Stop it, I’m not a member

of the Illuminati

**“ASUNTA, I’VE HEARD** that you’re now

a member of the Illuminati,” someone

wrote on my Facebook wall last year.

“That’s right. Let’s meet at our church

and have coffee,” I replied, because I

had had enough and did not mind what

people were saying as long as I knew I

was right with God. What I was doing,

basically, was calling this person’s bluff.

In my life, I have had tonnes of sticks,

stones, and abuses thrown my way, so I

have developed a thick skin. One of the

things I have learnt is that whatever I do

or do not do, someone somewhere will

always say something negative.

Got the “I’m HIV-Positive” T-shirt

It reminds me of years back when some

people claimed that I was not HIVpositive.

That I was doing this to make

money. This is not a business: it is a

matter of life and death.

I wish these people would have been

able to see through my skin and into my

internal organs and witnessed what this

virus was doing to me.

They do not know about my sleepless

nights and killer side effects of drugs

that are supposed to prolong my life, the

stigma and discrimination, and the whole

maddening kit that HIV throws.

Just because I have dodged death

this long, played hide-and-seek with

opportunistic infections, and appear to

be hale and hearty does not mean that

I am less HIV-positive than other people

who are living with HIV.

The price of fame

The Facebook incident happened after

I had heard through the grapevine the

rumours some people were spreading

about me. That I had sold my soul to the

devil.

**I had to Google-search it**

I did not know what Illuminati meant.

I had to Google-search it find out

what the word means. I heard that I,

together with several other prominent

personalities whom I had never met,

belonged to the Illuminati.

There are things with weight and

substance that demand a right of reply.

And there are other insinuations that one

should not even waste their time and

breathe replying to. For the longest time,

I have wanted to share this, but I told

myself that I would be stooping to these

people’s level.

Silence is golden, but it can also be taken

as a sign of consent. To set the record

straight, I am giving you all the secret

organisations I belong to. Be warned, this

is highly classified stuff, people.

They are Kenya Network of Women with

Aids (KENWA), my family of one partner

and six children, my Bible-believing

church, my women’s *chama,* and my

group therapy.

The cause of all bad things

“She was involved in a car accident …

she disappeared for several days and

reappeared with a new car.”

“See all these people who are dying? She

has a hand in their deaths. They are the

human sacrifices she’s giving for more

wealth.”

These are just some of the things some

people have been saying to back their

claims that I worship the devil.

For starters, vehicle accidents have been

happening since Ford rolled the first car

off the assembly line.

I do not know the statistics, but I guess

tens of accidents happen on Kenyan

roads daily. If they are caused by the

Illuminati, then why are we even talking

about traffic rules?

Because my car was written off, I

obviously had to get a new one. That is

my mode of transport.

**Wealth is viewed with morbid suspicion**

Since I signed on the dotted line that I

would be working in this field, I literally

poked the Grim Reaper in the eye.

Anyone who knows me knows that I

try my best to save lives. That I even

use my own resources to make sure our

members live longer, fulfilled lives.

The other thing that has prompted some

to conclude that I am in the Illuminati

is the obvious. Blessings of wealth and

health that God has graciously bestowed

upon me.

I have realised that in some socioeconomic

quarters, wealth is viewed with

morbid suspicion. Especially for a person

like me who barely two decades ago was

living in a one-room house in Kayole,

which I could ill afford.

Yet now God has blessed me with a

home in the suburbs.

In essence, we are saying that God’s

blessings business went under and now

Satan has the monopoly. If we will not

ditch our stinking thinking, I am afraid

that we will not be able to pursue and

possess the wondrous blessings God has

in store for us.

Yes, I am not perfect. I am just a woman

who is being favoured by God.

Send your questions to our experts

on children’s rights and family law