

Dear God,

10 years ago I was a very rugged and needy child; I'd nothing to drink let alone to eat.

There was this morning when I woke up as usual to go round the community begging for food. I saw these two little kids my age. They were beautifully dressed for school for which I wished I was too. I felt so bitter that I came back home to my mum looking soaking wet. This was as a result of my tears.

That morning I had been to three stores in the neighborhood. Apparently my mum had already gone to those stores the previous day to plead groceries for this day. She spared me the humiliation of going there to ask for the groceries and got turned back home. This I tell you isn't enough to carry us through the day. Mostly it was about 3 sachets of teabags, 1 loaf of bread and a mini-bag of rice.

Sometimes when I get to the store to pick them up, the conversations made and fingers pointed at me were just enough to let me know that I was the poorest kid in the community. I could hardly leave the store with both legs walking straight. I was very terrified and sad. Tears dropped down my cheeks soaking my dress.

Things went out of hand when no one gave us anything again because we never had the means to pay back. My dad on the other hand was nowhere to be found. I was with my mum and four other siblings. I being the first born would have to journey the communities around till I find someone who cared a little about a wondering child. My mum walks more than enough miles a day to get help. She had no job and could not get a job because she has no qualifications. We moved from house to house with our belongings because no one wanted us. I cried when we have to sit under a shed when it rains. We were homeless.

I hated my life. The only time I got to see an egg on my meal was Christmas and the only time I got a new dress was the new year. That means mummy had gone to make the largest amount of borrowing just so we can enjoy Christmas and new year too.

After 8 years of not being in any school or having any form of education by a teacher or whom so ever, my mum takes the responsibility to teach me how to read and write. I wrote my alphabets in the sand and did my math's with charcoal on the ground. I counted with bottle tops or kennels or small stones.

She taught me how talk to elders and how to carry myself about. Especially how to wear one cloth for a week. I had no savior. It looked as though I had no aunties and uncles. No one cared about us; whether we lived or died except my mum.

Eventually, a miracle happened, my mums walk today wasn't even a mile. She came home making us pack our belongings. At first I began to mop because it was the usual process of saying we have been sacked but she held me close to her bosom and whispered, "do not cry son, we are going to a rich house". This words calmed me down but the doubt was just so much-until I heard, "peee! peee! peep!". That was a horn blowing. I rushed out to see who was blowing at our gate. Was I dreaming? There was this pick-up driver who came to help us pack. On our way I kept wondering where we were going. The anxiety was killing me. After about 45 minutes ride we finally came to a stop in front of a big house.

I could hear noises from the compound. Wondering what these noises are the front gate opened and she (a white woman-founder of the home Silke Rosner a German) walked to me and said, "welcome son you are home". It was a children's home and upon entering the compound I saw that every kid was happily playing games and having fun. At that moment I knew all was well. I sobbed so much that everyone knew I had cried a lot.

Up until now, I have been blessed beyond measures. God, I am about finishing my 4-year tertiary education **this** June all under scholarship from the NGO. My prayer is that you give me all the opportunities I can get to make my family happy and to build a home for the less privileged.

Your Son
Romeo