local NGOs are close by. Incredibly, nearly half of Congo's annual budget of \$6 billion comes from foreign aid. After her attack, Nyirabikari became a part of that system.

Despite all of the support aid agencies are providing, women still aren't safe, not even in the IDP camps. Two months after Nyirabikari had settled into her thatch-roof IDP hut she began looking for work in the area. She found a farmer who was willing to let her

weed his sorghum field in exchange for a portion of the yield. She and another woman from the IDP camp took him up on his offer. A few days after starting her new job, in October 2010, she went about her weeding routine. Straight legged and bent at the waist, she made her way through the sorghum field, pushing her fingers into the soil and pulling out the unwanted plants. The light began to fade, as thundering clouds worked their way across the sky. It was 2 p.m. and due to rain soon. She and her weeding partner were nearly finished when three unfamiliar men appeared at the edge of the field.

“They looked like herders,” she says, “but they had sticks and one had a gun.” Her instinct was to run, so she let the soil fall through her fingers and turned toward the road. Her partner, younger and more agile, managed to escape but once again Nyirabikari, who suffers from chronic back pain, didn’t get far before the men caught up.

Because during the previous assault she had suffered leg injuries that left permanent scarring, this time Nyirabikari did not try to resist. The men surrounded her and whipped her with their sticks. Then, she says, they “took me by force.” When they finished they sauntered off, as if nothing unusual had happened, and so did Nyirabikari. The sky darkened and the rain began falling as she made her way home. This time she was only a short walk from her IDP camp and several aid organizations stationed in the area.

“It’s incidences like this that make foreign aid look like an exercise in futility,” say Laura Saey, who teaches African politics at Morehouse College and has studied community relations in the DRC.

After the second attack, Nyirabikari decided not to turn to CARE for help, instead going to Heal Africa. Joe Lucy and his wife Lyn Lucy had founded the group during the post-Rwandan genocide crisis. Lyn, who is a British-born activist, was instrumental in persuading the international community to fund their effort but it was Joe, a Congo native who had the medical expertise to keep it going. At a Heal Africa outpost in Masisi, Nyirabikari received treatment for her physical injuries. But she remains traumatized. Despite her relative safety today, Nyirabikari says she lives in a constant state of uncertainty. “I can’t even send my children out for firewood,” she explains. “I’m too scared.”

Nyirabikari visits the Women Stand Up Together center of Heal Africa regularly and is now a part of its agriculture program. Heal Africa, like many NGOs in Congo, sponsors farming programs, which help victimized women to become independent and gives them a sense of purpose. But women working in fields outside IDP camps remain vulnerable. Heal Africa’s solution is to lease land as close as possible to the camps, then to make sure the women only farm at daybreak, and in large numbers, and usually accompanied by men. While this doesn’t prevent all attacks, it’s a start. And with farming being the only reliable food source, it may be the only way for women to survive. Nyirabikari farms regularly on a field Heal Africa leases, a 45-minute hike from her IDP hut. Heal Africa also provided her with a small business grant.

The aim of the project, which was founded by Oprah Winfrey, is to help women rebuild a normal life by giving them a little cash, seeds, and a small parcel of land to farm. They can use the crops to feed their families and sell whatever is left over at local markets. The idea is novel and similar in structure to microfinance lending, which has become a popular way of distributing aid in developing countries, but in this case the grants don’t need to be paid back and potential risks remain. What happens when the

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money runs out, or the farm becomes overcrowded, or the yields are poor? Funding for programs like this is approved year to year. And the government lacks the resources to assume responsibility for them. So establishing an ongoing support system is impossible.

“They’re not designed to provide structural change,” Saeey says.

Who, then, is providing sustained support? “It’s a quagmire,” expert researcher Van Woudenberg says. “You have to look at the UN for that. They are the biggest actors in this particular field.”

