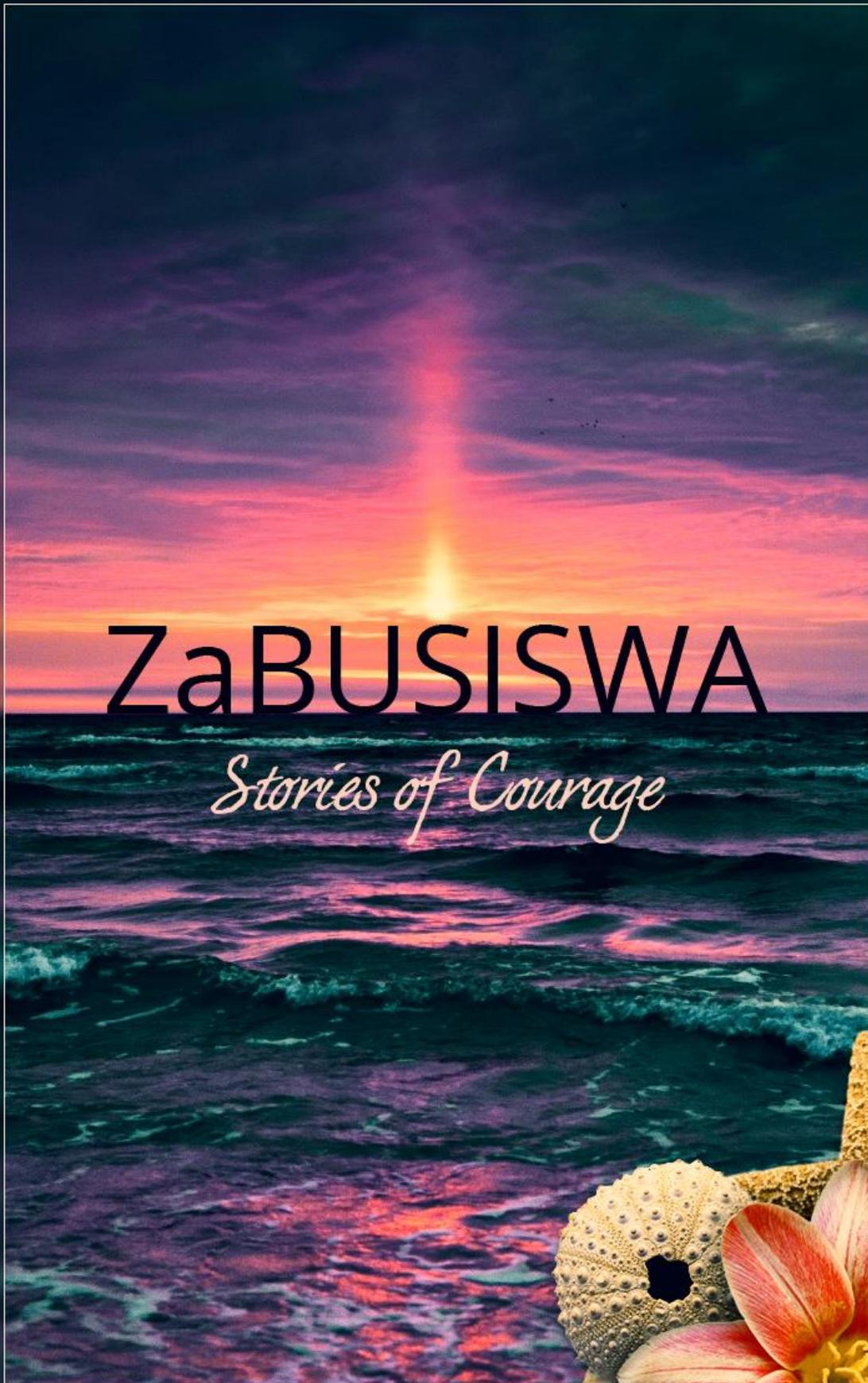


Yvonne Busisiwe Kgame

ZaBUSISWA

Stories of Courage



ZaBusiswa – Stories of Courage!

Short Story Booklet.

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CATEGORY: SHORT STORIES

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PREFACE

There is a lot more to stories that meets the eye. At the core, stories inspire, bring hope, makes us laugh and sometimes they make us cry. The greatest thing about stories is that they inspire, revive and energize the soul.

Story telling is a spontaneous calling and an opportunity to make your voice heard - what is critical is how you answer your call.

It is an opportunity to inspire the telling of our own authentic stories - we are authors and artists of our own lives. It is a time for delving deep inside yourself and letting go so the truth heals you. Story telling allows the time to reflect and listen to your inner voice.

When we go through a tapestry of pain, anger, rejection, fear, disillusionment and regrets we discover the hidden pearls of grace, joy, love, peace, happiness understanding, knowledge, power, wisdom and genius.

Telling stories inspires other souls to have the courage to author their own stories in their own organic voices. It's an eternal gift and a thought memory that will live beyond your years and live forever – stories never die.

When you tell stories you discover the peace within yourself which elevates you to a higher consciousness with deeper awareness and an understanding that you are life, light and love! This state is not a state of superiority or elitist, a state of being special nor is it a state of being better than the next person, it does not put you on a pedestal. It is rather a state of awareness of who you are. It is an enabler that aligns you when you go off track. Put simply, it is pure consciousness, because there is purity and a true love inside all of us.

Consciousness reiterates that there is a powerful and wise being in all of us. It reminds us of the spirit of Ubuntu: "That I am because you are, you are because we are. Unless you are I cannot be. We are one. It is a time to heal our own hurt and embrace blessings and gratitude. Remembering that we are worthy of love no matter what we have done or not done. All we need is unshakeable faith, steadfast trust and boundless belief.

