



My suffering along with my family truly began after the fall of the Iraqi government back in 2003. Our personal freedom in going about with our ever day usual life was stolen away, going to churches, having the right to practice our faith wasn't a possibility. We suffered constant threats on our churches, and we, (the Christian women) were forced to put on the "Hijab" which is the Muslim veil.

All of this happened due the uprising of Terrorist Islamic religious extremists and Jihadists. These terrorists do not accept the other who differs from their beliefs and so do acts of kidnaps, threats and murder in order to have their way.

I was first threatened in my work place from a group of extremists that call themselves Al-Sunna Supporting Army. They threatened me to either pay a big amount of money to them, or leave my city and during the threats one said to me: "you are Christians! Why are you still here? Leave this city and get out!"

So, my family and I left our City Mosul and headed towards a location in the Valley of Nineveh called "Al-Hamadanieh" "Karqosh". We left everything behind us our home and all our long hard work's shop and property. Despite of our brokenness and loss and the difficulty of changing our living standards from city to countryside, yet we overcame that challenge and our fear of change and moved our children and life. After 7 years of living and working in Al-Hamadanieh countryside, we managed to re-build some of what we have lost back in Mosul and finally began to regain stability and financial security. But that sense of victory didn't stay for long as ISIS took over the city of Mosul and they were coming to the Valley of Nineveh next. So we had to pick up again and flee for our lives the first time was on the **27th of June 2014**. We were told that it was safe to return to Al-Hamadanieh, so we returned back to our home and stayed not long enough to face the black day the **6th of August 2014**.

We were under direct attack by ISIS, gunshots and bombs; in terror and fear over our lives and the lives of our daughters from being kidnapped by them; we ran away taking with us only the necessary documents to help us leave the country heading to Erbil in Kurdistan – Iraq.

We remained in Erbil for a short period of time till we got our visas, with the help of our churches and His Majesty King Abdullah the 2nd, to enter Jordan.

Despite of our great loss and the money we lost, getting my family out safe from harm made me forget all the other things gone. Today, I can't even consider the thought to return to Iraq. It isn't a place where we would be safe or even have a government that would ensure our safety and rights to practice our faith in our churches. Iraq to us is long gone.