

Final Manuscript Structure

Title Page

- **Book Title:** *My Life Journey – From Gondar to the World*
- **Author Name:** Dr. Nebiyu Lera Alaro
- **Subtitle:** A Memoir of Resilience, Purpose, and Global Service

Dedication Page

To my beloved father, **Lera Alaro**, whose strength and sacrifice laid the foundation for my journey. To my dear mother, **Sara Sata**, whose unwavering love and resilience carried us through every storm. To my wonderful wife, **Kalkidan Abebe**, whose support and faith have been my anchor. To my precious children — **Haleluya, Tinbit, Amen, and Shalom** — you are my greatest inspiration and the light that guides my path. And to my brothers — **Engineer Eshetu Lera, Eyasu Lera, Yishak Lera** — and my sister **Aster Lera**, whose love and encouragement have always lifted me higher.

This book is for all of you. With deepest love and gratitude.

About the Author

Dr. Nebiyu Lera Alaro is a global health and nutrition expert currently working with international NGOs on humanitarian missions around the world. With two master's degrees and a PhD in Public Health, he has dedicated his life to improving healthcare systems and serving vulnerable communities across continents.

Born in Gondar, Ethiopia, Dr. Nebiyu's journey has taken him from humble beginnings to leadership roles in global health initiatives. His work spans more than 30 countries, including Nigeria, South Sudan, Kenya, Malawi, Serbia, Papua New Guinea, Sierra Leone, Libya, Sudan, Haiti, and many others. In each of these places, he has contributed to emergency response, nutrition programs, and public health strategies in collaboration with organizations such as MSF, UNICEF, RLC, and WHO.

His story is one of resilience, purpose, and a lifelong commitment to healing — a promise made in childhood and fulfilled across borders.

Prologue

Some promises are whispered in quiet corners. Others are forged in fire.

Mine was born in a moment of truth — lying in a small room in Bombe, Wolaytta, listening to my father defend me against a world that misunderstood me. I was just a boy, fresh from three months in prison for a crime I didn't commit. The community labeled me a troublemaker. A friend urged my father to disown me.

But my father stood tall.

“I brought my son from Gondar to Wolaytta. I have suffered for my family, and I will not abandon my child.”

I heard every word.

That night, I approached him and asked, “What do you want me to become?” He looked at me, a man who had served his community through medicine, and said, “A medical professional.”

I made a vow: “I will become a doctor — not just for Ethiopia, but for the world.”

This book is the story of that promise.

It is a journey that begins in the hills of Gondar, winds through prison walls and refugee paths, and stretches across more than 30 countries. It is a story of resilience, of family, of faith. It is a reminder that no beginning is too humble, and no dream too bold.

I invite you to walk with me — through the dust, the doubt, the triumph — and witness what happens when a promise becomes a purpose.

Chapters 1–9

Each chapter fully expanded with page breaks, headings, and narrative flow:

1. Born in Gondar
2. The Escape
3. A New Life in Wolaytta
4. A Father’s Stand
5. The Vow
6. Climbing the Ladder
7. Beyond Borders
8. Healing the World
9. Lessons from the Journey

Epilogue

My journey began in Gondar, Ethiopia — a boy shaped by hardship, hope, and a father’s unwavering love. From the dusty roads of Bombe to the refugee paths of East Africa, from prison walls to global missions, I have walked a road few could imagine. And yet, every step was guided by a promise: to become a doctor not just for Ethiopia, but for the world.

Today, I continue that mission — serving communities across continents, working with international organizations, and building systems that heal. I’ve seen suffering, yes. But I’ve also seen resilience. I’ve seen mothers carry their children for miles to reach help. I’ve seen health workers rise with courage in the face of crisis. I’ve seen hope bloom in the most unlikely places.

This book is not just my story. It's a message to every child who feels forgotten, every refugee who dreams of home, every student who studies by candlelight, every parent who sacrifices in silence.