Called the United Nations Organization Stabilization Mission in the Democratic Republic of the Congo (MONUSCO), the UN mission has served as the de facto national army since the start of the first Congo war, turning it into the largest and most expensive peacekeeping operation in the world. This is partly because of the vastness of the country, which is nearly four times the size of Texas, and the absence of roads and bridges. During the 2006 election, for example, the UN was forced to use planes to distribute voting materials throughout the country. That cost \$670 million. Today the UN continues to spend \$1 billion a year, on the peacekeeping mission itself, but also on the United Nations Children’s Fund (UNICEF), The United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR), and droves of NGOs. The influence of the UN is everywhere in the Congo. But rape hasn’t always been a top priority.

“Rape in the Congo has been known for seven to eight years, but to be kind, let’s say five years,” says Van Woudenberg, explaining the gap between the UN knowing about the rape problem and actually taking measures to stop it. “It wasn’t until 2010 that the UN decided to really try to combat that.” The plan included strategies for holding perpetrators accountable, protecting women, and, most important, prevention. But, Van Woudenberg says, developing a plan, implementing its strategies, and seeing results is a painstakingly slow process and the UN is still in the beginning stages.

Meanwhile, NGOs still have primary responsibility for providing care for survivors of sexual violence. Consequently, hundreds of people from Europe and the U.S. continue to come to the Congo to work for NGOs. Certainly those who do so are making big sacrifices in their personal and professional lives to help people who are gravely in need of it. But in actuality the quality of daily life for foreigners in the Congo may exceed what they have back home.

A former aid worker for an international NGO, who signed a non-disclosure contract and cannot speak openly about his experiences, was struck by a disturbing reality on the ground. “I lived way better in the Congo than I ever did before. It’s kind of crazy,” he says. “It’s so neocolonial.” He describes NGO workers living in big houses and earning salaries that greatly exceeded those of local staff members. “It felt wrong,” he explains. On one mission, satellite televisions were set up before work began on rebuilding health clinics. “That creates a dynamic with the locals that is difficult to undo.” The socioeconomic divide also made bringing people together difficult. He says he can understand that aid workers coming to the Congo are used to a certain quality of life, but the lavish conditions in the DRC felt excessive.

“You should expect some hardships, because you chose that line of work,” he says.

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An ocean away from the chaos and contradiction in the Congo, in what feels like an entirely different world, several dozen people gathered at the Golden Gate Club, an elegant mansion nestled in San Francisco's Presidio, surrounded by groves of swaying eucalyptus and stately old military buildings. Most of the people were white women. And they were there, on a chilly February evening in 2011, for a cocktail reception hosted by Women for Women International, a non-profit that raises money and starts programs for women in war-torn countries, including the DRC. Perfectly coiffed and manicured, and wearing high heels and elaborate Chanel-style wrist bangles, the elite of San Francisco embraced, chatted, and sipped wine. Some had gone to business school at Harvard with George W. Bush, others were prominent lawyers, and one was a former U.S. Ambassador of Morocco. Eventually, the crowd was urged to take their seats. Christine Karumba, a native of DRC and the country's Women for Women ambassador, was about to speak.

The festivities were not about raising money, but about making more people aware of violence that women endure in the DRC. That, however, didn't stop the checkbooks from emerging at the end of the talk. After Karumba spoke and showed a short video that told of the violence some Congolese women have endured, people were in tears. One question was on everyone's mind: What can I do to help? The unusually large and persistent presence of humanitarian aid groups in the DRC requires a large and continuous stream of money. No one wants to raise doubts or pose questions that might deter donors. As usually happens in such settings, only part of the story was told.

No mention was made of the country's lack of governance or its nearly nonexistent security sector. No one pointed out that, without structural reform, aid can only provide temporary relief and, as was the case with Nyirabikari, even that is no guarantee of safety. Karumba's message was simple and clear: With the help of donors, Congolese women would be better off.

