



I WANT CAN WILL

Photo stories of young girls
and HIV in Papua New Guinea



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I want, I can, I will

Photo stories of young girls and HIV in Papua New Guinea

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Contents

Acknowledgments	1
Preface	2
Introduction	3
Approach	3
ART is my partner	5
Unkind attacks and unfriendly stares.	7
My future is clear.	9
In the darkness.	11
ART means my life	13
I want to see my grandchildren	15
Please test my son.	17
Being a positive mother	19
I am the shelter	21
Postscript... I want, I can, I will	22
References	23

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This booklet detailing the stories of young women and girls living with HIV in Papua New Guinea would not have been possible without the support and courage of the young women and girls themselves. For some, it was the first time to tell anyone their story. For others it was the first time to hold a camera. For others still, it was the first time to be heard. We thank the young women and girls for honouring us with their stories and their images.

Agnes Mek was the workshop facilitator of the Photovoice workshop where these written and visual stories were shared and documented. Without her passion, skill and sensitivity the young women and girls whose lives are captured here would not have been possible.

UNICEF provided the necessary funding and support to enable these untold stories of courageous and inspirational Papua New Guinean women and girls living with HIV to be documented in this way.

UNICEF is committed to ensuring a positive future for young women and girls living with HIV in Papua New Guinea and the globe over. We believe that these stories form part of the advocacy needed to ensure their stories, their hopes and their dreams form the basis of an effective response to the epidemic in Papua New Guinea and elsewhere.

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Preface

In 2014, UNAIDS and UNICEF launched the global campaign for ending adolescent AIDS-related deaths by 2030 – “All-in #EndAdolescent AIDS.” This was triggered by the realisation of the inequality in achieving the global AIDS response goals. The 2013 UNAIDS report showed that adolescents were the only age group among which AIDS-related deaths were increasing. Furthermore, adolescent girls are more likely to become infected with HIV with two in three new HIV infections in the adolescent age group occurring among girls.

For stakeholders to make a difference it is important to listen to the “Voice” of adolescent girls and of young girls who through access to ART are now adult women. How do adolescents experience HIV? What issues are important to them? How can stakeholders make a meaningful contribution in reducing the burden of HIV among adolescents and provide holistic support?

This Photovoice booklet is a compilation of stories from HIV positive young women and girls living in Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea. By reading the stories and taking in the images they have snapped we are each challenged in how we can contribute to making a difference in the lives of those most urgently in need of our support.

There are far reaching themes that these courageous Papua New Guinean girls and young women recount that affect adolescent experiences of living with HIV. They each tell of the importance of others, families, friends, HIV counsellors and health care workers, in supporting them to live a meaningful life with HIV.

These visual stories show in different ways that with the right support and antiretroviral treatment (ART), adolescent girls living with HIV can not only live but thrive with HIV and contribute to community life. They need not die from AIDS. Like these girls, in each of our communities there are young women and girls who need our support. If you are a young girl reading these stories and looking at the photos know that you are not alone. If you are a key stakeholder in the response to HIV, we urge you to *Reach out, Listen and Act*.



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Introduction

Described as an ‘exploding epidemic’ amongst adolescents, AIDS is the second largest cause of death amongst adolescent globally, and the leading cause in Africa (Paiva et al., 2015). This explosion is most evident amongst already marginalised and often silenced young people – sexually and gender diverse youth including same sex attracted boys and those who identify as transgender as well as young people who inject drugs and those who sell and exchange sex (Paiva et al., 2015). In order for a meaningful response to the global burden of HIV amongst adolescents and young people, those at the heart of this explosion – the young girls and boys themselves – must be engaged and included in the discussion, decision and programs that affect their lives. Moreover, for programs to be effective with this population one must work with the people and harness their creativity, resilience and resourcefulness (Paiva et al., 2015). Furthermore, the barriers that limit adolescent girls, boys and transgender people from accessing services, including the requirement for parental consent, must continue to be challenged in order that the structural vulnerabilities that impede their access to health care, HIV testing and prevention, and treatment are removed. To end the AIDS epidemic, said senior representatives of the United Nations (Lake and Sidibé 2015), we must start by addressing the epidemic amongst adolescents. This booklet is a step, albeit small, in starting to address this epidemic, drawing on the creativity of young girls in Papua New Guinea as well as profiling their resilience and resourcefulness to thrive.

