

Wonderful showers of blessing

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For my beautiful daughter Mukhethwa

I met my boyfriend at church. We were both attending a conference at the same church. I knew him but not too well. He asked about me, even though he was doing research about me that I was not aware of. I asked about him also and he told me everything. He told me he is so interested, that he wants to be involved with me deeply and he sees a future for us. He said it is God who made us meet and we will be involved under God's authority. God will lead us and will always show us the light. When we fall, He will pick us up. He related some scriptures from the bible.

We started knowing each other in our village and also in church. For a few weeks he was begging for my love, and even though I fell for him the first time he told me he loved me, I did not tell him of my feelings.

One windy Sunday morning we were standing next to a secondary school, by the green grass, when he asked me to kiss him. I was a bit shy. He told me many sweet words and as girls, you know, we are too quick to feel. We kissed a very deep kiss. It was an unforgettable kiss. From that day we fell into deep real, lovely, romantic love with each other.

The first day I went to my boyfriend's house, actually his family house, the sky was blue and it was a windy day. I was excited by the invitation, but the moment I got to his home, I started



trembling as to what if his parents find us, because they didn't know about our relationship

I entered his room. It was well prepared. The bed was covered with blue and purple sheets and duvets, the room was painted blue. He was playing R and B songs. The sound was overwhelming, the smell of the room breathtaking. On the table were Champagne, two glasses and Cadbury chocolates.

We started feeding each other chocolate, which led us into kissing, exchanging that chocolate. It was so lovely and I really enjoyed it. We touched each other in a romantic way and this led us to undress each other. That romantic way we were feeling each other—I can't express it. I never felt that way with anyone else. We made love and it felt so good to both of us. After making love we were both hungry and he prepared pap, chicken, and salads. We washed this down with the Champaign. Later he accompanied me home and fortunately his parents never caught us.

After a month my date for menstruation came but nothing showed. I told myself I am not pregnant it is just that my date moved to another date, it will come. I waited a week and I now became nervous. I went to the clinic. There were so many people. My mind was far away, thinking about what will be the result. When my turn came the nurse told me I am one month two weeks pregnant.

The first person I told was my boyfriend. He was not shocked because he knew he had made me pregnant. I felt sad and regretted not using a condom or other contraceptives, but I did not want to abort my child, as it was a blessing from God.

We decided to tell my mother and then he would tell his parents. Both families now knew and according to Venda culture my mum, sister, grandmother and two relatives went to his house to report that I was pregnant from their son. They called him to ask if it his baby and he agreed. He never abandoned me through that

pregnancy. He was always there and both families gave me the support and care I needed. Each month when I went for my check-up he was there. After the check-up he would buy me food.

Giving birth to my lovely daughter

It was Sunday night at about 10 pm. It was dark outside and very hot. I didn't want to eat anything because I was feeling very hot inside and outside my body.

I felt blood flowing like menstruation and I started to panic. I asked myself 'what is really going on inside my body because a pregnant woman doesn't menstruate'. I called my mother and told her what I am experiencing. She told me that I was going into labour. I was panicking, shocked and confused and did not know what was really happening, so my mother decided to call the father of the unborn child to come with a car so that he can take me to the hospital. He came within 30 minutes—to help the mother of his baby to give birth.

By that time I felt severe pains. When I entered the hospital gate I asked myself how am I going to give birth. This was my first experience and I had been told so many stories about giving birth. The smell at the hospital—of medicines and cleaning products—was not good. There were many mosquitos, and they provided us with nets to protect us from mosquitos. As I lay on the hospital bed I hoped I would give birth soon and relieve myself from these pains and fear. When my water broke I was so excited because I knew that now, it is official I am going to give birth. I went to the nurses in the next room and told them what had happened. They said I must lie on the bed so that they could check how far the baby was. They told me I was 3cm away from giving birth and this was sad news for me. I encouraged myself with the scripture from the book of Luke chapter 1 verse 37 (Nothing is impossible with God, there is nothing which he can't do for us).

Then it was Monday morning and I had to spend another day in the hospital. Relatives came thinking they would find me carrying a baby but it was not yet time. Nurses checked me each hour but nothing happened.

Then on Tuesday the 02/02/2010 at about 03h40 in the morning, I felt like I wanted to go to the toilet. Only to find it was the feeling of a baby coming out. Finally, I gave birth to my daughter. I was so excited. I thanked God for what He had done to me.

After the birth

Everyone from both families were so extremely excited at the birth of the child who came into the world. They came to the hospital to see the baby and it was joyful. They screamed, ululated and praised for the child. The morning of the following day at about 10.00 they came to take me home. I was so happy and the father of the baby was so excited. He couldn't wait to hold her. We thanked God because she was fine, no diseases, or disability, and she was born with normal weight.

After three weeks they arranged a ceremony for my beautiful daughter. Everyone was excited and it ended so well. The father of the daughter was there to see that everything went according to plan.

Both of us as parents raised our lovely daughter with love, care, and support. We read her stories, we both bath her, feed her, see to it that she goes for her vaccinations and never skips any. Sometimes she gets sick and both of us parents take her to the hospital so she can be checked and get her medicines. As she grows up we teach her good manners.

Each year we organise a birthday party for her and we invite our friends, sisters, brothers to enjoy the day with us. We buy her a present she will love always. This year (2014) my daughter is in

her last year at crèche. In 2015 she will be starting her grade R at primary school.

In life we meet hills on the way but I can say the birth of my child was great. More especially because the father and the rest of the family were always there. I never regret giving birth to my daughter and I love her so much. I would do anything for my daughter. I love her and my family.