Women for Women International, like most NGOs in the U.S., is a registered non-profit based in Washington D.C. Being registered means that Women for Women receives tax breaks, a financial cushion that helps hundreds of similar NGOs in the U.S. Facing stiff competition from numerous other nonprofits, some NGOs take their funding appeals to the everyday consumer. Falling Whistles, for example, is a relatively new non-profit venture, based in Los Angeles. Proceeds from the whistles the company sells are supposed to help Congolese children who have escaped the conflict or been forced to fight. In 2009, the company reported selling over 5,000 whistles in 12 countries. This sounds admirable, but how many kids are actually benefitting from the endeavor?

They certainly aren't receiving as much money as it would seem. After marketing companies and whistle factories are paid and the goods are distributed across the world, what is left goes to the Congo—about 20 percent of all donations, according to the company's 2009 annual report. So for the \$44 someone spends on the whistle, only \$9 reaches the Congo. This is called the business of aid. "We're selling product," says Sean Carasso, Falling Whistles founder, "but really we're distributing educational content right into the hands of people."

Granted, even \$9, multiplied by the number of sales, is helpful, but when organizations like Falling Whistle primarily fuel the global economy, not that of the country most in need, continuing such assistance may cause more harm than good. Short-term care then turns into long-term dependency. Instead, Saey says, Congo needs a massive overhaul, especially in the security sector. But aid organizations are relying on

taxpayer dollars and sympathetic people around the world to invest millions to provide temporary assistance, exactly the kind of help that should be the responsibility of the state. Vocational programs, housing for women, providing basic medical care: the government, not NGOs, should be providing these services. But in a country that is slow to make progress, handouts are difficult to turn down, and NGOs, frankly, are in the business of handouts. That's both their strength and their weakness.

"It's misleading to say that we can solve all these problems there just because you have pink jeeps with V-Day written on the side," says Jessica Carsten, a programs coordinator at Johns Hopkins University, in Washington D.C., who studies energy and development policy in Africa. V-Day, according to its website, is a "global movement to end violence against women and girls." The V-Day staff offers counseling and education, with the goal of preparing a new generation of smart, strong Congolese women to one day run the country.

"All we have to do is build a City of Joy so victims can go there and live happy lives," Carsten says, referring to V-Day's most recent project, a compound in Bukavu that treats, houses, and educates victims of sexual violence. "But that's exaggerating the scale that these organizations are capable of operating under. It's not their responsibility to make that kind of change."

Saey agrees. "I won't knock the 'changing one life at a time' model," she explains "But they are not thinking about the other structural issues."

Heal Africa, however, where Nyirabikari received her second round of treatment, is trying to address at least some of the structural issues. Technically a part of the National Health System and funded through the national Congo budget, Heal Africa hires only local employees. Apart from the advocacy and fund-raising work that happens in Washington and California, nearly everything is Congolese run—from the doctors who perform surgeries to the drivers who bring in medical supplies. This approach is a far cry from the approach of NGOs like Falling Whistles.

The organization still falls short of providing sustainable, long-term care to the women it treats, but not because it doesn't want to. One health facility simply cannot make up for a country's complete lack of governance and infrastructure. For now, people like Nyirabikari will have to continue operating on a year-to-year schedule, as programs like the farming initiative she is a part of continue to rely on outside—and potentially fickle—sources of financial support.

Last year, in North Kivu, the U.S. conducted military training for two brigades of the national army. It was the first time that the U.S. took an active role in military reform in the DRC. And it's initiatives like this, Saey says, that most need to receive funding. Even under the best of circumstances, however, the process will be fraught with danger. For one thing, at least some of the new recruits will be former rapists and war criminals.

"When you have senior level perpetrators who themselves rape, or do nothing when people below them rape, you're perpetuating a culture of acceptance," Van Woudenberg says.

Saey insists that the Congo has nowhere else to start. "Peace in the Congo is going to happen," she says, "by taking these sour grapes and integrating them into one army." Besides, she adds, the current training is more about discipline, learning to follow orders, than it is about firing weapons. That step is still far off.

