

Dossier: Sovu

Name: Emmanuel Rekeharo (Hutu)

<u>Home</u>		<u>Residential</u>	
Cellule:	Rusagara	Cellule:	Muendo
Sector:	Rusagara	Sector:	Tare
Commune:	Maraba	Commune:	Maraba
Age:	61 years old		
Marital Status:	Married to Adélaide Mukankundiye with seven children		
Profession:	Former Warrant Officer in chief of FAR; FýAO employee (anti-tick campaign) until 1982; Agricultural Intensification Programme (PIA) in Gikogoro until 1988; Fertilizer Programme until 1990; CPC/INI/542/ITA Project in Runyinya commune, Butare until 6 April 1994.		

Emmanuel Rekeraho was arrested on 4 September 1997 in Kisangani (DRC) and brought to Kanombe at around 8:00 p.m.????ILLEGIBLE.

I spent a year at the Bujumbura Police College, beginning 19 September 1959. After that I worked in Byamba and Kibungo. I also taught at Ruhengeri Police College. I was head of the platoon in 1969 and then I returned to the Eco-police until the coup d'état of 1973. In 1974 I joined the Ruhengeri company where I worked with Biseruka, and then in Kibuye. In 1975 I was in Cyangugu and then Gisengeri in 1976. I was dismissed from the army in December 1977, where I held the rank of lance sergeant in the police and principal warrant officer in the army. If you want to know why I was dismissed from the army, go and read 'Le tribun du Peuple' Number 13, page 5.

I told you that I was arrested in Kisangani on 4 September 1997, together with around 4400 other ex-FAR soldiers, including two officers and six junior officers. We were arrested by the RPA, who separated us from the civilians, telling us that they wanted to instruct us in ideology. They took us to Kanombe, where we spent five days and then we were transferred to Runda transit camp. I must admit that we were well treated.

I'm going to tell you about the genocide as I myself experienced it, without hiding anything from you; I want you to believe me because I had a row with the Europeans the TPIR some time ago, because they wanted to force me to confess to things that were untrue. As you are Rwandese like me, I shall tell you the whole truth, so that tomorrow your grandchildren will live in a different world from the criminal regime I knew.

We had no ethnic problem in the south of the country. We used to exchange women and cattle. There were Tutsi women in my own family. My wife Adélaide Mukankundiye was a Tutsi; I have no news of her, she may have died in Zaire. My brother Paul Muihorere married a Tutsi called Mukawbayize as his second wife, and she brought her two Tutsi children from her first marriage, including Kabihogo. My nephew, Kaoli married a Tutsi called Spéciosa, and another nephew, Fidèle Hakizimana, married a Tutsi called Mukamana.

This is to show you how ethnic groups in our region got on well together, despite the existence of various political parties during the multi-party era. There was the MRND, the MDR (for which I was the local representative), the PL and the PSD. We were campaigning against the CDR which was in fact represented by the MRND. I didn't like Habyarimana, although I didn't want him to die.

On Wednesday 6 April I went to Kigali with my employer, an American called Douglas Maguere, and his family. He usually spent his weekends in Kigali. I was his driver, but he trusted me completely; I was like a personnel manager. I don't know why, that day, at about 5:00 p.m., Douglas asked me to return to Butare, when he asked me to bring an overnight bag to spend the night in Kigali. It rained that day too. When I reached Butare, I dropped my employer back at his house, and then went by motorbike to my home in Gako, 8km from Butare.

The next morning I heard on the radio that everyone was to stay at home, I stayed at home until 9 April, listening to classical music on the radio and having beers with my neighbours, including a Tutsi called Denis Kabadana.

On 9 April my friend Dennis Kabandana and I went by motor bike to Butare to get some beer, because we both owned bars. We came to a roadblock outside the National Museum manned by soldiers from the Junior Officer's College (ESO). They demanded Kabandana's identity card, but as we were together they let him go. When we got into town, I left him at Bihira's and went to see our secretary-treasurer, Innocent Rushayigi. I was going to ask him for petrol, and ask my employer when I could work for him again. The situation in town was very tense that day. It was caused by people whom I came from Kigali who told us what was going on. Unfortunately for me, my employer had

already fled to Burundi. After seeing, Innocent Rushayigi, I went to see my friend Kabandana at Bihiri's near the Faucon Hotel where I had left him.