Approach

Photovoice is a participatory research method based on Freire’s notion of critical consciousness (Freire, 1974 (2006)), which is developed through a cyclical process of understanding, reflection and, finally, action (Wang and Burris, 1997, Wang, 2004). Photovoice is used in marginalised communities to critically reflect, promote dialogue and knowledge about particular issues. It is used to empower those usually silenced, to give voice to the issues those on the ground face, as opposed to the issues imagined by those in authority. The endpoint of this method is social action within and beyond communities, particularly with leaders and policy makers. It is also a means by which to bring people together and build supportive communities.

Photovoice involves a training program that equips participants with skills in photography and creating a visual and accompanying written narrative. Photovoice is an established method used to address public health and other social issues, including HIV. In Papua New Guinea it offers a creative and alternative means of depicting important issues in relation to HIV, health, sexuality, development and other matters (Vaughn, 2011, Gibbs and Mondu, 2010). Because there is little to no knowledge about the experiences of girls and young women with HIV in Papua New Guinea, Photovoice offered an innovative, empowering and creative means of bringing these young girls and women together to explore issues about HIV. The issues we sought to explore ranged from diagnosis, familial support, retention in care and treatment adherence. With global attention now on adolescent girls with HIV and on ensuring universal access to life saving treatment to end AIDS-related deaths, it was timely for these Papua New Guineans to share their stories.

A trained facilitator led the training over a five-day period. She was accompanied by three mentor women living with HIV, each of whom had been diagnosed with HIV as adolescents and or as young women. We involved these other women with HIV as an opportunity to build and enhance supportive care networks for young girls and women with HIV. The workshop included building the participants (and mentor women’s) understandings on the concepts of photovoice, technical aspects of using a camera, ethical considerations of image selection and narrative writing for each image. Participants were given cameras and instructed to capture photos that detail being a young woman living with HIV in Papua New Guinea particularly in relation to treatment adherence, familial support and their hopes for their futures. In partnership with others in the group, a section of photographs were used to facilitate group discussions. Participating women and young girls with HIV had the opportunity to write their own stories or have them digitally recorded to explain the meaning of the photos they had chosen and why they were chosen. Photos and stories were put together collaboratively. All stories were recorded and documented in such a way as to protect the anonymity of the participants. No real names are used in the stories. All stories remain as close to the original meaning in Tok Pisin as possible in order to ensure authenticity and to advance the empowerment of these young girls and women.



ART is my partner

Cherrlyn, Aged 18 Diagnosed with HIV at 15 years

I was in grade eight when my parents broke up. My father left us and returned to the village so my mother and I remained in Port Moresby. We rented a house and lived there. At this place, there were some girls who didn't have a job yet everyday they always had large sums of money and brought lots of things for their homes.

They were friendly with me and after some months, they encouraged me to go out and have relationships with men to get money and food from them, go to night clubs and smoke. I thought that this was how young people usually entertained themselves and pleasure their bodies.

My mother began to notice that I was becoming wild and out of control. She used to cry and say, 'Don't do this'; but I'd hide and go around secretly dating, partying and having sex.

Then in 2013, during Christmas I became very sick. For two years I was not aware of my sickness. I started to cough and lost a lot of weight so my mother brought me to the hospital for a blood test. The health care worker got my blood and tested it and said, 'You are HIV positive'. My mother was very worried and cried but the health care worker told her, 'Don't worry. Don't cry. There is medicine available that will help your daughter'.

My mother is a very strong woman and persevered to take care of me and now I've recovered. She normally sells ice-blocks, iced water and juice to pay our rent and pay for my bus fare when I go to the hospital. I always think that if I'd listened to her advice, I would have become a better person and be in good health. Just because I wanted to enjoy socializing with my friends I'm now carrying this burden and going around with it. I've learned from my mistake.

When I look at my future, I know I must adhere to my medicine. I have a long future to live. I can marry and have children. I can earn a living or if I want to I can return to school and continue with my education. I can have my own house and my own family. I can have all of these if I'm faithful and have a positive attitude towards my only partner – ART. Now the doctor has changed my drugs and put me on second line ART drugs. I see my medicine as my lifetime partner; wherever I go ART will be at my side and support me.



