

TELL YOUR Mother's STORY



Coffee Table Publication

Series Editor
Dr Kogie Archary



sport, arts & culture

Department:
Sport, Arts and Culture
REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA



Dr Maseke Mabelane



The fifth volume unveils a tapestry of diverse women with a variety of journeys. Diverse women that are of different races from South Africa and beyond. The variety of journeys are characterised by the different contents of what they carry with them in their luggage. They are characterised by selflessness, determination, persistence, resilience, commitment and unconditional love to contribute to socio-economic status of self and others. The journeys reveal the women's belief in themselves and some succeeded due to nurturing environments and support from parents, family, friends, spouses and others. However, even the unlucky ones who were not quite supported, they too endeavoured to emerge as victors and leave a legacy. Most of the women did not pay lip service to believing in education - they actually showed the way through - themselves obtaining various qualifications and even participating in a variety of organisations to continue to ensure that they remove the barriers to access to a better life. Apartheid and patriarchy and their ills were not to deter these women of substance from pursuing their dreams. As they forged ahead to participate in previously male dominated professions, they dared

to ensure that they achieve their dreams despite any circumstance that may prevail. The pride with which the women are described, explains why the admirers could dare risks to save their lives. Despite all, the women remained inspirational even at the cost of putting their professions on hold for a while. The women are portrayed as standing for themselves as they strike a balance between culture, family responsibilities and achieving their goals.

Ms Siphumelele Ngwane

Volume 5 offers a diverse collection of personal accounts, by authors who have had the privilege of experiencing women of remarkable stature within their lifetimes. What each of these stories have in common is a female protagonist who has created enough of a legacy for herself, to have earned themselves an admirer willing (or their own platform) to immortalise their efforts and achievements through print for their names to be echoed for generations to come. It is refreshing to be reminded with these stories, how we live during a time where we can celebrate women who offer a plethora of characteristics, cultures and identities, all within the same space, where young girls and women from all walks of life can find a protagonist that they can relate to and/or aspire to be emulate. Volume Five celebrates women who are academics and entrepreneurs just as it does homemakers and survivors, educates through the stories of "carriers" and activists as well as educators and life givers. Each woman with a legacy the audience can either learn from or gear towards. What is more is that along with the theme of "influential heroine" carried throughout the book, with each account, the audience is also allowed a first-class window seat on a time machine. One that not only transverses through the past century, yet also journeys the audience through South to West Africa, Asia, the Americas and Europe through the vivid encounters shared by the authors of the Volume Five collection. It is a (unfortunate yet well-known) fact that history is usually written in the words of the conquerors. While this amalgamation of stories succeeds at being an enthralling and heart-warming yet educational read, this aforementioned time machine, also serves more importantly as a capsule which lends the pen of the book of history to those from nations which may have once been conquered by imperialism, colonisation, oppression and patriarchy.



TELL YOUR MOTHER'S STORY

VOLUME FIVE
2022

Series Editor
Dr Kogie Archary

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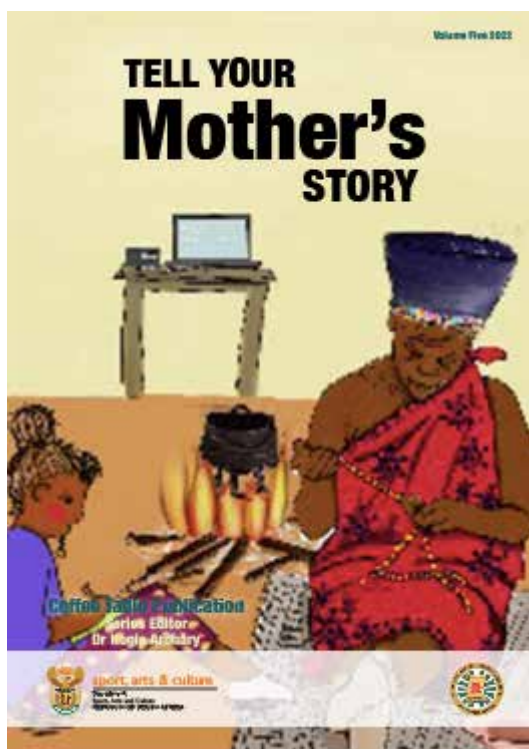
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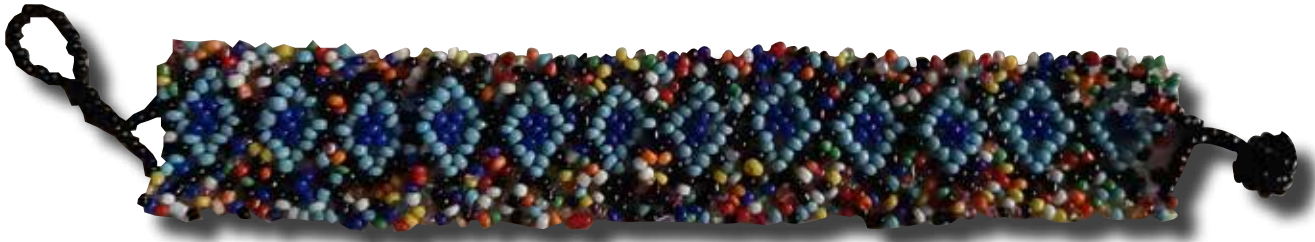
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Ohasa Coffee Table Publication series

Tell Your Mother's Story, 2018 To 2022 Book Launches

Beads in the African culture are a symbol and celebration of womanhood, sexuality, femininity, fertility, healing, spirituality, body shaping, first menses, protection, seduction, and wealth, amongst other things.



Volume One: Printed and launched in 2018, Glen Ashley Library (July), Durban North Library (August), Tongaat Library (September), SABPP Durban (October), Milnerton, Cape Town (October)

Volume Two: Printed and launched in 2019, Glen Ashley Library (July), MANCOSA Durban (August), Merebank (September), Voortrekker Museum Pietermaritzburg KZN (September), Mpumalanga (October)

Volume Three: Printed and Virtual launch in 2020

Volume Four: Printed, Physical and Virtual Launch in 2021, Clarens, Free State

Volume Five: Printed, Physical and Virtual Launch in 2022, Kuruman, Northern Cape

Going Global, New Beacon Books, London

Established in 1966, New Beacon Books is the only remaining independent Black publishing and bookselling entity in the United Kingdom. Throughout its 56 years, it has been pivotal to the growth of the Black Education Movement, the Black Supplementary School Movement and current calls for the decolonisation of the curriculum. Unlike Amazon, Alibris and other online suppliers, New Beacon has been at the heart of communities, building social movements and giving expression to young voices. It remains a huge part of the history of the adaptation of British society to its historical and post-war Black presence. Save and develop it for coming generations. (<https://www.newbeaconbooks.com/>). The Paul and Adelaide Joseph family assisted in submitting Adelaide's story to Volume 4 of the Coffee Table Publication Tell Your Mother's Story series as she went into exile, leaving South Africa during the 1960s due to her political activism. Her daughter, Nadia Joseph who works at New Beacon Books, London has supported the CTP TYMS series by placing copies on their shelves. What follows is a snippet from an email sent by Nadia Joseph indicating that New Beacon Books is sharing and displaying the CTP TYMS on their shelves.

"Hi Kogie. I thought you would like to see how we are sharing the book at new Beacon Books. Thanks again for the extra copies. I plan to offer one copy to Senate House Library which has some of my parent's archive for researchers to access, Nadia"

Tell Your Mother's Story



Coffee Table Publication
Series Editor: Dr Kogie Archary



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'Tell Your Mother's Story'

This anthology of women's life stories was produced by the Oral History Association of South Africa (OHASA) funded by the SA department of Sports, Arts and Culture. It was published on a not-for-profit basis, New Beacon Books is, therefore, offering our supporters the opportunity to borrow it for a week and return so others can do the same.

Please enquire at the till if you would like to do this as we will need your contact details.

(Courtesy of Nadia Joseph)

Footprint since 2018

Not only does this Series have a local, regional and national footprint, but the Tell Your Mother's Story has landed in African countries, reached the African diaspora and further copies have been requested from international libraries and families who have an umbilical attachment to South Africa.



(Courtesy of Nadia Joseph. New Beacon Books)

Impact, input and distribution

The series has grown and is now a proudly South African product that is on the move beyond our shores. It has an impact in terms of the reach of the product as women's stories from across the globe are submitted and included in this series. The input in terms of changing the trajectory of capturing, sharing and disseminating women's stories is witnessed as the table of contents for the last five years has changed significantly. From author feedback received by OHASA, it is abundantly clear that the distribution of this book has reached most parts of the world. Volume 6 will include a comprehensive list of the names of the countries where the books have been read.

Outreach, community awareness and corporate social responsibility

In terms of the CTP TYMS mandate, outreach, community awareness and corporate social responsibility, there is a greater need for more institutionalised partnerships with agencies who are in a favourable position to share the word about this growing project. It is anticipated that companies, educational institutions and other sectors of society will join forces in assisting in the collection of women's stories, especially those women who were born in the 1920s, 1930s and 1940s. And more significantly to capture the heartfelt stories and realities of women who were involved in the liberation movement to ensure that we achieve freedom in our lifetime. ***Aluta Continua!***

Acknowledgements

Department of Sport, Arts and Culture

This publication has been produced with the support, assistance and financial sponsorship of the National Department of Sport, Arts and Culture of The Republic of South Africa. Our appreciation is extended to the Deputy Minister of Sport, Arts and Culture, Hon Ms NN Mafu and Chief Director, Mr Puleng Kekana for their encouragement, furtherance and willingness to ensure that this Coffee Table Publication series develops as it is a value adding tangible product of OHASA.

Review Team

Thank you to Dr Maseke Mabelane and Ms Siphumelele Ngwane who despite their many family, work and other commitments reviewed this Volume within the tight time frames.

Friends of Tell Your Mother's Story

There are many who have volunteered their services to this initiative. We would like to thank all the people who have been involved with Volume Five of the Tell Your Mother's Story Publication. In particular we would like to thank the authors for their contributions and enthusiasm as well as the many individuals who have read through the text and provided useful comments. Last, but not least we would like to thank the families, friends and colleagues of those involved for their continued support and patience in getting this publication to print. While every effort has been made to ensure the accuracy of contents the publishing, the editing and proofreading teams cannot be held responsible for any omissions and errors in this publication.

Executive Committee Members 2022

Members of the Oral History Association of South Africa and the National Department of Sport, Arts and Culture of the Republic of South Africa: Prof Sekgothe Mokgoatšana, President of OHASA; Tshitso Challa, Deputy President; Prof. Christina Landman, Editor of OHASA; Boitsheko Thwane, Treasurer; Viwe Sibanga, Secretary; Charity Mbewe, Assistant Secretary; Maite Manganye, Publicity and Promotions; Radikobo Ntsimane, Research and Development; Dr Kogie Archary, Series Editor CTP Tell Your Mother's Story; Adv Dennis Maake, (DSAC); Khanyi Ngcobo (DSAC); Brenda Kotze (DSAC); Belinda Mahanjane (DSAC) and Lucas Thulare (DSAC) are acknowledged for their input, structural assistance and logistical interventions in the delivery of this Volume.

Previous and current members of EXCO In attendance in Clarens, post 2021 Elections



L-R: Dr Kogie Archary, Sipho Zulu, Prof Sekgothe Mokgoatšana, Prof Christina Landman, Maite Manganye, Viwe Sibanga, Dr Munyaradzi Musonga, Dr John Aerni-Flessner, Tshitso Challa and Boitsheko Thwane

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COVID 19 Restrictions Easing up...2021 – 2022

OHASA EXCO on the Move...

around the country



October 2021:

Statue of Nokuthula Simelane in Bethal. On Excursion during Clarens Oral History Conference in Free State



April 2022:

At the Khotso Flatela Archives in the Northern Cape



June 2022:

OHASA and LOC colleagues in Kuruman, Northern Cape on excursion at Kasi Workshop: Enamel tea cups, a jug of tea, patterned warm blankets and the familiar floor mat.

Oral History Association of South Africa

First and foremost, OHASA is a product of the post-1994 political transformation and an agent of the Department of Arts and Culture. The seed that brought about the birth of OHASA was planted in 1999 when the then Department of Arts, Culture, Science and Technology (DACST) was mandated by Cabinet to conceptualise and spearhead the National Oral History Programme (NOHP) for South Africa. This was the first project of its kind to be undertaken by the government. The Programme was intended to yield information that would be added to the information already existing in the country's archival holdings. It was strongly felt that the dissemination and management of information and knowledge was crucial to the restoration and sustenance of the human dignity of many millions of people, which was ravaged by colonialism and apartheid. The rationale for the establishment and development of the National Oral History Programme (NOHP) was based on the following 5 factors:

- Firstly, in South Africa, as a result of colonialism and apartheid there are gaps in the public records and public knowledge, which are caused by deliberate omission of African knowledge, technologies, stories and philosophies from the mainstream of South Africa's body of knowledge.
- Secondly, such omission concerns various aspects of African and other disadvantaged experiences in areas such as politics, economics, social development, health, culture, gender issues and religion. These aspects are inadequately represented and urgently need to be redressed.
- Thirdly, the retrieval and dissemination of oral history and oral tradition are vital to fill the gaps in the education system.
- Furthermore, it was felt that oral history would provide alternative narratives, fresh information and new insights into our understanding of the past. It would stimulate marginalised and distorted social practices which could enhance the well-being of the people.
- Finally, it was agreed that Oral history would benefit the communities in three ways. Firstly it would provide emotional support to people through affirmation and healing. Secondly it would assist communities in retrieving traditional support systems in matters such as food conservation, funeral procedures or natural medicine, thus allowing them to save money. In this way it would provide non-monetary economic assistance. Lastly the communities would be entitled to derive some benefits from the commercialisation of commodities produced with the help of indigenous knowledge accessed through oral history. The National Oral History Programme started with a pilot project with the theme, "The 1956 Anti-Pass March to the Union Buildings by Women of South Africa", a topic which was chosen because it was one of the many inadequately documented historic events in the country's past.

Previous committee members, hard at work, at a 2019 Mpumalanga strategic planning meeting



L-R: Lucas Thulare, Boitsheko Thwane, Maite Manganye, Khanyi Ngcobo, Adv. Dennis Maake, Belinda Mahanjane, Prof Sekgothe Mokgoatšana, Dr Kogie Archary, Prof Christina Landman

In A Virtual World Kogie Archary

In a virtual world, challenges about, every day, since March 2020
New. Everything new, a challenge indeed, a newness surrounds
A challenge for children, men and mostly women!

Virtual experiences, now an everyday occurrence
In a subtext
Rewriting old texts
Tutelage anew, ergo-dynamics a-changing
Undermine no one, as your fingers do the talking
All asunder, the laptop, the personal computer, your new company
Learning anew, the world of virtual reality.

Wow, a virtual world, a surreal experience
Oh my, a school child on WhatsApp groups for notes and classes
Reaching 60, and logging into MS Teams and Zoom
Learning through the youth, data bundles, logging and leaving meetings – all virtual
Desperately, trying against all odds to survive in a virtual world



In 2020, the Inaugural virtual launch of the Coffee Table Publication Volume Three took place successfully. The Program Director was Dr Mxolisi Dlamuka, the Guest of Honour was the Deputy Minister of DSAC, Ms NN Mafu, the series editor Dr Archary. In a screenshot, the Deputy Minister was captured praising the youngest new writer, Olwami Shangase

OHASA Teams

The OHASA EXCO Elected Team in Clarens, November 2021

Engaging in matters of Orality, saving knowledge and ensuring that the accumulation of wisdom becomes inherent in the cultural and economic communities that we serve...



Professor Sekgothe Mokgoatšana – seated, Mr Tshitso Challa, Dr John Aerni-Flessner, Ms Maite Manganye, Dr Munyaradzi Musonga, Ms Viwe Sibanga-Rheya, Ms Boitsheko Thwane

The OHASA EXCO and Local Organising Committee

Kuruman, Northern Cape, 14th June 2022, engaging in matters of national interest.



L-R: Tshitso Challa, 1 (F), Radikobo Ntsimane, Charity Mbewe, Maite Manganye, Brenda Kotze, Sekgothe Mokgoatšana, 2 (F). 3 (B), 4 (M), 5 (B), Adv Dennis Maake, 6, Khanyi Ngcobo, Prof Christina Landman

Political Crescendos... Past to the Present

Kogie Archary

Political change, social upheavals, embargoes, sanctions against our country, South Africa
Onwards we marched, liberation before education we chanted .
Liberation by means of education ignited us!
Into a new dawn, we fought for liberations, we fought for freedom, we fought for decolonisation

The life we would experience, as citizens, the pride we would feel in the land of our birth
It was of so little consequence to them, our oppressors who kicked us in our faces...yet,

Callous, as they were, we soldiered on, their spit on our faces, we hid our tears,

Atrocious most times, we never gave up, our mother's suffering, we wanted to avenge!
Let it be known, let it be read, let it be shared, we Tell Our Mother's Stories

Critical, we have been, we see now a need for change, abject change in light of the crisis.
Retracing our paths, we fought a political fight, NOW, we attack gender based violence, femicide
Evening twilights were dark back then, NOW, we witness - Corruption, crime, cruelty come to light
So sad, the 50s, 60s, 70s and 80s bore a different cadre: Non-sexist, non- racist were our calls,
Careless we have become with our envied Constitution, let's look to....
Early morning meanderings of multilingualism, religious freedom, respecting women and more
Nearby sadness must be castrated, dethrone the pimps, de-drug the addicts, save our mothers!

Daily upheavals, as fathers try to work, the economy so ...
Overtly limp, so depressing, so very down in the doldrums BUT there's a need to move, to move out,

Eagerly move up, to change the playing fields, let's work - like we did before, the political crescendos
Still trying, still fighting for our freedom, for our mothers, our children, Our world!

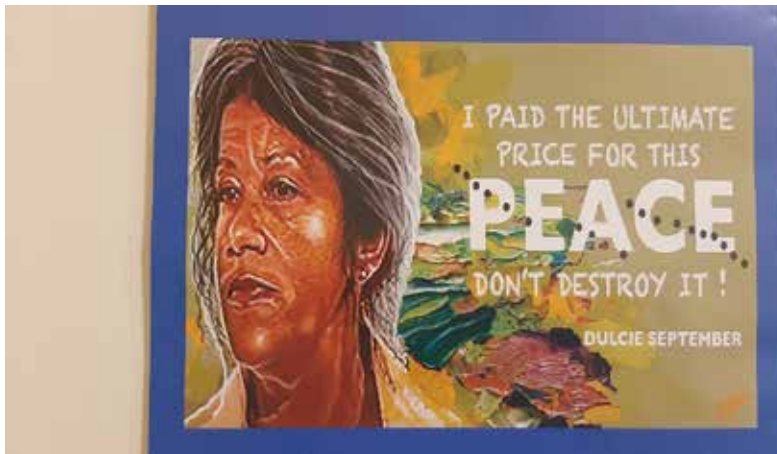
Peeping into the future, looking, searching, hoping
Anarchy seems to reign now, even though it poured yesteryear,
Stop this violence, this gender based violence, this criminality, this political massacres
Tormented we were, now to live in peace, let's try, let's make it happen.

Tormented we are, but NO more, let's change, Save our mothers from tears and fears
Offer them love, peace, warmth, hugs and love

Tormented no more, is our mandate
Heavy heart no more,
Everlasting peace, we invite you, we invoke you, be with our Mothers as you hold her hand.

Pining for days of quiet, peace, tranquillity
Resting whenever we can
Easing into some comfort
Seize the moment, let's share some joy, the struggle should be over
Every day, now a new day of hope, a new dawn
Every day, now a new day of hope, a new dawn
No more tears Mother..., even though we are sad
Today, we pledge to stop!

Dulcie September



(Pictorial: Centre for Fine Art Animation and Design)
Dulcie's Last Speech prepared for a demonstration to save the Sharpeville Six

March 17th, 1988

Dear Friends,

You are gathered here today in front of the embassy of the white minority rule of apartheid to show your hatred of Hitler's heirs who have sentenced to death six young patriots. I want to insist on this point. It is the first time the regime will hang a woman because she was active in the struggle against apartheid. It is a way to frighten women because they are more and more active in our struggle for freedom and women emancipation. We could threaten the racists as the 20 000 women did, when they marched towards Union Buildings in Pretoria to protest against the pass law in 1956. They sang "You strike a woman; you strike a rock".

Today 6 of our patriots are waiting to be hanged. Today after two years of a state of emergency, Pretoria is unable to stop the way forward of our people towards freedom, democracy and the birth of a non-racial society. It is for the murder of Dlamini, the collaborator, that the Sharpeville Six have been sentenced to the death penalty. They were arrested in their homes in November 1984, presented to the court on September 25, 1985. In the meantime, they were in the hands of their torturers, without any visit, not even of a lawyer, detained in complete isolation.

On December 13 the judge Human, who rejected all the evidence given by the defendants, read the sentence: to be executed by hanging! Here is South African justice, the justice of a system, some dare support in the name of the struggle for democracy and the defence of economical interests.

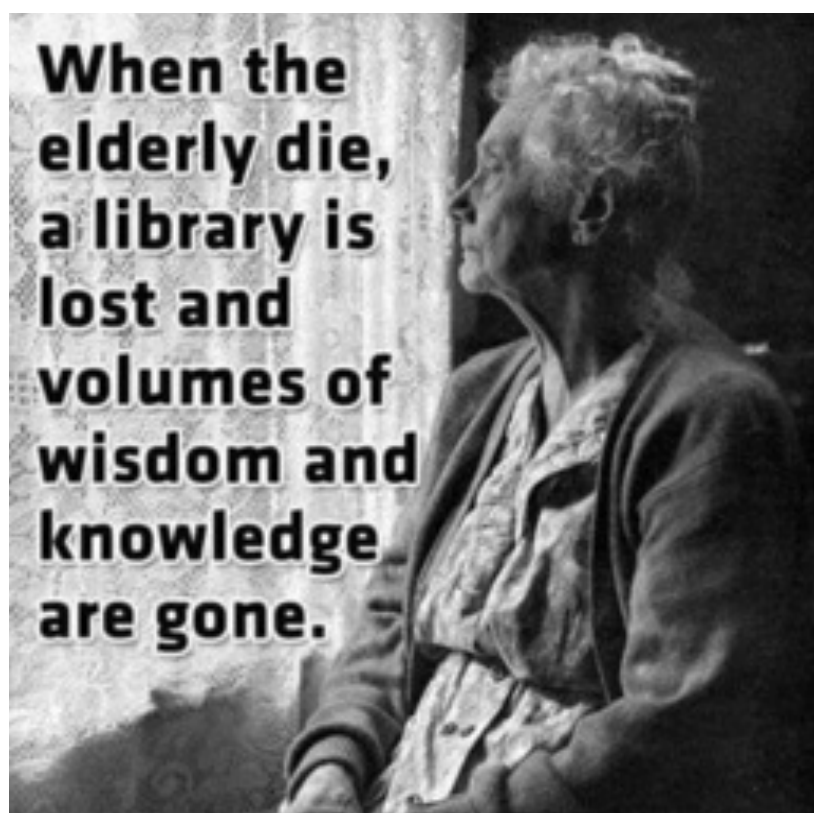
Here is the justice of apartheid, this repugnant beast, which devours the children of a people which has no other choice but to fight by all means, included the armed struggle. Here is the justice of this repugnant beast, still alive because some governments refuse to cut links, refuse to stop collaboration which you could stop by demanding to your government to apply mandatory sanctions.

France, Great Britain, the USA, the Republic of Germany, Japan, they all must stop supporting apartheid. The defeat of apartheid will mean the defeat of racist forces all over the world. Together we must save the Sharpeville Six, together we must save all our compatriots sentenced to the gallows, together we must demand the release of the political prisoners of South Africa, the release of Nelson Mandela and his comrades of the Rivonia trial.

- Demand mandatory oil sanctions.
- Isolate apartheid from all international forums.
- Demand the end of diplomatic relationship and the closure of the racist regime embassies all over the world.
- Popular sanctions now.
- Support our resistance and our armed struggle.

Words are not enough now; action is needed and the fate of millions of people depends on what you will do or what you will not do. We call on you now and with more strength than ever to support our liberation struggle for a free, united, democratic and non-racial South Africa.

Reflective Memories...



As we reflect, we remember that Mothers can come in many forms



“Our thoughts, actions and willingness may or may not reflect where we have come from.” Kogie Archary

Women having Stories Prof Christina Landman

Many years ago, I asked my mother about her life as a child and a young person. She was quite amazed. It simply did not occur to her that a woman has a story to tell. Her story only started when she married my father and, as such, it was a shared story only.

Five years ago Dr Kogie Archary started this wonderful project, encouraging everyone to tell the stories of their mothers. I also wrote the story of my mother for the first Volume (2018). Sadly, by then my mother had passed on, before I could get her story from her. I had to tell her story only in my words.

Tell your mother's story has become a valuable part of the publications of the Oral History Association of South Africa (OHASA). OHASA also publishes annually the Social Memory Studies Collection in the HTS Journal. Additionally, we publish the Proceedings of the annual National Oral History Conference. While the other publications of OHASA are more academic, Tell Your Mother's Story (TYMS) creates an opportunity for people of all educational orientations to tell the story of their mother. There is no other publication nationwide and even internationally that creates this platform for women's stories to be told by their children and others.

I remember that when I attended the biennial International Oral History Association (IOHA) Conference in Finland in 2018, I took three copies of the Volume One TYMS with me for the exhibition table. The copies kept on disappearing to be returned sometime later. The TYMS was popular reading material.

I hereby wish to convey congratulations to Dr Kogie Archary for this beautiful and relevant publication. May it grow even stronger in future.

Kind regards

Christina Landman

Head: Publications (OHASA)



2021 OHASA Publication Launch in Clarens, Free State

Deputy Minister Ms NN Mafu; Social Memory Studies; Ms Maite Manganye – Speaker at the CTP TYMS Volume Four Launch

Introduction

Dr Kogie Archary

The past holds the key to our greatness! The past is also a pivotal part of our sadness as a nation. The meandering past weaves us along the tributary of life that sets us free as we welcome the future, whilst embracing the present. Orality as a source of primary history, the recording of stories, the capturing of past truths as experienced in art, song, dance, music, culture, traditions, mores, values and other expressions are a rich source of value to humankind as lessons are learnt and espoused in ways that encourages ethical nationhood. It is through the difficulties, the challenges and the experiences endured by many before us that enable us to add to the literary tapestry of a rich and vibrant South Africa. We are able to tell our stories and enjoy a kaleidoscope of tales unearthed from throughout the length and breadth of South Africa and across borders. This compilation of unique stories adds to the body of knowledge that sheds light on our past. Authors have been sourced from different communities across South Africa and abroad. Representative writers across race, gender, age, religious background etc. have positively impacted this writing. Women are at the focal point in relationships as relationships grow, terminate or remain static. Women keep culture, tradition, family values and folklore alive in the telling and retelling of tales and stories. Women's stories need to be told, their struggles need to be embraced, their successes need to be cherished, their attempts at improving society need to be known and their value add to families need to be emphasised at every point in time. This fifth edition of "Tell Your Mothers' Stories" as compiled, attempts to address the need to close the gap that exists in terms of women's stories. It is ordinary women that have catapulted their countries to greatness when one considers the role, value and function of women during the World Wars, during the Great Depression, through the Holocaust, Apartheid, Decolonisation, Economic and Social Revolutions, Racism, Covid 19 and through various other traumatising episodes that have shaped world history.

The future will never be the same as we know and understand it. The present deals with futuristic technology, the 4th and 5th Industrial revolutions and so much more. As the lockdown continues through 2022, the COVID 19 Pandemic affects the entire global population. The world of work changed, families were forced to self-quarantine and nature reigned supreme. It is the women - mothers, nurses and mainly female caregivers who have provided the support, care and love required by the sick, the elderly and the vulnerable. During the lockdown, which was imposed by the national government, gender-based violence, alcohol abuse and depression were reported as some of the severest and most traumatising of episodes experienced by millions of women and society in general. However, the positives to emerge from the lockdown are the importance of nature, the need for spirituality, the activation of proper hygiene and diet as well as an appreciation for life.

The importance of family and friends is highlighted and it is women who have kept the home fires burning, been champions to her (and other's) children and amazingly been that ray of hope to all, when she quietly said, "this too shall pass." These volumes have invited writers to tell stories about ordinary women who lead their families, who drive communities, which consequently



impact society. It can be justifiably implied that this publication belongs on every bookshelf, on every coffee table, in every library and should take pride of place in your personal collection as it tells the story of women who came from different backgrounds, from diverse educational and cultural spheres and from divergent economic situations. Women growing up during South Africa's Apartheid regime hold close to their heart a unique part of the country's historical experience as they witnessed this harsh oppression in its most brutal forms. For this volume, women may have chosen not to write about that aspect of their lives. Writers may have chosen not to highlight the lived and ideological difficulty - which was to be that of a South African woman of colour during Apartheid - especially a Black African female who was triply oppressed, so there still exists a need to further expose those nuances of South African women's stories.

I hope you will enjoy reading this collection of stories as they are written with love and care to carefully portray aspects of life in South Africa and the African diaspora over time. The warmth and depth in the writing suggests a need to continue with follow-up editions. Metaphorically speaking, if you do not feed the chickens, the chickens die. It is a great metaphor for building a family, a community, a society, a nation, a continent and indeed the world. 2020 moving onto 2021 and now 2022 - has entrenched 2022 as the year of change, adapting, loss but moving forward. Home after home, community after community, country after country and continent after continent are facing so much. Everything is changing. People are lost. Families are broken. Friends are afraid. Partners are disappearing; love is questioned, hope is challenged and faith is losing an elusive battle. In the many confrontations of life, survival is now writing a new history. 2022 continues to be a year where mental fragility is tested alongside economic survival and normal healthy living standards.

Despite, the difficulties that plague us as a nation, the Executive Committee of OHASA has soldiered on with its mandate under the leadership of President Sekgothe Mokgoatšana. This publication, under the guidance of OHASA Editor, Prof Christina Landman has developed over the last five years. Volume Five bears testimony to the guidance of the OHASA EXCO as it showcases a myriad of stories that are reflective of the South African demographics and African diaspora. In as much as the past is remembered and the value adds enshrined in today's older generation, it must be remembered that the future is in the hands of the youth.

This publication is a dedication to all women who have borne the brunt of hardship yet survived. It is a testimony of one of the generations that have suffered but voiced their opinion when they decided Liberation before Education. These women are the stalwarts who are celebrated amidst the difficulties of daily living in an economy that is continuously challenged. This volume contains stories that reflect on unity, renewal and reconstruction in the year. As the stories unfold, what becomes clear is that women have been the backbone of society and the strength of communities come from the strength of the women who keep that community alive. The paradigmatic shift in expectations from previous generations is clearly visible in this publication as we read of stories where young women, after being married, having children, still returning to formal education despite their challenges.

In terms of reviewing this Volume, Dr Maseke Mabelane and Ms Siphumelele despite their very busy schedules reviewed this publication. Dr Maseke Mabelane holds a PhD in Public Management and Governance and since 1985 has been a public servant having served in many portfolios. She was a Mathematics and Physical Science Teacher, Acting Head of Department, Deputy Principal and Principal. She is Chief Director for Arts, Culture, Language Development, Heritage, Libraries, Sport and Recreation and Corporate Services in Mpumalanga Province. Dr Mabelane has a passion for the written word. Ms Siphumelele Ngwane is currently an English FAL Lecturer at Elangeni TVET College, holding a Bachelor of Arts Degree (English Literature and Classical Civilizations) and describes herself as "an avid bibliophile." She has shared interests in literature, both ancient and modern history, drama and the performing arts and has subsequently acquired formal education within these subjects throughout her learning history - the most recent qualification being a PGCE (teaching English as a Home Language and History at FET level). Along with lecturing, Siphumelele is also pursuing opportunities in reviewing, blog writing, copywriting and creative writing so as to utilise her qualifications as well as her creativity to its fullest potential. In conclusion, an incredibly special thank you to the Coffee Table Publication past and present writers for their submissions and to the following colleagues who painstakingly read individual and many stories to ensure that the output is worthy of publication and boast added value in literary circles on an international level: Ms Marcelle Abrahams, Prof Malcolm Wallis, Ms Navi Reddy, Ms Farhana Cassim, Ms Danita Hingston, Dr Kellie Steinke, Dr Dhanasagree Govender and Dr Mark Coghlan.