On 10 April there was a ceremony of baptism for children at the Parish of Rugango. Both Hutu and Tutsi children were there. After the mass, a reception was held in the home of a Tutsi friend and neighbour, Denis Kabandana. We had a lot to drink, and other Hutus invited me round. We were to enjoy normal relations until 14 April, when the bourgmestre Rursmesha held a meeting.

On that day, or it may have been a day earlier, Jonathan Ruresha, the Huye bourgmestre called a public meeting for everyone, Hutus and Tutsis in Gako market place. The aim of the meeting was to ask everyone to be vigilant so as not to be taken by surprise by enemy attack.

That same day, we heard that in Gikongoro préfecture they had already begun killing Tutsis and burning down their houses. At that meeting too, we formed a committee on patrols (*amarondo*), it was headed by a Tutsi woman Goretti, the daughter of Rwakana, Mpakamiye's wife, and Dr Rumiya's younger sister. She was an educated woman who belonged to the MRND. There was also Dennis Kabandana from the PSD, (But he was really a PL sympathizer); someone called Léopold from the MDR and another (Hutu) MRND member called Jean Muhanyankaka.

The committee was to await orders from the Sovu councillor, Jean-Baptiste Muvunyi. As I was the MDR representative at commune level, I could not lower myself to join a committee at sector level. Among other things, the committee was to nominate people to take part in night patrols; but that cooperative spirit did not last long.

Tension began mounting between 14 and 18 April as the contagion spread from Gikongoro. In Maraba, a commune in Butare [prefecture] bordering Gikongoro, they had already begun hunting down and killing Tutsis. My house was in fact in Maraba commune, (Gako cellule). This explains how I knew what was going on. But even though I lived in Maraba I represented the MDR in Huye commune. I owned a bar, and people use to come and drink and exchange news.

I think it was the radio stationed which worsened inter-ethnic relations between the 14 and 18 April, especially RTL M which kept telling the Hutus to be vigilant because the enemy was among them. But the RPF's Radio Muhabura was also saying, "Hatwezi kurudi nyuma." : "We can't retreat." [Swahili]

Between those two dates, the patrols split into Hutus and Tutsis teams. The Tutsi patrol took up position at Rwezamenyo (where the present day *Mudugudu* has been built), in Kigarama cellule. It was led by Nyamaswa and by my friend Karido's older brother.

As for the Hutu patrol, they took up position on the hill in Gako cellule. They were armed with spears, bows and arrows, machetes, pruning Knives, *massues*, tree trunks and hand grenades. I don't know how [ILLEGIBLE] but I know that they had some. I had one too, given to me by my son-in-law, Corporeal Pierre Muhire, who married Marie-Rose Rekeraho; and fled to Zaire. Apart from MRND members, everyone else did their best to get arms for themselves.

During this period of tension, I saw Sister Kizito at a meeting held by the bourgmestre, Jonathan Ruresha, at Gako which urged Hutus to be vigilant. She did not stay there very long but she was there. Unfortunately I can't remember the exact date.

On 18 April, Pancrase Matokeri's son went to Sovu health centre for treatment, and was killed by the Tutsis at Rwezamenyo. I saw his body myself; it was cut to bits by machetes. The sight of that body really shocked us. I then ordered the Hutus to go and attack the Tutsis. They were led by Jean Kamamayo, an ex-soldier. I also took part in that punitive expedition, along with Councillor Jean-Baptiste Muvunyi. The group of Hutus from Maraba joined us as well. But the Tutsis had organised their defense very well, and we were unable to dislodge them. It was not until 20 April that we managed to drive them back from Rwezamenyo. Some of them went to Gihindamuyaga, and others sought refuge in the convent at Sovu where their families had already gone. Most of the Tutsis' houses in Sovu had already been burnt down and their cattle slaughtered; Denis Kabandana's father, old Habimana was killed. The Tutsis at Sovu hid not only in the convent, but also in the health centre [ILLEGIBLE] the same nuns.