Unkind attacks and unfriendly stares

Damarias, Aged 19 **Diagnosed with HIV at 17 years**

I felt my body becoming weak. My thoughts and my mind were closed – I was lost. I sat there in a confused state. I wanted to do things but then I was lost and couldn't remember. I remained like that until I got very severe diarrhoea last year. I thought it was caused from some food I ate. I stayed at home until I felt this itchiness all over my body and then I decided to go to the hospital. I had heard some stories that if you feel your body is weak, have diarrhoea and your body is itchy then that's when you've got HIV. I suspected that I must have this kind of sickness. The health care worker advised me to go for a check up. I did a blood test and they told me I was positive. I didn't think about it. I accepted the result and said 'Thank you'.

My step-parents enrolled me at school. I used to attend everyday but my close friends were not interested in hanging around or chatting with me anymore. They

hated me and said things that hurt me. They just stared at me, looked me up and down and said, 'Before you used to be healthy and strong but now you look malnourished, like a bony chicken.' 'Don't stay and sit around or eat with us' they said. Their gossip, unkind attacks and their unfriendly stares caused me to drop out of school. With whom would I now crack jokes and enjoy friendship.

I took this photograph because when I usually see my friends going to school, I normally sit down and wish that I was like them, a schoolgirl carrying a school bag, wearing a school uniform and carrying school books. But because of their words, their attacks and their looks which made me upset I don't want to go to school; I just dropped out.

I get my ART from a local clinic and the health workers there are friendly. They don't discriminate against

those of us with the virus or say bad things. They just welcome us. They tell us to sit down and they give us tea and little things like body soap or laundry soap and things like that. It's a good service that helps us to live.

Now that I'm taking ART I have freedom, like I have a future. I am thinking that I can go back to school and I can learn. But just because of the problem in my life at this time I normally feel that I have no hope. But now with PhotoVoice, my mind is clear: I can return to school or I can upgrade my marks. I also want to join Igat Hope, the PNG network of people living with HIV.

I am on ART so in the future I will get married and have children. Also I am thinking of returning to school and become a news reporter. I feel that if I go back to school and then come and stay with Igat Hope, I would feel happy. If I stay with ART I will live – raise my family and see my grandchildren.

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My future is clear

Dolly, Aged 23 Diagnosed with HIV at 19 years

I was born into a Christian family and lived in the village until my older sister sent a plane ticket and I came to Moresby. In Moresby she introduced me to a lawyer and told me he was our cousin. I shook hands with him and he gave me his phone number. He used to come around to the house but I always ignored him and didn't answer his calls when he phoned. One time he gave me K20 and confused my thoughts with that money. He poisoned me with love magic so for one whole month we slept around in the lodge and I became pregnant. When the boys in our family saw that I was pregnant, they threw me out.

When I went to the antenatal clinic, the health workers did the blood test and told me I had AIDS. But I didn't believe them. I wasn't faithful to the drugs they gave me. I delivered my baby at the hospital but the nurses and doctors were unfriendly towards me. The baby was put on a bottle but sometimes I used to breastfeed him too. When my baby boy was five months old he died. He shouldn't have died but they did sorcery on him.

Since I lost this baby, I've been healthy and haven't felt anything in my body.

I then married a man who used to work at Hides. He worked there but was terminated because he got drunk and bumped the company vehicle. So I just told him, 'You are a good man; you're not working for money; you won't be able to feed me so just bugger off'. He must have been a negative man. I didn't disclose my status to him.

Only recently I got really sick. I had continuous diarrhoea and I lost a lot of weight. I went to the hospital and the nurse got my blood and she told me I had HIV and asked me if I agree to get HIV drugs. I never told her I already knew I had HIV and had taken the drugs before. They started to give me this drug again after I stopped it the first time. Now I trust this medicine. I tell you it's the real medication I'm getting and my illness has gone away.

I told my family, 'Time for me to bring bride price is gone. I have given birth to a baby and now I am useless' and they were not bothered by it but if the boys or my family hear that I am HIV positive, that will not be a good story. They will cut me; they will assault me. Only my big sister knows my status. It won't be good if I disclose my status to my family. They will hate me or they will discriminate me and that will cause me to think a lot and I will worry. I've decided not to tell them that I have HIV.

Now I'm on this medication I'm gaining weight and my body is returning to its form again; for this reason I trust this medicine. I have no problems with this medicine. I have made a mistake already so I will take this drug. My life into the future is clear. I can say that it's my lifetime journey with my medicine and I'll travel that road into the future with ART. If I get married then I will have children, so this drug will also protect my children and I will live long.