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The message seems to be that the elimination of violence in the DRC, including sexual assaults against women, is not in the hands of non-profit organizations. It is not what NGOs like Women for Women International or Falling Whistle are responsible for or capable of, despite the fundraising rhetoric. Instead, the well-being of the Congolese citizens lies with the Congolese. And until the police force and military are capable of—and committed to—protecting its entire populace, that won't happen.

Major Aldrin Van der Berg, a tall South African man with a dark mustache and an easy smile, wears UN army fatigues and a baby blue cap with white lettering stitched in white on the front. Today, he is getting his brigade, all of whom are native to South Africa, ready to escort the United Nations Children's Fund on their mission to hand out food aid to children in a village near Kitchanga. In a couple of days, the brigade will do “market patrol”—escorting women traveling from their fields to the markets to sell their produce.

Van der Berg and his team are a part of MONUSCO, the UN peacekeeping force in the Congo. With an election coming up in November, the current president, Kabila, hopes to be reelected for a second term. He wants to be a leader of a self-sufficient country and has said that the UN would be on its way out very soon. Militia groups have been absorbed into the national army at a swift pace in recent years, so the national army's manpower is on the rise, but so is corruption and its accompanying violence. For those reasons, the UN will likely stay put, for now.

Back at the IDP camp, Nyirabikari and her youngest daughter tend to their small vegetable garden before taking a break. Now fully dependent on the aid system, Nyirabikari doesn't know where she'll be a year from now. She hesitates when she speaks about her future. She says that, after the conflict dies down, she would like to return home. Then she pauses.

“I don't think I will ever go back,” she says. “This is my home now.”

DRC Source List	
ORGANIZATION	NAME / POSITION
Action Aid (in Rwanda)	Sulah Nuwamanya
Action Aid Congo	Alpha Sankoh, Country Programme Manager
African Advocacy Network	Adoubou Traore, Project Director Clementine Ntshaykolo Fund Development
Action Communautaire pour le Développement Rural Intégré (goma)	
Alehauguzi (Catholic Organization)	LOCAL NGO
American Bar Association assisting with legal protection of raped women)	Charles-Guy Makongo, Country Director DRC
Association pour l'Intégrité de la Mère et de l'Enfant	Elise Mukadi présidente
cafco (NGO in kinshasa assisiting raped women)	Rose mutonbo –
Centre D'Encadrement pour L'Autopromotion Intégrée (Goma)	innocent pendakazi
Colombia University (Barnard College)	Séverine Autesserre
Doctors Without Borders (kinshasa)	Robin Meldrum, DRC communication officer
Doctors Without Borders (goma)	
Don Bosco - Project "Casa Margherita" for rehabilitation of raped women	Sara Persico
caritas	bishop ouoche murnaf (?)
Eastern Congo Initiative	Harper McConnell
European Cooperation and Humanitarian Office-ECHO (Goma) - new project with Heal hospital from December	Assistants Techniques Jean-Marie DELOR

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Eleventh Hour Project (City of Joy in Bukavu)	Amy Poa
Enough Project	Fidel Bafilemba / Field Research Consultant
Federation des organizations des producteurs agricoles du congo (focap)	jean-baptiste musabyimana ntamugabumwe - media relations officer
Global Fund for Women	Muadi Mukenge, Program Director for Sub-Saharan Africa
groupe d'appui aux initiatives de developement rurale (goma)	
Heal Africa	Dr. Denis Mukwege
Heal Africa (new)	Ciza Malengule, modestine Karibu, Rural Programs
HEAL Africa (new)	Virigine, Public Relations / Mr Pierre Buingo, Head of Media HEAL Africa
Heal Africa (new)	Lyn Lusi Program Manager
Heal Africa (new)	Modestine / Masisi Program Coordinator
Heal Africa (new)	Emmanuel Baabo / Chief Project Manager of Sexual Violence
Heal Africa (new)	Samuel (INTERPRETER)
Heal Africa (new)	Stewart (INTERPRETER / NOT with Heal Africa anymore)
Heal Africa (new)	Albert / speak english
Hospital Saint Joseph	
Hospital Ganda	
Human Rights Watch	Ida Sawyer
HRC's Sexual Violence and Accountability Project (UC Berkeley)	Kim Thuy Seelinger
Human Right Center (UC Berkeley)	Camille Crittenden, Ph.D., Executive Director
International Center for Journalists	Jerri Eddings
inuka	louis jamuh (?)