Something happened in Butare on 19 April that was to have fatal consequences for the Tutsis. President Sindikubwabo dismissed the préfet, Jean-Baptiste Habyarimana from Runyinya comune, because he was a Tutsi. The same day he said that the people of Butare had become, '*Ntibindeba*'; 'That's no concern of mine.' In other words they had not followed the example of other préfectures where they had already been killing Tutsis. He said this at the [Butare] MRND headquarters where he called a meeting of the local authorities, including the bourgmestre and department heads. After that meeting, Sindikubwabo drove past my house on the way to Maraba commune where large scale massacres of Tutsis were taking place.

During this time the Tutsis continued to flee the religious centres of Sovu and Gihindamuyaga. I think that they went there on 20-21 April. On 20 April, between 5:00 p.m. and 7:30 p.m., I went to see my friend Gaspard Rusanganwa, the assistant bourgmestre of Ngama, who lived next to the convent. Some time later the Mother Superior, Gertrude Mukangango and Juliennne Kizito joined

me there. We began talking about Habyarimana's death. We were sad that Habyarimana had been shot down by the *Inyenzi*. Sister Gertrude then said we must avenge him.

After commenting on the President's death, Rusanganwa explained Sindikubwabo had meant the day before when he said that the residents of Butare had become '*Ntibineba*.' Sister Gertrude then said that President Sindikubwabo had [ILLEGIBLE] the Butare Hutus had not 'done' well. For example, she was surprised that the Hutus had not killed the large number of Tutsis in the convent. She criticized the residents of Butare, with the exception of the Marabe people. During that same session she said that she was afraid of being killed by the Tutsi nuns in her convent, and she thought that there were too many of them. During that evening, the two nuns suggested giving me the minibus, the beige-coloured Hiace, so the I could ensure their security. They also offered Gaspard Rusanganwa a Volkswagen, and promised to supply all the petrol I needed, so that I could drive around freely.

We left Rusanganwa's place at about 7:30 p.m. I left my motorbike there and went with the nuns to get the keys for the Hiace; but our friend Gaspard said that he was too ill to drive the Volkswagen. He told me later in Zaire that he must have been afraid of being attacked by the Tutsis in the convent as that was right next to his house.

On 21 April I was at home when, at about 12:00 p.m., four young people, including Gataya came along with old Pierre Rushyana's neighbour of the nuns. They told me that the Tutsis, led by a policeman, attacked Gaspard Rusanganwa the night before and had killed Gonzague. I jumped into the nun's minibus and went to see Karekezi, Rusanganwa's father. I found Gaspard by his parent's kitchen. We had a brief conversation.

Some time later, a lot of Hutus arrived. We took our arms, and went after the Tutsis. We had whistles and drums, and wore feathers in our hair. Kamanayo, Muvunyi, Gaspard and I led the expedition. The Tutsis had defied us, and we decided that we had to prove to them that we were stronger, and that we outnumbered them. But I must tell you that we were afraid of the Tutsis because up until then they had fought back very well. Unfortunately, for us despite our numbers, a lot of people deserted the battle to go and have a beer or loot the Tutsi's cattle and belongings. That element weakened us.

As for the Tutsis they seemed very tired and hungry. I don't think that Sister Gertrude and Sister Kizito had bothered to give them anything to eat, after the way that they had been talking about them at Rusanganwa's the previous evening. But they were determined to fight us with everything that they could get hold of. That day we managed to drive them right inside the convent, after I ordered the young Hutus, (*interahamwe*, although I don't like the term), to surround the convent and the health centre, so that not a single Tutsi should escape us.

