Relatives were stalling, but Jeanette refused to wait any longer. She caught a bus, hurried down the hall, and when she saw the woman they said was her mother, she fainted.

It couldn’t be, yet Jeanette had no choice but to believe them. Family and friends had passed by that woman in search of their Rosemary. When they didn’t find her there, the last hospital in Nairobi, the morgue was to be the next stop. So they went back.

She was hard to look at, but they looked harder. A nurse, hoping for a match, brought what was left of the woman’s clothes. “It was hard to imagine that was her,” Jeanette says.
We couldn’t understand how they could possibly put her back together.

—Linda Bichage

even so, it still sounds like something she has to dream of earning her master’s degree. Her e-mail is ‘superrosemary,’ and I think she is.

Rosemary says she will always be indebted to the donor who brought her in. "I didn’t want them to see me crying," she says. "My dream has come true," she says with a triumphant laugh. "You should see the way people react when they look at her and realize they’ve lived through her struggle and felt called to help."

"I never felt so good to read M.S.W. on my card," she says displaying it with a smile. "This was it, my chance to give back."

But two days before she could share her new business cards with clients, Rosemary had to be hospitalized. She backed out while shopping for an outfit for her first social work job. "I figured I would have to tell people all is possible even when you’ve gone down the basement of your life," she says. "This was the place for me."