To all associated with this publication, we appreciate your commitment and duty to national interest and for embracing the voluntary nature of this project.

MOVING ALONG... Thank you to the women, the grandmothers, the mothers, the daughters, the aunts, the sisters, the caregivers, the sisters - in- law, cousins, nieces, granddaughters, lovers, mistresses and girl friends who kept the home fires burning, carried the children on their backs and took care of the elderly during the long dark nights and chilly summer days in the walk to freedom...may this read inspire more women to tell their stories, more sons to write their mother's stories and more fathers to pay tribute to their daughters...Herewith, follows stories - along thematic narratives - of ordinary women who have a bond with South Africa, a country so alive with possibilities, so vibrant in its offerings and so steeped in traditional and cultural tapestries yet at the cusp of a new dawn with a magnificent future ahead in terms of growth, development and prosperity! An introductory themed preface - either a poem, a write up or newspaper article - is presented before each collection of stories. This volume has been set out thematically as follows; Introduction, Youth Writers, Covid 19 Global Pandemic; Political Crescendos; Land Matters, Education, Indenture and Conclusion. KwaZulu Natal experienced torrential flooding during the year and there was great loss of life. The war between Russia and Ukraine still reigns terror and fear. Throughout Africa and the world, famine, starvation, climatic changes, drug and substance abuse, environmental damages, gender base violence, havoc as a result of the global pandemic and so much more continues to paralyse citizens of the world. But we soldier on.



As this version of Volume 5, was being finalised for handover to the Publisher, sad news of the passing of Comrade Jessie Yasmin Duarte, was received. She was the current Deputy Secretary General of the African National Congress. She was recruited by Mme Albertina Sisulu in 1979 to establish womens' structures throughout the country. She also served as the provincial secretary of the Federation of Transvaal Women (FEDSAW), which was a UDF Affiliate.

In trying to change the literary kaleidoscope, in favour of non-sexism, non-racism and personal freedom, I wish you good health and peace of mind as you dig into Volume Five.

Kogie Archary

Creating and Developing... Our Youth Contribution

Ms Boitsheko Thwane

Youth Writers

Young and vibrant, on the move
On your own terms, the youth of today
Under pressure from family, peers, community and the world
Trying against the odds
Holding it together, they are trying – lets applaud them.

Writing for the world to see your value
Reaching out on various platforms
Inwardly believing that you have what it takes
Today, you lay the foundation with positive vibes
Entering a new and unknown, uncertain tomorrow
Realising today is here, let us take fingers to laptop, let us make it work
Start making a difference; Youth, start writing. Just start!



**Young leaders: Ms Boitsheko Thwane,
recent Secretary (2018 -2021)
and current Treasurer OHASA**

I am a true South African - Benedicta Bajabulile Johnson

Zoe Johnson

Benedicta Johnson was born on 17 October 1971 in Durban, KwaZulu Natal. She grew up in 50 Mabopha Road Umlazi with her parents - Horace Sibiya and Jozi Josephine Nene. She has two sisters Winiefridah and Patricia and two brothers Isaac and Bernard. Winiefridah is the eldest. My parents moved to Umlazi because they were young wanted to start their own lives. They left their parents farms and moved to Umlazi to work and start their own family. My grandfather Thandabantu Nene had a big farm Ezimbokodweni and he was offered four houses in the location because the government wanted to move his farm. Now that area has been turned into a mall. The house was small compared to the farm - no space to plant or keep livestock, life was different, people kept to themselves. Later violence, crime, and other problems arose. My mom had many friends. She was small and skinny but popular and she was good in sports, literature and writing. She is left handed but she has a beautiful hand writing. It was her sanctuary she said, she was in a safe place at school, happy and free. Her mother is from the Sthenjwa clan and her father is a descendant of Mamthaniya -Sibiya. "I am a true south African." Benedicta comes from Abaqulusi-Zululand.. She went to Ezimbokodweni Primary School which is administered under the Roman Catholic Church. Thereafter, she went to Emthethweni Emlazi Ogwini Comprehensive High School. She loved school, was an athlete and a very talented student.

While growing up she developed a strong interest in fashion, beauty, art and writing which led her to entering beauty contests, writing poetry, short stories, film script and playing stage plays. She won quite a few of those. She is a filmmaker with an enterprising personality. She is particularly irresistible for her stunning beauty and outgoing personality both of which fit well into her profile: business woman, motivational speaker, author, film director, business coach and evangelist.

Benedicta is a business woman who has served on several board companies. She worked nineteen years for Standard Bank until her retrenchment. She is also a youth portfolio manager for African religious and traditional leaders in KwaZulu Natal. Benedicta is the founder of *Csters in Action* - an organisation that does advocacy for women and children experiencing violence.

She also works with one hundred and ten wards in KwaZulu Natal and Non – Profit Organisations. She is a peacemaker who believes in justice for all.

Benedicta, *aka*, the Queen is passionate about solving problems through art, culture and balancing it with a spiritual side. She belongs to a large network of ambassadors and stake holders, fighting gender-based violence and inequality. Benedicta has focussed on a new venture for climate change and shall be launching Mr and Miss Global Warming 2022 in South Africa.

Hubs in agriculture, film, robotics and tourism will be created. Her primary focus is to solve unemployment through youth upskills. She has met Damon Baptist, Vincent Barry, Masego Dilotse and others who would like to come to South Africa to perform and collaborate with our local artists in the film industry. She has brothers from the 55 countries in Africa who would like to collaborate with South Africans. She met with some of them at the Intra-African trade fair that took place in Durban from 15 November to 21 November 2021. As a young person she did experience racism, harassment and discrimination from other people. She informed me that: "When I started work as a young Black girl, I was treated as an adult. I was fully qualified for my position so my salary was higher than most people who have worked there for a while.

I felt discrimination from some other races as well. And some superiors were not nice." She continued to share that "My most joyous encounter was when we started the young think tankers and we came up with a one stop account and changed the whole system and experience where we migrated the customers to telephone banking and internet." Over the years and in her youth especially, she won Miss Lovely Legs, Miss Model of the Year and Miss African Beauty. These were won in Durban.

Benedicta married Terence Johnson in 1996 and they have two biological children Zoe Diamond (born in 2008), the eldest and Anesu (born in 2011), the youngest but she is a mother to a lot of children Her grandfather was a priest and she is an Evangelist, stating that "I preach the good news. I love swimming, dancing, socialising, watching movies and playing music."

Benedicta's motto in life is : "Do unto others as you would like them to do unto you." To the young people – her message is "I say -write your stories, tell your story, be who you dream to be, the sky is the limit. It does not matter where you come from or your background, change the status code, own your space and excel in your career." Benedicta added that "Since 1994, I was lucky - doors opened for me. I found it easier to go anywhere and meet people from all over the world. I love traveling and I have a very big network. I know mayors of the world, Kings and Queens, creatives from all over that make it easier for me to communicate with everyone. I do not have a problem of going anywhere in the world. Finally, Africa is home and it is beautiful - especially, if we can all work together and live in harmony."

Benedicta is my mother.



Mom at 19, at a beauty queen competition



Mom as a young adult



Mum on a billboard. This photograph was taken in Durban by a photographer who saw my Mum walking in Durban near the workshop and asked to take a picture of her. This was in 1995. He introduced himself as Bongani Mngoma. My mom recently met him at the International Conference Centre (ICC) in Durban.



My grandma, Mrs Sibiya



Mum and I



Mum, Zoe (back) and Anesu



Benedicta, an accomplished Mum



My name is Zoe Diamond Benedicta Johnson. I was born on 3 January 2008. My parents are Terence Johnson and Benedicta Johnson. My father was born in England. I love art, writing, acting, robotics, fashion, tourism and modelling. I like to see all children being love and supported I hate Injustice. And my advice to young people sky is the limit do not allow anyone to tell you ,you are not good enough or you will fail do not even try. Be the best version of yourself my mom told me.

COVID 19, the global pandemic in South Africa

The CORONA Virus

Kogie Archary

Today seems bleak, the Virus engulfs us all,
Here since March 2020, in the world since December 2019
Every day we wonder, when will it end?

Creating havoc wherever it went; The global pandemic!
Over the mountains and through the deep blue oceans
Reaching the hidden nooks and crooked crannies,
Over the mountains and plains
Never ending loss it created, utter sadness!
Arriving at far off destinations in distant lands; Rebuilding, Post 2022

Valleys, views and the vineyards
Into the crevices, plateaus, bustling cities and urban areas
Reaching astounding heights
Under the clear blue sky
Successfully but sadly covering the globe, COVID 19, the global pandemic in South Africa



Colleagues wearing masks whilst on duty at the 2020 Annual Conference. Prof Sekgothe Mokgoatsana, Ms Tsotso Tlhapi (MEC for Arts, Culture, Sports and Recreation Affairs in the North West province) Puleng Kekana, Prof Christina Landman: Sempe Tinyiko and Dr Kogie Archary; Dr Kogie Archary and Nkitseng Mahalefa - Due to Covid 19 restrictions, a Colloquium was held in North West Province

The CTP TYMS series: "That every library should have a copy of this Series is not only a dream but it can be turned into a reality as we change the kaleidoscope of literature by focussing on the women's place in society. It is possible to play a part in the decolonisation process and move into a new era of freedom of thought, action and responsible behaviour. The global pandemic, Covid 19 restrictions and the governmental regulations during this period witnessed the world get intoaction by using technology and other resources to forge ahead!" Kogie Archary

Some African Traditional Medicines / Healing Methods Lungile Dlamini



Lungile Dlamini has over twenty years' industry experience, having occupied leadership roles for various industries. Her experience has led her to understand the importance of investing in human capital. She also has four years' experience as an academic, and currently works part time as an

academic. She is passionate about human development, and sees human capital as an area of priority, especially in a country like South Africa with a history of policies that excluded certain groups from participating meaningfully in the South African economy. Her passion for human development gave birth to Silver Recruitment and Training Consultants (a generalist employment agency that seeks to find the right talent for organisations), as well as Sylvia Social Capital, where she makes her philanthropic contributions towards equipping the youth with the right social capital in assisting them cope with life's demands. In her talent acquisition work, she had started identifying gaps that she had seen some of the barriers to youth development and progress. She became motivated to assisting the youth in bridging these gaps. As a Founder to both these organizations, she has already made significant contributions. People wellness is also another area of interest that she is currently exploring as a Student Counsellor. She is a philanthropist who is driven by a sense of purpose as well as making a difference in the world.

Lungile writes in her personal capacity and as a human resources specialist and counts wellness as key amongst her employee output offerings. A volunteer at the KZN branch of the South African Board of Peoples Practice (SABPP), she genuinely fosters the ethos of a healthy mind, body and state of being. Having submitted her mother's story for the Coffee Table Publication Tell Your Mother's Story, Volume Three, she also shared aspects of her life in the story. A great read indeed! When she was invited in September 2021 to participate in a Heritage Month webinar program for the 1860 Indentured Labourers Foundation Verulam, she articulated the following narrative on Traditional medicine and its focus on primary health care (prevention) in light of COVID-19, the global pandemic and alternative health care regiments

that are practiced alongside allotropic medicine. Lungile entitled this piece "African Traditional Medicines / Healing Methods Adopted that have been Effective in Alleviating COVID-19 Related Symptoms", but it was consequently edited to Some African Traditional Medicines / Healing Methods.

We believe in 'ukuziqinisa' (strengthening the immune system). Healing traditionally involves a more holistic approach. The belief is that when someone is experiencing physical disease it is as a result of lack of spiritual wellness too. In-fact, traditional wellness in the African context encompasses many facets (spiritual, physical, societal relationships, financial, emotional wellness). So when healing is done traditionally, the spiritual well-being is the first area that gets addressed, before physical illness is addressed. Different herbs are used for different physical ailments. For an example, we believe there are about forty-seven different types of headaches, and each has its own different herbal treatment. Different herbs exist, for different flu-like symptoms, viz; cough related symptoms, body aches, fever, tight chest, headaches, as well as immune boosters and these include, to mention a few:

- izibu and ikhathazo – used as immune boosters, and blood thinners too
- inhlabi (aloe) – to cleanse the gut. The belief is a healthy gut is preventative treatment to illness. (taken orally)
- is'qunga (lemon grass) – immune booster – (taken orally and also used as a hand cleanser)
- gum tree leaves – or chest congestion relief (you steam)
- umhlonyane – to reduce body aches and temperature
- roots like ginger as immune boosters – oral treatments

Some of the practices include:

- a lot of steaming, using herbs
- soaking in luke-warm water to remove toxins
- leaving onion cuts at every corner of the house to remove bacteria in the air
- ukuchatha (using enema) to reduce temperature and toxins
- burning of izinyamazane (combination of herbs) to calm a patient down, better sleep

Healing is personal / very individualized – often it's guided by a person's spiritual guides. Issues such as instruction for use, measurements/dose, are therefore dependent on the guidance offered to the traditional practitioner by the person's spiritual guides. Lungile explains further that the African traditional healing seeks to explore the root cause of the ailment, than provide medicine that suppress symptoms. Illness is an indication of something deeper that's wrong, hence interventions don't seek to suppress these indicators. The effectiveness of the interventions is dependent on faith, faith in the Spiritual Guides, and their role as the link to the Creator, who provides all guidance. Traditional Healers are separated into two: those that heal using the Holy Spirit, and those whose methods rely on herbal medicines. Guidance on medication is provided by the Spiritual Guides.

In the past, herbal healers were known to specialise in different diseases. There was no one doctor for all illnesses. Different healers specialised in different herbs, and consequently different illnesses. Nowadays healing has been commercialised, and has attracted those that claim to have a gift, but are in no possession of such a gift. The same herbs that are used to heal can also be used to cause harm. Herbs address a variety of ailments. The methodology for dealing with COVID-19 was the same as healing any other flu related ailments. COVID-19 was not given a specific priority.

Virtual Conference held in Clarens



Celebrating our country, African Beauty - Clarens, Free State 2021

Due to COVID 19, OHASA hosted the 2020 and 2021 conferences using virtual and hybrid platforms. Volume Three (2020) was launched during a virtual event and hosted from Cape Town. The Deputy Minister of Sport, Arts and Culture logged on from her home Gauteng. All speakers and attendees logged on regionally, nationally and internationally. The 2021 hybrid conference was broadcast from Clarens, Free State to a national and international audience

Just a few basic things that the older women would suggest around this time of Covid

Rebecca Phala



Rebecca Phala submitted a story for Volume Three and is a guest writer for this Volume. She writes in her private capacity.

The COVID-19 pandemic has in many ways, encouraged a lot of us to reconsider Indigenous Knowledge Systems to survive and manoeuvre circumstances brought forth by the deadly pandemic. For my family, as soon as COVID-19 hit our shores, my paternal grandmother summoned all family members to come home. Upon arrival, she told us that we need to go to our ancestral home where there are currently no dwellers because the land was forcefully taken by Afrikaner business people and yet it remains to have an incredible meaning for us as it ties everyone in the living with loved ones who have since passed on. She explained that are allowed to still come and appease our ancestors at the area. We headed there. All women were directed to wear below the knee skirts and long sleeve tops and a headwraps. She told us this is to make sure our ancestors do not feel disrespected. The men were ordered to wear long sleeve trousers and jackets without any hats. Upon arrival, she poured snuff and home brewed beer on the ground and ordered all of us to ask our ancestors to protect us from the pandemic. She also took us through a process of asking our ancestors to protect our jobs, children and families. She said it was important that we observe the appeasing at the old ancestral home as opposed to our current homes because the old home is pure and untainted as there are no living people residing there permanently which means our ancestors prefer such ground to communicate on special occasions. She immensely emphasised the importance of faith as one undertakes similar activity.

She said if one questions whether their ancestors can help their situation get better, they need to acknowledge that it boils down to one's belief.

That gesture by our grandmother reminded us that even if physical gatherings where there, the possibility of getting congested is restricted. Nature is one's friend and helps to even think things through and reach out to loved ones who came before the living.

Rebecca Phala is a 28-year-old feminist with a degree and honours in Political Studies with undergraduate majors in Political Science and International Relations and post graduate majors in Public Policy and Gender Studies. She currently works as News Editor for two sister community radio stations Energy FM and Choice FM and is also a freelance hard news journalist with Northern Media group.



Hon Ms NN Mafu and Dr Kogie Archary

Rebecca Phala contributed a piece in the OHASA Volume Three "Tell Your Mother's Story" which was launched in Mpumalanga by the Deputy Minister Ms. NN Mafu in 2019.

My mother and her harsh battle with Covid-19

Chief Jongisilo Pokwana ka Menziwa, Dlamini Tribe of KwaZangashe, Eastern Cape Province, South Africa

Tjooo! Covid-19 is one pandemic that showed me flames. Little did I know that as someone who was leading an awareness and emergency intervention campaign on Covid-19 in my village, I could suddenly enter a high risk ward with Covid-19 patients simply because I needed to smuggle-in Covid-19 medication and vitamin supplements to try and save my mother's life.

Nonesi is her name. This was given to her when she married my father, however at birth her family named her Nomangxongo and this spoke to the fact that she was a girl child born into the AmaNgxongo clan of the mighty AbaThembu Kingdom. To this date, her clan uses the same clan praises as the currently reigning King of AbaThembu.

My mother is the fourth child of my maternal grandfather Mgadi Petse of the AbaThembu tribe, and my maternal grandma Nongenile, whose maiden name was Notyephisi from Bholothi family in Mbanga village from amongst the AmaMcwerha clan of the AmaMpondomise tribe. In fact, my maternal grandparents had seven children: boys Lindela & Ndabezitha in succession and girls Nomatarhu, my mother, Nomangxongo, Nombulelo, yet another boy Vuyani and then lastly my youngest aunt Nobathembu.

My mother had a normal village upbringing – fetching water from the river, heading livestock, working in the farming plots and most importantly - she grew up attending school and reaching junior certificate level which is now equivalent to Grade 9. Sadly, those days in my village - it was generally deemed sufficient because all that was needed for women, was that they be literate, and nothing more. This is one of the more painful points to swallow about my mother's life. It hurts me to think about this because when I was growing up I could see that she had hoped to carry on studying and become a professional in life, but village marriage life made it impossible at that time. My mother is a rather uniquely selfless character.

From my childhood I have always observed how she always put others' interests before her own. She was named Nonesi when she married my father, because my grandparents had hoped that she would befit the role of being a matriarch who would follow in the footsteps of my grandmother, a role which needed one to be all-encompassing, selfless and nurturing. The name Nonesi can be traced back to Queen Nonesi of the AbaThembu Kingdom who was the great house wife of King Ngubengcuka ka Ndabazenyamakazi, the ascendants of the current AbaThembu King Zwelibanzi Dalindyebo. Queen Nonesi was born circa 1815 and lived until about 1880. She acted as Regent of the AbaThembu Kingdom and was very instrumental in the splitting of the kingdom which resulted in the semi-autonomous tribal administrations of Eastern and Western Thembuland which are still present today.

My mother always reminded us that when she was still at school, she would occupy the number one position in her class and this was confirmed on numerous cases by her schoolmates whenever we came across them. At the time when she married my father - who carried all the burdens of being a first born male from my paternal grandparents - she had hoped to continue with her education and become a professional. The marriage was semi-arranged, given that they had not dated before and my mother had caught my father's eye while he was doing some carpentry work in my mother's village while on leave from his work in the mines. My grandfather was born in 1904 and my grandmother in 1916.

During the fifties, sixties and seventies the main professions permitted for South African black women were becoming a nurse, teacher or a clerk in some government office. She had hoped for that. Her father, grandpa Mgadi, died shortly after she married. Even their marriage was based on the old ways of doing things in that on her arrival here at her home here in KwaZangashe, my grandparents refused to allow her to leave and go further her studies.

My mother was politically conscious and she was very much aware of the liberation struggle politics which in our villages was loosely referred to as “Poqo,” loosely referring to the armed wing of the Pan Africanist Congress (PAC), and its military wing Azanian People’s Liberation Army, whose activities had led to many village activists being unjustly imprisoned. The PAC is a breakaway political party which emanates from the African National Congress (ANC) which was led by the three most popular leaders Nelson Mandela, Oliver Tambo and Chief Albert Luthuli. My mother wasted no time in telling me about such political activities from a very young age. Even today I still recall many who were imprisoned in the period of my upbringing but I have no recollection of these people in person today. Life was full of terror in our villages.

I also experienced the pure love my mother enjoyed from her in-laws - my grandfather and my grandmother - and they always treated her with a deep sense of love and respect. I do not have even a single recollection of an incident in which there was a conflict between my mother and my grandparents. If there were any they must have been diligently managed and kept far from us as children so as to not sow divisions in the household. My mother until today speaks of nothing else but pure love for my grandparents - love which she admits was well reciprocated.

This sadly cannot be said about the present day relations between mother-in-law and daughter-in-law, which in our society, have deteriorated into a state of pure rage and utter chaos. Marriage during the times of the colonial era had always been very difficult for African families because husbands would be away working in the mines and farms for extended periods of time, leaving our mothers to care for and raise children alone in very harsh conditions of remote villages that lacked all sorts of basic services. I owe a huge debt of gratitude to my mother for all the memories I have of the hardships she endured raising all six of us - her biological children as well as my cousins with whom I grew up at home.

At times, I wish there were a way I could lend a new lease of life in which she would be relieved of all those hardships and simply be pampered so as to experience the soft life that many of her privileged contemporaries enjoyed. When I returned to kwaZangashe to take up my royal responsibilities in 2016, my mother would treat me as if I was still a young child. When eating, she would leave some meat for me either in her plate or in the pot and she would whisper to me that I must go and eat it in the kitchen away from others. This was not because there was little meat available. This action was and continues to be her expression of love and affection for her children. When my wife noticed this act, she was astonished to realise that such a grown man could still be made to enjoy childly privileges which now accrue to our youngest child Mthethuvumile, my four year old heir. As part of my duties I have to make time to see every village citizen who wants to bring their problems to my attention.

So when elderly people came to consult me, even if it is very early in the morning, my mother knocks on my window even if I am still sleeping and demands that I must get up because “elderly people cannot be waiting” for me. This bothered me in the beginning because I usually get up around 2am to work and then sleep for about two hours around 6am, but I never raised it with my mother. I told myself that I needed to subject myself to that kind of respect and guidance so that I would not complain later that my parents had failed to groom me well for my responsibilities as the chief of kwaZangashe Basin, a village of over 40 000 people.

When Covid-19 hit our shores, lockdown was soon announced at the declaration of state of emergency by President Ramaphosa. With government struggling to penetrate rural areas with services, I summoned my royal advisory council and together we initiated a Covid-19 awareness and intervention program for our village. We bought hundreds of litres of hand and surface sanitizers, thousands of face masks, decontamination fogging machines, foot operated sanitizer dispenser stands and full scale personal protective equipment. Even during hard lockdown when people were ordered to stay indoors, my mother worked tirelessly to attend to walk-ins from our village and beyond, dispensing the sanitizers we were providing to all our people. She encouraged our specially trained decontamination team to work tirelessly as we often had requests to decontaminate homes of people with reported cases of Covid-19, including taking care of those who had passed away from Covid 19 related illnesses.

Our professional team took extreme measures to try and protect our families and parents throughout that period from early 2020 until early 2022. To this end, none of the team members had contracted Covid-19. However, the major turning point and lifechanging moment was in December of 2020 when the migrants who live and work in the cities had returned to the village for the holidays.

My biggest worry had always been that should my mother contract Covid-19 she would not survive, owing to her chronic ailments namely Diabetes and High Blood Pressure. In January of 2021, her health deteriorated severely and she and my father had signs of Covid-19. The moment had come where the beast we had been fighting throughout the village had now suddenly entered our home, threatening to wipe out the entire family.

It was at this point that, together with my brother, Gudlintaba, we suspended all the teachings we had been preaching to people about what to do with someone who had Covid-19 symptoms.

Everything changed overnight.

I rushed to have myself tested at Ampath Laboratories just to see if I had been the one who had brought it home. Two consecutive tests came out negative. My brother did the same and was also negative.

At this point two of my sisters were caring for my ailing mother as well - with Covid 19 protocols forgotten. I then ordered all who were at home to get tested. Some tested positive, including my wife Nobantu. I isolated her in a guesthouse in town. My nephew isolated in my house.

Eventually we took my mother to a hospital - the location of which I shall not disclose given that I had openly accepted breaking Covid 19 protocols at that facility. It is at this hospital that we broke all the rules with my brother. Our breakthrough was when we took my father to the same hospital for admission, arriving there just after midnight. We went in with our PPEs and took advantage of the poor supply of that hospital with sanitizers by government. We provided the nurses with lots of sanitizers and they became comfortable with us. At this point both my father and my mother were now in the same hospital. My father was in the high risk ward of people awaiting their results although he was being treated while my mother was in another ward, totally unconscious for weeks. Based on their condition I lost hope that my mother would survive. I remember asking the doctor repeatedly to be honest with me but the doctor kept saying: "Let's wait and see."

I have arrived at the stage at which I contracted Covid-19 myself. When my father was released from hospital we lived with him at a guesthouse together with my younger brother, Gobizembe. It became clear to us that we cannot care for someone who is ill and still keep a social distance.



With my brother, Gobizembe, in our traditional dress. KwaZangashe

Also a mask cannot be worn when one is hiding it from the patient that he has Covid-19. You cannot leave him in hospital when you see that your mother, who walked on her two feet into a hospital ward now appears as if half dead. I had started visualising a funeral with two coffins and I spent long quiet hours at night meditating on the image - just so that I could try to minimise the damage it would have on me emotionally if it became a reality. If they both died - I realised I would need to oversee two funeral arrangements, so there was no time to be weak.



My sisters in from of my mother's traditional hut at home kwaZangashe komkhulu: Princesses Unathi, Asanda, Aphiwe & Yonela (from left to right in order of age, Unathi being eldest of the four)

However, my father was first to improve and we took him back home to the village. My mother's recovery was very slow and it has affected her health badly until today. When she came out after weeks of unconsciousness, she struggled to talk properly for months and this is the part that continued to hurt me the most. I secretly avoided talking a lot to her because it was hurting me so much to see her like that.

As my father was slowly recovering, my mother was still in hospital, while my wife was still in isolation in a guesthouse in town. It was then that I started showing symptoms of Covid-19 myself.

The scariest part about Covid-19 was when my lungs literally closed up and I had repeated episodes of gasping for air almost helplessly. I had to pretend as if I was simply exhausted from all the ups and down. The drive between kwaZangashe and the hospital where my parents were, was roughly three hours. As with any parent, there will be those things you do not see eye to eye on, but I have always ensured that I do not sharply disagree with her. She has a taming softness in her which makes you feel calm around her. It hurts to see her struggling with her health but I still hope that she will stabilise and live longer, not necessarily for me, but for her grandchildren who need to learn a lot more from their grandmother.

So indeed the drive back and forth had taken its toll on me, but, to top it all, I was now also very sick. I locked myself in my house at kwaZangashe for a week - trying to hide my sickness. As my father improved, he started being worried about why I had locked myself up and he dragged himself up to come and check up on me. I did not tell him the truth. He could see there was a problem, but I suppose he himself was rather helpless. One of my strongest weapons against that Covid-19 illness was my mind. I took control of it and focused on solutions rather than simply fearing death. Anyway, my philosophy is that fearing death makes you even more vulnerable, as the fear cripples and paralyses your mind at a time when you should be thinking long and hard about how to save your life. I have indeed become unafraid of death because, on several occasions, there had been attempts from within my broader family to have me assassinated, owing to traditional leadership disputes, but until now those have been foiled. Positions of traditional leadership, or simply put, to ascend to a position of a village chief and the position of a King of various villages, always become chaotic because at any given time a few members of the royal family may each claim that they are each the legitimate one and this makes the process protracted and in some cases deadly – to a point where a hit may be ordered against a particular person so as to narrow the completion. Once you have survived these relentless efforts you become acutely aware of your mortality and it matters not as to when you will really die.

On this particular Covid matter, I was saved by steaming, refusing to lay down at night but instead opting to sit up all night with a constantly boiling pot of water and some eucalyptic solution from the Republic of Côte d'Ivoire (Ivory Coast), named Scorpion, which my mother-in-law had organised to have delivered via her contacts and she also began selling these products.

My mother still remains a pillar of strength to me. She was my very first teacher. When I was four years old, she started teaching me how to read and write to a point that when I started school I was ahead of many in my first grade. As with any parent, there will be those things you do not see eye to eye on, but I have always ensured that I do not sharply disagree with her. She has a taming softness in her which makes you feel calm around her.

It hurts to see her struggling with her health but I still hope that she will stabilise and live longer, not necessarily for me, but for her grandchildren who need to learn a lot more from their grandmother



My mother and me, kwaZangashe. 2018 With a dash of traditional dress



Jongisilo Pokwana ka Menziwa, a native rural boy is director at Vusizwe sika Menziwa Foundation for Historical Research, Head of Pokwana Royal House and lives amongst his people in kwaZangashe, Eastern Cape in South Africa.

South African Liberation Politics

Political Tenacity

Kogie Archary

Power to the people, we fought a tough battle, we wanted a new flag!
Over and over they silently wept, cried
Let them be free, our mantra
In every farm and every home, we tried

This freedom is ours, ours alone
In our lifetime, we bled, some died
Cry, whimper, shriek, shout, our mettle
Agonisingly painful,
Little by little, piece by piece, we tried, dreaming of that new flag

Together we fought for greater hope, a new flag
Endlessly – never giving up
Never a moment spared – we shouted from the roof top!
Always on the lookout – we hid in bushes
Creating waves – in trenches we laid
In distant parts of the world – they heard our voices
The truth be told – their political tenacity died slowly with them;
Yesterday was a dream for a new flag!



Colleagues at a briefing meeting before the Flag hoisting ceremony at a school in Mhluzi, Middleburg. Prof Sekgothe Mokgoatšana is flanked by the school principal and former Steve Tshwete Mayor Pitso Tolo.

“Empowering young researchers, educators and those in pursuit of the truth with skills, knowledge and values... enriching their tenacity! The challenge is to now encourage more women to enter this space, develop it and share a feminine strength!” Kogie Archary

Introduction and Conclusion

Beyond Borders From Swaraj to Swaziland Rajes Pillay's journey from exile to freedom Cde Rae Rajes Pillay

Dr Sinthi Qono

A publication entitled *Beyond Borders From Swaraj to Swaziland Rajes Pillay's journey from exile to freedom* (September 2021) was compiled by Kogie Archary, Indu Moodley and Sinthi Qono and was consequently launched on 25th September 2021 at a joint venture with the University of KwaZulu Natal via a Zoom virtual platform. In this article, with permission from Sinthi Qono, the Introduction and Conclusion as written up by her is presented here as a tribute to Cde Rajes Rae Pillay, a motherly figure to many in the struggle who had no children of her own, but took care of the new recruits, lent an ear to those who were tortured and held the hands of many who were constantly on the run. Running from the state security forces, running with fellow comrades and running towards freedom. The following is quoted as presented by Sinthi Qono in the Introduction of the online publication.

Introduction

The unsung hero is a cliché and like most clichés we do not ponder over their meanings. Unsung hero has a philosophical setting. History is all the more fragile and weaker if there are too many unsung heroes. Let us establish what is required to be a “sung” hero.

World War II resulted in the loss of 25 to 27 million soldiers and others in the former Soviet Union (USSR). Ravaged by the war and still in the infancy of socialism, it would have been a tall order to ask the USSR to honour each and every soldier lost in the war, not even counting the unknown perished lives.