In the darkness

Katie, Aged 17 **Diagnosed with HIV at 15 years**

I have HIV. I completed grade two and dropped out of school because of my parents' marital problems. My photograph really illustrates my life and I want to talk about it. This photo shows discarded old shoes ready to be burned; the place is black and dark.

I found life was difficult and it was hard to get food and money so that's why I did what other women were practicing; going around, going to dances and drinking beer. There was no other way. I went and flirted with men and sold my body and earned money to support my family and myself.

Nowadays, those of us girls who live in the city are dependent on our parents. If our parents have no care and concern for their children, you just imagine? As young girls we have the need for many things. We need to buy body sprays, bras and all these small things to be clean and look good. If we see that someone is wearing some fashionable clothes then we too, we also want to wear the same and go around like them. The modern life of young girls is to flirt and con married men and get money. But then many of us young girls have also got infected with HIV. The main reason is the need for money. I have been involved in such practices like selling sex and I contracted this sickness.

My family used to hate me and I was all alone in the dark. It was the first time I experienced this darkness in my life so I didn't accept my status. I felt like the darkness covered me and I was living all alone. I thought that life was becoming difficult and I felt my future was useless and hopeless. My thoughts were lost and I used to have lots of concerns that I will die or people will reject me. I thought I should just go hide somewhere and die. I'm too young to get this infection and I wondered if my boyfriends would like me like this. I thought I'd die from it.

It was the first time I was ever in the darkness but my mother supported me and brought me to the hospital. She gave me advice, made sure I was happy and she encouraged me to take ART. When I went on ART my confused mind became clear and light. My thoughts returned to normal. I regained my strength and could start my life.

ART is alright; it's become part of my life, like a friend and I'll take it for life.



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ART means my life

Cindy, Aged 18 Diagnosed with HIV at 16 years

I'm a secondary school student. When I was small my parents divorced so my father's sister adopted me. I had one steady boyfriend from primary to secondary school so I trusted him. One time we went out with my peers to a school party and I slept with him.

My adopted parents searched for me everywhere and when I returned the next day my daddy asked me where I had been. I admitted that I slept at my boyfriend's place and he said, 'If you want to get married okay then go', and he threw me out. I had nowhere to go so I came back to my real mother.

I was in grade nine when I fell pregnant to my boyfriend. I told him that I was pregnant and he said, 'When you give birth to the baby we're going to start him on bottle milk.' Three months later my granny saw my body wasting away. I lost a lot of weight. She brought me to the hospital. They did an X-ray and said I had TB. Then they did a blood test and told me I was HIV positive. My boyfriend was the only man I'd slept with and he infected me. I couldn't speak. I looked at my grandmother, and then I looked at the health care worker and my tears rolled down my face. I sat down and just cried. They gave me TB medicine but the medicine didn't work on me. I didn't want to drink the ART but then I thought about my baby; 'If I die who is going to look after this child and love him?'

At the hospital they told me to go to AngliCare to get my medicine. I wanted to open my mouth and talk to my family but I found it very hard to say anything. I recalled what my boyfriend had said – not to breast

feed our baby – so I knew then that he knew his HIV status. My grandmother told my family about my HIV status and they accepted and said there is medicine, but I didn't feel like taking ART. I said to myself, 'Why should I take all these medicines my whole life?'

When I got very sick my grandmother took me to the ward at Port Moresby General Hospital for pregnant mothers. They admitted me. I was at the point of dying. My family didn't come to visit my grandmother and me. Even my boyfriend, his family or my adopted parents didn't come. When my family found out I was pregnant they made all sorts of comments and said, 'Kill it; kill it; you go back and complete your education'.

When I was in the ward the health care workers told me, 'You will have to go to the theatre and abort the baby because you are on ART and we see your body is really swollen. Your eyes are really yellow and we are afraid to give you other treatments. You might get hurt'. My grandmother and I refused to abort my baby. After I had the baby my adopted parents and my partner's family wanted to take my baby and look after him but I refused to give him away.

I gave birth to a tiny baby and they put him in the Special Care Nursery for two months. And when I saw this baby, man!! He was exactly like his father. I didn't say anything but inside myself I just said " Thank you Lord. He's my future. So now my baby is alright and he is walking. I'm very happy to see my baby walking. He gives me courage that I, as an HIV-positive mother, gave birth to a nice negative baby.

