

A WOMAN, THE HISTORY BOOK

A lot of what I know about the past is from stories and conversations with my mother. She would retell stories of her youth with so much passion that I would ask her to retell the story ever so often. You would assume I suffered from a short attention span or had memory loss if you heard how many times I would ask her to retell the story of how she and my father met. It is a ‘boy meets girl’ story on a bus trip from Odendaalsrus to Welkom. A short journey that I myself have travelled so many times, yet that journey seems much longer in that story. It was not the story that was intriguing, but her smile and the sparkle in her eyes every time she told me the story.

And now I get to tell my own story. I get to see the smile and the sparkle in my own daughter’s eyes as I tell her a noticeably short story about how I met her father. I now know that it is the smile on my face and the sparkle in my eyes that keeps her interested in being re-told the same story repeatedly.

After telling her my story, she would ask, *“Did your mom also tell you the story of how she met your dad?”* Upon my answer, she would ask me to tell her that story.

Our life story, not written in a book somewhere, but perfectly documented in our hearts from one generation to the next, is how our sons and daughters know where we have been.

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