The African National Congress (ANC), without much in its pocket, became the first ruling post-apartheid South African party. Given the fact that the resources of the country during apartheid were shared among four million people (pittance to the homelands and to other minorities), and now had to be shared among fifty million people, it would be a great challenge for the ANC to honour its fighters as the party would have wanted to.

In Algeria, another unspeakable colonial tragedy took place. The country lost over one and a half million of its people, around 20 percent of its population at that time.

In a similar planned takeover of South Africa, the French had considered Algeria as one of its provinces. This was one of the bloodiest colonial wars. From where and how do we start honouring heroes; children, women, families, soldiers (FLN - *Front de Liberation nationale*)?

One more example would be Vietnam. The entire country was not only riddled with bombs and bullets but by Napalm which killed and continues to kill many of the country's population. The country and the region continue to this day to ask for assistance to clear their land of these bombs, etc. Many more examples over the centuries, raging on to this day can be mentioned. In other words, what a nation can do for its unsung heroes is finally determined by its economic relations.

Was Rajes an unsung hero? Her fellow combatants, friends and others will disagree. They cherished and loved her and considered her as one of our greatest heroes. Those unknown to her, perhaps scholars researching the anti-apartheid struggle, would not know that there was a Rajes in the struggle.

Yet, towards our struggle history, Rajes had contributed to numbers, being a soldier of uMkhonto we Sizwe (MK), the military wing of the ANC; she added value to MK; she was one of few who was prepared to carry a gun; she was prepared to fight not only the White minority regime in South Africa, but also the might of imperialism; Rajes contributed positively to our history.

History is a philosophical category which portrays the process of development. It is cast in stone, written, recited and everything else which modern technology, miraculously, brings with it. It is also carried down through commemoration, celebrations, honouring not only struggle stalwarts but also successful entrepreneurs, scientists, sportsmen and women, entertainers and many more. They contribute to our development, to our history. Rajes, thanks to the Satyagraha Awards, was awarded for her honourable contribution to our struggle against apartheid. Rajes earned herself the country's special pension which made it possible for her to live a comfortable life. Together with her fallen and fellow fighters, Rajes did not want to be rewarded.

That was not in their will, their character. From where then did the cliché “unsung hero” originate? They did not want to be “sung”. The majority of our fighters fought for a just state, a state that would shed the shackles of colonialism, neo-colonialism and apartheid. That did not happen. The laws of connection and interaction of the global playing field took centre stage. After 1989, our fighters were sorely disappointed with these historical events. It affected, detrimentally, the hopes and dreams of all progressive forces to this day. The balance of forces had tilted in favour of reaction. Rajes was no exception. She was prepared to go back into exile and fight against reaction. The plight of the unsung hero worsened. Socialism had retreated.

History uncovers the general laws of knowledge. Recognising and recording our unsung heroes would create the basis of this knowledge. Further, derived from this historical process would be the logical development of our thought and overall consciousness.

Rajes is a hero. Together with others, she planted a tree, the fruit of which we eat today. Albeit, the fruit are somewhat rotten, we hope the tree will soon recover. Rajes often wondered why after two decades and more of our democracy, children still use pit toilets at school, including primary schools. The positive economic road which we had chosen in 1994 changed for the worse after a few years. The National Democratic Revolution became blurred. This meant that a few years into the millennium to date, our economic and social development plummeted, aggravated severely, now, by the pandemic. These situational forces brought much trauma to Rajes who had regularly voiced her opinion. This trauma affected our entire country, region and continent.

Every economic and social formation has its corresponding material and technical basis. Our country has many natural, particularly mineral resources which could feed into this basis or requirement. With our small and medium scaled enterprises and with our own resources, a start can be made. Without doing this in a centrally planned and organised manner will result in failure. This is what Rajes fought for. Imagine electrifying the entire country without a centrally planned programme! Small and medium enterprises must engage in a comprehensive mechanisation of the production processes leading to positive automation. Physics and chemistry must be encouraged at schools so that learners use this knowledge for the development of our national economy to bring it to a higher and modern level. In other words, Rajes and her fellow fighters believed in a path of development which would ultimately lead to a system with no unemployment, no hunger, proper housing for all and a society with a caring and progressively educated world outlook.

SOLOMON MAHLANGU Was hanged on the 6th of April 1979 by the apartheid regime. He reportedly said the following:

“Tell my people I love them and that they must continue the fight, my blood will nourish the tree that will bear the fruit of freedom. Aluta continua!”

Conclusion

Preserving our struggle history is an activity of the Arts. It is history in the making. In preserving our struggle history, we are recognising the processes of concrete development which took and take place in our country. These developments started from time immemorial, but more recently, in our country, would be 1654 when the first recorded Europeans are said to have entered what is today called Cape Province. The writing of the history of colonial wars between 1654 to legalised apartheid has been undertaken by many historians. These must be put in line with our written and recorded anti-apartheid and anti-imperialist works. There are also written and technological recordings on the mechanisms of the apartheid regime, its atrocities and its close alliance with imperialism and other western capitalist states. This must also have its place in the preservation of our history so that it is never forgotten just as much as the NAZI atrocities, the worst of its kind in the last century, in Europe must never be forgotten.

The soldiers of Umkhonto we Sizwe (MK), the fighters in exile and inside the country are the most recent of our struggle fighters making history in our country. Many are known and many are unknown.

There is no conclusion to our history nor to world history because there is no end to social consciousness and human activity. Underlying these concepts is the socio-economic structure of each and every society, of which many a theses have been written and will continue to be written. The myths and deities in the different Greek states around the 9th century BC were integrated into a loosely coherent system and remembered through festivals and observances. They held a powerful attraction and were worshipped throughout Greece for centuries. At this very early stage of our world history, we witness humanity preservation deified heroes for centuries. Around the 4th century AD, Christian Emperors closed down these shrines. However, up to modern times, a few Greek saints retain some attributes of bygone deities. Similarly, all religions of the world had and still have their coherent systems of worship. The heroes and villains of over 2000 years ago are preserved in the Bible and handed down to mankind to this day, albeit, aided by spirituality.

William Shakespeare (1556-1623) whose many all - round genres for example. plays, poetry sonnets, comedies and tragedies are read, researched, quoted, revered and brought to life to this day. Socrates, Plato, Heraclitus and many others are household names among social scientists worldwide. These philosophers emerged many centuries BC. Similarly, the natural sciences would not be a reality without Galilee, Newton, Darwin and many others who were born from the 16th century onwards. Human activity of bygone centuries continues and has become institutionalised, for example. the Vatican City, the papal authority, the religious states as opposed to secular, kingdoms, monarchies and other lower institutions. Much knowledge, material and spiritual values and activities as well as the means of creating, using and advancing them, without any of our modern technology available, had been handed down to mankind over millennia and centuries. This should give us incentive and encouragement to do something far in advance of what we already have.

We need to create a lasting system that would encompass our struggle history in a coherent, chronological “online package”. Today, one can access any information online, but what we need is something more serious and in tone with past struggles. It must be available to history learners and scholars across the class divide.

This publication has been written for the following reasons.

1. To remember, honour and keep alive the struggle history of Rajes Pillay, the great uMkhonto we Sizwe soldier who died on the 29th of December 2020.
2. To lobby for the preservation of the struggle history of all those who fought against the settlers, colonialism, and apartheid in our country.
3. To lobby for their (as in ‘2’) research in the process of their (struggles) emergence and development in connection with historical conditions determining them.
4. To contribute to our positive cultural history. On Human Rights Day, on the 21st of March 2021, our President Cyril Ramaphosa indicated that our country has a strong human rights culture. Hence our contribution.
5. To lobby for the creation of a chronological and coherent system to preserve our struggle history.



Rajaluxmi (Rajes) Pillay
4 August 1944 - 29 December 2020

‘...at a very young age we were made aware of the injustices of an apartheid government.’

Rajes Pillay

**A Committed uMkhonto
 weSizwe (MK) Soldier**

Fatima Meer (1928 - 2010)...

The Voice of the Dispossessed

Dr Devi Rajab

As a political leader, academic, writer, human rights and gender activist and lifelong Gandhian, Fatima Meer's name resonates with the liberation struggle and the downtrodden. Fatima published more than 40 books on a wide range of socio-political subjects and was acknowledged both locally and internationally with a bounty of awards in recognition of her anti-apartheid work. Ranked by our citizens as 45th of the 100 Great South Africans in 2004, she is one of our country's most distinguished twentieth-century leaders and icons and a champion of the underclass. Her death in 2010 was a nation's loss. Fatima was married to her cousin Ismail C Meer, which was common practice among the Bhora Sect and they had three children – daughters Shamin, Shehnaz and a son Rashid.

On my numerous visits to the home of Fatima Meer I discovered a myriad of interesting facets to her personality. Each side added coherence to the larger picture of a woman of great integrity, humility, kindness and philosophical depth. She had the capacity to embrace everyone around her yet maintained her core of beliefs as an anchor to her political might. Before she died I visited her in her minimalist-designed home in the heart of the apartheid designated Indian area in Sydenham surrounded by pictures of her youth, her family and her artworks. There was something very Gandhian about her surroundings; an uncluttered simplicity that evoked richness in its message. We ate the *nunkatai* - cardamom butter biscuits and warm koeksisters that I had brought her for tea - she, pretending not to be diabetic, enjoyed the fare. We talked about community matters, writing projects and her disillusionment with the fat cats in the ANC. Little did I know that this would be the last time we would see each other.

But memories have the capacity to sustain one. I once took Helen Suzman to visit her and watched how these two doyennes engaged with each other, one a Muslim and the other a Jew, opposed in their views on Saddam Hussein, George W Bush and Palestine and how they skilfully and wisely sought common ground. Fatima and Helen may be described as two of South Africa's greatest daughters.

Fatima Meer was born on August 12th 1928, in Durban to a white mother, Rachel Farrel, and an Indian father, Moosa Meer. Her father was born in Surat in Gujarat and hailed from a small Sunni Bhora community. Fatima was one of nine children and their upbringing was not ordinary, and certainly unlike that of most contemporary Muslims.

Her mother, Rachel, was an orphan of Jewish and Portuguese descent, but she converted to Islam and took the name Amina. I recall as a young girl riding my bicycle down Ritson Road past the home of the Meers and seeing two *dhouni* - scarf clad women sitting amicably in the veranda of the little cottage watching the world go by. This was usually in the early afternoons when presumably the household chores were done. "I was born in a three parent family," Fatima said proudly if equivocally. "My mother was an orphan by the name of Rachel and my father who was already married took a keen interest in helping Rachel and her brother Lionel as much as he could. Soon a romantic relationship developed and he took her home as his second wife. I was the first born of her five children. My father already had children from his first wife. The amazing thing about our lives was that we never differentiated between the mothers or the children. We lived in a Kudumoo, which meant a closely knit community of relatives. It was a household that reflected a strong Gujarati Indian Muslim cultural ethos against a background of a first generation immigrant family struggling to survive in a racist society." Fatima went on to share: "My mother had adopted the faith of Islam and was totally immersed in the culture. On one occasion my mother and my 'big mother' [the first wife] were pregnant at the same time, and my big mother who was much older than my mother, and too frail to feed her child, who was much too robust for her [...] my mother took over the child and breastfed him while my big mother took over her more passive child. They were that close which sometimes makes me wonder about the concept of nuclear motherhood. When my mother died long after my father, we heard our big mother say... 'Now I am alone'."

From a very young age Fatima started doing odd jobs for the production of the family-owned newspaper, the Indian View. She learnt the power of the written and spoken word at an early age and, over the years, she developed a strong command of the English language that helped her career as an academic, writer and human rights and political activist."

Fatima's political life started early when, as a socially conscious 16-year-old in 1944, she helped raise £1 000 for famine relief in Bengal. In 1946, together with thousands of Indians, she joined the passive resistance campaign while still a high school student and established the Student Passive Resistance Committee which propelled her into the public eye. Although short and petite, she became a powerful public figure.

She was poised, intelligent, quick-witted, intense, strong-willed and energetic. Fatima's battles were fought on many levels. In 1949, the outbreak of race riots among blacks and Indians in Durban hampered relations between the communities and affected the solidarity among non-white peoples in their battle against apartheid. The race riots were one of the turning points in Fatima's life and she spent the better part of her life working tirelessly to improve race relations, promoting justice, reconciliation and non-violent action. Her activism was further sparked when she led the historical women's march on the Union building on 9 August 1956 against the unfair pass laws for black women. As a result of her activism, she was banned in 1952. The notorious banning orders effectively imprisoned people in their own homes by limiting their access to friends, relatives or the general public and curtailing all educational, political or social activities. During the 1970s she was again banned as the leading anti-apartheid voice in the country and later detained without trial for trying to organise a political rally with Steve Biko. In 1975, for her outspoken public criticism of apartheid, Fatima was served with another five-year banning order. She also served time in solitary confinement.

Fatima's *modus operandi* against oppression was well thought-out and multifaceted. Realising the importance of institutional foundations for a political cause she established many organisations to develop her support base. In 1972 Fatima founded the Institute of Black Research (IBR) which became the leading, black-run research institution, publishing house and education and welfare NGO in the country. The IBR became, for the next three decades, Fatima's principal channel for her wide range of activities as academic, writer and community activist. She also provided a channel for previously voiceless black research. In 1979, in contravention of her banning order, she established the Tembalishe Tutorial College at Gandhi's Phoenix Settlement. The college was established to teach black students secretarial skills. Meer also established a crafts centre at the settlement where unemployed people were taught screen printing, sewing, embroidery and knitting.

The college and crafts centre were closed in 1982 when Fatima was arrested for contravening her banning order. Her "crime" was supervising work outside the Durban boundary. With the help of the Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, Fatima arranged for a number of black students to get scholarships in India to study medicine and political sciences and under her leadership from 1986 to 1988, the IBR addressed the low pass rate among black matriculants by organising tutorial programmes in science and mathematics. Fatima extended the example of the Indian community's attempts to provide schooling for their children to reach out to impoverished black pupils.

Hence, in 1986 she founded Phambili High School for Africans, enrolling 3 000 students. The Hindu Tamil Institute was procured from the Indian community for this purpose. In 1993 Meer founded the Khanyisa School Project as a bridging programme for underprivileged learners from informal settlements who required preparation for formal schooling. She also founded the Khanya Women's Skills Training Centre in 1996, which trained 150 black women annually in pattern-cutting and sewing, adult literacy and business management. In 1992, Meer founded the Clare Estate Environment Group in response to the needs of shack dwellers and rural migrants, deemed by the government to have no rights in urban areas. She drew attention to the fact that they were without clean water, sanitation and proper housing. 1994 brought an end to apartheid but unfortunately did not diminish her need to fight for the rights of the poor. "I am critical of our achievements and I ask, 'freedom for whom?' And it certainly is not for the formerly disenfranchised. They still live in abject poverty with no access to basic services, adequate schooling and land. So unless we come to grips with that, we are not going to really have the freedom about which we are talking."

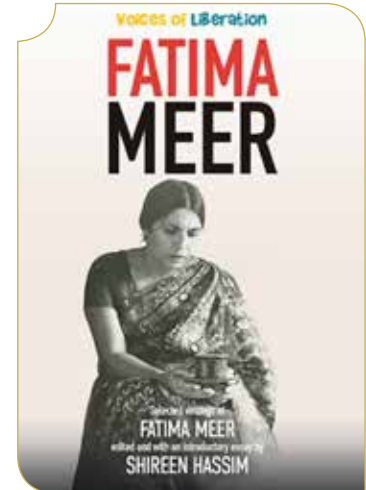
Right until the end, she continued to work tirelessly for the cause of the underprivileged. She was an editor of at least 18 publications and wrote or contributed to more than 40 books on a wide variety of subjects. Among the many, *Apprenticeship of a Mahatma* was made into a film, *The Making of the Mahatma* by Shyam Benegal, for which she wrote the screenplay. She also authored *Higher than Hope*, the first authorised biography of Nelson Mandela, which was translated into 13 languages. It is significant that the citation for the conferment of her honorary degree from the University of Natal in 1998 stated that "Meer was among the first South Africans to have ever existed, a dutiful citizen before citizenship was enfranchised for her".



A young mother, with her three children



Alan Paton with Fatima Meer and Dr and Mrs Padayachee at a prayer meeting for detainees, observing silence outside the Durban Central Prison. This could be roughly around the 1960s.



Fatima Meer was a freedom fighter of Indian heritage and she introduced research on Indenture in her leadership at Institute of Black Research. She connected the different nodes of Indian history in her pictorial study, Portrait of Indian South Africans (1969).



Standing from L-R: Mr Mamoo Rajab, Cllr. Dennis Burrows, Dr Devi Rajab; Seated: Prof Fatima Meer



Fatima Meer addressing a crowd at the launch of the South African Black Women's Federation alongside Ma Luthuli and Winnie Mandela rally. Winnie Mandela and other comrades listening in. Possibly early 1970s.



Prof Fatima Meer, still in good health in her later years. The inscription reads: There is no peacetime as long as there is hunger and homelessness, and people's basic human rights are trod upon. The inequality which prevails in our society... goes against this notion of peace." Fatima Meer, Chatsworth, 2000.



Dr Devi Moodley Rajab is an award winning columnist. She is the author of Women; South Africans of Indian origin from indenture to democracy (Jacana Press) No Subject is Taboo: Socio-political commentaries on SA (Mandela Press) Devi's Diary (Ravan Press) a compilation of her columns in the Mercury. She trained as a psychologist and was educated in South Africa and in the USA as a Fulbright Scholar.

Dreamcubators and Dreamcatchers This is my story.ⁱ Marcelle Abrahams (nee Brinkhuis)

Dreams abandoned, dreams deferred, dreams forgotten, dreams transposed but still chasing dreams with a sense of urgency considering that the number of years behind me far exceeds the number ahead but still dreaming anyway. There are so many factors that influence the multifaceted, complex and often eccentric person that I am. It is a given that the pathway and journey to success are never linear. This story is but a broad sweep that lends itself for more detailed expansions at a later stage. For now let this sweeping overview begin.

Born to Marina Brinkhuis (nee Brownridge) and Charles Brinkhuis at Peninsula Maternity Hospital (PMH) in District Six, Cape Town on 30.6.1963. In later years this historically significant institution and the medics who worked there contributed to shaping who I am. My formative years (up till the age of 3) were spent in Sir Lowry's Pass Methodist Mission Grounds in Somerset West. A house steeped in Brinkhuis generational occupancy and ownership. My parents, in support of their personal ambitions, decided to move to Cape Town—first rental accommodation in the Bo-Kaap and then permanently in Blyvoor Street, Vanguard Estate, Athlone (a suburb in the Cape Flats allocated for Coloureds according to the Group Areas Act of 1950). It was a working class suburb with sandy tracts of land, invasive alien Port Jackson trees in abundance and a marshy vlei on the field across from our house. Not very pretty compared to the 180° view of Table Mountain, Table Bay and the leafy surrounds all in one frame that we had when living in the Bo-Kaap. What was pretty though was the view of the ivy clad University of Cape Town (UCT) nestled on the leafy eastern slopes of Table Mountain which was clearly visible from my parental home. That view always inspired me to get stuck into my books so that I can enter those hallowed halls of learning.

I attended Vanguard Primary School (1970-1976) and Good Hope Seventh Day Adventist College (GHSDAC) (1977-1981). GHSDAC is a private learning institution where my mother matriculated at the age of 16.

Both my brothers attended GHSDAC. Financially this was a huge sacrifice for my parents but they persevered because it gave them the opportunity to circumvent the unjust discriminatory and segregationist laws of apartheid as the institution allowed people of all colour from all nationalities (Malawi, Swaziland, Zimbabwe to name a few) to attend and write the Joint Matriculation Board Exams as opposed to the Department of Coloured Affairs' (DoCA) Matriculation Exams that were mandatory for public school scholars. My parents believed that a good education together with enhanced life experiences was our ticket to freedom. They inspired and encouraged us to follow our dreams and advised that the best place to start was by building a solid foundation. Both my parents were lifelong learners.

Typical of the obedient eldest child I heeded this call. Always looking up towards UCT to keep me focused with the romanticised Oxford University in mind. One day someday. So I buckled down and in 1981 was successful in my application to study B.SC (Computer Science) at UCT on condition that I obtained a permit from the DoCA to study at UCT. Despite my efforts, months of applications, discussions and appeals the DoCA refused to grant me a permit on the basis that the University of the Western Cape (UWC), then an Afrikaans medium university designated for coloured people, had the same course offering so there was no need to study at UCT. UCT then offered me the opportunity to study astronomy or archaeology but I declined. At the time I thought it such an obscure random career in which I had no professional interest. I felt that my studies needed to culminate into job opportunities that would assist my family financially.

Forty years later and this memory of the rejection by DoCA is still extremely painful and angers me especially considering that they thought it fit for my Mom to teach postgraduate medical students at UCT but not fit for me to study there because of my pigmentation I wrote my matriculation exams defeated and deflated but went off to UWC anyway.

The years at UWC (1982-1983) as a B.Econ student were difficult years. The medium of instruction and text books were in Afrikaans, my second language, which required me to first translate then understand. An English-Afrikaans dictionary was always at hand. It was also during the years of the student uprising against the apartheid regime with many students dropping out of university. I was one of them. Despite dropping out after 2 years I considered the two years there educational. Education of a different kind that cannot be garnered from a text book - politically enlightened discussions and debates that lasted well into the night during a period when anti - apartheid literature was banned in SA. A People's Education! A confluence of ideas where two schools of thought met: Liberation before Education and Liberation by means of Education.

I then entered the banking sector. Years later, when I was more interested in corporate finance, I resumed my studies at UWC as a married woman and completed my B.Com degree in 1992. The principles taught were based on and promoted the capitalist system which lauded the Bretton Woods monetary system and Anglophile and American business models. Although I embraced these principles it was tempered by a good dose of social concerns and consciousness that I was exposed to previously.

One channel of this exposure was through PMH. My mother, a qualified nurse when she married my father, later did advanced studies in midwifery when my brother and I were still toddlers (ages 3-4) and who eventually ended up being a matron at PMH. I vividly recall the years at PMH. PMH served as my homework centre, my after care centre and informal learning centre. It was one of the many places that exposed me to the unjust and unfair societal practices of the day.

One memory that stands out for me was when a medical doctor saw me viewing the babies in the incubators. He decided to engage with me and explain the reasons for these incubators. He went on at length to explain the why, what and how of it all and ended off by stating something to the effect :“ these infants come into this world underdeveloped and undernourished. Their mothers come from an impoverished background propped up by the tot system . We give it our all to educate and restore mom and baby. Once we succeed we send them back into this world and hand them back to the same unjust and unfair society where they have more battles to face. Unless we change the society that we live in this vicious cycle will repeat itself. Who is going to change the society that we live in?” This discussion still resonates with me.

After graduating I re-entered the banking sector, worked and made my mark in Corporate Finance at Standard Corporate Merchant Bank. Juggling family life as a married female professional in Corporate South Africa in 1997 proved to be extremely challenging. By this time I was married to David Charles Abrahams (12.01.1962) with one son Rory Dave Abrahams (22.12.1990) and another one on its way. My second son Liam Aidan Abrahams was born on 29.1.1997.

After the birth of my second son I made a conscious decision to exit the professional arena and focus on parental responsibilities (an infant and a grade 1 pupil), engage in further studies and be involved in community work. The break lasted two years and I decided to re-enter the market and in 1999 was appointed as the Manager of Professional Management Programmes at UWC, my alma mater. UWC was now a champion in promoting inclusive education, recognition of prior learning and creating alternative access routes for the mature individual who were denied university access during the years of apartheid which ended in 1994. As I look back I see this period as a period of healing for me as I now was involved in helping others in breaking down and overcoming the barriers that prevented me from entering the university of my choice back in 1982.

After my stint at UWC I continued in the same vein by being involved in African Strategy and projects for Educor (then a subsidiary of Naspers) and was part of a team that established a college in Mozambique.

At this point (2003) I had my fill of being involved in academia as an employee and my spirit yearned for the world of corporate finance but still wanting to make a difference and contribute towards the socio-economic development of our democratic South Africa. But first another career break. This time around I needed to settle my youngest son into Grade 1 and once again engage in some additional studies and community work. This break lasted 3 years.

The opportunity to yield to my spirit came in 2006 when I was appointed as the Deputy Director: Project Finance in KwaZulu-Natal's Provincial Ministry of Finance and Economic Development. This was a portfolio that straddled the disciplines of Corporate Finance and pro-poor Development Finance. Ironical that incubation is very much part of Financing for Development and I am often reminded of my conversation with that medical doctor at PMH. The same principles apply and the fundamental question is still valid. Who is going to change the system for the better?

My father also played a pivotal role in my success. He was the one who taught me chess at the age of 8 and helped me with my mathematics homework. His drive and ambition led him to become a transport manager at Jowell's Transport (now Trencor) and he completed his diploma in transport economics at Rand Afrikaans University (now University of Johannesburg) in his forties. He and my mother laid the solid foundation for future generations.

Traces of this foundation are seen in the qualifications and life experiences of my and my two children's life. I currently have ambitions of obtaining a PhD in Development Finance. My eldest son Rory is a Rhodes University (RU) B. Com graduate and was appointed as the Student Representative Council's project manager while he was a student at RU where he had the opportunity to be a student activist.

My youngest son Liam obtained his Private Pilot Licence (PPL) at Blue Chip Flight School and is working towards obtaining his Commercial Pilot Licence (CPL) thus following in his grandfather's footsteps by being involved in the transport industry.

As I cradle my precious grandson, Akiro Apollo Abrahams (born 30.12.2021 to Rory and Stephanie nee Chickson) and watch Stephanie gently do the same I am mindful that no mom brings a baby into this world and dreams for them to be deprived and delinquent.

Most mothers, no matter the creed, nationality, religion or class have the same dream for their children: to be fully equipped to take advantage of the best opportunities that this world has to offer. The opportunities that my children have were non-existent for people of colour in the Apartheid era. There was a structural change in 1994 which beyond that made it possible for them to achieve this and for that I am grateful. We need to continue to work on reforming the structures at all levels of our society so that more youngsters can pursue their dreams without the burden of an unjust and unequal society.

The Dreaming continues because the journey is not complete.



My graduation photo with my parents.

My son Rory Abrahams' graduation photo with his parents and brother Liam.





My son Liam Abrahams with his brother Rory when he obtained his Private Pilot Licence.



My son Rory, his wife Stephanie and their son (my grandson) Akiro.



Marcelle Abrahams, an advocate for lifelong learning, has studied commerce at the University of Western Cape, project management and enterprise risk management at the University of Cape Town and development finance at the University of Stellenbosch Business School. Her professional career is steeped in Corporate and Development Finance with experience in both the private and public sectors.

- i. This is my fifth submission to OHASA's Tell Your Mother's Story series. In the interest of word constraints I have omitted full names and dates. Please refer to previous submissions for more details and expansion.
- ii. PMH was eventually closed down in 1992 after a period of resisting forced removals. Patients and operations were incorporated into Mowbray Maternity Hospital, Mowbray, Cape Town. The buildings have recently (2018) been restored and converted to a District Six Community Day Care Centre.
- iii. Bo-Kaap: A suburb on the City Bowl side of the slopes of Signal Hill that has resisted forced removals and gentrification.
- iv. Port Jackson trees, an invasive alien shrub, indigenous to Australia and introduced to South Africa in 1848.
- v. Education at the time was governed by various laws that aimed to racially compartmentalise education by separating education institutions according to race. These laws were the Bantu Education Act (1953), University Education Act: Act 45 (1959), Coloured Person's Education Act (1963) to name a few. The JMB was the only assessment Body in SA to offer examinations for non-racial schools during the period of apartheid.
- vi. My mother's story, *Between & Betwixt*, and a copy of this UCT letter features in OHASA's Tell Your Mother's Story (V4).
- vii. The tot system also known as the "dop system" is the notorious system which was used in SA wine farms where farmers paid their labourers with cheap wine in lieu of cash thus creating a dependency on alcohol (alcoholism and alcohol foetal syndrome). The longterm negative impact of this system is still felt in society today.
- viii. My father's story, *A bouquet of lingering love and care*, features in OHASA's Tell Your Mother's Story (V3).

Mimosa Avenue

Dr Kellie Steinke

I have stayed up past my bedtime tonight and I even watched Dallas, a famous American prime time television soap opera that was enjoyed by millions of South Africans during the late seventies and most of the eighties. But Mum and Dad do not know because Daddy has fallen asleep in front of the TV and Mum has gone to bed, or maybe she is still in the bathroom. Because it is Friday and we do not have to go to school tomorrow, Daniel — that is my brother — has gone off with some of his friends to the drive-in. His friends come from up our street. One is James, my friend Janet's brother, and the other one is called Alan. He is spotty and I do not like him so much. The drive-in is across the road from the back of our house and I can see the big screen flicker from the lounge window. I wish I could hear what the people in the movies say but you can only hear if they hook the speakers on your car window.

Daniel and they do not pay to go in. They crawl under the fence and then they sit near a speaker close to the hedge, where no one can see them. Daniel says the movies tonight are pretty crap but he has gone anyway. He went over our back fence, which is only wire because there is no house built on the back property yet. That is nice because we can get right over to the street without having to go round the block.

I decide to wander out the front door into the garden. I have tried running away from home sometimes but Mum and Dad do not notice I have gone when I come back. I do not stay away too long because I get scared. The moon makes it really bright and I go sit behind my dad's pick-up van. We call it a bakkie. If I lie flat, I can see under it down to the street. It is quiet, I cannot see any people or anything. It is probably more fun looking out the back garden. But then this one car comes and drives past really slowly. It has no lights on and it turns round and drives past me again. I think it might be a police car. It has got one of those back doors that open where the windows are covered with chicken wire.

The car drives round again, this time heading down the dip towards the river. It comes back. Now it stops. Someone — I think it is a policeman, he is very big — jumps out and he grabs a man who is climbing over the wall at Janet's house. The headlights go on. I hear yelling. They are using a torch and from where I am lying I can see it is a black man. I think it is Petrus, he is our gardener sometimes. I can hear the first policeman screaming at him and then the other one, who is not as big as the first one, gets out of the car and goes towards them. Petrus is fighting them. That is naughty because you should not fight the police.

I can hear the policeman call him a "bleddy thief" and he is asking him where the other guys are. Petrus is saying that he does not know. They want to put him in the back of the van now so he must be going to jail.

I wonder what Janet's ousie (older sister), Lettie, will say when she hears Petrus is in jail. Petrus is her boyfriend. Lettie lives in the khaya at the back of Janet's house. Petrus is still fighting and the policeman puts him on the ground. Janet says that is what her daddy does to her mummy when she will not listen to him. But now the policemen are kicking Petrus very hard when he is on the ground and I do not think that is nice at all. They kick him and he yells, and so they kick him again until he stops yelling. They lift him into the back of the car and close the door, and he still does not make any noise. He must be very heavy because it is hard for them to pick him up. I move around the side of the bakkie so I can get a better look at them as they put him in. One policeman says that the only good kaffir is a dead kaffir.

I wonder how Petrus will do our garden if he is dead and how that can be a good thing. They are getting back in the car now, but then the big one shines his torch across the road and I think maybe he sees me.

I am feeling scared because maybe I will go to jail to and I crawl back around the back of the bakkie. He walks up our grass, bends down and shines the light on me. He has a khaki shirt on with a blue badge and a hat. His voice is very deep. "Wat doen jy?" I know some Afrikaans because I have to learn it at school, even though I hate it. "I'm hiding outside," I say. He turns back to his partner across the road and shouts: "Dis net 'n kind!" Just a child. Then he turns back to me. "You must go back inside, little girl." He says: "We caught a black oke with a big knife who broke into someone's property down the road and stole some bicycles. He has still got friends out here. Go back." He orders me and watches to make sure I go back in the house. Dad is still asleep in the chair, so I cannot tell him that I met a policeman in the yard and they took Petrus. I am glad no one will know that I did not bath tonight. I will bath tomorrow.