Some months went by and my boyfriend didn't come to see me or even bring food or money to buy baby clothes. He saw me losing weight and he was afraid I was going to make trouble because he gave me HIV so he kept away. Later I found out that he was also very sick and admitted to the hospital. I went and visited him. He didn't want to see me. He hid his face but I said, 'You see, I am now strong and living, so you must drink medicine. We will look after our baby and can have more children if we live on medicine'. His father was there so I disclosed my status to him and he cried. He told me his son almost lost his life the night before. He had put his son on herbs. My father also wanted to put me on herbs but I refused. I told my boyfriend that the disease is already in us and there is nothing we can do. The only thing we need to do is to forgive ourselves and reconcile that we have HIV. We have a child already so we should be on ART medication.

My family wants me to get married but I don't want to marry a negative man. He won't understand my life as a positive woman. Despite my family saying no, my only desire is to marry my baby's father and raise our son together.

Since ART has made me well, my future plans are to: continue on taking medicine; return to school to complete my education; find a job; take care of my little boy and; have a few more children.

ART is really important in my life and if I give up taking it I will go down; I wouldn't live long on this earth and see my grandchildren. This ART means my LIFE.



I want to see my grandchildren

Dorothy, Aged 24 **Diagnosed with HIV at 16 years**

As a young person knowing my HIV status at the age of 16 while I was in high school I didn't want to further my education. I thought it was the end of my life. At that time I was very sick and I tried to commit suicide. But when they started me on ART I became strong and healthy again.

As life went on I decided to get married and I met someone who has accepted my HIV status. ART has become a strong brick wall that protects me from getting opportunistic infections. ART also protects my

husband from getting HIV. We decided to have a baby and now we have two negative babies. I'm very happy to take ART everyday of my life because I know that ART is prevention and it helps me to prolong my life.

As long as I am taking ART I have a desire to see my two children complete their education and get married. I want to see my grandchildren. This is the dream of my life as a young mother living on ART.

This picture refers to my life and the path I'm walking. The stonewall along the path is guarding my journey.

The stonewall represents that ART is protecting me from getting the opportunistic infections that are present all around, as can be seen from the dried lawn and environment. The child sitting on the stonewall with his feet hanging over the path way reflects my children who were born negative despite me being a positive mother. The ART I'm taking protected them.

ART is the wall that guides me on the path that I am walking.



Please test my son

Selina - Mentor woman, Aged 34 Diagnosed with HIV at 20 years

I chose this photo of the graveyard because it is meaningful in my life and it is through this grave that I have been able to do a lot of work and it showed me different things. When I was pregnant, there was no such clinic where I could do a blood test to find out whether I was positive or negative and get ART to prevent my baby from getting HIV.

I lived with physical abuse from my husband and there was no support from him. When I had my baby he didn't visit us so then I had an operation to tie my tubes so I couldn't get pregnant again. I didn't tell him. He went around enjoying himself and didn't come to recognize me as his wife and that I needed his support. That time my daughter was only three years old and I taught her to wash dishes and she helped me with the housework.

In 2006, there was training on HIV awareness and I attended it. They informed us how you would contract

this HIV. Then it dawned on me, 'Okay, is this why my baby and I are sick frequently?' I thought I would die because my hair started to fall off. I lost a lot of weight and became very skinny and it weakened my body. My baby and I were infected at the same time but we didn't know.

When my baby boy was only six months we went for a blood test at the Salvation Army where they told me that I had the virus. When I had the test, I asked the man; 'Please test my son too'.

I was angry because of the many problems I had in my life and that my husband had no concern for my life or his children. I had this bitterness and hatred within me. We didn't do anything wrong and we're carrying this burden while he was enjoying himself. As for himself, when he felt weak in his body, he asked me to accompany him to the hospital. He tested HIV positive and started ART.

Whenever my husband got angry with me, he would beat both our son and me. He used to do that. The small boy suffered for 12 years and then he died from HIV. Now my son is present here in his grave; it has a significant meaning in my life. Whenever I sit down and see the grave, I usually reflect and say; 'God gave me this boy but because of his father's unfaithfulness and promiscuity, we shared this burden together. An innocent child died and I am living with this virus'.

When God took my child away he led me to do the kind of work I'm doing now - helping parents and babies - helping my peers. I'm using my own experiences of losing my son to HIV to reach out to other parents. My son's grave always reminds me that I have to do something for HIV-positive parents; many who have left many children orphaned.