After that, I went to have a beer with a woman called Cécile, the girlfriend of a priest, not far from CONFIGI. I saw ten soldiers in uniform heading from the health centre; coming from ESO so I followed them. Sometime later, Lieutenant-Colonel Muvunyi, the commander of operations in Butare and Gikongoro, also came, together with Major Habyarabatume. They ordered the soldiers to get all the Tutsis out of the health centre. We took them nearly as far as Maraba's bar. Those who tried to escape were shot down. We insulted them and called them all the names in the book, to humiliate and annoy them. We really intended to kill them but, as the evening drew on, and we could see that it would be difficult, if not impossible to kill such a large number of people, so we told them to go back to the health centre. Muvunyi, the older people and I went home leaving the *interahamwe* to surround the convent and health centre that evening.

At about 9:00 a.m. on 22 April, Lt. Col. Tharcisse Muvunyi came to see me at home. I was having a beer on the verandah along with a teacher called Origène Gatera; Agathe Uwilingiyimana's chauffeur; Gaspard Kurubusange and some other people. He arrived in a jeep in army camouflage, with six more soldiers. He turned his jeep around outside the AFOJAR technical school, and called out to me as the warrant officer. I replied and saluted him according to his rank. He took me aside, grasping me by the arm. He showed me three young men, whom he had come with in civilian dress carrying handguns. He asked me if I knew the monastery in Gihindamayuga, and wanted to go there with the three young men and get the Tutsi novices. We walked there straight away, passing Dr. Alexandre Rucyahana's house. A lot of Hutus had followed us, hoping it was an 'expedition'. The doctor came to the monastery with us.

[Outside the monastery] we found one of its staff, Joseph Habarimana, and a man called Jean Ngarubiyu. I rang the bell. A young man who acted as the receptionist came and opened the gate for me. I said that I was looking for the Father Superior or Prior, and he went and called him. The priest came out; I can't recall whether he was called Baudwin or Stanislas, as I mixed them up. I told him that Lt. Col. Stanislas [sic] Muvunyi wanted the novices. The priest refused to hand them over at first and begged me [not to take them], even offering me some money as a ransom. I told him that I could not go against Lt. Col. Muvunyi's orders. Seeing that I was not giving way, the priest went and called the novice's leader, and he called his colleagues, there were 11 of them altogether.

We then left, and headed for Butare. I told them to stop 80m, from the monastery, and asked them for identity cards. Two of their cards had Tutsi on them. One of them was called Gaëtan. And there were two others with no cards. The crowd said that they were Tutsis as well, but they categorically denied it. The businessman Rutayisire's younger brother stated that he knew them very well, and insisted that they were Tutsis. I didn't know what to do because their identity was in doubt and I was afraid of handing them over to Muvunyi in case they were Hutus. So instead I decided to send them back to the monastery with the seven other Hutus. Nine novices returned and I handed two Tutsi novices, Gaëtan and his companion, over to three soldiers in civilian dress who had been sent over by Tharicisse Muvunyi.

When handed to Muvunyi and he went and killed them, although I don't know how because I had accomplished my mission. After that, I went and had a beer at Alexandre Rucyahana's house, together with Joseph Habyarimana who worked at the monastery in Gihindamuyaga. After the beer, I went down to the health centre to kill the Tutsis. What else can I say? I killed; that's all. We behaved like animals; I killed children, old men and women. I took pity on no-one, not even my friends. It's hardly possible, what we did. I don't know [HALF A LINE IS ILLEGIBLE]forgive us.

They had already begun killing by the time I had got to the health centre; they were smashing their way in, throwing in hand-grenades. Even the policeman, François-Xavier Munyeshyaka, who was supposed to protect the nuns, was killing people. There were a lot of Muvunyi's soldiers, and gendarmes taking part in the killing together with the interahamwe. The poor Tutsis were throwing bricks at us. But what use were bricks and stones against [fire] arms?

The women and children were groaning and screaming. I find it hard to recall such horrors. We really did behave like animals. Many of us threw hand-grenades from behind the wall and, when we got inside, it was horrible to see how we used machetes to execute our neighbours, people with whom we had shared everything, even our blood. There were defenseless weak people there, and we could not look them in the eye.

After that, I went round to Cécile's again to have some Primus beer. I was tired and thirsty. When I got back from Cécile's place, I found the garage was on fire. Councillor Muvunyi and Gaspard Rusanganwa had stayed there and continued to kill and encouraged others to also.