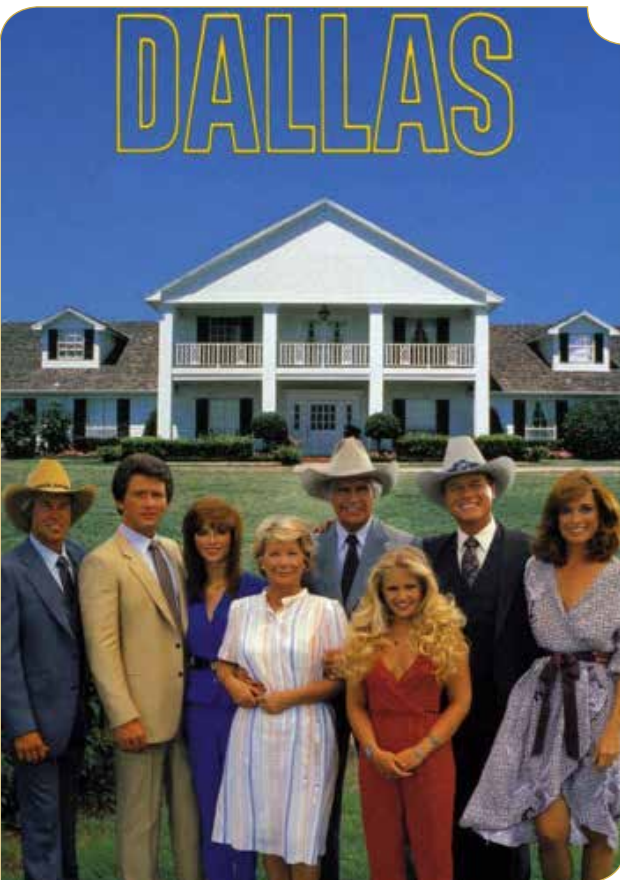
It is not easy to fall asleep because I am thinking about Petrus and whether he will get breakfast in jail and if Lettie will be sad. I am awake for a while and I hear Daniel and his friends coming back. Through my closed curtains, I can see them climbing over the back fence but they cannot see me. They are making a lot of noise and laughing, and I hear Daniel say it was "really cool," so I think that the movies must have been good after all.



A common scene during Apartheid South Africa
(www.history.com)

Alan calls for help and they are lifting heavy stuff over the fence into our garden. They leave it against the side of the shed and go inside, and I think it is strange to see the bicycles out there because I thought that they went to the drive-in on foot.

Notes: This story - submitted under Option 3 of the Submissions Template - is someone else's story. Somebody who I knew - my friend who is now a mother. It is based on actual experiences during the author's childhood. Pictures, courtesy of www.google.com have been used to recreate the visual memorialisation for the mature reader who grew up during Apartheid and watched SABC offerings and for whom many of the truths of the brutality of Apartheid was not known. Colloquial language and Afrikaans words are in italics.



www.google.com



Dr Kellie Steinke currently lives in Mpumalanga, South Africa and lectures at a local university. When she is not somewhere in the bush trailing elephants, her hobbies are art, reading and, of course, writing. She managed to write this story despite a job, a household to run, two crazy dogs and three, wonderfully nutty daughters!

Tales of the Land... The Land So Precious Kogie Archary

The land so precious
Heavy at times, the load it bears
Every day, a different weight!

Looking at nature
Always at ease
Never resting
Dutifully serving

So very magnificent
Often forgotten!

Piercing through the sky, the tree stands tall
Rooting for the underground, it never stops searching
Ever gracefully looking to the sky
Carefully meandering every terrain
Inward looking, the leaves fall to the earth
Onto fine blades of grass, A carpet to Mother Earth
Upon the valleys and rugged paths
Swiftly we glide through Mother Earth! Land so precious!

(4 May 2022 – 22:43)



(Kogie Archary: Valley View Road, Redcliffe Farm, 2022)

Devastation after the April 2022 floods in KwaZulu Natal. Life lost, livestock lost. Homes destroyed. What follows are three stories depicting the human spirit on the move, across continents, across the globe and even across the provinces of our beloved country South Africa. The Archives holds close to its heart, the ticking heartbeat of millions of ordinary South Africans who were evicted, uprooted and moved around the country without their will in place! What sadness! It is women, mothers, sisters, daughters who now bear the brunt of rebuilding!

The Free State Archives

Tshitso Challa

In 2021, the Oral History Association of South Africa together with the support of the National and Provincial Departments of Sport, Arts and Culture hosted their Annual conference in the town of Clarens in the Free State Province. For Volume Five of the Coffee table Publication, the provincial archivist was invited to submit a write up on this most interesting Archive as it was located in the previously occupied Afrikaner stronghold. A province where racism, apartheid ideology and strong broederdom dictated day-to-day activities. In addressing the milieu and nuance of this Archive which probably boasts discerning information and where nowhere else can certain artefacts be found four questions were posted to the author. The intention with this write up as well is to create an interest in the submission of stories from the Free State province for future volumes.

Who occupied this space before - prior to 1994

The role of archives throughout the globe plays a central role of reminding communities of poor and good decisions made at governance level and their surroundings being families, land and other daily decisions. The archives remains a part of life during apartheid and even the new dispensation. People rely on archives to make informed decisions from primary records. The oral history role was not enshrined in the old Archives Act. That on its own reflects the non-consultative approach from the technocrats. The current Act which was activated in 1996 speaks to the amalgamation of all the provincial Archives. The critical role of oral history was included. The Records Management and outreach programme which improves the preservation of our history has been investigated and developments in relation with revisiting the Act is looming. The Free State Archives plays a central role of preserving the archival materials which depicts the history and heritage of communities of the Free State in an objective manner. Policies and prescription of preservation were intact and adhered to. Researchers from all walks of life managed to be assisted as expected. Prior 1994, the Free State Archives has a archives Act which speaks to the interest of the Archives. The Free State Archives houses quite a number of records which play a critical role in the history of the Free State.

What changes took place between 1994 to 2020

The housing of the government and municipal records had to change. The major change which happened was to relook at the history and contribution played by oral history particularly amongst the Black communities.

The history which needs to be recorded was not only political instead it was social, recreational and developmental in nature. The change which was enshrined between 1994 and 2020 was the implementation of the National Archives Act of looking into archival records differently. The Archives' service was taken more to communities which were marginalised due to the old approach of apartheid. More responsibilities of looking into preserving the South African histories grew abundantly but the means of looking into such records - monetary wise - was not injected as expected. One of the critical changes after 1994 was the recruitment and appointment of black professional staff members in managing the archives in the Free State. Newly established departments had to appoint registry clerks and that gives Archives personnel new responsibilities of extending their horizons of assistance. More involvement of different races brought about change in the research field and recruiting of interesting new stories relevant to the Free State communities.

State how your Archive output has changed post COVID 19. How did your department survive?

The impact of the COVID-19 has ravaged different communities, taught and brought changes in the global societies. Different methods of accessing and dealing with information had to change. A number of archival platforms and its daily tasks had to change and be accessed differently in order to prevent the spread of COVID-19. The old preservation approach where researcher has to visit the Reading Room and sit with voluminous records has to be changed and modified due to the COVID 19 pandemic. The digitisation of records is one of the critical aspects which have been considered from the national and provincial levels. The visits conducted by the Archivists by monitoring the clients' offices have to be modernised and be conducted electronically.

The newly implemented tool which is referred to as Access to Memory (AToM) by the National Archives and State Information Technology Agency (SITA) is able to redress some of the imminent challenges of the preservation. The Provincial Archives are readily involved in the AToM budget and implementation. The Monitoring and Evaluation Unit has to be involved in evaluating the implementation and its outcomes. The 2021 Oral History Conference was organised in the Free State and it had to be dual - meaning the streamline and the physical. Virtual platform becomes an integral part of engaging more participants and changes the shape of the previous organisation of the conference.

How are women coping within this work space – by interviewing women at the office, share their challenges, successes, etc:

Two brief conversational and non-structured interviews were conducted with Me Tshona and Me Maqala on issues relating to the impression of women about the Archives workplace. These interviews were about getting a clearer picture on the role of women and on the challenges they are facing and how they are being affected. Room for improvement was also on the table for discussion. One of the critical aspects mentioned by the interviewees was that the equality ratio at the workplace was really a good attempt to redress the inequality. The appointment of women in the workplace improved the task of offering the marginalised group of our communities an opportunity to prove themselves. From the previous financial year until the current financial year, the Head of Archives took it upon himself to appoint an Archivist to act for Assistant Director: Records Management. Consistent assistance becomes very minimal and improvement of women's role becomes key.

Conclusion

It is envisaged that with this write-up, future Volumes of the CTP TYMS will attract more women's stories. In order for the literary trajectory of South Africa and indeed the African Diaspora to change and impose on the decolonisation process, men, women and interested organisation must take pen to paper or fingers to computer and start the process of documenting the truth, telling and retelling campfire stories and engaging the organic intellectuals to get to the bottom of the well of wisdom and dig until they get the truth of what happened, how it occurred and where to from here.



sport, arts, culture & recreation
Department of
Sport, Arts, Culture and Recreation
FREE STATE PROVINCE

Tshitso Challa is head of Archives in the Free State Province having served that department for more than two decades. He has a great interest in documenting the truth, researching the province's history and presenting academic papers at various conferences.

His mother, Malechesa, contributed immensely to his identity of self, chosen career path and life choices as her speaking in their mother tongue and her discouraging or non-promotion of speaking in another language greatly influenced him. Growing up in Bloemfontein where Tswana as the lingua franca dominates, in the home, it was different as Sesotho was the key to communicate with siblings without any glitch. It contributed steadily when we communicated with close relatives in Lesotho and other areas where Sesotho dominates.

The pronunciation and reading of Sesotho literature promoted self-confidence at school, with friends and the broader community. Mr Challa completed his BA Ed in 1999 at Vista University, Bloemfontein Campus and then completed his BA Hons in History which focussed on the archival material and the oral history part. Mr Challa, thereafter, completed his master's degree with the University of the Free State. As an Archivist, he was required to familiarise himself with the content of archival principles and UNISA was a platform to carry such plans.

His current responsibilities are to head the Free State Archives. The Oral History Association of South Africa (OHASA) hosts annual conferences and he was instrumental in the planning for the Free State Conferences in 2012 and 2021, respectively. These were major and rewarding activities of looking into preserving the oral history of the marginalised communities. Currently, Mr Challa serves as the Deputy President of OHASA. As the Deputy President, he is assisting the organisation of the Oral History Conference in Kuruman in the Northern Cape.



National struggle of triply oppressed predominantly Black women: www.google.com)



Me Tshona, Mr Challa and Me Maqala

How my mother met Sidney Poitier Prof Malcolm Wallis

This note is in two parts. The first deals with my mother's life in the Bahamas (pronounced Bahamas) which lasted seven years, one of the highlights of which was her encounter with probably the most famous Bahamian in history, the actor Sidney Poitier. The second part is about Poitier's reflections on his own mother which seem to fit in very well with our series on mothers (Poitier 2000: 180). My mother's life and that of Sidney Poitier only intersected quite briefly but I think it is worth a mention all the same, especially since my mother grew up in the Australian bush which is in some ways similar to the experience of the Poitier family.

My mother, Nona Wallis (nee Poyser) was born on 26 February 1922 in Hertfordshire in the United Kingdom (UK) to Albert and Elizabeth Poyser. She had one older brother, Henworth. Partly as a result of her experience of travel, I was influenced to travel myself and lived much of my life in Africa. I worked in Kenya, Lesotho and Zambia as well as the UK and eventually settled in South Africa. When I lectured at the National University of Lesotho I married my late wife Ruth Dichabe of Sesotho heritage in 1977. In 1978 we became parents to Rebecca. I am now Grandad to eight year old Hannah, who was born in Cape Town. In retirement, I live in that city not far from Rebecca and her family.

Living in the Bahamas: My Mother's experience

My mother's life was a richly international one as her life spanned long periods of residence in four very different countries (the United Kingdom, Australia, Kenya and the Bahamas). In 1967, my parents left our home in the United Kingdom (UK) for the city of Nassau in the Bahamas. My brother and I stayed behind to pursue our lives as young adults. Mum and Dad had returned from life in the Colony and Protectorate of Kenya in 1962 as that country moved towards the transfer of power from British rule, culminating in independence ('uhuru') in 1963. They were restless in the UK and looked to other possibilities. A chance arose for my father to do in the Bahamas the type of work he had done in Nairobi, Kenya, where he had worked for the East African Posts and Telecommunications Corporation in various capacities including the training of staff. He was seen as qualified to be recruited for the task of tackling capacity building for postal services in the Bahamas. When the possibility arose, there was some uncertainty in my mind about where my parents were migrating to this time.

I am quite sure they were similarly unaware of what the Bahamas was like. It was still a British colony with a government which could be described as mainly white and mixed race. When it attained independence in 1973 a mainly black government had taken over. It is an archipelago – a collection of 700 coral islands at the edge of the Caribbean close to the Atlantic Ocean near Miami (see map). Only about 30 islands are actually inhabited, but there are many more which are very small and have attracted no human settlement. The population is small (probably under half a million) notwithstanding the large number of islands. On one of them, San Salvador, Christopher Columbus landed in 1492, possibly the first person from Europe to set foot on that side of the Atlantic after he took a wrong turning when trying to reach India. He missed his target by about 20 000 km (it is shown on the map as one of the most eastern parts of the Caribbean).

Mum and Dad were glad to be out of what they saw as the dreariness of life in the UK. This was particularly true of my mother who had grown up in the bush in Australia and had struggled to adjust to life in the 'mother country'. There was to be a very different way of life for them in the capital city of Nassau which was, and still is, a tax haven and a popular tourism destination. Plenty of sunshine, beaches, casinos (which were at that time still heavily influenced by the mafia - this was later remedied by tighter regulation), night clubs (horror of horrors!), restaurants, and some sports were on offer.

The block of flats where they lived had an excellent swimming pool. However, it came as a surprise to them that one of my dad's favourite sports, cricket, was little played. This was unexpected because throughout most of the ex UK ruled Caribbean (and Guyana) this was the national sport. Due to its proximity, the influence of the USA has always been greater in the Bahamas than most other parts of the region – hence sharing the American marginalization of cricket.

They were persuaded by friends including my dad's boss, also from the UK, to turn to golf as an alternative. They became enthusiasts, playing a number of courses as well as joining one club, Blue Hills, which was of minor status, relatively inexpensive and therefore more accessible to people of more modest incomes such as my parents and many middle class locals, most of whom were black and some of mixed race. Lessons were offered for beginners; these were given by more experienced Bahamian players.

My mother had never really played organized sport of any kind before. Her school in the West Australian bush was the only one she had known and it did not include sport in its curriculum, apart from occasional sports days. They really enjoyed their seven years in the sun of Nassau, not just because of the climate but because of the friends they had – a mixture of expatriate and local. This was a huge contrast to life in colonial Kenya where cross racial socializing was much rarer. But the golf was also important. As many players of the game know, it can become addictive. The highlight was mum's participation in a tournament in which she won a prize in a local competition, which Poitier presented to her. I understand that he was specially invited to present the prizes. That is how she met him. The evidence is in the picture at the end of this note. She also seems to have played a round or two with him on his later visits to the country, and met him socially at the house of a Bahamian friend. They also had many mutual social contacts with the new elite of the Bahamas including the lawyer Sir Gerald Cash who later became the Governor-General (representative of the Queen).

Poitier and his mother

His career in movies started in 1950 with a role in 'No Way Out'. In 2022 he received an honorary award for his life's work. He was widely respected as a major movie star. His career was linked to South Africa at an early stage as it included a part in the film version of Alan Paton's novel 'Cry, the Beloved Country'. He played the Reverend Msimangu who, based in Johannesburg, contacts the central character a Reverend Kumalo, who works in a rural community, to tell him that his sister who has migrated to the big city is dangerously ill. I recently discovered that he and fellow black actor, Canada Lee, had to pretend that they were indentured servants of the movie's director to be permitted to work in South Africa – an unorthodox form of acting if you like. He also played Nelson Mandela in a TV movie. Among his best known other movies were 'Guess who's coming to Dinner' and 'In the Heat of the Night'. My favourite is a TV movie called 'The Last Brick Maker in America' which is homage to a dying art and testimony to the importance of resilience in the face of adversity. It was his final movie. His background was very humble. He was born in the small Cat Island which is one of the smallest in the Bahamas (about 65 km long and 7 km wide). Unlike many memoirs, his contains much reference to his family and to his mother, Evelyn, in particular. His was a difficult birth. It was premature and he weighed less than 2kg. His father came home with a shoebox for his expected funeral, but this initiative was thankfully premature. His mother went to a soothsayer to find out more about his prospects. She predicted that he would 'walk with kings' and be 'rich and famous' (Poitier 2000: 17).

Some other examples of references to his mother:

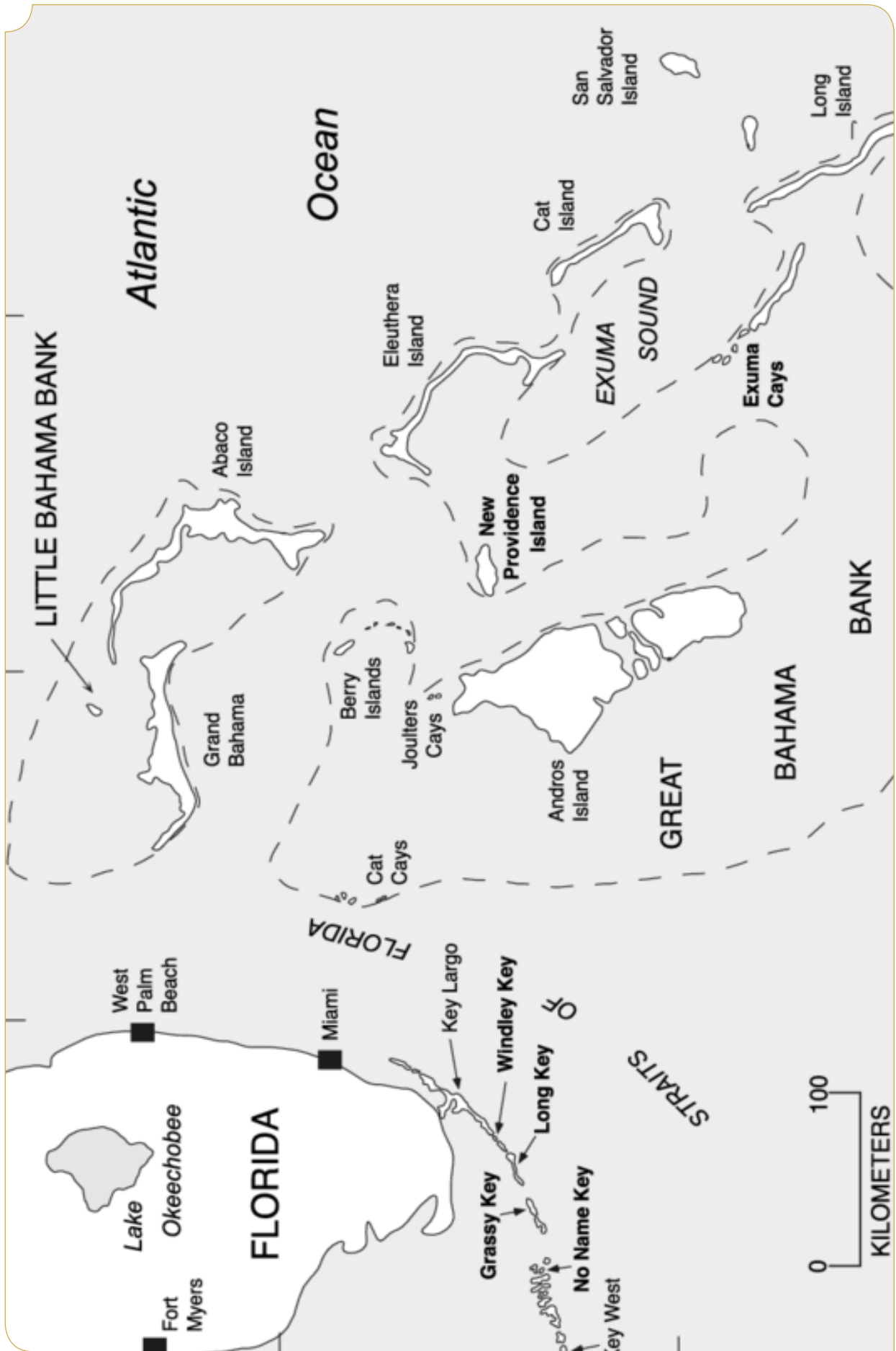
'My mother, Evelyn, was a creature of silence. She was so inarticulate that she could hardly talk to anyone except my father. She couldn't speak to me much, though she communicated very eloquently in the way that she cared for me, the way her spirit hovers over me, guiding me in ways I'm still trying to understand.' (Poitier 2000: 13). An even stronger statement about her is that 'much that has happened to me is the continuance of her soul and her spirit and her gift.' (Poitier 2000: 15). She was herself barely literate but instilled in her son a determination to go forward in life (Poitier 2000: 39).

'We're not nearly as strong as our mothers and fathers were'... 'But she endured because she found comfort in her commitments. She stoked the fire, she tended the farm, she washed the clothes, and she baked the bread but she found satisfaction in that.' (Poitier 2000: 180). Her life was one without the conveniences taken for granted by many today, but which a lot of people in South Africa still do not have; for Evelyn Poitier there was no electricity, or water at the turn of a tap.

Income was low and unreliable. His father had a small tomato farm selling to the Florida market in the USA which was the only source; it later ceased when the government of that state embargoed tomatoes from the Bahamas (Poitier 2000: 25). It is clear, however, that he derived great strength from that early life in a poor family and particularly his mother. It was a strength which helped him in his later career in movies to steer his way through the racism of the USA to go on to be the great star he became. His memoirs contain his experience of racism in the Bahamas' neighbour which is eerily similar to South Africa's history (Poitier 2000: 40-46). Interestingly, his movie career exposed him to *apartheid* but he does not, in the memoir I read, make any observations about that experience.

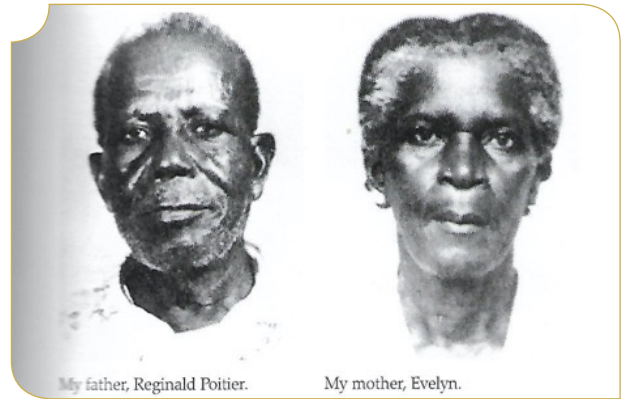
He died in January 2022. One of his obituaries referred to him as 'Hollywood's exemplar of African-American dignity' (The Economist 2022: 72). In 2000 my mother coincidentally visited Donnybrook, a town in the area which is the setting for Paton's novel. She said that it reminded her of a town of the same name she knew from her West Australian childhood in the 1920s and 1930s.

To end this story I quote Alan Paton's character played by Poitier, the Reverend Msimangu: 'I have one great fear in my heart, that one day when they turn to loving they will find we are turned to hating' (Paton 1987: 235).





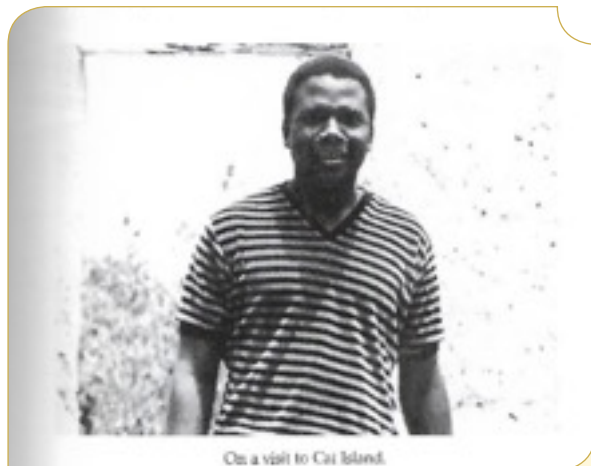
My Mother is second from the right



My father, Reginald Poitier.

My mother, Evelyn.

The parents, Reginald and Evelyn Poitier



On a visit to Cai Island.

Sidney as a young man



Prof Malcolm Wallis has lived, studied and worked in several universities in several countries, mostly in Africa. He was an Executive Dean (Management Science) at the Durban University of Technology in KwaZulu Natal before retiring to live in Cape Town.

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Maverick Farmer's Wife: From British India to Apartheid- Era South Africa

Dr Mark Coghlan

Curious Origin Story in British India

Anne Margaret Brownlow Shephard's birth was itself an eventful story. She was born on 13 December 1932 in Rawalpindi in Pakistan, but then in British India, the 'jewel' in the Imperial Crown. Anne was the second daughter of Captain (later Lieutenant-Colonel) John Shephard, an officer in the Army Service Corps of the interwar British Indian Army. Avis, her demure yet feisty mother, appeared to embrace the adventurous life of the colonial expatriate wife, complete (apparently) with hunting tigers from the backs of elephants, and perhaps that trait rubbed off on her daughter.

To complicate matters, her birth was registered in a hilltop cantonment village called Dagshai. Following the partition of India in 1947, Dagshai was situated in India in the Punjab-Kashmir region. The life of a British military officer or colonial official on secondment from the metropole was often an itinerant one and the impact on a young girl in a foreign land must have been both unsettling and stimulating.

The life of the British expatriate military and civil ruling class in India, including domestic routines, was characterised by a plethora of servants. As was customary, these servants were drawn from the lower strata ('castes') of the indigenous Indian inhabitants. It was not unusual for bonds to develop between 'master' and 'servant,' and between White children and Indian caregivers. Back in Yorkshire in the United Kingdom, John Coghlan, her husband-to-be, was growing up in an upper middle-class family where a house servant (working-class White) was also still routine. Such upbringings must have conditioned both John and Anne to be inclined to accept as a norm, or to readily adapt to, the race-based master-servant relationship when they encountered that social system in segregationist and Apartheid era South Africa.

It is suggested that this girlhood upbringing also encouraged a wanderlust that was to place her life-story at odds with the gender convention of the time in the United Kingdom that expected of most women the pattern of marriage and children ('settling down') with a husband and be solely defined by the roles of homemaker and mother.

Early years in South Africa and the Expectations for a Farmer's Wife

Following a sojourn from the late 1930s to the early 1950s, when her adolescence and early adulthood was apparently marked by periods of parental absence, her father retired to the Wilderness outside George in the Western Cape. Here a complex romance developed with John Coghlan in distant East Griqualand. John Coghlan had been raised in an upper middle-class English family in an era where marriage was a rite-of-passage expected of, and followed by, most men and women, and in which gender roles were still largely dictated for women by marriage, a domestic role and, of course, reproduction (children), while men (fathers) defined themselves, or were predominantly defined by, their roles as breadwinners. There's evidence that Anne Shephard, who embarked on training as a radiologist, was one of those women who, during the 1950s, was starting to resist the established gender-based path through life mapped out for them. She initially resisted John Coghlan's persistent efforts to persuade her into marriage. He did not think he was doing anything wrong as his generation of young men were expected to find a wife, especially essential in his situation as a 1948 post-war emigrant from the UK intent on farming in the foothills of the East Griqualand Southern Drakensberg. Anne eventually relented, marrying John on 16 April 1955 and settling on the farm, Teddington. The Shephard's also settled on the farm and lived there until the late 1970s. Five children followed between January 1956 and January 1964.

Later Years: Context, Fulfilment, Frustration, and Disillusion

Despite her reservations about her role as a farmer's wife and mother in what was initially a remote setting, Anne Coghlan competently managed a farmstead and family with its concomitant obligations in terms of domestic management, including catering and the requirements of a sizeable brood of children, as well as involvement in white rural social and community affairs, dominated for the farmer's wife by the closest Branch of the Women's Institute. As the farmer's wife, she was also regularly called upon to minister to the family welfare and medical needs of workers.

In all these areas of responsibility, she was assisted to a considerable extent by the presence of her parents in close proximity, as well as a network of close friends in the district agricultural community, but most importantly, perhaps, by Black servants with whom she shared a mostly amicable and benign relationship of several decades, albeit within the racial confines of the times. She was, nevertheless, unable to step out of the racially structured system of her world, one that was part-and-parcel of the racial component of a White commercial agricultural lifestyle, with her approach perhaps best categorised as a 'benign paternalism', marked throughout by a vast 'them' and 'us' gulf in terms of the overall impact of discriminatory government legislation, low wages (albeit with a built-in 'payment-in-kind' component), minimal living standards and rudimentary facilities. Revisionist history often portrays this situation as racism. John and Anne Coghlan appeared to myself more as paternalistic, with my mother displaying a benevolence and respectful position towards the servants who worked for her. Historians and especially politicians also came to simplify and even misconstrue the socio-economic racial dynamics on a relatively isolated farm compared to those in Apartheid areas of Black residence (the 'locations') and urban areas.

Almost from the outset of her married life as a farmer's wife and mother, that wanderlust compelled her to spread her wings. While she could be an efficient and firm mother, although, in retrospect often seemingly distant or detached in terms of her marriage and family, she was an avid nature lover and was particularly close to companion animals, especially her horses and dogs. My father tolerated these passions to a certain extent, but, as a farmer who prioritises running a working farm encouraged an emphasis on income-generating livestock, there was not much encouragement, and she was expected to put home and family first.

She was nevertheless able to embark on surprisingly numerous adventures that were typified by horseback trail-rides, often on her own, and on several occasions with two young sons. Examples include a solo ride along the Drakensberg that she chronicled and had published in the 26 October 1967 issue of *Personality*, as well as a marathon trek into the remote interior of Lesotho. Trips to foreign lands included Zimbabwe (then Rhodesia), Namibia (South West Africa), Botswana and Spain.

Trail-riding in her day was a remarkably real adventure, nothing like current so-called television reality adventure shows: a mature farmer's wife and mother, seldom with any back-up, venturing out on horseback.

My impression is that this was a significant component of her vision of fulfilment as a woman, closer to an adventure-travel-writer than a farmer's wife. Her potential was epitomised by the *Personality* piece. Many farming wife compatriots were amazed at her seemingly daring exploits, but here were also rumblings of disapproval at the perceived cost to the responsibilities of her domestic domain.

A Tragic Denouement

With South Africa in turmoil and upheaval between mid-1985 and late-1986, Anne was wracked by frustration and depression, as well as a love-hate relationship with the farm-life, which made her feel both uplifted and trapped. She endured a self-imposed exile in the United Kingdom, during which time, on 11 September 1986, her farmstead was consumed by fire and much was destroyed. Life for many White South Africans at this time, especially in a rural setting, and with restricted access to external sources of news, comment and opinion, was largely unaffected, other than conscriptions for young men to military service in the South African Defence Force (SADF). During her sojourn in the UK she was consequently stuck by the seeming deluge of anti-Apartheid agitation and protest, as well as media strong media content from South Africa, such as reporting on protests and rioting. It was common for ordinary White South Africans such as her to be sometimes personally pilloried, to a greater or lesser degree, as social pariahs.

