A friend in need is a friend indeed

I am only seventeen, I know life did not offer me the best in terms of everything but believe me I am grateful. People usually ask me why I always have a heart of service like why are you so soft hearted. So here is why, my grandpa and grandma always emphasised on a giving hand .Like when the world is at a hold right now we all complaining about how quarantine and lockdown hit us hard. What about those who were already hit hard by life itself? It all begins when you feel your heart ache when someone is in need. You do not have to be very rich for you to extend a helping hand. Am going to share with you two true stories. The first one happened to my grandparents.

It was one fateful morning, my grandpa woke up to his face time with his image in the mirror as usual. My grandma was doing her morning chores which included feeding the chickens. She saw a lady sitting by the hut she used as a kitchen. She claimed to be selling African brooms, wait yes she was selling brooms but this time the only problem is that the brooms where not even made of the proper veld grass. This surprised my grandma so she had to ask why she was selling such brooms while she knew no one would buy them. Her answer made my grandma’s eyes watery. “We have been sleeping on a bowl of thin porridge every day and spending the day on it too.” She said. She continued to narrate how her family had survived the past three days on an empty tummy. She only decided to sell these brooms because asking for food would be hard in a normal rural set up. My grandparents’ house was the only welcoming home she could think of.

She lived more than ten kilometres from my pop’s house but she had managed to reach their house before they even woke up. She knew her breakthrough lay in the hands of these two kind hearted people so she tried her luck. When my grandfather heard about this lady he was honestly moved. He made sure the lady left the house with enough food to last her and her family at least a month or so. When he narrated these heartfelt stories he always emphasized on what drives our hearts to give. He made sure that he installed the same heart of giving to his children who happen to be my parents so it’s a family trait now.

The second story actually happened during this pandemic. Like usually we help this family whichever way possible. To be honest we do not have much but we share what we have. Usually I am the one who goes to give them anything we managed to share. Bear in mind that this happens at night since I live in the ghetto during the day all eyes will be on you. This time I went just before this widow and her two children had their ‘supper’. To be honest I almost cried. She was holding a bowel fit for cereal, it had a mixture of water and a little flour like I just cannot call it dough. When I gave her the parcel she told me how she was about to bake something for her family. Honestly speaking from what I saw in that bowel and how she was talking about making a meal for three people who had not eaten that day. It did not seem to tally at all. I still cannot believe that this family was going to sleep for the whole night and wake up tomorrow to possibly spend another day without having anything to eat besides their ‘supper’.

From these two stories which happen to be true stories there is one common moral. Not everyone is rich but we are blessed to bless. One is supposed to have a heart which has people at heart. My grandparents made me realize the importance of giving. A friend who is in need is a friend indeed. We live in communities but do you care to ask if your neighbour had at least something to eat. It only takes a simple ‘good morning’ a day to make your house comfortable. You might have nothing but atleast giving an ear to someone’s life story that alone might make them feel wanted.