You are not alone. Your story matters. Your promise is powerful.

I walk forward with faith, with gratitude, and with the unshakable belief that no beginning is too humble, and no dream too bold.

The journey continues — and I am ready.

Chapter 1: Born in Gondar

I was born in 9, October 1985 in Gondar, Ethiopia — a city steeped in history, nestled among the highlands and crowned with castles that whisper tales of emperors and ancient kingdoms. But my birth came during a time of political turbulence. Ethiopia was shifting under the weight of revolution, and the Derg regime was giving way to the EPRDF. The air was thick with uncertainty, and the future of every family, including mine, hung in the balance.

My father was a man of quiet strength and deep compassion. He worked in the health sector, serving his community with a sense of duty that I would later come to understand as sacred. Our home was modest, but it was filled with warmth, laughter, and the scent of injera cooking on the fire. My siblings and I played in the dusty courtyards, unaware of the storm brewing around us.

One day, government officials came to our home. They told my father he could reopen the health center and promised food for our family. It sounded like hope — a chance to rebuild. But my father saw through the illusion. That night, he made a decision that would change our lives forever.

He woke my mother, gathered my brothers, my little sister, and me. In the darkness, we packed what little we could carry. Using animal transport, we began our journey from East Gondar toward Bahir Dar. I remember the silence of that night — the crunch of hooves on dry earth, the whisper of my mother's prayers, the weight of fear and hope mingling in the air.

Along the way, a kind man warned us of robbers ahead. He advised us to wait, and we took shelter in a stranger's home. But danger found us anyway. The man my father had paid to take us to Tis Abay betrayed us, disappearing with some of our belongings. Another transporter was arranged, this time with donkeys.

I was riding one of those donkeys when I realized something was wrong. The man was taking me on a different path. Panic surged through me. I began to shout, "Momi! Momi!" My voice cracked through the hills. My mother heard me and ran back. I jumped off the donkey and sprinted toward her arms. That moment — terrifying and raw — became a symbol of our unity. No matter the danger, we would not be separated.

That journey from Gondar was more than an escape. It was the beginning of a transformation. It taught me that courage is not loud; sometimes, it's the quiet decision to protect your family. It taught me that love is not passive; it runs toward you when you cry out. And it planted the first seeds of resilience that would grow through every chapter of my life.

Chapter 2: The Escape

The decision to leave Gondar was not made lightly. My father had seen the writing on the wall — the promises from government officials were hollow, and danger lurked behind their smiles. When they offered food and support in exchange for reopening the health center, he knew it was a trap. That night, he chose freedom over fear.

We left under the cover of darkness. My mother, my siblings, and I followed my father's lead, carrying only what we could. The journey from East Gondar to Bahir Dar was long and treacherous. We traveled by animal transport, winding through unfamiliar terrain, hearts pounding with every step.

Along the way, we met a man who warned us of robbers ahead. He offered us shelter in his home, and we accepted with gratitude. But safety was fleeting. The man my father had paid to take us to Tis Abay vanished, stealing some of our belongings. We were stranded, betrayed, and vulnerable.

Another transporter was arranged — this time with donkeys. I was placed on one, and we resumed our journey. But something felt wrong. The man guiding my donkey took a different path, separating me from my family. Panic surged through me. I didn't know where he was taking me, but I knew I had to act.

I screamed with everything I had: "Momi! Momi!" My voice echoed through the hills, a desperate cry for help. My mother heard me. She ran back, her feet pounding the earth, her eyes scanning the horizon. I leapt off the donkey and sprinted toward her. When we embraced, I felt the world realign. I was safe. We were together.

That moment became a defining memory — not just of fear, but of love. It taught me that even in the darkest moments, family is a force that pulls you back from the edge. It showed me that courage is not just in the act of running, but in the act of returning.