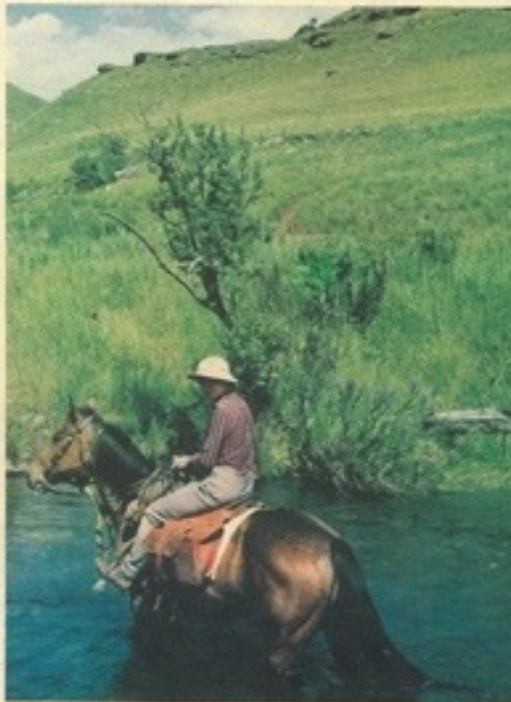
Then, on 14 July 1987, not long after she returned, she was killed in a tragic farm attack. Today many potential victims of violent crime such as housebreaking and hijacking are advised not to resist. Anne Coghlan was too feisty for that, and her physical defiance of her killer possibly contributed to her death. Perhaps, had she lived a generation later, she would have enjoyed more fulfilment as a woman and perhaps I would never have been born to tell her story, or perhaps if she had simply been granted a longer life.

I would wish to conclude with two comments on my parents, including my Mother. One comment is personal in a familial sense, the other refers to the Apartheid-era South African context in which they lived. Firstly, inter alia, and regardless of her faults, she did grant me the gift of life as well as the gift of Crescent, the lovely, feisty Anglo-Arab mare who will forever be the equine love of my life. Secondly, despite the controversial and contested political and socio-economic circumstances of my parents' lives, and that of my own childhood and young adulthood, I respect what they achieved together (as well as sometimes in 'opposition' to each other) on the Coghlan family farm, *Teddington*.

The author and her guide arrive at Champagne Castle.



Enjoying a cooling paddle in the Bushman's River.



Below: In the Injasati Valley where the author explored.



62 — Personality, October 26, 1967



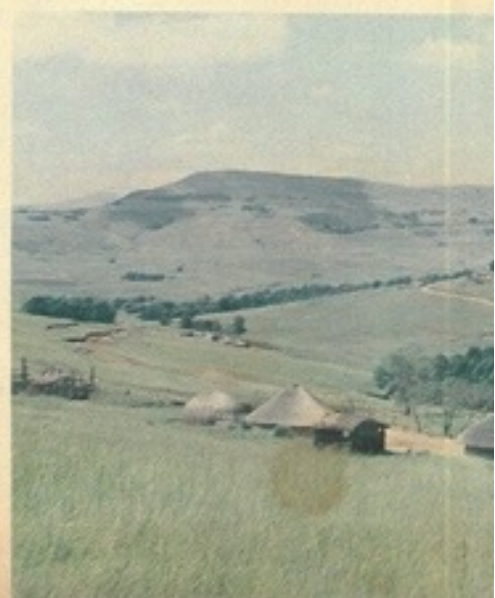
Leaving Cathedral Peak on the next stage through a huge Bantu Reserve.

lasting memorial to themselves in their paintings on the mighty rock walls.

I had thought for years that the stretch of country along the Drakensberg from the Cape border to that of the Free State would make a most scenic and interesting ride. In many parts the country is only accessible on

foot or on horseback and most of it is preserved in its natural state as a series of game parks or forest reserves.

Planning my trip presented many problems as most of the people to whom I wrote for advice replied either that it would be impossible to make a continuous ride



A page from the 26 October 1967 Personality article. The picture in the centre captures her spirit well.



John and Anne Coghlan: Wedding Day, Makhandha (Grahamstown), 16 April 1955.



Anne Coghlan: Youthful mother, with first-born daughter, Monica, Teddington Farm, late-1950s.



The quintessential Apartheid Era master/mistress – servant scenario?: Anne Coghlan with a sadly unidentified worker in the vegetable garden on Teddington



Mature farmer's wife and mother (seated second right), October 1972, with husband John (seated far left), four sons of five children, with the writer (seated extreme right), and two English cousins. From left to right: Standing – Charles Coghlan and David Coghlan; Seated – John Coghlan, Sophia Taylor, Anne Coghlan, Mark Coghlan; Foreground – Christopher Coghlan and Nicholas Taylor.



'Lift up my Eyes to the Hills': Anne Coghlan's final resting place in the Catholic Precinct of the Kokstad Cemetery.



Final years: Anne Coghlan (right), where she possibly most loved to be, on Ampie, and the writer, on Crescent, early 1980s, sharing a common passion for horses.



Dr Mark Coghlan's passion for history has endured from schooldays into his career-long working years with the KwaZulu-Natal Provincial Museum Service. His 2002 PhD from the University of Natal (UKZN) covered an Anglo-Boer War theme. He has several publications to his name, as well as numerous journal articles. Apart from exhibition projects, he is currently busy with an extensive East Griqualand regional history with an agricultural focus and a Coghlan family case-study, which inspired this article. He resides in Pietermaritzburg with his wife, Deanne, and daughter, Hannah.

The Things She Carried

Dr Kellie Steinke

All of us carry things with us through this life. Some travel light with backpacks, others bear so much they must load them up on a cart and lug them along. Still others carry secret things we do not see, like a lover carries a letter close to the heart. Outwardly, Angelina probably carried nothing she could not keep in her pockets. She had no purse or bag save the odd 'plastik' that she used to take her mielie meal home in. But looking back, she most certainly carried more than the eye either could or cared to see. I met her during the long, hot, heady transition years of the early nineties when the land was still close enough to 1994 to carry a heady sense of expectation. The country danced a complicated waltz on its journey to equality, some steps were forward, some sideways, some back. Uneducated and unrefined, Angelina was ignorant as to the true nature of the dance and so remained untouched by its potential graces.

Looking back I am saddened by how little I knew about her and perhaps I expected our acquaintance to be brief. Such were and are the distances created by the class differences in South Africa, so much deeper and wider than race. But her memory has managed to stay with me through all these years and I often think of what it was that she did carry. It bothers me to think that, if she were here today, it is likely she would carry little different from what she carried then.

For those unfamiliar with South Africa's sad past, generations of settlements of black, first Khoi-San and then Bantu peoples, were subjugated under the hegemony of the first white settlers, who arrived in the mid-17th century. Under these new rulers, these original groups became effectively third-class citizens within their own land. Access to land, jobs and therefore economic prosperity, was brutally restricted, and non-Europeans – blacks, Indians, and those of mixed-race known as Coloureds – subjugated for the next 400 years. After the fall of the Berlin wall, and the release of Nelson Mandela in 1990, it appeared as if the Sun might yet rise upon the land again as it began its slow trek to freedom, culminating in the first democratic elections in 1994. But it was a cruel, Winter Sun that barely rose above the horizon. In reality, the new dispensation has done little to change the plight of the desperately poor. Despite some three decades gone by, Angelina would have little trouble recognising her village and her shack if she returned today.

It stands to reason that she was first carried into this world, as we all must be. She bore ritual scars on her face to mark her tribe, "AmaBhaca," she told me. She said she spoke isiZulu but I now know that her dialect was a mixture of Setswati, isiXhosa and isiZulu.

Her people had come into existence as a result of the Mfecane wars of the 1820's, a fusion of different tribal clans that danced another dance, foreshadowing our own, in their haste to flee from Shaka, the legendary Zulu King who conquered and assimilated the Bantu tribes around him. They took whatever they were able to carry with them, including the seed that would one day become Angelina.

Her search for work had carried her away from the lush soft Ixopo hills to the hardened streets of Johannesburg. Where she had once carried the dark, rich soil of the mist belt between her toes, she now carried the dry, red and yellow dust from the pathways that cut across the Highveld on the soles of her shoes.

Here she married Obert, an economic refugee from Zimbabwe. He was a big man, and heavy, but she carried him anyway. She fed him with monies earned from piecemeal jobs she could find and she carried him physically when he staggered back to the shack at night, too drunk to stand. In return he gave her bruises to bear on her body and sometimes on her face.

When pay day came around, he would steal all her earnings for alcohol. Then she would have nothing but empty pockets and cry that they weighed more than her husband. When Obert was killed in yet another shebeen brawl, Angelina was finally relieved of his weight but also deprived of a roof over her head and found herself homeless. This new burden was to have heavy consequences.

She carried two children – at least – those that I knew of. First she held them in her womb and then in her arms, as mothers do. But they would not be put down, cried, and wailed until she transferred them both onto her back, hoping they would be satisfied for a while. But they grew and grew, heavier and heavier, like the mythical Jesus on the back of Saint Christopher. Unlike Jesus, they refused to disembark when they reached the other side of the river. Instead, they continued to wail and whine, demanding that she carry them over the land also, unable to stand, walk or work for themselves. They would go with her to her domestic jobs, still clinging to her back, whilst reaching down with their arms to steal whatever their hands could reach so Angelina carried the blame. When her newest 'Madam' inevitably found items missing and fired her, she would again find herself walking the roads to look for work.

Sometimes when she was in the area, Angelina would sleep in at my home. Then groceries would find themselves carried out of my house.

Tea, sugar, cleaning liquids and such-like would follow a well-worn route out of my front door and off down the road. When confronted, she would look at me sheepishly. She never denied that she took them. It was not malice, it was survival. She would always promise not to do it again, however. It was a promise she never managed to keep. Angelina carried my own children. She gifted them with isiZulu names like Lolo - "Little One" and Thandeka - "Lovable." "Lolo weAngie!" She would cry, joyfully lifting my daughter into the air. Or "Woza, woza!," as she encouraged my reluctant child to walk.

And she carried secrets. Like that fact that having no place to sleep meant she had to make "deals" with random shack owners. Or the time some man grabbed her in the veld on her way to or from work. "Hawu!" She laughed and shook her head. Nothing happened, he did not get her, she said. She ran away. But the secrets found their way out, as secrets tend to do, in the form of large sores that covered her face and arms. Some asked the Government to help people like Angelina to carry such illnesses because they were so heavy. But the people in power believed such secrets should remain hidden, so Angelina carried this burden alone.

Then she disappeared. "Tuberculosis," they said. A taxi had carried her to a clinic where she stayed for over a year. "You didn't visit me!" She cried to me upon her release. Shame-faced, what could I say? I carried my own fears. Dropped off of her shoulders like leeches that can no longer find a supply of blood, her children came to my door, crying, wailing, demanding money on behalf of their mother. It never reached her. Angelina went to the clinic and was released again. Then at some time, somewhere, she simply passed away. Although no sentimentality ever passed between us, she left some things for me to carry. I have two photographs in which she is holding my daughter with a shy smile. I carry her memory inside, along with a great sense of frustration that the lives of the poor can be counted of so little value that they can just die, of 'nothing,' with seemingly no rhyme or reason.

In the end she was carried back to Ixopo, where she began. Many seasons have passed across her fields. At the present moment, the ground in which she lies is thirsty and dry, but there will come a time when the wind will again carry clouds swollen with rain over the land. It is the endless cycle of things. We carry on.



Ixopo



Angelina and child



Dr Kellie Steinke currently lives in Mpumalanga, and lectures at a local university. When she is not somewhere in the bush trailing elephants, her hobbies are art, reading and, of course, writing.

She managed to write this story despite a job, a household to run, two crazy dogs and three, wonderfully nutty daughters!

A Mother's heart aches Anonymous

My heart aches so much, deep is my pain, I see sadness in your eyes, in your face - a hidden pain
Yesterdays were so beautiful, with sunshine, clouds, winds, thunder storms and some light rain.

Here today, forlorn, anxious, depressed, sad, down, why must it be this so very sad way?
Every action was an act of love, every deed was a way towards tomorrow, a brighter new every day
Alas, I have not been a good mother, No! I have failed you! I see it now. Tell the truth. Have I not?
Retract? Why – You may ask? I have not put you first. In fact it's like I have put you through a lot!
Today, I free You of me. Look after each other! It's a new 2022 beginning – Monday, the 9th of May.

A silent cry, maybe I should tag my heart to a motherless child? And do so now, act really fast...
Cherish the memories of yesteryear - I do! Of the times we have spent together-Now I live in the past
Hearing the echoes, Hannah Montana - The sounds begin to fade - It will seemingly never last
Every step was a challenge, Why me? I did my best! Where did I go wrong? How can it be?
So much pain in my own young life, I could never have believed that this would happen to me!

So many tears, why doesn't it stop? My heart aches so much...maybe my arms and love did lack
One day – You and your brothers will look at me - With sadness and I will not be able to look back.

My children, what have I done wrong? Have I been such a loveless mother to you? A torrential drain
Unsung am I as a mother - I did not mean it - but I failed you - I caused this tumultuous inner strain
Careless have I been with my love, emotions and actions, so now I crawl with a silent sprain.
How I wish I could have seen through it all! Yesterday could have helped me not create this pain!

Poet wishes to remain anonymous but is known to the Series Editor

9th May 2022.

An expression of sadness on the occasion of Mother's Day



Pain in the world...

A Mother's love Leshna Saikoolal

A Mother's love,
ever so pure and pious,
Graciously shielding me from life's storms with
your mighty force, your strength, unconditional love.
My days are forlorn, yearning for your presence with dad, alongside you.
How fickle is this concept of time
that it makes me gleam in sheer delight,
from one moment to the next,
I shudder realizing the harsh reality of your plight.
Relearning to live a life without you present,
a life that reminds me of learning how to walk again,
excruciatingly painful, yet so blissful- the paradox of life.
Resting in your light my dear mummy and daddy,
I renew my inner joy,
as it has become a ritual to seek your blessings first,
from above and beyond is grace
that speaks of the endless love that lives on in this place...
My Birthday blessings to You Mummy in Heaven.

Your Lotus, Leshna

27th June 2022.

Written on the anniversary of my Mother's birthday



Beauty in the world

Volume 4 ...A writer's review

Phumzile Biyela



Mrs Biyela, a retired educator who submitted her grandmother's story for Volume Four was invited to share her thoughts on the publication – post reading the book. This is her account.

By writing and submitting a story for the Coffee Table Publication "Tell Your Mothers Story"

we are provided with an opportunity to tell stories about ordinary women who have done extraordinary things in the lives of those close to them, their lives, their families' lives and even to the community at large. We are given a chance to acknowledge and applaud them. Most of them may have not been applauded and celebrated so we are provided with a chance to do so of which we are so grateful. It might be in their absentia because some of them are deceased but it makes no difference as their legacy lives on - as long as we are able to highlight the work they have done in the lives of many people.

We may not have seen some of them but we were told about them by some family members who were present at the time.

When we look at what they have done with fewer opportunities for education we are motivated and inspired to do great things in life no matter how hard it appears. In Volume Four, we see Mathabo Rachel Kunene going into exile, getting a passport under trying circumstances and getting work in London. She personally built a school from their own funds.

Women got married very young as Dr Varley highlights that her maternal grandmother got married at around 13-16 years old. Some women remarried when they lost their first husbands to survive the difficult times to raise children under single parenthood. Most families had to relocate from their birthplace to seek a better life as highlighted in Professor Malcom Wallis's story.

Dr Claudine Hingston's parents believed in the value of Education and Christianity. They also moved from one place to another. At the age of 7 she had to wake up very early to prepare for school. She did household chores, lit the fire to cook breakfast and boiled water for tea and to bath.

Some women have taken care of their families whilst working at the same time which is a difficult thing to do. Basmathi Biseswar was forced to leave school to assist with the daily household chores and taking care of her ailing mother. A very touching story by Kaminee Moonsamy who was diagnosed with Leukaemia but is seen developing a strong bond with her mother-in-law Aneesha Dayanarain. She graduated with Bachelor of Arts Degree from Pearson Institute of Higher Education in 1993. She got married in 2022 to Avinal Dayanarain.

We see Adelaide Joseph fighting a long time to have proper provision for disabled children. A clinic was founded but with the absurd apartheid laws her son was not permitted to attend because they were classified as Indians however with the help of the leaders she placed him in a special sanatorium. Busisiwe Mahlangu's story is also very touching. Her family stayed in an informal settlement in Umkhumbane before they were moved to Umlazi Township. They stayed under bad living conditions.

They lost a 4 year old sister due to an illness related to stomach and her mother could not attend the funeral because she had a small baby at that time. She was extremely ill having experienced difficulties during the baby's delivery. Busisiwe's mom died at her hands which is a very traumatic experience for her. Busisiwe also tested positive for Covid-19 but recovered to write the story. Hlabane's mother is also one of the women who is portrayed as powerful. She valued people who came from underprivileged backgrounds. She founded Khula Home Based Care Centre, an organization that offered door-to-door care for the elderly. Susan Parker's mother contributed so much to the household duties like cooking, sewing, baking, cleaning the house, teaching kids etiquette and good manners but she got beaten by their father. Her father regularly went out to gamble at card games. Her mother finally made a decision to leave her husband at the age of 77 leaving a marriage of 50 years.

I cannot stop without stating that I was also privileged to write a story about my paternal grandmother who lost her mother and two siblings when their house was struck by lightning. She was survived by her father and two sisters who were forced by circumstances to leave school and go find work at a very early age. She also married a man who tragically died at work in Transvaal - currently known as Gauteng - and had no option but to remarry her husband's brother to take care of her. The whole family regards her as a stronghold of the family.

Receiving their copies of Volume 4



Mpumalanga, Dr Maseke Mabelane



Glen Anil, Maureen Mkhize



Durban North, Susan Parker



2021: Mpumalanga, Zola Xowa, Thandi Ndashe, Dr. Kogie Archary, Nkitseng Mahalefa



Prof Sekgothe Mokgoatšana, President of OHASA, receiving his copy of Volume Four from Boitsheko Thwane, Secretary of OHASA. Looking on are Dr Kogie Archary, Series editor and Prof Christina Landman, Editor of OHASA

Gladys Eunice Sibiya (nee Bhengu), my super Mom! Phumzile Biyela

Gladys Eunice Sibiya (nee Bhengu) was born on the 11th of April 1936 in eNtumeni, eShowe to Reverend Jachonia Bhengu and Augustine MaMchunu Bhengu - a housewife. She had 6 siblings, Siphon (a former reverend who had a slot on TV called “Ukhohlo Lunje”), Sibusiso (former Minister of Education), Isabel (a teacher), Geoffrey (one of the founding members of Inkatha Yenkululeko Yesizwe, a political party), Thabisile (a nurse) and Dumisani (self-employed). Uncle Sibusiso and Aunt Thabi are the only members of the family that are still alive.

With their father being a reverend, they moved from place to place because he had to spread the word of God. Some of the places include kwaLuwamba, kwaHlambo, kwaLemgo to mention but a few. In 1957, she graduated as a teacher and started working at Luwamba. She later met her soulmate by the name of Hamilton Malachias Sibiya and they got married on 11th January 1958. Rumour has it that they had met at the College of Education.

Together, they had 10 children Bhekumuzi, Mbongeleni, Zamandaba, Zevangeli, Phumzile, Zodwa, Sphiwinhlani, Nombuso, Sazisiwe and Cebile. Unfortunately, Nombuso passed on the 20th October 2013, one month before her 42 years birthday and Sphiwinhlani, passed on in January 1970 when he was only 3 months old due to ill health. May their souls rest in peace. When Sphiwinhlani died we were told that his Heavenly Father (God) had called him to heaven. We were too young to understand, so we were satisfied with that until we grew up and we started realising that it was not true.

I was about 5 years old when I began to realise that this woman who was always next to me and my siblings, cooking good food for us, taking us to church every Sunday, giving us baths and regularly buying us clothes, was my mother, my biological mother to be exact. How I wished that she could just sit down and tell me tales, spend some quality time with me, not only me but all of us as her children. I was too young to realise that this woman was not that type of a woman who could sit down on a couch for more than an hour doing nothing.

If she were not cleaning the house, she would be in the garden nurturing the plants, in the kitchen cooking scrumptious meals, by the river fetching water, in the veld collecting wood, breeding poultry, to name but a few of the household chores that she used to do. She was also a Sunday school teacher in our local church.

In 1970, my mother was my Grade 1 teacher at school - Inqaba Primary school in Melmoth currently known as Mthonjaneni. Although I was starting to recognise her as my mother but sometimes, I could not help but doubt that considering how strict she was to us. She was the strictest person I had ever laid my eyes on. She was stricter at school than at home.

We used to wake up as early as four o'clock in the morning to fetch water from the river carrying torches because there was no electricity by that time. When we came back home, we would make a fire by the wooden stove, boil some water to bath, cook porridge and tea for breakfast. I still remember that stove, Univa Queen. How I liked it! A wooden stove with 6 cooking plates. It made cooking far easier because you could cook different pots at the same time. One would think there was no domestic worker at home, but there was one and that did not mean we were not supposed to do the household duties. As I have already mentioned - mom was my Grade 1 teacher – but as soon as we entered the school gates, she would automatically change from being a mother to a teacher. Like a chameleon she would just change her colours and I do not know how she managed to do that. When she was supposed to punish you, she would beat you as if she never knew you – as though she never carried you for nine months in her womb.

Not that she was cruel though - as a highly religious person she knew that beating up a child was not a sign of cruelty but was meant to guide it. The Bible is not against beating a child - hence the book of Proverbs 23:13 says “Do not withhold correction from a child, for if you beat him with a rod he will not die, you shall beat him with a rod and deliver his soul from hell.”

The book of Proverbs 29 v 17 goes on to say, "Discipline your children and they will give you peace, they will bring you the delights you desire". Proverbs 22 v 6 says "Train your child the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." My mom's steps were highly guided and ordered by the Biblical scriptures and God himself.

As a Christian I am also a firm believer of the fact that spanking a child is not meant to hurt it, provided you do not do it in a harsh and cruel manner. I am grateful that I was raised in that way otherwise I would not be who I am today. Although now we know ways to discipline a child. My mother was a very strong woman. She took care of all of us while my father was in Durban. He came home only on a monthly basis. On Sundays, she used to take us all to church and when we came back, we would prepare good food and sit at the table to enjoy our Sunday lunch. I think that is the only day on which we would sit down as a family and spend a good amount of time together.

I remember...

I remember now that there is something that I would never forget about my mom amongst all things that she used to do. She had a sewing machine which she would use to sew woollen jerseys for my sisters and me. She would buy 2 balls of wool - one blue and one yellow. With the blue ball she would sew Zamandaba's jersey and with a yellow one she would sew Zevangeli's jersey. My jersey would be a mixture of these 2 colours. I would be a big joke among other kids at school. They used to say, "Look at you, yours is made from the leftovers." I was too young to understand that there was nothing wrong with that. My mom was trying to save and she was so good at that. I cannot also forget that when she made drinks for us, she used to buy two different mixes of drinks and mix them to make one drink. Though we did not like that she was good at saving. I cannot help thinking that I got that skill of saving from her.

I remember one day when she was busy sewing and we were seated around her - observing - I noticed that her neck started twitching to the back. We were so puzzled at what was happening; bubbles were flowing out of her mouth. It lasted a minute - if I am not mistaken - and later on we found out that she had developed epilepsy. What I liked most about her is that nothing could stand in her way. Though she had epilepsy, it never stopped her from doing things on her own. You could not hear her saying "I cannot do this because I am not feeling well." It did not stop her from doing all the chores that she used to do. Life carried on as usual. People in the vicinity of our village adored her, almost all of them. Her heart was as clean and pure as gold. We lived in a village known as Yanguye (Sanguye) in Melmoth currently known as Mthonjaneni.

Gladys did too many wonderful activities in the village including teaching the community members how to plant vegetables and to breed poultry in order to put bread on the table. She could not sit and fold her hands though her health was at stake. I remember when the house fell down due to strong winds - only two rooms were spared, a bedroom and a kitchen. We were all so shocked and

terrified except mom. Dad was at work in Durban. Mom just called a man who built the house up and for about 3 months our eating plan changed because mom was saving money to buy building material and to pay the man who was building the house. We used to eat porridge and bread for breakfast, full lunch at daytime and we ate porridge and bread again for supper. In a very short space of time the house was completed. A very beautiful six roomed house.

In 1985 my father was involved in a car accident which left his leg amputated and mom had no choice but to relocate to Durban so she could take care of my father. She found a school where she could work and everything got better at home. We, as older kids had already relocated to get better education in KwaMashu township in Durban. At that time I was completing my diploma in a college of Education in Pietermaritzburg so I went to KwaYanguye to occupy my mother's position at her previous school.

Mom just fitted as a puzzle in a picture puzzle when she arrived at home in Kwa Mashu. Neighbours were so happy to have her. She also did a lot of things besides being a teacher. She organised women for activities like planting vegetables, selling vetkoeks, breeding poultry and whatever they could do to add on their salaries. Others were not working, they were housewives. She taught them that a woman cannot just sit down and fold her arms waiting for a man to take care of all the household needs. She must also do something to add on that. She is the most independent woman I had ever laid my eyes on.

Together with my father they gave us a decent education. We managed to go to tertiary level of education - all nine of us. We were so fortunate to have the parents who brought us up in a good way physically, emotionally, and spiritually. They were Christians and they did well in front of our eyes. They instilled good morals and standards in us and today we are doing fine in life due to their hard work. In the 80s when a group of gangsters emerged at KwaMashu and they attacked my family with guns, my mom just prayed, at gunpoint saying, "In the name of Jesus". A gun went off. The gangsters were so surprised that they hurriedly went out.

One day she came back from school - her head covered with blood and window crushed glasses. Their bus transport was stoned on their way to the school where she worked. That was a very traumatic experience but she also survived that. The gangsters were running amok by that time. Many people lost their lives during that difficult time. They had no option but to relocate to my brother Mbongeleni's place in uMlazi, Durban in 1988. My husband Thokozani rescued them amidst gunshots and took them to uMlazi, accompanied by the police. In 1992 they moved to oHlange house for hire. In 1994 they moved to sister Zodwa's place in Newlands East. After the commotion they went back to their original place in KwaMashu. The house was damaged and vandalised in their absence. They had no option but to renew it, put new ceiling boards, new windows, new doors and so forth. In 1989, mom retired from work but she continued doing extra jobs like poultry breeding, farming and selling houses, health products and vegetables.

One day, my parents organised a family function at home, a Thanksgiving. I wrote a poem using the Zulu names of my siblings including mine. It reads thus

“Waze wawubheka umuzi lomuntu bakwethu, Mbongeleni.

Usilethele eZamandaba izintombi.

USebenzile kakhulu.

UsiPhumzile wasilethela iziNtombizodwa.

SiThandazile kakhulu ngoba Sazisiwe ukuthi uCebile umuntu ohlala kujehova.”

I also wrote another one that included the brides (makotis) and our husbands (abakhwenyana). My parents including the relatives and friends who were present on that day were so impressed seeing that the names they gave us could bring out such a wonderful work. My mom later got sick and her life deteriorated bit by bit but she still stood on in trusting God. On the 3rd of August 2015 she passed on and was laid to rest on the 8th of the same month. Nothing will ever replace the good memories we have for her. Lala Ngoxolo Dlabazane. You have fought a good fight. You may be gone but you are not forgotten.



House that she built



House that she built



My mother Gladys Bhengu Sibiya and my father Hamilton Sibiya were both reverends.



School report



Inqaba Primary School



eNtumeni House

I began teaching in January 1987 and retired in March 2016.



My hobbies include gardening, cooking, breeding poultry and writing. I also help out with my local church and do charity work with the disadvantaged in my community. I have four children and one grandchild.

In a land of division and strife, where races were not allowed to mix, where people of colour were born to work tirelessly into the smoky, cold nights, waking before

Her Elegance and Angelic Grace...

The Story of My Mother,

Raihnu Saikoolal

Leshna A. Saikoolal

dawn to begin a new day, a little bright beautiful girl Raihnu was born on June 27, 1956, to a family of Indian origin, in the picturesque hills of Clare Estate in the wonderful and beautiful Durban, Kwa-Zulu Natal. Her father, Lutchman Sew was a tailor and her mother, Sonia Sew worked hard to manage their household with 8 children.

Sonia and Lutchman Sew, her parents named her Raihnu, derived from Renu, meaning Atom, as well as "Born of dust; earth," a name befitting the miracle that she was. As unique as her, it was spelled RAIHNU. Destined for a life amidst poverty, this family worked towards freeing themselves from the hardships which plagued their existence. Raihnu had dreams beyond the expectations of all - she was valiant, mighty, and determined despite her petite physique.

Raihnu was far from timid – she learned the value of truth, honesty, and integrity at an early age and it was evident to her that the only way out of poverty was education. She had toiled, burning the midnight oil, studying under the flickering glow of candlelight daily after her family went to bed. Although it was frowned upon for a young girl to get an education in her day, her mother would not allow this ambitious girl's dreams to go unrealised. She worked conscientiously throughout her schooling career and in sport - with a keen interest in netball, never forgetting her values which were firmly instilled.

Her inherent tenacity to become better than her current circumstances letting no adversity deter her, was her victory. As the years passed, despite the challenges, her grit to achieve her dreams and ambitions was admirable. Raihnu continued to play netball and was offered a scholarship to travel to Germany to compete and study. This trip abroad however did not materialise due to financial constraints and her conservative family not permitting her to travel alone. Upon completing school in 1973, she signed up for a Diploma in Fashion, which she changed once she was offered a bursary to study for a degree in Education, thus her journey toward becoming an educator began.

Upon graduating, her first appointment as a trainee teacher was at Redfern Primary in Phoenix, thereafter, she moved to Mariannhill Primary. She purchased her first brand new car, a Ford Capri, however, she was not permitted to drive it as her brother deemed it not fitting for a young

lady to drive and swapped it out for his Mini. Despite her disappointment, Raihnu continued to steer on, through the rugged, unpaved roadways and highways while avoiding the dreaded swerving of the infamous PUTCO buses through the countryside of Gillitts into Mariannhill. By transforming her fears into her armour of self-confidence, she ventured forth never losing sight of her goals and her family commitments.

Tucked away in the luscious, dense green countryside, at Mariannhill Primary, Cupid was at play when one of Raihnu's students brought her dashing, hazel-eyed Uncle to meet this captivating trainee educator.

After forging a friendship, leading to a promising courtship, Raihnu decided that Ashokoomar Saikoolal was her One True Love.

In October 1978, he declared his love for her in his poem to his beloved Raihnu:

"You are the light dear Raihnu,

You are the Light of Life,

In the flickering light last night,

I saw you right to be my Wife.

You are so simple and yet so smart;

Your gentleness kindled my Mother's Heart.

I shall not lose you dear Light

Not now that I have found You."

- Ashok



**Engagement
Ceremony 1978**

The fairy tale romance blossomed and manifested into reality on April 6th, 1980, with a grand union of these two magnificent souls. Raihnu was thereafter transferred to Kenville Primary, where her love for the outdoors led her to join the Girls Guides of South Africa fraternity.

She began her life as a wife and daughter-in-law in the communal Saikoolal home, with Ashok's mother, Mrs. Paply Saikoolal, and her 10 children. They lived in their 12-bedroom home on the steep hills of Kenville, north of Durban. She understood the philosophy of an Indian household which was when you marry a person, you marry the family.

Since Kenville Primary was situated a few doors away from her new home, she would traverse these footpaths to get to school daily. She was accustomed to rising before dawn to complete her set of household chores before leaving for work. She began as a level 1 educator, teaching Mathematics and Needlework. Raihnu was blessed to bring her daughters into the world - Alosha, Leshna, Olika, and her laat lammetjie son, Saiheal.

Raihnu became a member of the South African Democratic Teachers Union (SADTU) since its inception. Her activism during her university days allowed her to associate with many comrades who fought during the struggle and demonstrated for equality. Her passion and enthusiasm for her education drove her to complete her numerous qualifications in Education and accomplished many other accolades. She progressed over the years to become a Head of Department, Vice Principal and was finally promoted in 2014 to achieve her goal as the first female Principal of Kenville Primary.

The husband-wife duo worked tirelessly to uplift the community of Kenville Sea Cow Lake. They were the catalyst for change throughout the years to uplift the community by spearheading numerous organisations across various sectors. She held various positions in a predominately male-dominated arena, from the Kenville Sea Cow Lake Ratepayers Association to being elected as the first female trustee of the Shri Vishnu Temple Society, being actively involved in Nature conservation to a founding member of the Kensea Cricket Club, together with numerous other organisations. She was a qualified Bakers Mini Cricket Umpire. Raihnu continued her drive to alleviate poverty in the community. Through sport, Raihnu and Ashok had brought immense joy into the lives of young children in the multiracial community they served, hereby creating opportunities for the children and youth which helped them refrain from alcohol and drug abuse that had plagued the community. Her dream was to bring an unlimited supply of clean water to the larger community, which materialised as the Kenville Primary Borehole Project which she completed in 2020.

