



Covid-19 in London has claimed the life of a young, brilliant, promising, social, caring and loving beautiful Eritrean soul, Mona Mustafa. She is the daughter of parents who were both freedom fighters in the struggle for independence. Her dad, the late Mustafa Abdu passed away in 2007. She always seemed to me as if she was in a rush to accomplish tasks as if she knew she was to live a short life. She had many projects she was working on, including writing a book about her experience in Mauritania. She recently started an MA study in “Conflict Displacement and Human security” at the University of London with focus on, ‘The political and social consequences of the protracted displacement of Eritrean Refugees in Ethiopia/Eastern Sudan camps’. She was deeply committed to caring and improving the lives of the most vulnerable, including children and refugees.

She sent me a friend request on the 7th of August 2014 and we have been Facebook friends and have been in regular contact since then and her last message to me was on February 20, this year. She was teaching English, as a volunteer in Mauritania in 2014. She stayed there for a year and she loved the country and as always, she had many friends there, too.

I followed with interest her daily diary on road trip from Nouakchott in Mauritania to the west coast of Africa and enjoyed her writings. At first, she was just an interesting and daring Eritrean lady in Facebook, but later came to know her family where I knew both of her parents. I never met her physically, as I had not been to London after I knew her, but she was on my priority list to visit when I come there.

Her last post on her timeline was on March 21 where she wrote just three words, “Love, Listen & Wait”. She was deeply religious, but a belief that embraces and accommodates other. On 20 March, she wrote in Arabic what is translated to, “From the gifts of God, one needs to stand with others at times of their utmost need, but when one’s time of need comes and challenges surmount, one has no one to resort to, but God”.

She always addressed me 'Uncle' and this is one of her many thoughts she shared with me, "I do adore enjoying life and always doing my outmost to bring comfort to others and always make sure that no one wrongs another in my presence." Allah yirhema, may her soul rest in peace and may God give comfort to her children, mother and the rest of the family and her friends. Mona, you will be deeply missed.

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