Eventually, we reached Bahir Dar. From there, we continued to Bombe in Wolaytta, where we would begin a new chapter. But the escape from Gondar was more than a physical journey. It was a passage from innocence to awareness, from safety to survival. It was the beginning of a story that would stretch far beyond the borders of Ethiopia.

Chapter 3: A New Life in Wolaytta

We arrived in Bombe, a small town in the Wolaytta region, weary but hopeful. The journey from Gondar had tested our strength, but now we faced the challenge of rebuilding our lives. Bombe was quiet, surrounded by green hills and red soil, and it offered a kind of peace we hadn't known in months.

I enrolled in school and began to adjust to our new surroundings. I was a curious child, eager to learn, and I quickly made friends. We played football in the fields, shared stories under the trees, and dreamed of futures far beyond the borders of our town. But beneath the surface, I carried the weight of our escape — the fear, the betrayal, and the vow I had made to my father.

Then came the day that changed everything.

I was accused of a crime I didn't commit. The details were murky, the accusations vague, but the punishment was swift. I was arrested and imprisoned for three months. I was just a boy, locked away in a cell, surrounded by men whose lives had taken darker turns. The walls were cold, the air heavy with despair. I felt forgotten.

But I refused to be broken.

Every day, I reminded myself of my promise. I would become a doctor. I would rise above this. I would not let this injustice define me.

When I was finally released, the community looked at me differently. Whispers followed me. Some saw me as a troublemaker. Others avoided me altogether. It was a painful isolation — not just from society, but from the sense of self I had been building.

Then one day, I overheard a conversation between my father and a friend. The man urged my father to give up on me, to send me away. But my father stood firm.

“I brought my son from Gondar to Wolaytta,” he said. “I have suffered for my family, and I will not abandon my child.”

I felt tears well in my eyes. That moment — hearing my father defend me with such conviction — reignited something inside me. I approached him that night and asked, “What do you want me to become?”

He looked at me, his eyes filled with hope and pain, and said, “A medical professional.”

I nodded. “I will become a doctor — not just for Ethiopia, but for the world.”

That vow became my compass. It guided me through every hardship, every doubt, every challenge. Bombe was no longer just a place of exile. It became the soil where my purpose took root.

Chapter 4: A Father's Stand

After my release from prison, I returned to Bombe a changed boy. The experience had carved something deep into me — a quiet strength, a sharpened sense of justice, and a burning desire to prove myself. But the community didn't see that. They saw a boy who had been behind bars. Whispers followed me like shadows. Teachers hesitated. Neighbors kept their distance.

One afternoon, I overheard a conversation that would change everything.

My father was speaking with a friend — a man he had known for years. The friend urged him to send me away, to cut ties before I brought more shame. “He's a lost cause,” the man said. “You've done enough. Let him go.”

I stood frozen, listening from behind the door. My heart pounded. Would my father agree? Would he give up on me?

But then I heard his voice — steady, unwavering.

“I brought my son from Gondar to Wolaytta,” he said. “I have suffered for my family, and I will not abandon my child.”

Tears welled in my eyes. In that moment, I understood the depth of my father's love. He had risked everything to protect us — his job, his safety, his reputation. And now, he was risking his pride to defend me.

That night, I sat beside him and asked, "What do you want me to become?"

He looked at me, his eyes tired but full of hope. "A medical professional," he said.

I nodded. "I will become a doctor — not just for Ethiopia, but for the world."

That vow became my anchor. It gave me direction when the world felt chaotic. It reminded me that I was not alone, that someone believed in me even when I struggled to believe in myself.

From that day forward, I studied harder. I walked to school with purpose. I listened, learned, and led. I was no longer just a boy from Gondar or a prisoner from Bombe. I was a future doctor — a promise in motion.

Chapter 5: The Vow

That night, after hearing my father defend me with such unwavering love, I couldn't sleep. His words echoed in my mind: "I will not abandon my child." I had seen the world turn its back on me, but my father stood firm. That kind of love demands a response.