“Water is life, and everyone has the right to access clean water.” – Raihnu Saikoolal

Love is the basis of all existence. Love drives the passion to serve selflessly. Love gives more than it receives. I am fortunate to witness my Mother's and Father's Love and Service to the Community in Action. On February 2nd, 2021, Raihnu Saikoolal was called to rest in eternal Light, and on February 4th, 2021, Ashokoomar Saikoolal was set free to leave on his onward journey to reunite with his beloved soulmate.

They lived, loved and their awe-inspiring legacy lives on, with us, their children, grandchildren, and every life they have touched.



Raihnu's Second Graduation in 1994 at UNISA, Sonia Sew, Raihnu, Ashok, Leshna, Olika, Alosha and Paply Saikoolal



Paply Saikoolal 90th birthday in 2006.



**Celebrating Raihnu's 60th birthday in 2017, Johannesburg
Ashok and Raihnu with their children, sons- in- law and grandchildren.**



Ashok's 70th birthday in October 2020



Leshna A. Saikoolal was born and raised in Durban, and currently resides in Gauteng. Mother of two children Avyan and Aarna Rai, wife to Avish Bhogal. She draws inspiration from her miraculous experiences when she recovered from a fatal accident and her incredible parents. Designer by profession, businesswoman, photographer, founder of Vege Vegan activist and LA Media. You can follow her inspirational blog Inspired Pathway.

My Mother's journey from Paramedic to Professor

Nikita Reddy and Prof Sarasvathie Reddy

My name is Nikita Reddy, and I have opted to quit the Supply Chain Management Industry as a product specialist in order to change the face of education in South Africa through academia and research. You may be wondering why this is the case. Growing up, I observed my mother putting in so much effort and time into her education and self-development while my grandmother took care of my younger sister Anyasia and I. Witnessing my mother devote hours of each day, as well as spending every vacation and weekend on her research and teaching inspired me to one day follow the same trajectory. I have never met anyone as passionate about the value of education as she is, or someone who has literally transformed themselves through education whilst also running marathons, climbing mountains and conquering peaks. My mother has given me permission to tell her story in the hope that it may encourage other women in South Africa and around the world to pursue their aspirations and to realise their dreams. She constantly reminds me that it is never too late to set yourself a goal and to work towards achieving it. Here is my mother's story as relayed by her and I hope that it inspires you as much as it has inspired me.

I am Professor Sarasvathie Reddy and I am 51 years old. I was born on the 21st of August 1970 at the St Aiden's Hospital in Durban. My late parents' names were Oonamalai Moodley and Subramoney Moodley. I am the younger of two siblings and my sister's name is Kalaivani Pillay (currently 56 years old). Since birth until I got married at the age of 21, we lived in a humble abode at 85 Railview Road, Bayview, Chatsworth. I attended the Depot Road Memorial Primary School and subsequently Chatsworth Secondary School. During my formative years, I was a member of the St John Ambulance Brigade (7 to 18 years). At the tender age of 10, my teaching journey began when I was appointed as a first-aid trainer to factory workers. I continued teaching first-aid until I was 18 years old. Since I was passionate about saving lives and serving the community of Chatsworth, my weekends were spent rendering first-aid services at public events such as sports tournaments, community events and road races. I was also very passionate about sports and participated in athletics, volleyball and netball at the different provincial levels. (See below Sunday Times article). My interest in serving humanity led me to my initial career choice.

I registered at the Technikon Natal after matric for the National Diploma in Emergency Medical Care. In 1992, I was the first Indian female to graduate with the Advanced Life Support qualification. On completion of the National Diploma in Emergency Medical Care, I was appointed as a lecturer at the College of Emergency Care where I was responsible for training in-service Paramedics. My interest in lecturing and education led me to register for a Higher Education Diploma through the University of South Africa (UNISA). This qualification was obtained in 1996. During my work at the College of Emergency Care, I received the following awards:

• *Dr FC Clarke Trophy 1996/1997*

The highest Operational Honour awarded, representing a total individual contribution to the Principles of the EMRS

• *Lecturer of The Year 1994*

This is awarded to the lecturer that made the greatest individual contribution to the College's training facilities)

In 1999, the University of Natal's Medical School approached me to take up a position as the Head of the Skills Laboratory. It was at this point of my career that I now turn to tell my story of how I became an academic.

My pedagogical journey from teaching clinical skills to undergraduate medical students (1999-2012); to teaching postgraduate students how to research (one-on-one supervision and cohort supervision 2012-present); and to currently teaching academics how to teach, assess and research in higher education (PGDipHE, MHEd, PhDHEd and UEIP 2014 to present), is what has developed and sharpened my perspectives and approaches to teaching and learning. These rich learning contexts that I have been privileged to teach in provided vast possibilities for engaging in meaningful teaching and learning approaches that I currently draw from in my position as an Associate Professor in the discipline of Higher Education, School of Education, University of KwaZulu-Natal.

In this story of my academic journey I now trace my teaching journey at UKZN. I started teaching at the Skills laboratory at the medical school in 1999. I then enrolled for and completed the following qualifications in higher education studies to develop myself as a university teacher:

Postgraduate Diploma in Higher Education, Masters in Higher Education and PhD in Higher Education. On completion of my PhD, I volunteered to facilitate in the School of Education PhD Cohort Supervision Programme immediately after graduating in 2011. In 2012 I was approached by the College of Humanities Dean for Research to assist with the conceptualization and implementation of a Cohort Model of Supervision for both masters and PhD students across the six Schools of the College of Humanities. Together we adapted the model that was initiated by the erstwhile Faculty of Education. The uniqueness of the model that we adapted was that students and supervisors were exposed to trans-disciplinary research and research methodologies that were specific to the Humanities such as philosophical and textual paradigms. In 2013 I took a sabbatical during which time I was engaged in a sabbatical research project in the College of Humanities under the leadership of the College Dean for Research, entitled "Monitoring, Support, Intervention and Throughput of Postgraduate Students in Higher Education". Presentations of the research findings were made at the University Teaching and Learning Office (UTLO) Conference later that year. During my sabbatical year I also assisted with the organising of a Postgraduate Conference at the College of Humanities.

I was also instrumental in conceptualizing and organizing the first ever Academic Monitoring and Support Research Colloquium at UKZN. In 2014, after a successful sabbatical year, I was approached by the then the Deputy Vice Chancellor (DVC) of Teaching and Learning who recognized my passion and commitment to postgraduate support through the cohort model of supervision with a request for me to be seconded to the Higher Education Training Development (HETD) unit where I would serve as the Academic Coordinator for the PhD in Higher Education Doctoral Cohort Programme.

I have also been supervising PhD and Master's students in Higher Education. Since 2014 I have graduated 4 PhD and 10 Master's students and am currently supervising 7 PhD students and 5 Master's students. Since 2014 to present I am the Academic Coordinator for the PhD in Higher Education cohort support programme. I have been organising and facilitating in these cohort seminars that are held over six weekends per year. I currently have twenty students in the programme, ten of whom are in the data production phase and ten are in the analysis and write-up phase of the study. To date we have graduated more than 20 students since our first intake in 2014. I have also served as the Academic Coordinator for the University Education Induction Programme since 2014. In this role I am responsible for the academic integrity of the modules and ensuring that the content is current with the theories, trends, policies and politics of the South African Higher Education landscape. In 2019 I was the recipient of the UKZN College of Humanities Teaching Excellence Award as well as the School of Education Teaching Excellence Award and appointed to Associate Professor in the discipline of Higher Education Studies.

In 2020 I was appointed as the Academic Leader of the Cluster of Education and Development Studies at the School of Education.

As an academic who is interested in fostering an institutional culture that promotes tolerance and respect for fundamental human rights and an environment that is conducive to teaching, learning and research I have volunteered to lead a task team that is in the process of regularising the roles and responsibilities of the Academic Development Officers across the university. To this end I have conducted several workshops with representatives from the different colleges and have drafted a policy document which is still a discussion document. It is my desire to create a career pathway for these prominent members of staff who are responsible for the academic support of our students. I shall therefore continue to work closely with the university Teaching and Learning Office that is mandated to lead this process.

My dedication and commitment to the university continues as I have become part of the School of Education leadership. I have recently been appointed as the Academic Leader for the Cluster of Education and Development Studies. In this capacity, I serve as line-manager to thirty academics and am responsible for the academic programmes across the four disciplines in my Cluster. I am also the School of Education's Senate Representative. In this story of my academic journey that spanned over twenty years, I have attempted to highlight my contribution as an academic who is committed to fulfilling UKZN's mission that is to be *"A truly South African University of Choice that is academically excellent, innovative in research, entrepreneurial, and critically engaged with society."* (UKZN's Strategic Plan 2017-2021). The story demonstrates my academic and personal dedication and commitment to serving the university and the community in a socially just and relevant way. The story also serves as an indicator of my intrinsic motivation to 'inspire greatness' in all that I do on a daily basis at the university.

Sporting Achievements and Hobbies

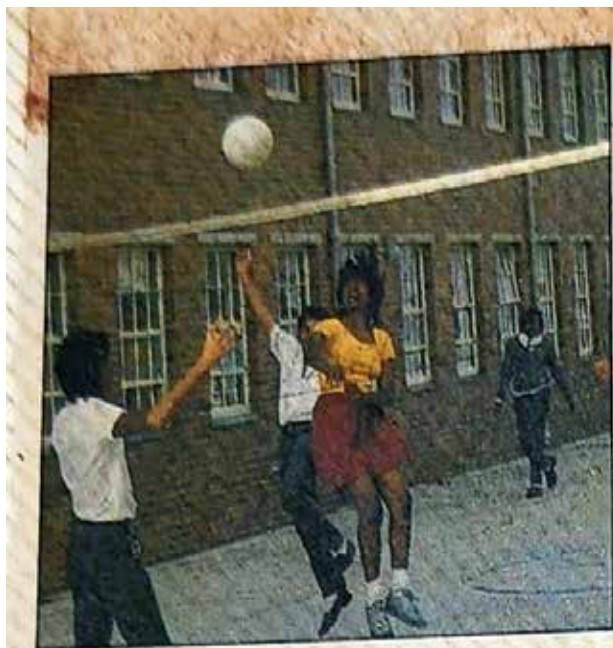
I am an ultra-distance athlete and a member of the Chatsworth Athletic Club. I have successfully completed 11 Comrades Marathons and 14 Two Oceans Marathons among many other national marathons and road races. Hiking is another of my hobbies and in 2016, I summited the peak of Mount Kilimanjaro (5900m) and in 2018 I summited the Base Camp of Mount Everest (5800m). In April 2022 I climbed up Mount Mera reaching a height of 6000m above sea level. I continue to run at least 10km and swim 80 laps every day. My intention is to attempt my 12th Comrades Marathon next year.

In this narrative, I have briefly traced my career pathway from being a paramedic through to becoming a professor at a university. The journey was by no means linear and the road was filled with obstacles and challenges. During this twenty-year road trip there were many lessons learned and challenges overcome.

I must also pay tribute to the many mentors that held my hand on this journey and the support that I received from my family and friends along the way. I am grateful for all the opportunities that enabled my epistemological and ontological shifts that has resulted in me adopting a more critical approach to the education and research work such as the social reform perspective. To this end my journey as a university teacher continues in the current climate with the pressure to 'decolonise the curriculum,' provide 'fee free education' and embrace the diversity facing us in the higher education landscape. It is envisaged that my story bears testimony to my

commitment and dedication to providing socially just pedagogies and relevant education to all our students. I hope that my journey inspires other female academics all around the world.

Conclusion: My mother's academic journey has certainly impacted my own career choice. I am now convinced that I would like to make a significant contribution to the transformation of the higher education context in my own teaching and research work. Her story truly captures the value of education in the hopes of creating a better society for all.



SWEET LITTLE 16

SARAS MOODLEY'S busy lifestyle would leave many a business executive gasping. Ask this 16-year-old schoolgirl to describe her typical week and she cheerfully admits: "Hectic!"

Saras thrives on 18-hour days of study, sporting activity, first-aid duty, music and a bit of religion to keep her balance. Her day often begins at 4am, when she rises to finish her homework, and ends around 11pm.

She plays basketball, netball, volleyball and athletics, representing her Durban school in all four sports. She also likes the odd game of squash, chess for relaxation, and an occasional swim. "But I don't have time to hang around a pool," she says.

"At the moment school is my main priority." And she must make time for extra evening classes in physical science. Her childhood

dream, to which she holds fast, is one day to graduate from medical school. "I've always wanted to be a doctor, ever since I was a kid."

This is one of the reasons Saras works as a voluntary ambulance sister for St John Ambulance. Her first-aid group is on standby 24 hours a day and Saras gives them every spare moment she can find. Entire Wednesday evenings and most of her Saturday nights are spent at the St John's depot helping to give free first-aid classes to the public. Sometimes, when the regular tutor can't make it, Saras does the teaching herself.

In the six years she's been with St John Ambulance, which she joined because "I hate to see anything suffer, whether it's a human being or an animal," she's collected dozens of awards.

Occasionally Saras goes with friends to a disco. "I love dancing," she enthuses. And music. That's another passion. She learnt to play the recorder, with a little help from her sister, before she even went to school. But this year her class curriculum didn't offer music so she enrolled at the University of South Africa to do it by correspondence as her seventh matric subject.

How does she find time for all her pursuits? "I'm a Leo," she laughs. "We are very determined people. I do what I enjoy doing. I don't do things just for the sake of it".

With so little of her time spent at home, a girl like Saras needs understanding parents. "I'm lucky. My parents have no complaints. My Mum is one in a million. She lets me lead my own life. Within reason, of course.

"My parents trust me enough. They trust my judgment, my reasoning."

KENNY NAIDOO

Mum at 16 years old

Childhood interest in first-aid results in Saras reaching the top Paramedic trail-blazer

By Charmaine Pillay

IT TAKES a special kind of person to be a paramedic and there is no doubting that Mrs Saras Reddy fits the bill perfectly.

Mrs Reddy, 25, of First Avenue, Isipingo Beach, who was the first Indian woman to obtain a national diploma in ambulance and emergency care, currently lectures at the Kwa-Zulu Natal College of Emergency Care.

In addition, she does paramedic field work which is above the normal duties required of her.

Mrs Reddy's interest in helping others began at an early age. When she was eight years old, a time when most children are still playing doctor, she joined St John Ambulance as a first-aider.

At the age of 15, she began teaching first-aid to other children. So her decision to become a paramedic was a natural progression.

Mrs Reddy matriculated from Chatsworth Secondary School in 1988. She then enrolled for the national diploma in ambulance and emergency care at Natal Technikon. After completing her diploma in 1992, she began her lecturing job.

"I'm the emergency care course co-ordinator and I lecture in all levels of emergency care. When I'm on the field I perform patient care up to ICU level.

"If I can't help the patient, then I must call for a doctor."

Just how does Mrs Reddy react in a crisis situation, which is often the case when she is on the field?

"I can't afford to panic or be stressed out. It's scary as I suddenly become responsible



Mrs Saras Reddy...saving lives gives her job satisfaction

for a person's life and in my case because I administer the highest level of patient care, I've got to make the decisions.

"That's why I've got to remain calm. One's professionalism takes over and emotions take a back seat.

"I know that sounds cold, but there is no other way in which to work. It's always harder when one deals with children. However, when a life is saved one gets such a feeling of satisfaction."

Although counselling is available from the Emergency Medical and Rescue Service, Mrs Reddy said she was able to cope as she was taught dur-

ing her studies how to deal with death and grief.

Despite her heavy work schedule, Mrs Reddy has made a concerted effort to further her studies.

In 1994, she began studying for her higher education diploma through Unisa and subsequently qualified last December.

She is now looking at furthering her education studies as she would like to teach at tertiary level.

All this, she said, would not be possible if it wasn't for the support of her husband, Selva, 33, a Telkom officer, and her children, Nikita,

three-and-a-half, and Anysia, nearly two.

"My children are familiar with what I do. I regularly check the blood and sugar levels of my older neighbours and they accompany me on my rounds. They often play with the equipment and experiment with each other."

As her job requires her to be physically fit, Mrs Reddy conducts a community-based aerobics class in Isipingo, she belongs to the Isipingo Beach Surf Lifesaving Club, goes to gym regularly and runs a 10km race once a week.

She hopes to run in the Comrades marathon one day.

Mum as a Paramedic



L-R: PHD graduation of Mum. Anysia Reddy (daughter), Prof. Sarasvathie Reddy (mum), Nikita Reddy (daughter)



Mum at Mount Mera



Ms Nikita Reddy is a Supply Chain Management academic at Mancosa, and currently, a PHD candidate. She is a volunteer and teacher to the kids in her local community transit camp. Her passion for education and teaching stemmed from volunteering at camp. She has hosted many masterclasses on life after graduation and with industry experts in the SCM field and she is a proud member of SAPICS the professional body for SCM. Nikita is a strong believer in the power of positive thinking in the workplace.

My mother; my hero

Danita Hingston

There are a few things that come to mind when I think about my mother – she is one of the smartest women I know, she is my biggest supporter (her Facebook page looks like a fan page for her children) and she cooks the best Jollof rice (a popular rice dish in West Africa) - no debate about it. My mum, affectionately called ‘Chenks’ by her father and ‘Nit Nit’ by her mother, was born in Sierra Leone, West Africa, in the early seventies. She grew up in a village called Allen Town on the outskirts of the capital city of Freetown.

About her experience growing up, mum always tells me that she had to assume a lot of responsibilities from an early age as her mother was a career-driven woman – a phenomenon that was just emerging in the late 70s and early 80s in Sierra Leone as most women just a few years older than my gran did not work outside of the home. The primary role assumed by most women back then was to care for their homes and children. Since grandma was a civil servant working in the city, she would leave home early and return later in the evening. As a result, mum and her siblings, Victoria and David, were responsible for managing most of the affairs of the home – such as going to the market, cooking, and fetching water.

Teenage years: Strict parent, friendships, and boy crush

When talking about her childhood, mum often mentions her relatively strict upbringing – my grandfather, who was a banker, was very overprotective of his daughters and he seldom permitted them to attend social functions. To make amends, he would purchase soft drinks and snacks for them. However, mum said that there was nothing fun about staying at home and snacking while her peers were out socialising! Nevertheless, she did become an avid reader because of this - historical novels set in England are her favourite. Mum developed a passion for English literature, and as a youth she read many books during her free time and at school she excelled in English language and literature. She went to an all-girls school - the Annie Walsh Memorial School for Girls. The school is one of the oldest girls’ schools in West Africa and it has a rich history. The old girls across the diaspora are determined to keep the school’s rich culture and legacy alive and they actively stay connected through online platforms, mainly through their Facebook group. Mum is a proud member of AWOGA (Annie Walsh Old Girls Association) and every year on the school’s anniversary, she would don an emerald green and tangerine orange outfit as these are the school’s colours. Speaking of her time at the Annie Walsh, mum recalls that it was a pleasant experience.

She was not an extroverted teenager, but she made friends with a few girls who have become her life-long friends. One of them, Auntie Caroline, is my godmother. Mum said the only regret she had about her teenage years was not going out often. There were many school events – not only at the Annie Walsh but other secondary schools in Freetown – that she was unable to attend due to not receiving permission from her dad. Nevertheless, she still created some wonderful memories. One hilarious one that she recounts - during class, the girls passed a paper around with the question ‘Who is your shining star?’ In other words, who is your crush? The question was derived from the 1980 song ‘Shining Star’ by the Manhattan.

After mum and her friends wrote their crushes’ names on the paper, the teacher confiscated the paper and scolded the young ladies for their frivolity. Mum also enjoyed spending time at her grandmother’s house during the school holidays - in the house next door to her grandma’s house, a young boy lived there. I have this young boy’s surname now! Although mum said her grandmother was strict, she looked forward to visiting her because her ‘shining star’ was living next door.

Young Adult: Determined to succeed

After secondary school and successfully passing her A-levels (higher than matric), mum went on to pursue a Bachelor of Arts degree at the University of Sierra Leone. She majored in English (no surprise) and Church History. She briefly taught English at a secondary school in Freetown, but she soon went back to university to get another degree (this will become a recurring pattern). She read for a post-graduate diploma in Mass Communications as this was a way to deepen her interest in writing and current affairs. Upon completion of her diploma, she worked for Sierra Leone’s Ministry of Information and climbed to the rank of Senior Information Officer.

Purpose born through pain

The 1990s in Sierra Leone were defined by periods of political unrest, military coup d’états, economic recession (due to structural adjustment programmes) and general civil dissatisfaction - the perfect ingredients for a stew that would erupt into a bloody civil war between 1999 and 2000. During the war, civilians were maimed, women were raped, and children were conscripted as soldiers. My mother had married her ‘shining star’ in 1995 when all this tension was brewing, and they had me the following year.

Our family lived in South Africa between 1996 and 1998 (dad was pursuing his master's degree during this time), and we returned home not knowing the reign of terror that was about to unfold. I developed a deeper sense of respect for my mum when she told me about the horrific things she witnessed in our country during that time. She had recently experienced major life changes - becoming a wife and soon after a mother. I cannot imagine how it would have been to navigate these changes in your personal life while the world around you is in devastation. The last few weeks of the war were the most gruesome and at that time, my parents and I were taking shelter with other relatives. The home was sometimes ransacked by soldiers, they would ask for jewellery and other valuables, and they would intimidate all my family members. It was a scary time but by the grace of God, the war ended, and my family was not physically harmed.

My mother is a woman who has always known that she was destined to do impactful work and make a change from an early age. Any position she ascended to or venture she took on she realised it was an opportunity to learn further and grow. Though the war was traumatic for my mother, she acknowledged that other Sierra Leoneans had far worse experiences.

Mum soon became a member of the Forum for African Women in Education (FAWE) an organisation that was born to help rehabilitate women who were sexually abused by soldiers. While she wished the war had never happened and subsequently FAWE would not have been required, mum credits this time in her life as an important career turning point. She discovered her love for Gender and Women Empowerment through this initiative and this would lead her to enrol for a Master of Arts in Gender Studies at the University of Sierra Leone, which she passed with a distinction.

Present Day: A woman with many hats - Gender Activist, wife, and mother

Being the academic 'go-getter' and superhero that she is, mum pursued her PhD in Gender Studies in 2011 at the University of KwaZulu-Natal in Durban. Our family had relocated to South Africa in 2010 as my dad had gotten a lecturing position at the university. My younger brother had been born in 2006 so it was not easy juggling studies while raising a young child and a difficult teenager, managing married life and adjusting to a new country. After completing her PhD, mum has dedicated her life to researching and writing on women's rights issues in Africa in addition to supporting various advocacy projects.

My mother, Dr Claudine Anita Cassandra Hingston, is a phenomenal woman. A proud Sierra Leonean woman. She is my inspiration. The fruits of her labour have laid a strong foundation for me, as a young woman with her own academic aspiration, to see that with tenacity, a supportive family and faith nothing is impossible. She is my hero!



One of my favourite photos of mum – at her university campus, Fourah Bay College



Mum and her Shining Star on their wedding day, outside Bethel Methodist Church in Freetown



Love conquers all: Mum and her Shining Star in the nineties, Bluff Beach, Durban



Mum showing support to young women at a culinary school in Freetown.



Mum wearing the Annie Walsh school colours, Glen Ashley Library, Durban North, Launch of CTP TYMS



Danita Hingston is a Community Development lecturer and research consultant. She is enthusiastic about research and advocacy that contributes toward redressing social injustices and overall empowering people and communities. Her research interests include higher education, gender budgeting, population health, demography, and migration. She obtained a Master of Population Studies and a Bachelor of Community and Development Studies (Summa Cum Laude) from the University of KwaZulu-Natal.

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Humble beginnings - My life herstory (or history)

Annamore Zimunya

The Lord has done great things for us and we are filled with joy. Oh Lord like streams in the Negev- those who sow in tears will reap with songs of joy. He who goes out weeping, carrying seed to sow, will return with songs of joy, carrying sheaves with him.

I was born in 1976 on the 3rd of March in a polygamous family. My father, Reginald Chikukwa had six wives and a total of 41 children. My mother, Violet Edina Dima, is the first wife. We were twelve siblings, three boys and nine girls, but now we are nine as three have passed on. I am the 7th born. My father worked at PG Timbers in Mutare Manicaland Province in Zimbabwe while we lived in Matiza village, Marange. We grew up as Christians in the United Methodist Church at Masasi Circuit. My mother has always been a full-time housewife staying in the rural area.

We grew up in a typical rural area where we fetched water from wells two to three kilometres away from homesteads. We used firewood for cooking and ironing clothes while lighting was done through paraffin lamps. I attended primary school at Mutoonwa from 1983 to 1989 and was academically gifted, always at first position from grade two up to grade seven. In summer, we ploughed and cultivated the fields together with my mother. We would wake up around 02:00, get our ox drawn plough to the fields, break around 05:00 and prepare (fetch water, cook, and bath) to go to school at 07:15. After school, we would go down to the fields for cultivation from 16:00 to 17:00. My immediate elder sister did the household chores (cleaning the house, fetching water and cooking). The other little siblings also remained behind along with the elder sister. During school holidays the other siblings would join us in cultivation of the fields leaving one or two to do the household chores. We used to fetch firewood and wash our clothes over the weekend, which would last for the whole week. In the winter we used to engage in gardening and work was less and I would do most of the household chores.

In secondary school, I used to make sure I was in the top five for academic performance. I was an athlete too and played netball. My first-born brother, Josiah, was in Cuba pursuing studies and my three elder sisters were now married. In 1993, there was no money for my education at Masasi Secondary School. I worked for a big family in Sunningdale 2, Harare. I did all the laundry with my bare hands and all household chores - cooking, cleaning the house, ironing and gardening. The salary was not sustainable. At that age I had never had any romantic relationship.

The church had inculcated invaluable morals in us, as such, I was composed and focused. I moved to Number Two Maputi Street in Chitungwiza in 1994 and I worked for a family that appreciated my work and they loved me. Midway through the year my brother Josiah returned from Cuba. I was overwhelmed with joy such that I resolved to go and see him at the end of the year. I worked up to the end of the year in 1994 and the lady of the house gave me a lot of goods in gratitude of my service and expectation that I would return and continue working. When I met my brother, we could not hide tears of joy. He quickly sat me down and asked what my plans for my future were. I told him I wanted to resume my secondary studies. My brother asked me to start with my form three. I had quietly resolved to just go to form four instead of form three. The headmaster reluctantly gave me a place for form four. I resumed fully aware that I had to do form three at home while doing form four at school. My brother paid my fees. At home I was now the eldest and unfortunately my little sister became seriously ill. My mother spent all her time with my sister in Mutare at Mutare General Hospital in 1995. I did everything to keep the home running. My mother would send a bucket of maize for sadza (our staple food) without money for hammer miller. At the church I was now the youth president. I wrote my exams end of 1995 and I passed six subjects including the critical subjects English and Maths. The headmaster had no kind words for my mother when she collected my results. History had been written in our family - the only girl to pass "O level."

My family was delighted and most of my family members wanted me to be a police officer. Against their wishes I had a call from the Lord to be a Pastor. In 1996, I was processed through the local church and was subsequently appointed to St James Mutare in November 1997. From 2000 until 2002, I was sent for ministerial training at the United Theological College in Harare. Between 2003 and 2004, I was appointed to Zvishavane circuit. Most of the girls my age were now married. At family gatherings, my sisters-in-law made snide jokes about me, additionally, my younger sisters were all married. It was like adding fuel on fire. I really needed to get married but I had no suitable mate and I had to be patient for Mr Right. In 2004, I was suffering from spinal pain and I underwent spinal operation (manipulation). I was appointed to Bulawayo in 2005 and I found my love charm Joseph Zimunya. By the end of 2005 I was ordained and wedded my love. We were without a child for four years. We are now blessed with three children - a boy Nokutenda Blessed and two girls Kyla Runyararo and Matishamisa Lanina.



In 2007, I enrolled at the University of Zimbabwe and applied to the church to grant me permission, but they never replied. I resolved to attend studies at the University of Zimbabwe and do my church work over the weekends. My superior was very supportive of me pursuing higher education. The conference of 2007 dismissed me from ministerial work. As a family we soldiered on and in 2010, I attained my Honours degree. I pursued my master's degree between 2012 and 2013. Since 2013, I have been employed as a chaplain at First Funeral Services. I lecture at various colleges including Domboshava Theological College, Salvation Army Officer Training College, United Theological College, Newlife Bible Institution and Africa University on a part-time basis. In 2015, I enrolled for a Doctorate degree at the University of Zimbabwe but was unable to complete it.

I still believe I can do more, particularly in the United Methodist Church, where we need pastors to have innovative plans for higher education in accordance with the Book of Discipline. In terms of the research required by the World Council of Churches, I can also do wonders and make a difference there. I am determined to finish my Doctorate degree.

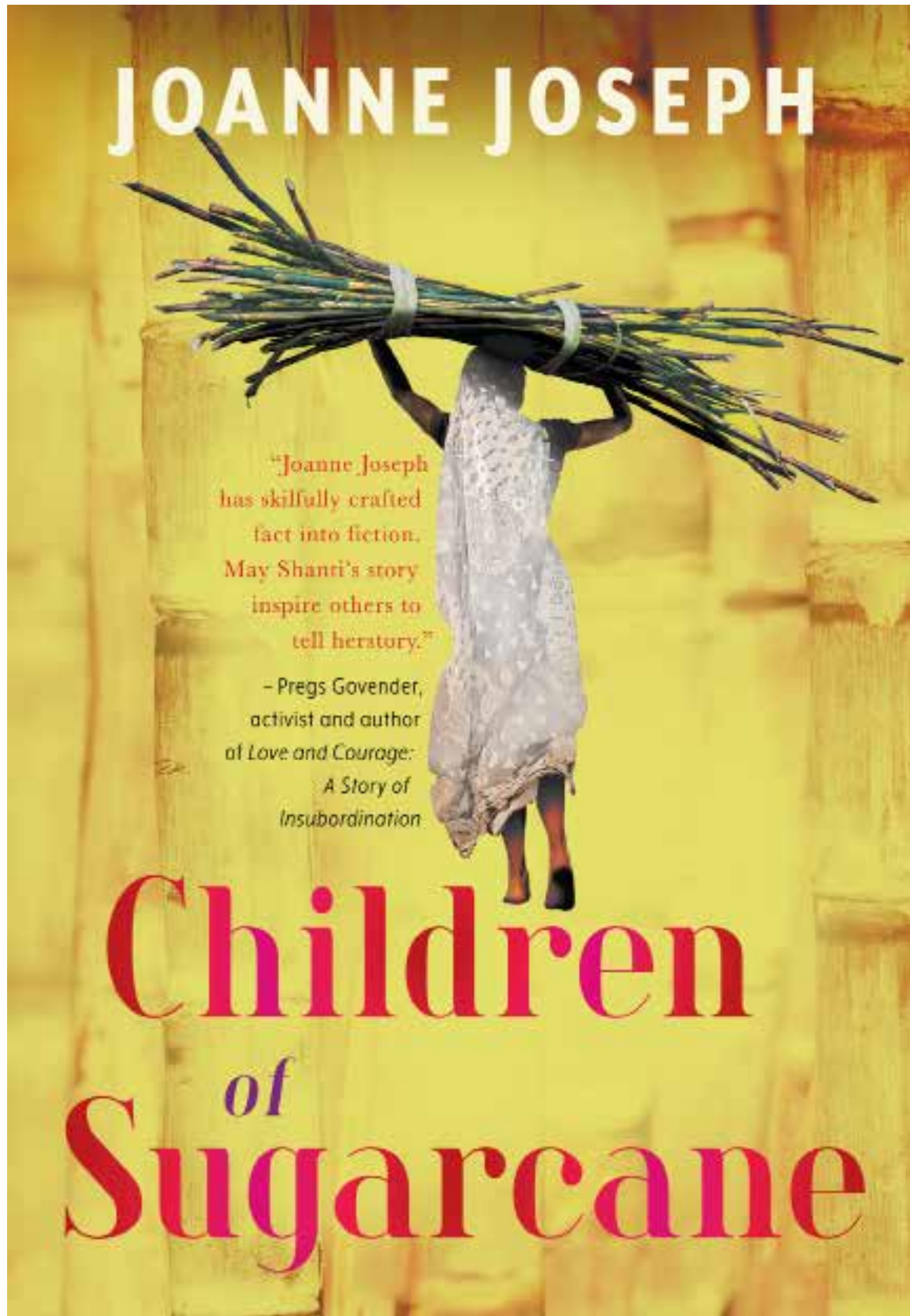


At the wedding with my love; At my master's graduation with my husband and two children; With my children Nokutenda Blessed, Kyla Runyararo and Matishamisa Lanina

Annamore Zimunya (Nee Chikukwa) is a Chaplain at a funeral parlour and academic consultant in Religious Studies. She aspires to be a Professor, Academic Researcher and motivational speaker focusing on young women and girls. She holds a master's degree and is ordained as a Minister of Religion. Contact +263773775899 or +263733909738.