There were two drums of petrol there, donated by the nuns Gertrude and Kizito; unfortunately that was while I was drinking at Cécile's. I heard about it from Jean-Baptiste Muvunyi and Gaspard Rusanganwa. (I fled to Zaire with Gaspard). That petrol could not have come from anywhere else in the region. Moreover, those two nuns who collaborated with us on everything that we did. They shared our hatred for the Tutsis. You'll understand later.

According to my two friends Rusanganwa and Jean-Baptiste Muvunyi, the petrol was donated with the aim of forcing the Tutsis out of the garage, for fear of being asphyxiated. But it proved impossible, in fact, to get them out of the garage. When they used the petrol, some of them came out, preferring death by machete, grenades and bullets to asphyxiation.

We wanted to finish off the Tutsis at the centre quickly, so that we could go and kill some more. I must admit that without the help of the soldiers and gendarmes, it would have been impossible for us to kill everyone all by ourselves. There were so many of them and they were quite good at defending themselves despite their lack of means.

We were in a hurry to go and kill the Tutsis in the convent as well, because Sister Gertrude had not concealed the fact from anyone that there were Tutsis there. Everyone was talking about it. So we set off; Jean-Baptiste Muvunyi, Gaspard and I, along with the soldiers, gendarmes and a lot of militia. When we came to the main gate of the convent, I asked the policeman who was 'guarding' the nuns to go and get me the Mother Superior and Sister Julienne Kizito. The two nuns came out at once, together with another nun from Kibungo whose name I don't know. I told the nuns that we had finished killing the *Inyenzi* in the health centre, and we wanted to kill the ones in the convent. Sister Gertrude told us that there were indeed a lot of them hiding in the convent.

I have heard that the nuns are denying responsibility. I'm ashamed for her. If God let me meet Gertrude face to face, I'd see whether she could deny what happened! Things have changed! Even the nuns...

The nuns then opened the main gate for us, as there was a padlock on it. The three of us went in, leaving the soldiers and gendarmes outside. Gertrude then called all the nuns into a large room; (perhaps the hall used for meetings). I then said that we had decided to finish off all the Tutsis. There were about 20 or 30 nuns there, I'm not really sure now. That was when I asked Sister Kizito to draw me up a list of all the Tutsis there, and of all the Tutsi nun's relatives.

We did not search their rooms, Gertrude and Kizito, even before the Kibungo nun had drawn up the list, went off themselves and made all the Tutsis come out of hiding. They got 20 people out straight away. Gaspard told them there must be more. That was when I asked for a list, and said I wanted all the Tutsis to come out, except for the nun's relatives.

I checked the list that I had been given. I was hungry, and that was why I didn't want to drink any beer or alcohol. Sister Kizito brought some milk, and offered my companions some beer.

Meanwhile, the nuns forced out the remaining Tutsis, and we took them and handed them over to the soldiers, gendarmes and peasants, who had been waiting for them impatiently. They began the carnage. It was exactly like at the health centre except they weren't burnt with petrol.

Very early the next morning 23 April, the nuns went to the Parish of Ngoma; I was surprised by their sudden departure. I found the number for Ngoma in the telephone directory, and called Sister Gertrude. I asked her why they had left, but she was ashamed of what she had done the day before.

When I called {ý[LINE ILLEGIBLE] of Ngoma amny camp. I asked her to go back to Sovu, and she agreed. But I can't understand how they got through all the roadblocks with all those Tutsi nuns.

They were able to get back to the convent, under the escort of Ngoma soldiers. What is surprising is that those soldiers, were hardly frequent visitors at the convent. How and where did the nuns get to know them? I never saw the together.

When we returned to Sovu, we concentrated on burying the bodies. Councillor Muvunyi told me that the peasants did not want to bury them. We suggested to Sister Gertrude that she ask the nun's relatives to contribute money, and pay 100,000 francs so that we could finished burying their brothers. Sister Gertrude asked the relatives of Tutsi nuns still in the convent for that sum of money, and she gave it to me in person. I, in turn gave it to Kananayo and Rucyana, in the presence of Councillor Muvunyi and Gaspard Rusenganwa.