I sat beside him in the quiet of our home in Bombe. The air was still, the stars outside blinking like distant promises. I looked at him — this man who had carried us through war, through exile, through shame and silence — and I asked, "What do you want me to become?"

He didn't hesitate. "A medical professional," he said.

It wasn't just a career. It was a calling. My father had worked in the health sector, serving others with dignity and compassion. He had seen the power of healing — not just of bodies, but of communities. And now, he was passing that torch to me.

I looked him in the eyes and said, "I will become a doctor — not just for Ethiopia, but for the world."

That vow became the foundation of everything that followed. It wasn't just a promise to my father. It was a promise to myself, to my family, to every child who had ever been told they weren't enough. I would rise. I would serve. I would heal.

From that day forward, I carried that vow like a flame. It lit my path through every hardship. It reminded me who I was when the world tried to define me. It gave me purpose when the road ahead seemed impossible.

I didn't know then how far that promise would take me — through universities, across borders, into refugee camps and war zones, into boardrooms and clinics. But I knew this: I would keep my word.

And I have.

Chapter 6: Climbing the Ladder

After making my vow to become a doctor for the world, I knew the road ahead would be steep. But I was ready to climb.

I completed high school in Areka, a town that became my launchpad. The classrooms were crowded, the resources limited, but I soaked up every lesson like water in a dry land. I studied late into the night, driven by the promise I had made and the vision of a future where I could heal others.

Getting into college was a triumph. I was accepted into a medical program, and for the first time, I felt the dream taking shape. The lectures were intense, the exams grueling, but I thrived. I wasn't just learning biology and anatomy — I was learning how to serve, how to listen, how to lead.

I earned two master's degrees — one in public health and another in nutrition. Each step deepened my understanding of how health systems work, how communities survive, and how science can be a tool for justice. I didn't stop there. I pursued a PhD, focusing on health and nutrition in humanitarian settings. My research took me into refugee camps, conflict zones, and remote villages. I saw suffering, yes — but I also saw resilience.

Education was never just about degrees. It was about transformation. It was about becoming the kind of doctor my father had envisioned — not just someone who treats illness, but someone who uplifts lives.

I climbed the ladder not for prestige, but for purpose. And every rung was a reminder of where I came from — the dusty roads of Gondar, the prison walls of Bombe, the vow whispered in the dark

Chapter 7: Beyond Borders

My vow had carried me through school, through college, through the long nights of study and sacrifice. But now, it was time to live it — not just in Ethiopia, but across the world.

My journey as a medical professional began with local service, but quickly expanded. I joined Médecins Sans Frontières (MSF), and suddenly, the world opened up. I found myself in refugee camps in Sudan, nutrition clinics in Yemen, and emergency response units in Somalia. Each place had its own rhythm, its own pain, its own resilience.

I worked with UNICEF, helping children in conflict zones regain their health and dignity. I partnered with WHO, designing programs that reached thousands. I collaborated with governments, NGOs, and communities — always with the same goal: to heal, to serve, to uplift.

In total, I worked in more than 30 countries. From the deserts of Chad to the mountains of Nepal, from the slums of Dhaka to the hospitals of Geneva — I carried my father's dream

with me. I treated malnourished children, trained local health workers, and built systems that could survive long after I left.

But it wasn't just about medicine. It was about humanity.

I saw mothers walk for days to get help for their children. I saw doctors operate with no electricity. I saw communities rebuild after war, flood, and famine. And I saw hope — flickering, fragile, but real.

Every border I crossed reminded me of the one I had crossed as a child — from Gondar to Bahir Dar, from fear to freedom. And every life I touched reminded me of the promise I had made: to be a doctor for the world.

Chapter 8: Healing the World

By the time I had worked in my tenth country, I realized something profound: healing is not just about medicine — it's about presence. It's about showing up in places where hope is scarce and reminding people that they matter.