The Passage from Modern Day-Bonded-Slavery to Freedom



Everywoman - Amid the Alien Corn Dr Devarakshanam (Betty) Govinden

You stay the tears
Homesick and forlorn
And with gleaning back
Slowly gather the grain left by the reapers
You stretch out your hands
Resolute
Coil the long strands of your hair
With stories of the past

Amid the alien corn
The nightingale rises from your bosom
Intones the songs of your childhood
And you breathe deeply

Your heart riven in twain
Flies across the seas
You see the old coconut and palm trees
Looking bereft
without you
Doleful in the wind and drizzle

Amid the alien corn
The nightingale rises from your bosom
Intones the songs of your childhood
And you breathe deeply

You tell yourself you will not look back
You will be turned into a pillar of salt
Your heart is made up
You will follow
Follow to the ends of the earth

Like the thousand and one Ruths
wandering
longing
In every clime and
generation
before and after

Whither you goest
I will go
Where you lodge
I will lodge
I will follow you to the ends of the earth

Amid the alien corn
The nightingale rises from your bosom
Intones the songs of your childhood
And you breathe deeply

You are Eve
Fated with desire and longing
Your paradise lost
Forever exile^[1]

You endure
The petty pace of
tomorrow and tomorrow
and tomorrow
As you leave your last will
And testament

That your ashes are
Scattered over the Ganges
Forever migrant
In life
And
In death
To the ends of the earth
Scattered in the gales of continents
In the currents of colonies^[2]

Amid the alien corn
The nightingale rises from your bosom
Intones the songs of your childhood
And you breathe deeply

Dr D Govinden (1944) is a retired academic but currently involved in research projects, conference participation and outreach initiatives. She was the first student to graduate from the University College For Indians, Salisbury Island, Durban with an Honours degree in English in 1965. She has authored *A Time of Memory-Reflections on Recent South African Writing* (2008), *Sister Outsiders-Representations of Identity and Difference in Selected Writings by South Indian Women* (2008) and *Words on Water - Reflections on Recent Writing* (2010). She has co-authored *1913, Satyagraha Passive Resistance and its Legacy* (2015), *Her-stories: Hidden Histories of Women of Faith in Africa* (2002). Dr Betty Govinden is an internationally recognised researcher and writer who has authored much on women, indenture and associated themes.



In the poem above, Dr Govinden is suggesting that the Indian women are torn between the home of their birth and the home of their adopted country. They have to live in a state of “exile” in different ways. Her poem is echoing Keats’ poem, “Ode to a Nightingale”, where Keats refers to the story of Ruth in the Bible “... amid the alien corn”, Ruth leaves her own people and follows her mother in law.

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¹ See Stephen Greenblatt. 2017. *The Rise and Fall of Adam and Eve*. WW Norton and Co: New York.

² Carter and Torabully, p. 25.

Tribute to my Amma (Mother), Patchiamma Govender (nee Pillay) Dr Rajendran Govender

In 1929, Patchiamma Govender was born in a communal household in Malagazi, Isipingo, Kwa-Zulu Natal to indentured parents Thiruvengada and Valliammal Pillay. The Pillay's left their family and friends in Siruvallur, Polur, Thiruvanamalai District, Tamil Nadu, India and arrived in May 1908 on board the ship Umfuli X to make South Africa their new home. My mother had ten siblings. Her brothers were Narainsamy, Moonsamy, Jeevaruthnum, Perumal, Adhimulam, Govindhan and Balakisten while her sisters included Anjalai, Sowbaikum and Rookmoney. Her father Thiruvengada displayed his culinary skills when he assisted on the ship while travelling from India. On arrival in South Africa he was immediately recruited to work for an Isipingo Sugar Baron, Mr Dick Platt, who employed him as his personal chef. Her mother in the meantime, who married at the age of 12, remained at home to care for her many children.

It was normally unconventional for a traditional Hindu family to consume beef or pork. However, in the Pillay household this type of food was frequently prepared. This can be attributed to her father preparing these meals at the Platt home and being influenced by that experience. It was also natural for my mother and some of her siblings to later become great chefs. Her brother Jeevaruthnum was employed as a chef at the King Edward Hospital in Rossburgh, Durban while Adhimulam worked as a Senior Chef at the popular Delhi Restaurant and Victory Lounge in Durban Central. They also cooked for major functions such as weddings and funerals. In fact my sisters and I as well as all our children can do remarkable things in the kitchen. Some of the very popular dishes of the Pillay family were sheep head curry, trotters curry, kanjikeerai (sour herbs); South Indian fish and crab curry and savouries such as veda, moorkoo, fish cakes and many other dishes.

An interesting fact is that in 1967 when we moved to Benoni in the then Transvaal things were very difficult in the initial stages with very little family income. My mother would make moorkoo, a South Indian round spiral shaped fried snack on a daily basis. I carried two packets of this snack to school where I sold it to the learners and educators. The money generated from these sales was used to buy bread, milk and other necessities.

My mother also made delicious pickles (mango, lemon and chillies) which were sold in the neighbourhood. My mother's cooking was very popular as she was regularly contacted to prepare meals for school functions and other events in the community.

My mother lived in a communal household where culture and religion was paramount. She was fortunate to have been given an opportunity to study the Tamil language and culture which held her in good stead later in life. My mother learnt Tamil from a senior cultural leader at Dr Ruthnum's Farm in Malagazi while she and her siblings went to the Old School in Malagazi where they learnt English. My mother showed much interest in the Tamil language and culture unlike her other siblings who were more interested in taking care of the family farm. This interest was motivated by the fact that she was very close to her late sister-in-law Naveneedum who hailed from the popular Kain family in Pietermaritzburg who were steeped in the Tamil language and culture. This is what prompted her to learn Tamil.

Much to the dismay of her father who was very caste conscious, she married my late father, Thangavelu Govender. A Pillay groom was much more desirable. After her marriage she lived with her parents in Malagazi. My late father was considered a "Veethoda Mapillai". In the Tamil culture when the groom stays with the bride's family for various reasons he is given this title.

The relationship produced three daughters - Villambal, Parvathy, Balamony and me, Rajendran. Initially my parents lived a nomadic life staying in Sialcot Crescent, Merebank; Road 332, Westcliff, Chatsworth and finally settling in the then Transvaal where my mother was employed as a Tamil school teacher by the Benoni Tamil School Board (BTSB) where she was affectionately known as Pathma Vathiar (Teacher). She served in this position for over 25 years. Apart from teaching she also played an active role in the Benoni Tamil Mathar Sungum, a cultural wing of the BTSB which conducted religious and cultural services such as funerals, weddings, hospital visits, fundraising initiatives, festivals etc. She received numerous citations and awards for the promotion of the Tamil language and culture and for community work.

My mother also took care of all her grandchildren, Navin, Megan and Anashree born to Villambal and Ranganathan Naidoo; Shauntal, Samantha and Amaran born to Parvathy and Radha Naransamy; Thavashan and Lishanthini born to Balamoney and Deven Naicker and Nameshni born to me Rajendran and Nirmala Govender. My son, Keiyuren was born soon after my mother passed away. My mother also took care of many other children in the extended family and friends as an informal caregiver. In this way she imparted good values such as honesty, consideration, respect, and kindness and qualities such as compassion, tolerance and patience to many under her care. Many of them went on to be successful in their respective careers. My mother lived a colourful and interesting life and she is still fondly remembered by many people in the community where she served unselfishly with so much dedication and commitment. Her greatest attribute was her firm commitment to her religion and culture. She conducted all prayers in the Hindu religious calendar. She was the go to person when people needed advice for various South Indian rituals such as the birth of a baby, naming ceremonies, coming of age ceremonies and many other religious and cultural practices. She was often picked up to go and conduct some of these rituals. She always went the extra mile in a voluntary capacity to ensure that others were comfortable and happy.

Unfortunately, my mother succumbed to cancer in 1995. She leaves behind an incredible legacy, and will live on in the hearts of the many people she has touched. Although the late Patchiamma is no longer physically part of society—her principles, philosophies and achievements will become immortal, spreading from generation to generation.



My parents after their wedding which took place at the Isipingo School. Pictured with my late grandparents Thiruvengada and Valliammal Pillay and the extended family members.



My mother when she was pregnant with me



Patchiamma Govender garlanding the Founder of the Saiva Sithanda Kazhagam in Merebank, Swami Sinmayananda



Celebrating my second birthday with my parents standing at the back and my grandparents seated. Two other family members, Manormany (standing left) and Rosy (standing extreme right)



Members of the Benoni Tamil Mathar Sungum - My mother seated on the extreme left



Dr Rajendran Govender is a social anthropologist holding a master's and PhD for research in cross cultural studies of Hindu and Zulu cultural practices. He is a former Director of the Kwa-Zulu Natal Department of Arts and Culture and is currently a Vice Chairperson of the Social Cohesion Advocates Programme. Dr Govender serves on many national and international structures that promote social cohesion, peace and harmony. He is a recipient of numerous awards for his humanitarian and community work.

A Woman of Substance: Mrs Nalini Mungal Pt. Shobana Singh

Mrs Nalini Mungal is one of those compelling resilient ladies who has served the community through her association with the Raisethorpe Arya Stree Samaj. This is a Hindu ladies' organisation. "Arya Samaj" - meaning noble society that was formed in Pietermaritzburg in the suburb of Raisethorpe to serve the community. The organisation was founded by the late Mrs Dookran in 1972 and this year celebrates its 50 years of existence. Nalini Mungal is one of many stalwarts who has served the society and kept the flag of the organisation flying high. The daughter of late Mr G. Bechoo, a former teacher and later a school principal in Durban and Greytown, her mother, Mrs Mankaur Bechoo, was a home executive who raised her along with five other sisters and four brothers. All four brother's followed in their dad's footsteps and embraced the noble profession as teachers. She imbibed strong family values which has formed the foundation which she carries today.

As one of the founding members of the most dynamic and profound organisation in the 20th century, she has continued into the 21st century to empower women by actively participating in all aspects of the functioning of this society. She recounts with much admiration how her late husband Mr John Mungal was instrumental in her tutelage of the Raisethorpe Arya Samaj. She recalls as a young married couple he played an instrumental role in her understanding of the Vedic Dharma (Noble Life) and its important role in the "service to mankind".

She raised her five children while still managing the family business, "The Royal Trading Store" at the corner of Greytown and Khan Roads in Raisethorpe. Her children namely Urasha, presently a teacher at St. Annes Diocesan College in Hilton; Vashi, a haematologist in Cape Town; Rekha, a technical underwriting manager; short insurance broker also in Cape Town; Anuja, an Accountant in Australia and Viren, a Project Manager and Property Consultant in the Durban area, have been supportive of her involvement in the organization. She speaks passionately of her children as well as her grandchildren and their various achievements in their respective careers.

The dire need for funds in the initial stages of the establishment and upliftment of the organization, prompted her alongside her husband to tirelessly commit to raising funds through cake sales, local bazaars and even tapping on the doors of prospective donor homes in the community motivating for donations towards the Raisethorpe Arya Samaj.

There were many other strong women who had walked along a similar path as she did. She states that it was a real privilege and honour to have worked amidst iconic and dedicated women. The likes of the late Mrs T Baijoo, Mrs Shobana Bridgelall, Mrs Dookran, Mrs R.R.Singh(Vanitha) and Mrs Harry Makan, who had the vision and foresight to ensure the organisation could survive the test of time.

Her leadership role began in 1972 at the very first meeting of the Raisethorpe Arya Stree Samaj (noble women's group) where she was elected as their first secretary. She recalls this with a sense of pride and states she was unanimously elected in this prestigious position. She served in the capacity as secretary for over two decades.

At the ripe age of 81, she can now reflect on her 50 years of continuous service to the organisation with much pride and love. Despite her family commitments which entailed managing their tearoom and ensuring her task as a mother was never compromised, she was able to dedicate her time to the community through this organisation.

The ladies were often called upon to render a service whenever a family in the community had a death, Nalini Mungal was almost always available to join the ladies to visit these homes and offer comfort. She recognised the need for support in bereaved homes by providing a meal to the distressed family all at her own cost. This is very rare in today's society.

She also managed to take care of her unmarried sister-in-law even after the demise of her husband, whom she adored and respected till her demise. This is yet another rare quality of women today. Whilst the norm today is to engage in self-indulgence and praise of one's contribution to society in general, this remarkable lady still continues, in a rather humble way, to continue servicing humanity. She continues to play an active role by joining and engaging in the community through certain community groups in the greater Pietermaritzburg area.

Her five adult children, carry with them the fundamental values and principles espoused by the Vedic Dharma (Noble teachings). As she reminisces the life of each of her children, she explains how each of them were involved in building core ethical values of the Vedic Dharma through their attendance in vernacular classes, participation in eisteddfods and attendance of Sunday satsanghs.

This has now been transferred to their individual homes and the various religious and cultural festivities continue to underpin the very essence of each of their homes and family life.

Mrs Nalini Mungal was a friend of my mother-in-law, Mrs Ranjit Singh (Vanitha) as they lived close to each other in the 1970's and they had met through belonging to the same organisation. Vanitha was taught by Nalini's father at a school in Greytown, a small town outside Pietermaritzburg. When I married and was introduced to the organisation Mrs Nalini Mungal became a mother figure to me. She guided and supported me, encouraging me to study scripture as she herself was studying religious scriptures. Her demeanour stands out as she is kind, humble, helpful, understanding, polite although direct at times, but without hurting others. There were many ladies in the organisation but she always stood out as she was neat, meticulous in detail and dedicated to whatever she sets out to do, which was largely centred around taking care of her family while balancing her time in the family business and giving off her time to the organisation and society. In the 21st century, this is a rare phenomenon: it is almost impossible for working women to give off time to help others in community let alone support others in their role in society. There are so many aspects of life that I have learnt from her; the first lesson is to be humble and appreciate what you have. The second is never give up as there is a God watching over you, thirdly, strive to achieve what you want and never to give up on your goals. Her positive attitude and fierce drive to conquer all challenges makes her unique, she is an amazing human being and I see her as a role model women to not just me, but others in the organisation.

A humble lady who is now elected as the Honourary Life Vice President of the Raisethorpe Arya Samaj, Mrs Nalini Mungal continues to serve the organisation in her twilight years and is truly a role model to others in the organisation and community.



Left to right: Seated Nalini Mungal, Rekha, Pranath, Vashi, granddaughters Vasti & Shriya
Standing: Rajiv, Asha, Sitaji, Yashika & Viren



With her husband, at the Taj Mahal, Agra, India



With her sister, Mrs Veena Ramsundar



Sohail, Anuja (Nalini's daughter) Tejal and Pranil from Australia

Shobana Singh is a qualified educator and recently studied Religious Literature through the School of Vedic Studies South Africa and became a Vedic Priest. Shobana strives to uplift others in the community through religious, educational and social activities.



Mrs Mungal seated next to Pt Shobana Singh

My best friend's life's journey - My mum Kubashnee Perumal

With his sister, Lutchee our grandfather, Parumaul Govinden arrived in Durban, South Africa from India by ship. They worked for a Bishop in Morningside. My grandfather's brother was shipped back to India for abusing his wife - to save his life from his in-laws. Grandfather who married my grandmother Marimoothoo Perumal, became rich, owned a few farms with livestock and had a stall in the Indian morning market where he sold vegetables.

Their oldest daughter Gladys, was a professional ballroom dancer while one of the sons Steven, was a drama teacher. It was not long before my grandfather sold everything without the family's knowledge and disappeared, leaving my grandmother with 13 children to fend for.

The family was now destitute and penniless, thrown out onto the streets as the home had been sold. The family was taken in by the Bishop of Morningside and my gran's sister was given a job by the Bishop.



Identification: My grandfather and grandmother

Unfortunately, life was still difficult but a little more tolerant. My mum, Sylvia and her 12 siblings attended school without shoes and most days no food until the evening time. Lutchee, also known as Martha, our grandfather's sister was a qualified mid wife and soon became the Bishop's mistress. Soon, life began to improve for the family. On his death, Martha inherited the Bishop's property in Morningside. Once again, as a family, we started to have a better quality of life and some direction. Martha had the honour of delivering Sylvia's daughter, Soundree.

Martha had two massive black journals noting all the information of babies she delivered.

Sylvia Perumal was born on the 31st of October 1947 at 617 Inanda Road, Newlands West to Mr Parumaul Govinden and Mrs Marimoothoo Perumal. Sylvia was a quiet, obedient child and was the youngest of 13 siblings, 6 boys and 7 girls. Sylvia and Gladys, one of her sisters were very close and did everything growing up together. Growing up in these humble beginnings, the family experienced financial difficulties. As a result of the family struggles Sylvia left the Newlands Government Aided School in Standard 7 – current grade 9 - to seek a job in order to help the family. Sylvia's brother had been sponsoring her studies and this became a bone of contention with his wife, thus ending her dream of becoming a nurse. She soon found a job as a machinist in a clothing factory and her talent for sewing became known in the community. She began sewing in her personal capacity from home.

At the age of 21 Sylvia married Soobramoney Perumal on the 14 April 1968, in Phoenix, Durban and bore 7 children, a son Craig (14.04.1970), daughters Adrienne (08.05.1972), Soundree (23.11.1973) and Kubashnee (21.04.1980) and 3 other children miscarried. Both Soundree and Kubashnee lost their hearing and were diagnosed as being Deaf. Despite these challenges she loved all her children equally and enjoyed her hobbies of sewing, cooking and baking. She loved her grandchildren Jacqueline, Geraldine and Cole equally and reminded them to always be independent. My Dad, Soobramoney was a pillar of support in the family financially and provided for us well. Dad always supported my mum in all that she did and loved her unconditionally to the end.

Her Determination And Drive

She was determined that Soundree and Kubashnee get an education and enrolled them at VN Naik School for the Deaf in Newlands East. Sylvia's determination to see her daughters educated and to be able to communicate with her led her to join sign language classes with her husband and children at VN Naik School. She became fluent in sign language and became an expert at lip reading. My sister and I felt comfortable as love was shown to us by our family. We attended speech therapy which helped a lot to grow my English language skills.

I was a shy young girl with a low self-esteem, but my mum's willpower forced me to become educated. When examination time came around, my mum would wake me every morning at 3am, with a glass of milk and chopped almonds in her hands and a book to read. Learning became a passion and I filled my days with reading books. As a result the Poem: "You have to be deaf to understand" held such great meaning for Sylvia.

Carer And Confidante

In 1998, I completed my Grade 12 something which was beyond my wildest dreams. Sylvia worked hard to earn money for her children. She also saved money for our studies sacrificing and not buying what she wanted. She made sure we got what we needed. We were best friends, my mum and I, as I could share everything with her.

She was strict but flexible and I felt so comfortable to chat with about anything. My mum, Sylvia, said this was only the beginning and sent me to Springfield College to study teaching, where I completed a Teacher's Diploma in Education and an Advanced Diploma in Education at Wits University. My mum helped me to fulfil all my dreams and more. Once again she said to me this is only the beginning.

It was also during this time that my mum encouraged me to take up modelling. I felt I was too skinny but I still remember my mum's words when she said: "No you will be fine." I did a modelling course and with the help of my mum we began designing clothes for me to wear.

I had a good eye for colour and my mum had the sewing skills. We designed my clothes that I wore at fashion shows. I entered Miss Deaf KZN in 2001, and won.

Mum encouraged me to travel, to study, thus my journeys to Turkey, Ireland, Poland, Dubai and Kenya. Sylvia bought me my first car and helped me buy my first home and daily I wake to watch the dolphins from my window knowing that my mum is watching over me and smiling on. I have

a passion for baking which I believe has come about with me spending long hours with my mum baking and trying out new recipes and ideas. My mum was a Master Baker and this instilled in me a passion to open a Bakery and Ice Cream shop in her memory in November 2020, K's Ice Cream Delights.

Finding Her Routes

My parents decided to go to India on 24 October 2012 to trace her ancestry, visiting places such as Jaipur, Delhi, Chennai and Mumbai among other places and meeting some family members that were still in India.

Her Suffering

My mum suffered with pain in her fingers in 2013 which all believed to be Arthritis. In 2014, her thumbs started bending and she was eventually diagnosed with the degenerative disease, Motor Neurone Disease (MND). I started researching MND and tried to motivate my mum to fight this disease. My family gave her support and strength to continue being positive. Eventually she was unable to walk or talk and lost a lot of weight. In November and December of 2015 she was in hospital. In January and February of 2016 mum was in and out of hospital again and started to be delusional from all the medication.

On Friday 13 February 2016, Sylvia, my mum passed on peacefully in hospital. I was heartbroken, the Mother, my inspiration and joy had passed on without her final goodbyes. My Dad, despite missing my mum has now taken her place as a pillar of support to the family.



Mum and Dad on their wedding day

Sylvia, our special mum will always be missed!



KwaZulu-Natal Tennis Tournament at Kimberley – 1998: Soundree and Kubashnee accompanied by Mum (Sylvia) and Dad (Subramoney) and Principal of V N Naik School for the Deaf -Late Mr RR Pillay



Dressed in a green sari

I now realise and accept my mum's passing as I have realised she has fulfilled her life's work, as she has educated my deaf sister and I and made us independent people striving to achieve greater success.



Left to Right: Craig, Adrianne, Mum, Soundree (back) Kubashnee & Dad



In February 2002, Kubashnee was granted her 1st Teaching job at VN Naik School. In August 2002, she was permanently employed at St Martin de Porres School for the deaf in Port Shepstone. "I told my mum, looked at her and saw her smile and I knew that she felt fulfilled as her sacrifices bore fruit." Currently, Kubashnee also owns a bakery and an ice cream shop.

A “Forced” to be Lucinda Bronwyn Arulappan

My beautiful *mother dearest*, Devesperiee Arulappan (56), is the second born of three of Kanabathee Candasamy (KC) and Radha Pillay's children. Radha was from the “humble” area of Mayville and KC was from the more affluent area of the Bluff (this was, according to Indian standards). After my grandparents married they built a house in Mobeni Heights where part of the family still resides. My mother is a rather stylish, hard-working lady of “leisure.” However, that was not always the case. She was born five years after her oldest sister, Kumaricarisee Naidoo and five years before her younger brother, Luchendran Pillay. Ah! The good old middle child, and she fits the bill, might I add, perfectly. Whilst school was a daunting task for her at times, having a mince and potato pie from the “Pie Auntie” and spinning tops with the boys (keeping true to the tom-boy that she was) always left her with such joy for the day. She had a good girl group of friends, who even to this day share long conversations about their children, their husbands and of course the good old days. I just know when it is one of her “pals” on the call as I sometimes cannot distinguish whether it is laughing or crying that I hear - it is indeed quite glorious laughter.

Going to school was treated as a chore to complete, along with all the other chores that were waiting to be completed when she got home. Her mother owned a business in town. Very few Indian women owned businesses in those days so Mrs Radha Pillay took her title as business women quite seriously. She was indeed no house wife - with a sari, a bright coloured lipstick and nail polish she was off to work every day. That meant that someone had to take on the responsibility of the house. Her older sister and her were in charge of all the household duties from cleaning to cooking to washing and ironing (as were most Indian females). However, when her older sister married and moved out it was my mother's responsibility alone to ensure that all was in order.

With the daily flow of visitors stopping by and having a meal or staying - over for “holiday” she was not just expected to get the chores done but get them done right, according to her standards bear in mind, and not anyone else's. Even trips to the beach included taking all the ingredients and a pot to cook a fresh meal for everyone. Beach trips were a whole day affair as the entire extended family would journey from Durban to the South Coast on a truck (that is if all made it onto the truck on time). Oh! What fun it was for them.

The images of my granny in a bikini (which she bought for one cent) and her aunts in their husbands cut off trousers (Indian women did not wear bikinis- except for my granny that was) tremendously amuses my mother every time she recalls these events. That was life back then, simple and fun.

For Indian women though, the fun never lasted long and it was soon back to the “grindstone.” Alas! my mother fell victim to the social norm- that if anyone visits even without warning she was expected to “cook and feed.” That expectation to always take care of her home (as her father insisted she say rather than house) was instilled in her from a very young age. This has given her the ability to take charge in life and ensure that everything is running smoothly. Even if she has to be quiet stern, and that is putting it mildly, to make sure things get done **CORRECTLY**. My mother is still always “cooking and feeding” and she loves it. Her mother and father who were quite liberated have indeed made her strong and brave (in her opinion she was “forced” to be) and afforded my mother the opportunity to study at ML Sultan Technikon. No surprise here that she has a Diploma in Food and Clothing Technology. This Diploma enabled my mother to work at Chatsmed Hospital as a therapeutic nutritionist. She thoroughly enjoyed helping her patients however once little old me came along, she decided that she wanted to stay home and raise me in the way that she hoped she was raised. Her parents even “allowed” her to marry a Christian boy (my father) while their family were practicing Hindus. Talk about liberated!

Undeniably, this was utterly frowned upon by many but obviously my mother did not care - let us make mention here that she simply loves being different, a little rebel we shall call her. That rebellious and competitive nature has indeed made my mother the woman she is today. She is an active member of her church and larger community, never afraid to speak-out and stand-up for what is right. The ultimate go-to person if you want to get things done **CORRECTLY**.

While over the years her life has significantly improved, my mother often talks about how she misses certain aspects of her youth - children being able to play on the street, she herself forgetting to lock the door and it being okay! Oh! the look she gets on her face when she talks about these things – the look of true loss. Yet, when she looks at us, her children, Lucinda, Hirshwyn and Zachary, I see a complete change in expression. A look of hope for all the opportunities this world has to offer us.

That is not to say that our unconventional thoughts and ideas do not catch her off-guard at times but she quickly changes her gaze from shock and disapproval to confidence for the impossible.

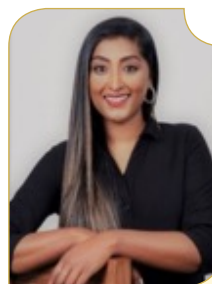
She is grateful for every situation, every ordeal, every encounter as she embraces that there is a lesson that God provides in those seasons, and so, we should “always be grateful.” She is also a firm believer that in order for any women to be successful and “hold her own” she should be educated. Educated not just formally but also be educated in the ways of the world. “Stand-up for yourself” is what she would tell me. I used to be somewhat annoyed when she told me that because I thought it meant I had to argue or start a fight. However, since I have matured, I now understand that this translates into so much more. It means that as a woman I should not allow anyone to dim my light, make me feel less than, or tell me I am not capable of doing anything. Only now do I understand what ‘standing-up’ for myself truly means. I am so grateful that in times when many women including my mother were “forced” to be many things my mother never stopped “standing-up” for herself.



Radha and KC Pillay with Devesperiee (12 months old)/ On their wedding day / Devesperiee (4 months pregnant with daughter Lucinda) - May 1990 ML Sultan Technikon Graduation/ Devesperiee and her daughter Lucinda/ L-R: Hirshwyn, Devesperiee, Lucinda and Zachary



Devesperiee (Mum) and Matthew (Dad)



Ms. Lucinda Arulappan is an academic lecturer and PhD candidate. Academia has always been at the forefront of her pursuits in life. Research and the travel industry are her dream professions as well as assisting and inspiring each person, especially the young impressionable minds she comes into contact with.

Invited guest writers

Fixing our beloved country, continent and indeed the world - bit by bit, part by part, one day at a time...women have been the backbone of the nation, irrespective of the community, country or continent that they serve. As young girls, they helped their fathers by carrying the parts when the vehicle needed to be fixed; as they grew, they helped their brothers when their vehicles needed a push start and indeed as older women, they help their husbands when fuel money is needed. Tractors and trucks ignite thoughts of working on the farm, building a home, sustaining an economy and definitely show women as those who are late in coming to the steering wheel of such driving and defining forces...But they are there, in the background, helping to create a better tomorrow for their families, especially their children but not necessarily for themselves...



(June 2022, Sharm Dharamduth Parthab -A truck stripped bare to get it started again...)

Girls are encouraged to think out aloud; to change the scenario – even though it is so very difficult in the current climate that we live in. We, the older generation need to foster that sense of it's not in the purchasing of the wig; but in the owning of the company that employs people, manufactures and retails the wig. As the mature reader, we need to understand and personify “Outreach – women empowerment”. Organisations such “Female In Africa” embody what we all can do to make a difference to an African child. So let's do it! Get involved! Make a change to someone's life. Women, having born children, experience a love that at times cannot be described. Even in extended families, the pain at losing a loved one is immeasurable. An outpouring of family pain, a story shared by an OHASA member who witnessed and lived through family pain and immeasurable loss, concludes this section of the Coffee Table Publication. It encapsulates the idea of shedding who we are and sharing our strengths.

Thinking out aloud
The journey isn't so much about BECOMING
anything BUT about UNBECOMING
everything you are not.
Maite Manganye

People swear they're fighting demons when the whole time they're fighting the consequences of their choices. Women in the new Republic of South Africa (RSA) are facing huge challenges such as rape, femicide, all sorts of abuse, human trafficking and yet again, others, are facing challenges of ensuring that they provide food on the table for their families. BUT more detrimental is, most women are still entrapped in spaces and thoughts that do not allow an exploration and expression of their true being.

The world is increasingly designed to depress us. Happiness isn't good for economy. Like, how do you sell an anti-ageing moisturizer? You make someone worry about ageing. To get them to have plastic surgery - you highlight their physical flaws. Being comfortable with your own messy, human selves would not be good for business.

So take your weave off, let your cornrows free, wash your makeup off of your beautiful face, kick the high heels against the wall. I want your nakedness in a non-sensual way. I don't want remodelled, made up, reconstructed or revamped women. I need you in your rawness.

“Bring the gifts that your ancestors gave and become the dream and hope of slavery... Maya Angelou”.

The journey isn't so much about BECOMING anything BUT about UNBECOMING everything you are not.



(invajay.com)



Maite Manganye

Maite Manganye is employed by Limpopo Provincial Archives as Assistant Director, responsible for Provincial Records Management and collection. She holds a master's degree in information sciences and is currently pursuing a PhD with UNISA. She serves as treasurer for South African Society of Archivists, is on the Department of Sport, Arts and Culture Policy Development Panel and is an appointed Knowledge Management champion of Library & Archives in DSAC. She's a mother of a pretty 8 year old and a talented 14 year old artist. She's a girl with many talents and tries everything under the sun.

Outreach – Women Empowerment

Female In Africa

Dr Claudine Hingston

Female in Africa is an advocacy and humanitarian organisation with different branches around the world. The organisation's overarching goal is to create platforms for women to interact and discuss issues affecting their lives. Emma Turay is the organisation's founder. Female in Africa strongly believes in expanding the number of women in leadership positions, whether in public or private life, to influence the different policies that affect our lives. Dr Claudine Hingston is the lead co-ordinator of the Female in Africa-South Africa branch, which was established in March 2021. Since March, FIA-SA has undertaken several community initiatives to assist vulnerable women and girls, as well as hosting events to empower ourselves.