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Journalist specialized in sexual violences (knight international fellow)	Chouchou Namegabe
Medecins du Monde	
MONUSCO Gender Office (Kinshasa)	
MONUSCO Sexual Violence Unit (Kinshasa)	Beatrix Attinger Colijn, Senior Adviser - Sexual Violence AND Juliet Kerr, Acting Reporting Officer
MONUSCO Sexual Violence Unit (Goma)	Chiara Oriti Niosi, Acting Project Officer
MONUSCO Sexual Violence Unit (Goma)	Susanna Balbo, Programme Officer
MONUSCO	Leocadio Salmeron / Chief of Public Information
MONUSCO	Major (Vijay) Sharma / Security Brigade
MONUSCO	William Elachi Alwiga / Dissemination-Media Relations- Outreach Public Information Officer
MONUSCO	
Morehouse College DRC expert	Laura Seay
National Gender Association in Goma	Deogratias Bahizire Kajemba, NPA GENRE/SGBV
nganda center - hosts raped women (kinshasa)	Dr Nicole Sulu Administrateur
NGOs Alliance on Congo	Kubuya Muhangi, Chairman
Office of the High Commissioner for Human Rights (in Geneva)	Rupert Colville
Oxfam International	Rebecca Wynn
Oxfam International	Pierre Peon, Media Officer
Panzi Foundation	Lee Ann de Reus AND Peter Frantz
Pole Institute	
Programme d'Actions Locales (goma)	
Red Cross	dominique lutula (president)

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Refugee in Oakland	Jean-Claude
Synergie Pour L'assistance Judiciaire au Nord-Kivu	Eugene Buzake
UC Berkeley	Dan Fahey
UC Berkeley	Ndola Prata
UC Berkeley	Patrick Vinck
UC Berkeley (Law student who volunteered at Heal Africa)	Ryan Lincoln
UC Berkeley affiliated	Jessica Carsten
UMOJA WA VIKUNDI VYA WANAWAKE WA KULIMA WA KIVU YA KASKAZINI (Goma)	
UNFPA	Mireille Ikoli
UNFPA	Mr.Ouedraogo - DEPUTY REPRESENTATIVE kinshasa
unfpa	Cécile Charot Senior Policy Advisor SGBV /Gender
UNFPA - DRC	Sidiki Coulibaly
unfpa goma	Déogratias Bahizire, responsible for gender issues
unfpa goma	Charles Mbeetsa, Province Coordinator SGBV
unfpa goma	Bora Kawende Joséphine
unfpa goma	NSindi Bwato
United Nations Population Fund NPA GENRE/SGBV	Deogratias Bahizire Kajemba
UNFPA and UNICEF High Commissioner for Human Rights	Rosaniva, SGBV Rep and Dr. Bora
UN Joint Human Rights Office OHCHR-MONUSCO (in Kinshasa)	Margot Tedesco
Unicef - sexual violences unit (goma)	Anne-Marie Serrano, Alessandra Dentrice, Tasha Gill
USAID	Willet Weeks
USAID/OFDA	Jay Nash / Coordinator

Congo Aid/Moorhead

USAID	James Banos / Political Affairs
Women for Women International	Randee Spittel-Ramsey
Women for Women International	Patrick Njokani (in Goma)