

Forwarded from Missionnet's Urgent Prayer Network:

21 June 1998,
Jakarta, Indonesia

Dear Friends,

Following is a victim's account during the May riots here in Jakarta. Reference to Huaren Bulletin Board, 12 June 1998.

The purpose is to request your prayers for hundreds of similar victims.

"My name is Vivian, and I am 18 years old. I have a little sister and brother. As a family we live in what is supposed to be a "secure" apartment.

At 9.15am, 14 May 1998, a huge crowd had gathered around our apartment. They screamed, "Let's butcher the Chinese!", "Let's eat pigs!", "Let's have a party!" We live on the seventh floor and we got a call from a family on the third floor saying that the crowd had reached the second floor. They even chased some occupants upstairs. We were all very frightened. In our fright, we prayed and left everything to God's hands.

Afterwards, we left our room and went upstairs to the top floor, as it was impossible to go downstairs and escape. We got to the 15th floor and stayed with some friends. Not long afterwards, we were surprised by the crowd coming out of the elevators right before we entered the room. We hurried into the room and locked the door tightly. At that time we heard them knock at the other rooms loudly and there were some screams from women and girls. Our room was filled with fear.

We realised that they would come to us. So we spread throughout the room hiding in the corners. We could hear girls of 10 to 12 years old screaming, "Mommy... mommy..mom..mom... it hurts." That time I didn't know that these little girls were being raped. After about half an hour the noise diminished and we had some guts to go out and check. It was indescribable. A lot, some of them young girls, were lying on

the floor. "Oh my God, what has happened?" Seeing all of this, we screamed and my little sister, Fenny, screamed hysterically and hugged her father.

Tears started coming down my eyes. With our friends, a newly wed couple, we started going downstairs. Reaching the 10th floor, we heard a scream for help. The scream was very clear and we decided to go down and see. But as we turned, we saw a lot of people. I saw a woman in her 20s being raped by four men. She tried to fight back but she was held down tightly.

Realising the danger, we ran as hard as we could. But unfortunately, the rioters caught Fenny. We tried to rescue her, but could not do anything. There were about 60 of them. They tied us with ripped sheets, myself, my father, my mother, Fenny, Donny, Uncle Dodi, and my Aunt Vera. They led us to a room. Uncle Dodi asked what they wanted, but they did not reply.

They looked evil and savage. One of them grabbed Fenny roughly and dragged her to a sofa. At that time, I knew she was in great danger. I screamed loudly but one of the mob slapped me in the face. My father who also screamed was hit with a piece of wood and he fainted. My mother had fainted when Fenny was dragged to the sofa. I could only pray and pray that disaster would not befall us.

Uncle Dodi tried to stop them by offering money. His efforts were fruitless. And in the end, five people raped Fenny. Before each raping, they always said "Allahu Akhbar" (an Islamic phrase in Arabic meaning "God is Great.") They were ferocious and brutal.

Not long afterwards, around nine men came to the room and dragged me. I also saw them forcing and dragging my Aunt Vera. But at that time I passed out and everything went blank. I became conscious at around 5 or 6 pm. My head hurt and I realised I had no clothing on my body. I cried

and realised my family was still there. My father was hugging my mother and little brother Doni. I also saw Uncle Dodi lying on the floor and Aunt Vera was crying over his body. I felt so weak and fainted again.

The next day, I was in the Pluit Hospital. My father and mother were beside me. With all the pains in my body, I asked, "Mom, why Fenny? Mom?" I felt a stinging pain as I said these words. My cheeks were swollen. My mother cried again and couldn't speak any words, while my father, holding back his tears, managed to smile at me. After four days in treatment, my condition improved. With a sad look, my father told me then what happened. After I fainted, seven people raped me. At that time, my father still couldn't see well after being hit with a piece of wood. They raped me repeatedly. Then my father said, "Vivian, Fenny is gone."

I was confused and cried out, "Why Dad?" My father couldn't answer. He told me to rest and went out of the room. I cried over and over again, feeling that my life had no meaning any more. A week ago, after I was released from the hospital I was told everything that happened.

When Fenny was raped, she kept on fighting and so she was repeatedly slapped by her rapists. The last time she fought, Fenny spat on one of them. Offended, the man grabbed a knife and stabbed Fenny's stomach over and over again. Finally, she died, blood all over her body.

My father told me that Uncle Dodi had the same fate. He watched my Aunt Vera who was also being raped. "God...why should all of these happen? Where are you God?" Aunt Vera is in shock. Her face is blank and she refuses to eat. Almost every hour, my mother and I cry over all these happenings. I can never forget. These mob of people are uncivilised monsters."

Source: Christian Leaders Association