The first initiative we did last year was distributing care packages to women living in an abandoned building in Umbilo, Durban. Most of the women ran away from home at a young age and some are addicted to substances as a way to cope with the harsh realities of living in a rough area in the city. Nonetheless, they are optimistic about the future, and some shared that they attend church and continue to pray to God for a better life. Within our first few months, we also supported Sphephelo Girls, a safe house in downtown Durban for young girls and women experiencing homelessness. The ladies we met on the day we visited were very intelligent, and many of them opened up to us about the violence they had experienced while living on the streets. Later in 2021, FIA visited Kerr House, a shelter for women who have experienced gender-based violence. We donated clothing and groceries to the shelter and learned from the staff about the important rehabilitation work they do, which includes assisting the women in transitioning back to normal life and finding employment. FIA-South Africa believes in the importance of building our internal capacity. As such, we held various meet-and-greet events throughout the year, which gave us the opportunity to network and discuss how to redress gender issues in our local communities. To close off our first year, we had a cultural day event in October. Though we are based in South Africa, our members come from all over Africa, including the Democratic Republic of the Congo, Nigeria, Sierra Leone, Zimbabwe, and Kenya. We dressed in traditional attire and brought local cuisines to the cultural day. Members also gave presentations about their home countries, which allowed us to learn about each other's cultures. In just over a year, this branch has done some impactful work and as we continue our work, we strive to bring more African women together to be part of making a change.

Dr. Claudine Anita Hingston was born and bred in Sierra Leone where she studied and worked till she left for the United Kingdom. In the United Kingdom, she worked as an employee of the Leeds City Council. She later relocated to South Africa, where she enrolled for a PhD in Gender studies at the University of KwaZulu-Natal in 2011. Whilst pursuing her PhD, she worked as a Gender studies lecturer and an academic writing tutor at the university. She is actively engaged in research work and has written and published a number of articles on women, leadership and gender issues. As a great female change maker, her areas of interest and expertise are Gender, Women's Empowerment, Leadership, Feminism, Media and Africanism. She is a gender activist and a strong advocate for female empowerment and the rights of women and girls. She is affiliated with various women and humanitarian organisations in Sierra Leone and seeks to make meaningful contributions to her homeland.

Outpouring of Family Pain

A Precious Son, the Dedicated Doctor

Dr Lashal Athal Sadhabariss

Shobana Singh

Shobana Singh taught History at Kharina Secondary School in KwaZulu Natal and holds a Master's in Education. She resigned and spent two years teaching in the United Arab Emirates. She served OHASA as an EXCO member for a number of years. Shobana was involved in planning conferences, preparing the topics, aligning it to themes and carrying out other duties for and during the conference. She has researched and presented papers and also assisted learners by teaching them oral history procedures in researching topics and presenting papers. Shobana also assisted in facilitating Oral History Methodology with a program run by NARYSEC in KZN for unemployed youth which resulted in them presenting at the national conference. Her Masters dissertation was entitled "The Experiences of Educators in Facilitating Oral History with learners in the FET Phase." She has developed a love for oral history and was a runner up at "Albert Luthuli Oral History competition" at National level. Being an oral historian and academic, fostered an urge in her to research and write this story - about her daughter's husband -using the oral history research methodology. She writes in her



personal capacity, post the personal family trauma, as a result of Covid 19 and the global pandemic. Gone with the first wave but not forgotten for his sacrifices. Dr Lashal Athal Sadhabariss was born in Durban on the 30 March 1982 to Athal and Soshie Sadhabariss. He was their second son the older being Kishen. His mum is a housewife and father a pathologist at a local hospital in Durban. The family lived initially in an extended family with other relatives but as the families grew his parents bought and built their home in Effingham, Durban North. The family lived not far off from the extended family, hence on many occasions young Lashal preferred to be with his cousins at the family home. As a young boy he attended a state school. He was studious, he enjoyed reading, playing sports and was extremely competitive. Lashal had many friends and grew up in a neighbourhood where everyone in the community treated each other like family. He was very close to his nanny and treated her with the utmost respect right until she had died. He always wanted to be the top student. He completed his matric with straight "A"s in all his subjects. His two cousins had also finished school in the same year. They had done well in their studies and they had applied to various universities and had received their confirmation letters, but young Lash was still awaiting his acceptance at that time. He had applied to the university of MEDUNSA to study to become a medical doctor. He was absolutely ecstatic when he received his confirmation as he had a full scholarship.

Young Lash was now at university. His university life as described by his friends was interesting. He helped other students who had gotten there and had not made arrangements to stay. He shared his small dorm room with others, his food that was sent from his mum as well as his snacks with others. He helped other students with their academic work. He shone as a student at university. He had many friends at university as he was approachable and would listen to other student's problems and build their confidence by giving them words of encouragement. Lashal had prided himself with arduous work and his belief in giving off his best. Dr Lashal Athal Sadhabariss who qualified and graduated at the University of MEDUNSA began his first appointment at the Mahatma Gandhi Hospital. Thereafter he went on to Prince Mshiyeni Hospital. Later he decided to set up his own practice. He found a suitable practice in Pietermaritzburg in Victory Road Northdale. It was the existing surgery of Dr Terrance Govender who was relocating to Durban. He started treating his patients here where he was able to grow his patient base as people took a liking to him. Doctor was able to treat people and provide medication to many poor people without any charge or a low fee. This was more especially the older people in the community. His patient treated him like family and vice versa. Later he met Vanulka Singh a town planner whose home he went to, to treat her grandmother. She is the second daughter of Mukesh and Shoba Singh. Lashal was fond of eating out and would take Vanulka's younger sister Nebha along.

The family immediately took to him as his disposition and manners were impeccable. They were married on 7th January 2012 in Pietermaritzburg at the Aryan hall with approximately 400 guests in attendance. Both Lashal and Vanulka looked stunning and happy to start their life together. Both having dreams and aspirations of their lives together. A year later tragedy struck when a fire occurred at the surgery in Victory Road. Everything literally burnt to ash, nothing was left. It was a huge loss to the doctor as he had just ordered and stocked up on medicines and vials. Although nothing was left he tried to contain his emotions and look ahead. He then got a place temporarily and set up surgery in a flat but looked out for a location for his surgery. He then moved to Old Greytown road. Here his staff and in-laws got him furniture and helped set up surgery. He practiced here for five years.

The new medical centre was set up in Bombay Road by a close friend of Lashal's who is Dr N Govender a dentist. Dr Lashal took up rooms in the Bombay road- Rose Medical Centre. He served the people tirelessly. Many patients in the area lived below the bread line. They came to the doctor explaining their plight and not being able to afford the doctors' fees. Doctor would always lend a sympathetic ear and would treat such patients without any charge, or sometimes they just paid a mere R20- or so. He believed in giving whether it was time or money he served the community. He helped many homes in diverse ways, he was available to the Sai Centre that ran free clinics on a Sunday morning in different areas in and around Pietermaritzburg. He gave off his precious time on a Sunday morning to see these patients free at various centres throughout Northdale and surrounding areas.

Doctors staff sadly miss him. On their birthdays he made sure they were made to feel special and appreciated. He would get a cake and call staff together to celebrate their special day along with gifts for them. People who were in the surgery were also treated to eats during such celebrations and they in turn would share with doctor special treats of food and such. His wife Vanulka stood by him throughout his challenges. They together had plans of purchasing their home and starting a family. The sudden demise of doctor on the 7 August 2020 left a void that cannot be filled. His death was due to an infection of the lungs as it was 14 days after he was hospitalised due to contracting the covid 19 Virus. Doctors at this point were still trying to help patients recover from Covid 19. This was the peak of the first wave of Covid 19. So many people have so much to say about doctor. Condolences and word praises along with floral tributes were received. Patients were seen running around to find his wife to convey their condolences and share their feelings. They were in shock and could not take the news of his demise. The friends have stood by along with family to perform the last rites according to Hindu Sanskar, as Covid 19 funerals had to follow strict protocol this was a private funeral.



Dr Lashal Sadhabariss with his wife, Vanulka Sadhabariss



Dr Lashal Sadhabariss at work in his Consulting rooms.

Gone but forever remembered by his near and dear, gone too soon, at the age of 38 no one would have seen this coming, his wife, parents and the rest of the family still cannot come to terms with his death,.

His memory will live on in our hearts.



Lashal and Vanulka, Mrs and Mr Singh, Mrs and Mr Sadhabariss

Background to the Project

Dr. Kogie Archary

As our country South Africa moved into a new political dispensation post 1990, higher education institutions of study had to embrace that change and lead the way in terms of knowledge, curriculum, study options and so much more. This move to embrace change, saw many universities, including the Natal University, (now University of KwaZulu Natal - UKZN) altering their academic offering and thereby allowing students from the 1991 cohort to smoothly articulate from any Honours degree to a Master of Arts. One of our Volume 4 Reviewers, Prof Thenjiwe Meyiwa and I graduated with the master's degree from the class of 1992/ 1993 - Department of Orality Literacy Studies - under the tutelage of Professor Edgard Sienaert and other esteemed visiting lecturers. This class was exposed to oral history, a global knowledge context and an interdisciplinary study content. The Coffee Table Publication Tell Your Mother's Story began as a fundraising project however it has now transitioned to an awareness outlook to include various themes that include, nation building, social cohesion, therapeutic healing, Covid related stories, political dynamism and so much more. This has been an interesting project as OHASA has received a multitude of stories, diverse in scope as well as interesting in output. Volume 1 (2018) was a 48- pager, Volume 2 (2019) increased to 56 pages and Volume 3 (2020) was a grand dame at 96 pages! Volume 4 consists of 114 pages. This Volume is 128 pages. We invite you to write for Volume 6...

MOVING AHEAD...2022 Volume 6

The ORAL HISTORY ASSOCIATION OF SOUTH AFRICA (OHASA) invites you to write for the 2021 Volume 5 of the Coffee Table Publication Series: Tell Your Mother's Story_ You are encouraged to write for our publication. Your participation will ensure that Women of all races, places and spaces will be applauded, appreciated and acknowledged because of your engagement, enlightenment and empowerment. You are encouraged to write an article that Tells Your Story (if you are a woman) OR Your Mother's (or any other female that has influenced you) Story. The +/- 900 – 1200-word article should be written in Arial Font, Size 10 and 1.15 line spacing. You could write in paragraphs using sub-headings. Pictures also make for interesting reading and captures the moment. The following information or format could be used in your write up. However, there is ample room for creativity. You may even use a combination of the options.

OPTION I

Brief biography: This should cover birth, early childhood, schooling and life after schooling. A memorable moment in your life or your mother's life under apartheid. It is almost given that when you request people to write about their lives under apartheid they would focus on the hardships and their resistance to apartheid, i.e., political activism. This is true for many people, and women in particular, who regrettably histories remain 'hidden'. Contributors are urged to write about this. Colleagues are strongly urged to begin to document about other aspects of their lives that remain dormant. Contributors are also encouraged to write about any aspect of their life or their mothers' life that they feel is pertinent and deserves to be documented. These could range from challenges unmarried women, especially black women, faced in acquiring accommodation in the urban areas; how they managed to survive and raise children, sometimes single-handedly through what the then government perceived as illegal means (e.g. beer brewing or street hawking); entertainment careers (Contributors must write about their memories or that of their mothers who were aspiring musicians, artists, sport enthusiasts, etc., in their communities); community developers, but due to apartheid laws, which restricted the advancement of black people, they struggled to achieve their dreams. View about post-apartheid South Africa: Hope/Dream for the future? Sadness? Achievements, etc.

OPTION 2

Written in paragraphs by answering the following questions

	Stages in life	Experiences	Content
1	Birth to two years:	Where were you born? Year?	Parents: Explain family background. Extended family.
2	Early life	School, friends, family, life in general under apartheid	What was your life like while growing up? Who were the important role players in your life? What did you enjoy most while growing up?
3	Teenage years	Difficulties / cultural disputes/ moral challenges	Did you face peer pressure? What influence did your culture / belief system have on you? Any memory of superstition / old wives' tales/ folk tales / storytelling that shaped you?
4	Young adult life	Under apartheid/Trials / struggles / successes	Success to include family, children, spouse etc. influence of adult friends / civic groups etc.
5	Marriage / children / family life	Share experiences. Economic difficulties? Social issues? Political strife??	Did you work? Were you protected at the workplace? Remuneration? Uniforms? Travelling? The environment?
6	Mature adult	Changes in the country? Your contribution.	Were you active in movements that led to change? Other experiences that you may have had.
7	At present	Share your thoughts... hope for the future? Sadness? Achievements, etc.	If you could change anything, what would it be and why?

OPTION 3

Writers are also encouraged to tell community stories. These stories could revolve around the women that played the pivotal role during the formative years.

In Conclusion, remember to be creative. You can write as a family or as a group. We are looking for stories that cover the length and breadth of our country. We are looking for women's tales from all provinces, the plaas, the plush neighbourhoods and townships. Join me in telling women's stories. This is a great initiative. Should you require any further information, please email Dr. Kogie Archary on coffeetable@ohasa.org.za or ohasafundraising@gmail.com or visit the OHASA website on www.ohasa.org.za.



As we conclude and move onto Volume Six in 2023, let's focus on the youth and the mothers that shape them. VOLUME Five ...to be launched in Kuruman, Northern Cape, October 2022.

Kuruman, June 2022, at a strategic meeting planning the National Oral History Conference and Launch of Volume Five. Prof Christina Landman, Brenda Kotze and Maite Manganye.

For South Africans, storytelling is an integral part of preserving history

Thandi Jumo

Being part of a panel to review an important publication featuring the stories of ordinary women – and the women who influenced them – has therefore been a humbling experience for Management and Entrepreneurship lecturer Lindiwe Kunene.

The book, *Tell Your Mother's Stories – A Tribute to Women of the World*, edited by Dr Kogie Archary was launched on Mandela Day as part of an oral history awareness and fundraiser project commissioned by the Oral History Association of South Africa, a product of the Department of Arts and Culture.

In this book, the writers, who are ordinary South African men and women, explore the various stages of life and its different themes. These stages include: experiences from birth to two years; early life relating to school, friends, family and life in general under apartheid; the teenage years and difficulties with peer pressure, cultural disputes and moral challenges; young adult life under apartheid, and marriage, children and extended family life. A final category takes a look at life at present and hopes for the future.



Lomdiwe Kunene

Kunene said the stories are diverse and informative and are based upon the unique tapestries that define what it means to be a woman and a mother in the Southern African Development Community (SADC) region of Africa.

'The stories do not shy away from topics that are painful such as rape, abuse, race and abject poverty,' she said.

'Neither do they pretend that there are no economic inequalities. I was particularly drawn to the narrative of socialisation affecting the future of children. The importance of mothers in society and in a family reverberates as girl children in turn become mothers to their own children, often transcending blood relations and extending their ties into their communities.'

Speaking on the role of academia in contributing to this National Oral History Programme, Kunene said the publication is extremely important in promoting a decolonised socialisation framework.

'In my field of entrepreneurship development, the role of a parent's influence is vital as we explore the meaning and effects of entrepreneurship intention. Often, a Eurocentric perspective is emphasised and assumed for the rest of the world. Never before has there been an account showing the direct impact that African mothers have in moulding intention development in their children,' said Kunene. As an African woman, Kunene said working on the book resonated with her as she could relate to most of the experiences shared in it because of the women in her own life and those in her society.

'These women create a new world in which they encompass so many roles. It is important to acknowledge their uniqueness as it speaks to an Africa of the future where mothers are one of the key stakeholders of development and have an influence that moulds the future of society.'



Thandi Jumo is a Journalist and Public Relations Officer at UKZN's College of Law and Management Studies. Her 12-year journalism career in journalism includes writing for the Daily News and its Tonight Entertainment Section as well as the Witness where she specialised in education and entertainment. She expanded her career from journalism to PR when she joined UKZN in 2012 and currently generates content for the University's publications and the College's Facebook page.

INVITATION TO WRITE FOR VOLUME SIX CLOSING DATE FOR SUBMISSION OF STORIES 27 APRIL 2023

See Oral History Association of South Africa website

www.ohasa.org.za

email: coffeetable@ohasa.org.za

View pages 104 of this Volume for more information.



The Mandate to change the Trajectory of our Society



2018 – 2020 OHASA Exco And LOC Members



Making history, AGM in 2021, Clarens; Voting electronically for the new EXCO

Previous and current executive committee members of OHASA have a keen interest in the CTP Series Tell Your Mother's Story series and as the mandate by the Association is to change the literary kaleidoscope, this publication is in keeping with the objectives, aims, vision and mission of OHASA.

Currently - 2021 to 2023 - OHASA Committee members come from different provinces in South Africa – Limpopo (Prof Mokgoatšana and Maite Manganye); Free State (Tshitso Challa); Eastern Cape (Viwe Sibanga); Mpumalanga (Charity Mbewe); North West Province (Boitsheko Thwane); KwaZulu Natal (Radikobo Ntsimane and Dr Kogie Archary) and Gauteng (Prof Landman). Together, their perspectives, their aspirations and differences ensure that the melting pot of ideas, thoughts and realities culminates in outputs that can only strengthen and benefit our society. Under the leadership of Prof Sekgothe Mokgoatšana, the Association has developed. It is on the brink of the 20th Anniversary of being in existence thus great expectations and delivery is taking place.

Prof Sekgothe Mokgoatšana is the current president of OHASA. He is a folklorist working on culture, arts and heritage in the Department of Cultural and Political Studies at the University of Limpopo. Prof Mokgoatšana publishes in diverse fields of the arts and indigenous knowledge systems. He is the founder member of OHASA and served as its maiden Deputy President, and later President. He has served in the Provincial Language Committee in Limpopo, National

Heritage Council, South African Council on International Relations, and currently in the National Arts Council, and Chairperson of Limpopo Arts and Culture Council (LACC). He is a writer, culture expert, and translator.

Tshitso Challa is head of Archives in the Free State Province having served that department for more than two decades. He has a great interest in documenting the truth, researching the province's history and presenting academic papers at various conferences. His interests are the purpose of the name of the South African War and other roles played by the Black South Africans in the Free State. As an Archivist, he was required to familiarise himself with the content of archival principles and UNISA was a platform to carry such plans. Currently, Mr Challa serves as the Deputy President of OHASA. As the Deputy President, he is assisting the organisation of the Oral History Conference in Kuruman in the Northern Cape.

Viwe Sibanga is a senior History educator at high school level in the Eastern Cape and is passionate about Oral History. She was elected to the position of Secretary of OHASA in 2021.

Charity Mbewe is an Archivist in the Mpumalanga Province. She has been instrumental in planning the local Mpumalanga Oral History Conferences since its inception. Charity is also part of the Local organising committee for National OHASA conferences that were held in the province.

Boitsheko Thwane, is a Television Archivist by profession with a keen interest in telling stories about African arts and cultures, which she occasionally blogs about. She is a Media Studies and African Literature graduate and she holds a master's degree. She is currently serving as the current treasurer of OHASA. In the previous EXCO she held the portfolio of Secretary.

Maite Manganye is the current Promotions and Publicity Portfolio holder at OHASA. She served as Assistant Secretary in the previous EXCO. She holds a master's degree from UNISA and is currently reading for a PhD.

Radikobo Ntsimane is a Deputy Director of Research at Museum Service of KwaZulu Natal Department of Sport, Arts and Culture. He is holding a Research and Development portfolio at OHASA EXCO. Ntsimane develops exhibitions and conservation strategies in museums. His interests include Health Systems, Indigenous Knowledge, Memory Studies, Death and Afterlife. He publishes fiction and non-fiction.

Prof Christina Landman is a Professor of Religion at the Research Institute for Theology and Religion, University of South Africa. She has taught at Unisa for over 40 years. She has obtained seven degrees of which two are doctorates, in History, Counselling and Theology. She was the Editor of the Oral History Journal of South Africa. She is a member of the OHASA Executive dealing with Publications. She is also an ordained pastor in, and Actuarial of, the Uniting Reformed Church in Southern Africa.

Dr. Kogie Archary commenced her teaching career in 1988 and has since progressed to higher education, having graduated with an MA in Orality - Literacy Studies (1992) and MBA (2015). As Series Editor of Tell Your Mother's Story, she focusses on writing, editing and presenting women's stories. The CTP project – Volume Five to be launched in October 2022, Northern Cape - commenced in 2015 and currently is presented as an awareness herstory series that intends to change the literary landscape of South Africa and indeed the African Diaspora.

Adv Dennis Maake is head of the Film Archives at National Department of Sport, Arts and Culture.

Khanyi Ngcobo is Director in the Department of Sport, Arts and Culture and was the treasurer.

Brenda Kotze is currently based at the Film and Sound Archives in Pretoria.

Belinda Mahanjane is an archivist at National Archives based in Pretoria.

Lucas Thulare is an archivist based at National Archives in Pretoria.

At OHASA Conferences: pictures tell herstory over the years...



Seated: Dr Kogie Archary, Prof Landman, Adv Dennis Maake
Standing: Khanyi Ngcobo, Dr Tshepo Moloi, Belinda Mahanjana, Thandi Ndashe



Cape Town, 2018: Guest Speaker



Khanyi Ngcobo and Adv Dennis Maake



MEC NWP; DM Soty; DM Obed; Cde Albie Sachs



Clarens 2021; Adv Maake and Belinda Mahanjane overseeing the electronic elections



Prince Jongisilo kwa Pokwana, Sipho Zulu and Dr Kogie Archary, previous EXCO (2018 - 2021) team members, at the Clarens Conference

Glimpses from 2018 & 2019 Launches: *Herstory...* Colleagues, speakers, family and invitations



- 1) July 2018; 67 Minutes Tata Nelson Mandela Tribute - OHASA Colleagues at the first launch of the CTP TYMS Volume 1, Guest Speaker - Radikobo Ntsimane and Dr Kogie Archary, Glen Ashley Library Durban North
- 2) July 2019; Launch of Volume Two, youngest writer - Abigail Govender, born 2009 and oldest writer - Mr JS Singh, born 1930, flanked by Guest Speaker, Marcelle Abrahams, Librarian Yashica Moodley and reviewer - Dr Claudine Hingston
- 3) September 2019, The Abrahams Family Heritage, Standing: L-R David Abrahams (Durban); Randall Abrahams (Cape Town); Seated: L-R Richard Abrahams (Cape Town); Priscilla Lottering (Secunda) and Jonathan Abrahams (Cape Town). This photograph was taken in Lansdowne, Cape Town. Their parental home was in Greenhaven, Athlone. The photograph was shared on the Greenhaven Community Facebook and solicited many complementary comments. Over the years, OHASA succeeded in bringing families together and uniting them with "Mother as the Core" and the Abrahams family is one such example.



CELEBRATING HERITAGE DAY 2018

SHOWCASING OUR HERITAGE THROUGH WRITING

THE OHASA COFFEE TABLE PUBLICATION: TELL YOUR MOTHER'S STORY

Date: 22 September 2018_Time: 13:00 to 14:45 Venue: Tongaat Central Library.

1 Victoria Avenue Tongaat, KZN

Dr Nombango Hlongwane was the Guest Speaker. Attached is a snippet of an email response to the request for her speech.

nombango@healingtraveller.com

Jun 27, 2019,
12:16 PM

Hi Kogi, Nice to hear from you again! ...Digitalisation and technology to try and combat burn out syndrome on health workers and the government...a door to Neuro Science. The power is given back to the patient with a slogan '...Your brain can heal you of almost every problem in your life.' Hope that will help.

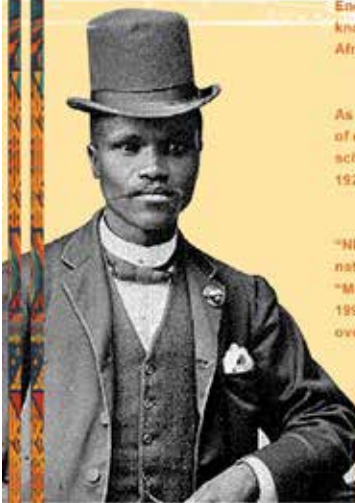
Warm regards, Dr N.L Hlongwane (Managing Director) m: +27 82 222 3913/ m: +27 63 813 1059

Notes....reflections from 2022....

[illegible]

National Anthem of South Africa

Celebrating African Literary Giants



Enoch Mankayi Sontonga was a choirmaster, poet, preacher and composer, best known and celebrated as the author of "Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrika", the anthem South Africa adopted after its first democratic elections in 1994. He was born in Uitenhage, Eastern Province (now Eastern Cape) around 1873.

As a choirmaster at his school, Enoch Sontonga composed the first two stanzas of democratic South Africa's anthem in 1897. Although originally intended for his school choir, the ANC officially adopted it as a closing anthem for its meetings in 1925. Additional verses to the anthem were added by the renowned isiXhosa national poet, Samuel E.K. Mqhayi.

"Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrika" calls on God to bless Africa. It was adopted as Zambia's national anthem in 1960. Tanzania (then Tanganyika) translated it into Swahili, "Mungu Ibariki Afrika", also adopting it as its national anthem. On 24 September 1996, Heritage Day, the grave of Enoch Sontonga, who wrote the song that has over the years brought comfort and joy to millions of people in the African continent and the world over, was declared a national monument.

Enoch Sontonga passed away on the 18th of April in 1905, at the age of 32.

Enoch Mankayi Sontonga

The South African National Anthem

Nkosi sikelel' Afrika
Maluphakanyisw' uphondo lwayo,
Yizwa imithandazo yethu,
Nkosi sikelela,

Thina lusapho lwayo.

Morena boloka setjhaba sa heso,
O fedise dintwa le matshwenyeho,
O se boloke, O se boloke
Setjhaba sa heso,
Setjhaba sa South Afrika
South Afrika.

Uit die blou van onse hemel,
Uit die diepte van ons see,
Oor ons ewige gebergtes,
Waar die kranse antwoord gee,

Sounds the call to come together,
And united we shall stand,
Let us live and strive for freedom,
In South Africa our land.

God (Lord) bless Africa
May her glory be lifted high
Hear our petitions
God bless us.

Your children

God we ask you to protect our nation
Intervene and end all conflicts
Protect us
Protect our nation
Our nation. South Africa
South Africa..

Ring out from our blue heavens
From our deep seas breaking round
Over everlasting mountains
Where the echoing crags resound



Parent24

TELL YOUR MOTHER'S STORY



Dear Colleague, This is a call for submission of women's stories for the OHASA DSAC Coffee Table Publication Series "Tell Your Mother's Story" – Volume Five. If you are a woman you may submit your life's journey...your story. Kindly follow the guidelines provided under the Options on Page 2. You may be as creative as possible. Other writers are encouraged to also submit women's story by following the guidelines on the interviewing process and adhering to general ethics in writing as outlined below.

Ethical considerations when interviewing.

Before selecting respondents for the interviews, it is important for the interviewing author to understand and apply ethical principles. A brief explanation of the interview goal must be explained to the respondents. Details of the interview process must be shared. The respondents must agree to be a part of the interview in order to write up the story that will be submitted to the CTP TYMS series. All submissions must be accompanied by authentication granting permission to print the story. Submissions will go through a rigorous editing and proof reading process with a final signoff by the submitting author.

Suggested questions /guidelines when conducting the interview

1. Could you start by telling me more about yourself? Name, age, birth order, occupation, parents' origin. Follow-up questions: Where did your parents grow up?, etc Share details of your siblings, your school days and friends from childhood...
2. How do you identify yourself? Follow - up questions: Using markers in terms of culture, ancestral heritage, workplace persona, a family person, immediate or nuclear family, friends, society... provide a background as to who you are.
3. What general or unique negative experiences did / do you have as a woman in the South African society or of the African Diaspora? Follow-up question: Did / do you face difficulties in your everyday life? If so, what kind? How did you overcome these? Have you experienced hate, gender based violence, racism or exotification in your daily-life? (Answer is optional)
4. What about the positive experiences in your life? How did you ensure that you became successful?
5. What are your most joyous life's encounters or incidents? Describe them by sharing when, where and with whom.
6. Religion, Sports, Hobbies? 7. Your motto in life? 8. What advice would you give to our young women today? Why?
9. How has your life changed post 1994? 10. Any final comments?

Formatting Requirements

1.15 Spacing: Arial Font;

Text (Paragraphs) Size10;

Sub-headings Size 11;

Title Bold - Size 14;

Author's Name Bold - Size 13

900 -1100 Words; Provide a title (<12 words); Write in paragraphs; Include 3 pictures with captions

COFFEE TABLE PUBLICATION VOLUME SIX

**Due Date for
Submission of Stories:
27 April 2023**



IF you are writing your OWN story, there are three options that you may follow....

OPTION I

These are the questions that you should consider when submitting your own story. Write in paragraphs.

	Stages in life	Experiences	Content
1	Birth to two years:	Where were you born? Year?	Parents: Explain family background. Nuclear or extended family. Etc.
2	Early life	School, friends, family, life in general under apartheid	What was your life like while growing up? Who were the important role players in your life? What did you enjoy most while growing up? Etc.
3	Teenage years	Difficulties / cultural disputes/ moral challenges, gender based violence	Did you face peer pressure? What influence did your culture / belief system have on you? Any memory of superstition / old wives' tales/ folk tales / storytelling that shaped you? Etc.
4	Young adult life under apartheid	Trials / struggles / successes, hopelessness, violence.	To include family, children, spouse etc. influence of adult friends / civic groups etc.
5	Marriage / children / extended family life	What experiences can you share? Economic difficulties? Social issues? Political strife? The environment?	Did you work? Were you protected at the workplace? Remuneration? Uniforms? Travelling? Etc.
6	Mature adult and Life as a professional person	Changes in the country? Your contribution. Professional Life? What were your challenges and successes at work? Male dominated work environment? What are your retirement plans?	Were you active in movements that led to change? Other experiences that you may have had. Etc. Share experiences from your professional life. Where did you first work?, When did you start working?
7	At present	Share your thoughts... hope for the future? Sadness? Achievements, etc.	If you could change anything what would it be and why?

OPTION 2

Brief biography: This should cover birth, early childhood, schooling and life after schooling. A memorable moment in your life or your mother's life under apartheid. It is almost given that when you request people to write about their lives under apartheid they would focus on the hardships and their resistance to apartheid, i.e. political activism. This is true for many people, and women in particular, who regrettably histories still remain 'hidden'. Contributors are urged to write about this. Colleagues are strongly urged to begin to document about other aspects of their lives that remain dormant. Contributors are also encouraged to write about any aspect of their life or their mothers' life that they feel is pertinent and deserves to be documented. These could range from challenges unmarried women, especially black women, faced in acquiring accommodation in the urban areas; how they managed to survive and raise children, sometimes single-handedly through what the then government perceived as illegal means (e.g. beer brewing or street hawking); entertainment careers (Contributors must write about their memories or that of their mothers who were aspiring musicians, artists, sport enthusiasts, etc., in their communities); community developers, but due to apartheid laws, which restricted the advancement of black people, they struggled to achieve their dreams. View about post-apartheid South Africa: Hope/Dream for the future? Sadness? Achievements. etc.

OPTION 3

Writers are also encouraged to tell community stories. These stories could revolve around the women that played the pivotal role during the formative years.

In Conclusion, remember to be creative. You can write as a family or as a group. We are looking for stories that cover the length and breadth of our country and the African Diaspora. We are looking for women's tales from all provinces, the plaas, the plush neighbourhoods, townships and the international space as Women of Africa impact and are impacted globally. Join me in telling women's stories. This is a great initiative. Should you require any further information, please email: coffeetable@ohasa.org.za or **WhatsApp Dr Archary on 072 856 1988.**

Regards, Dr. Kogie Archary (Coffee Table Publication Series Tell Your Mother's Story)
Prof Christina Landman (SERIES EDITOR: OHASA)