There were too many bodies to count, but definitely thousands of them, I couldn't give an exact figure. We were no longer normal. We had become like animals, myself included.

We spent 23 and 24 April burying people, and then we tried recovering the equipment from the health centre that had been looted by the militia. The centre could no longer operate, so Gaspard Rusanganwa's wife, who was a nurse, began treating people in a tent donated by the Red Cross.

I heard later that the bourgmestre of Huye, Jonathan Ruremesha, had gone to the convent and asked Gertrude to hand over the nun's relatives to him, and she did so. I was not there, but I know that they were killed like the others. I killed my own relatives.

As far as I am concerned, Sister Gertrude and Sister Kizito have never served God. They handed over innocent people, without being threatened in any way, and without our using force. They will never be able to prove that they did so, fearing for their lives. They also refused to give food to those people staying with them, when those people could not go out, where as they only had to send [ILLEGIBLE] to the market, as I had their minibus. They had cows, and none of them were looted. Why didn't they give some milk, if only to the babies and invalids? Instead of which, they offered me, Rekeraho, a cow, when I was not in need. I have seen with my own eyes a letter which Sister Gertrude sent to bourgmestre Jonathan Ruremesha asking him to come and evacuate the Tutsis from the convent. He was close to the sisters as I was, and he was assistant bourgmestre.

Where did Gertrude want the nun's relatives to be taken, when she knew very well that they could be killed anywhere? One of those relatives, I remember, was an old man called Eléazar Sebwaywayu from Kabusanza sector, Naraba. Frankly, even though I killed so many people on that occasion I took pity on those poor women and old people.

No Gertrude and Kizito don't deserve to be called nuns; they are worse than pagans...

People were still being killed at the roadblocks. Around May 25 Colonel Aloys Simba came to see me and ask my help. He asked me to offer my services to protect the country from the *Inkotanyi*. I refused, on the excuse that I was too old, and had been dismissed from the army when I was a young man and no longer had the desire of the strength to fight.

Three days later, he showed me a telegram saying that I had been conscripted into the civil defense force. The telegram was signed Colonel Gaske, who was in charge of the civil defense at national level. Colonel Simba told me to report to the préfecture every morning with Chief Warrant Officer Ntirigira, a retired soldier from Byumba in Kibari commune. I was in charge of training, and my colleague Ntirigira was in charge of training the young people. I had to visit various communes in Butare with Lt. Col. Muvunyi.

We had a security council for the préfecture of Butare which had the following members:

Colonel Marcel Gatsinzi (Chair);
Préfet Sylvain Nsabimana;
Major Cyriaque Habyarabatuma (Gendarmerie);
Lieutenant-Colonel Tharcisse Muvunyi (Commander of operations);
Alphonse Nteziryayo (National gendarmerie representative, who became préfet of Butare);
colonel aloys Simba;
Lieutenant-Colonel Munyengango;
Callixte Karimanzira (Head of the Ministry of the Interior Cabinet Office);
Jean-Berchmans Nshimyumuremyi (Vice-Rector at the National University of Rwanda);
Jean-Baptiste Ruzindaza (Local court);
The Public Prosecutor

Joseph Kanyababashi (Bourgmestre of the urban commune of Butare).

[LINE OR LINES OMITTED]

together with Lt. Col. Muvunyi, we went to Ngoma and Huye and distributed arms, Ntirigira trained the young people behind the town hall; while I would go around with Muvunyi teaching the Hutus how to maintain and guard the roadblocks. The meetings in the commune always began by a few words from the bourgmestre, followed by the préfet, and then Lt.Col. Muvunyi taught military techniques.

Tharcisse Muvunyi was in command of the Butare and Gikongoro operations. Orders to be implemented in both préfectures came from him, and no-one else. Together with him, I distribute 40 ESO guns in Ngoma, and less than ten in Huye. He gave me two of them; one for myself and I gave one to the roadblock in Sovu sector. I also visited Kiboyi, Muyaga and Muyika communes with Tharcisse Muvunyi.