Being a positive mother

Verola – Mentor woman, Aged 33 Diagnosed with HIV at 23 years

When I was some months pregnant with my third child, I went for voluntary counselling and testing after hearing that my husband was going around with a positive woman. I didn't want to be counselled - I just said 'Test me for HIV.' When my results came back positive for HIV I didn't panic. They put me on ART straight away to protect my unborn child and to ensure it was negative.

When I first knew about my status, my mind was filled with lots of questions. Will my family accept me? What will happen to my children when I am gone? Will my family care for my children or chase them out of their homes? Am I going to enjoy life now when I am positive? And will I ever get married again?

The first person to know about my HIV status was my husband, the father of my baby. As years went by I decided to tell people after my father died and my baby tested negative.

The picture represents my life as a positive person AND mother, how I know my HIV status and the very people who have supported me to be where I am now. The light at the front of the brick shows me as HIV positive. After testing positive, I had to go through this brick wall and be on ART. The three holes represent my three children who encouraged and supported me go through to be on the other side of the wall. Light and things after the brick shows my happy life now.

My achievements include having a negative baby. Being on ART has given me another chance in life. Last year I completed my certificate in Human Resources Management. Being with Igat Hope and through the support of my positive friends they have given me hope to be strong.

Although I have HIV I enjoy life like any other normal people. Being HIV positive has brought me closer to God. I pray everyday. Being a positive mother and taking ART I am still strong. I want to see my children grow up to be adults and have a successful life.



I am the shelter

Molly - Mentor woman, early 40s Diagnosed with HIV at late teens

The shelter represents my life at the moment. Through rain, wind or hot sun, the shelter provides shade and protection, a place to sit and rest. And it stands strong through all these elements. This represents the struggles, challenges and pressures in my life but I still stand strong and face these problems.

The shelter reflects me taking care of PLWHIV who come to me for advice, counselling, direction and peer support. I embrace them, mentor them and

provide a safe place for them. The posts of the shelter represent important things in my life, which without them I couldn't continue what I am doing now. They are: my family; being on ART; being able to complete school; having access to factual information; having good, supportive friends and; being open about my HIV status.

The shelter has no walls and it represents my life being open and everyone knows who I am and what I do.

I have nothing to hide, as I am very open. It's a boring photo. I'm a quiet person and I love my privacy and space. I don't like bright colours in my life. I love the colours brown, black, grey and white.

I am happy that people look to me as a mentor and leader and this makes me to WALK THE TALK. Walking the talk is the biggest thing I do every day in my life of being HIV positive.

Postscript... I want, I can, I will

The nine images captured through the eyes of the young women and girls living with HIV who participated in the Photovoice workshop, and the stories that accompany them, speak to the possibilities and promises of a future. I want, remarked Cherrilyn, I can, said Katie and I will, remarked Dolly.

After first becoming infected and later diagnosed with HIV, these young women and girls depicted distinct and varied journeys of family, living arrangements, love and support, sexual relationships, acceptance, education and adherence to treatment.

Positioned somewhat differently in each of these visual-verbal narratives is the role of HIV treatment. Through treatment, particularly lifetime adherence to these drugs, each of these women and girls have been able to achieve, what may be best described as universally small, but personally profound milestones: an HIV-negative baby; getting married; completing their education; staying healthy; returning to treatment and remaining adherent.

Adherence to these life-saving medicines has enabled each of these girls and women to imagine a future - A future that they are a part of. Not only are they alive, they imagine thriving – going back to school, getting married, having children and being a role model for others and ensuring other women, girls and babies are protected from HIV or at least supported in their journey to live with the virus.

By themselves these images and stories are just that. But when viewed in relationship to one another an important and resounding tapestry is woven with threads of endurance, of hope and of resilience. These images, and the words the young girls and women shared to bring the photos to life, offer us all hope, a hope where young women and girls can live with HIV without stigma and without discrimination. With the inclusion of stories from women who were infected and diagnosed as young adolescent girls now having reached adulthood, these stories offer hope to those still much younger but who share the experience of being diagnosed in adolescence. They are proof that wants, cans and wills are possible.

Moreover, these stories are a call to action; a call to prevent other young women and girls in Papua New Guinea and beyond from being infected with HIV. This is a call to action we cannot ignore. It is call to ensure all young girls live, rather than die, from HIV. For other young girls and women, these stories are a call for solidarity, a call to say you are not alone and together with us you too can live with HIV.