I led humanitarian health and nutrition programs in some of the world's most vulnerable regions. In South Sudan, I helped establish emergency feeding centers for children suffering from acute malnutrition. In Yemen, I coordinated mobile clinics that reached families trapped by conflict. In Bangladesh, I worked with Rohingya refugees, offering care in overcrowded camps where despair hung heavy in the air.

Each mission was different, but the purpose was the same: to serve.

I trained local health workers, built sustainable systems, and advocated for policies that protected the most fragile lives. I sat with mothers who had lost children, listened to fathers who had fled war, and held the hands of patients who had no one else. I wasn't just a doctor. I was a witness. A bridge. A promise fulfilled.

There were moments of triumph — a child recovering from malnutrition, a clinic opening in a remote village, a team overcoming impossible odds. And there were moments of heartbreak — lives lost, programs cut short, communities shattered. But through it all, I held onto the vow I made in Bombe.

I was living it.

Healing the world meant more than treating disease. It meant restoring dignity. It meant empowering others to carry the work forward. It meant believing, even when the world seemed broken, that every life is worth saving.

And it meant remembering where I came from — the boy on the donkey, crying out for his mother, now standing in front of global leaders, advocating for change.

Chapter 9: Lessons from the Journey

Looking back, my life has been a mosaic of hardship and hope, exile and embrace, silence and song. Each chapter — from Gondar to Bombe, from prison to PhD — has taught me something essential about what it means to live with purpose.

I've learned that courage is not the absence of fear, but the decision to move forward anyway. I was terrified when we fled Gondar, when I was imprisoned, when I entered my first refugee camp as a doctor. But I kept going — because the promise I made was stronger than the fear I felt.

I've learned that humility is the foundation of leadership. In every country I've worked, I've met people who knew more about their communities than I ever could. I listened. I learned. I served. And in doing so, I became not just a better doctor, but a better human.

I've learned that faith is not just spiritual — it's practical. My belief in God carried me through the darkest nights. But so did my belief in people, in possibility, in the power of small acts to create big change.

I've learned that family is everything. My father's stand, my mother's strength, my siblings' laughter — they were the roots that held me steady. No matter how far I traveled, I carried them with me.

And I've learned that education is liberation. It opened doors I didn't know existed. It gave me tools to heal, to build, to advocate. It turned a boy with a vow into a man with a mission.

These lessons are not mine alone. They belong to every child who has been told they're not enough. To every refugee who dreams of home. To every student who studies by candlelight. To every parent who sacrifices for their children.

My journey is a testament to what's possible when love meets purpose, when pain becomes fuel, when a promise becomes a path.

Epilogue: The Journey Continues

My journey began in Gondar, Ethiopia — a boy shaped by hardship, hope, and a father's unwavering love. From the dusty roads of Bombe to the refugee paths of East Africa, from prison walls to global missions, I have walked a road few could imagine. And yet, every step was guided by a promise: to become a doctor not just for Ethiopia, but for the world.

Today, I continue that mission — serving communities across continents, working with international organizations, and building systems that heal. I've seen suffering, yes. But I've also seen resilience. I've seen mothers carry their children for miles to reach help. I've seen health workers rise with courage in the face of crisis. I've seen hope bloom in the most unlikely places.

God has blessed me with four precious children: **Haleluya**, **Tinbit**, **Amen**, and **Shalom**. Each of them is a living testament to grace, joy, and purpose. They are my daily inspiration — the reason I strive, the reason I serve, the reason I believe in a better world. Their laughter reminds me of what peace sounds like. Their questions challenge me to keep growing. Their love gives me strength.

This book is not just my story. It's a message to every child who feels forgotten, every refugee who dreams of home, every student who studies by candlelight, every parent who sacrifices in silence.

You are not alone. Your story matters. Your promise is powerful.

I walk forward with faith, with gratitude, and with the unshakable belief that no beginning is too humble, and no dream too bold.

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