If we had not been stopped by the RPF, Muvunyi would have killed, or had killed all the Tutsis. There was no talk of survivors in our area. No-one would kill anywhere without official orders from Muvunyi and Marcel Gatsinzi.

Our civil defense administration was based in the Faucan Hotel. Among other things, it had to supervise discipline, training, the purchase and distribution of army equipment, as well as the making of arrows, spears and bows at Gishamu. It was surprising to see peasants with R4 guns from ESO, where as some soldiers did not get them until June.

Ntirigira was training the new recruits at Mata. I no longer knew anything about soldiering, as I had been dismissed from the army. I only rejoined to kill; yes to kill innocent people.

I put the blame on the Sindikubwabo government, the RPF, and the UN. Those are the ones really responsible for the genocide.

I accuse the MRND and the President of dividing the Rwandese people. He deeply deceived the Rwandese. The MRND had its own army. Many innocent people were killed because they were Tutsis, and others were killed for the money.

The RPF had the strength, but did not intervene quickly [enough]. Then it refused to stop the war [ILLEGIBLE] that the Tutsis were dying.

I accuse the UN because they were supposed to be there to protect the Rwandese people and their property; but they failed to do so. The UN should tell us who killed Habyarimana. I didn't like him myself, but he was very powerful and well respected, and made a lot of people rich including Tutsis. The assassin was bound to unleash mayhem on the country.

I may sometimes deny the genocide but, when I think that if Tharcisse Muvunyi had only sent platoons of soldiers to Sovu the people would not have died in such great numbers; I realise to what extent the tragedy had been intended and planned. Not nearly so many people would have died, had it not been for the soldiers and gendarmes, who were sent by their commanding officer. If I, Rekeharo, killed two, three or four Tutsis at Sovu, what about Muvunyi, because he was constantly on the move? And the weapons I used; where did they come from?

I have been thrown into jail, in wing 4, while there are people in your government peacefully drinking beer as though they have never killed. Do you call that justice? I'm not saying this out of envy, but because you are campaigners for human rights.

Apart from those who fled the country and later returned, all those who stayed in the country and don't even have a single scar should give an explanation of what happened. And if the RPF took revenge, directly or indirectly, we should hear about it. If you (the RPF) have done wrong, then we deserve to be punished. And if you have committed genocide yourselves, then you should take that into account.

If I were a really brave man, I would have committed suicide. Unfortunately, a real man could not do what I have done.

[PAGES 40-42 TO FOLLOW]

I deeply regret it. I was not very brave. I'm a coward. If I'm sentenced [to death] for what I've done wrong, I'll tell the truth even before God.

I can't understand how a religious, responsible person like myself could have taken part in genocide. In our culture, when hunted animal seeks refuge in the village, it can no longer be killed. But the nuns handed over innocent people who had sought refuge with them. I am amazed to hear that Sister Gertrude is claiming not to know me, when she gave me the vehicle and the petrol. She herself even pumped the petrol into the plastic pipe!

If I saw Gertrude and Kizito, I'd tell them to ask for forgiveness. Although they did not use weapons to kill people, they got the Tutsis out of their hiding places and handed them over to us.

I really hope that you are working for human rights and not carrying out a judicial inquiry. I killed, and there is proof of it. What shocks me is hearing that my son, Aron Rekeraho, is in Butare

Prison, when the fault is mine. Where is my brother Paul? He's dead isn't he? The fact that you imprisoned him shows that the *Inkotanyi* are pitiless.

Can you find out for me where Isaïe Mutungisehe, is? He is a former managing director of forestry at The Ministry of Agriculture (MINACRI), and he used to live in Kimironko, near Nsekarij's place. Ask if he's still there.

And do your utmost to get me out of this place because I'm getting death threats from other prisoners who resent the fact that I've talked to the Europeans from the International Tribunal.¹

N.B. Emmanuel Rekeraho signed all the notes.

¹ Interviewed in Kigali, 24 May 1999.