Opening yourself up unleashes blockages that turns a deaf ear to the inner voice that is humbly pleading be redeemed. Our souls are yearning for freedom.

"...It is only the story that can continue beyond the war and the warrior. It is the story that outlives the sound of war-drums and the exploits of brave fighters. It is the story...that saves our progeny from blundering like blind beggars into the spikes of the cactus fence. The story is our escort; without it, we are blind. Does the blind man own his escort? No, neither do we the story; rather it is the story that owns us and directs us."

Chinua Achebe, *Anthills of the Savannah* (1987)

DEDICATION

To my family, friends, acquaintances, and everyone I have encountered. This storybook is a gift for you to pass on!!!

As we journey along we tend to forget some ancient wisdom and proverbs that initially shaped our thinking and decision making.

In times where emotions and stress have taken over, let's take time to remind us of all those basic things we seem to have put aside.

This is a reminder that like us, humans, stories were created and blessed for us to learn from and enjoy.

Just like we were created with all the care and love, stories are crafted and shaped for us.

We are told stories long before we can comprehend their full meaning. It is as though the creator is re-emphasizing "Ngingekakubumbi, ngakwazi"!



ZABUSISWA
STORIES OF COURAGE
Busisiwe

1. BUSISIWE

A young girl sat under the tree with her Grandmother. The old woman loved to sit under this tree and listen to the Radio. "Gran, what does it mean that children are a blessing from God?" the young girl asked as she sat next to the old wise woman. Her Grandmother smiled. She turned and looked at her beautiful Granddaughter. "It means that children are a special gift, whose lives are already marked and planned before their arrival on earth."

The little girl frowned. She looked up in the sky as if trying to see children fall down. She turned once again and looked at her Grandmother, what if I want to make my life different? What if I wanted to do something that is not like what was planned before my arrival on earth? Her Grandmother held her little hand and looked her in the eye. She started telling her a story she would never forget.

"When your mother was born, I was very happy. I was happy that I too could hold a baby in my hands. I used to look right into her eyes when she suckled. I was sure that she would do everything I wanted her to do, be the person I wanted her to be and more. I did everything to make sure that she took my teachings, my warning and my advice. For a while I was sure that the only word that mattered to her was my word.

She grew up, looked prettier and lovelier. I kept looking at her thinking; indeed, this child is a blessing. She made me laugh from the bottom of my heart. This was a kind of love I never knew I had. My house became a comforting, special place to be in. Whenever I came home I looked for her and she came with open arms, open smile and kissed me.

She grew up and started locking herself away. I wanted her to speak to me, but she didn't. It became clear that she now heard other voices, her attention, love and her smile that used to brighten my days were no longer reserved just for me. Nonetheless, I continued hoping and wishing that my blessing, my daughter would return her affections and cares to me; after all she was my blessing. She grew older and suddenly I became the enemy. I was the one standing in the way of her happiness. I did not understand her, she said. She hardly spoke to me at this point.

I wanted to know what was going on in her life. I wanted to know who her friends were; I wanted to know a whole lot more. I wanted to know how my blessing was blessing others. She completely removed herself from me. I realised that all that I had hoped for her was not to be realised as she insisted on doing what she wanted. I sat her down, tried to explain that she was a blessing, a special being who needed to tread very carefully as this world can destroy precious blessings like her, especially when these blessings land themselves in the wrong hands. She did not understand.

She grew much older. I realised I no longer had any form of control, or even influence over this blessing of mine. She made mistakes along the way. Her own way led her into places I had never imagined, places I never wished she knew. It tore my heart. I felt like my blessing had turned into a curse. Every night I cried for her. I prayed for her. One day she came back home, with you. Another blessing. My blessing brought me a blessing! I was reminded that she was a blessing to me.

While she was away, praying for her and worrying about her taught me things I had not known about myself. The situation that felt so bad, unbearable resulted in me knowing myself better. I learned that even though she was my child, I could not dictate what journey she should take in life. I had a better understanding of what a blessing is. So yes. You can choose to do something else, but how do you know what you are doing is not in fact what was planned for you anyway? The little girl smiled. "So I am a blessing? Whatever I do will result in great lessons and more blessings?" Her Grandmother smiled back.

"As long as you always remember the way back home, no matter how far you go. Never forget your way back home."

Moral of the story: Never throw away your blessings because they give you challenges, the challenges are there to stretch you and help shape you into a better and wiser person.



ZABUSISWA
STORIES OF COURAGE
Courage

2. COURAGE

There was once a king who was very powerful. He had great influence over the wild beasts and animals. Now the tortoise was looked upon as the wisest of all beasts and men. This king had a son named Ekpenyon, to whom he gave fifty young girls as wives, but the prince did not like any of them. The king was very angry at this, and made a law that if any man had a daughter who was finer than the prince's wives, and who found favour in his son's eyes, the girl herself and her father and mother should be killed.

Now about this time the tortoise and his wife had a daughter who was very beautiful. The mother thought it was not safe to keep such a fine child, as the prince might fall in love with her, so she told her husband that her daughter ought to be killed and thrown away into the bush.

The tortoise, however, was unwilling, and hid her until she was three years old. One day, when both the tortoise and his wife were away on their farm, the king's son happened to be hunting near their house, and saw a bird perched on the top of the fence round the house. The bird was watching the little girl, and was so entranced with her beauty that he did not notice the prince coming. The prince shot the bird with his bow and arrow, and it dropped inside the fence, so the prince sent his servant to gather it.

While the servant was looking for the bird he came across the little girl, and was so struck with her form, that he immediately returned to his master and told him what he had seen. The prince then broke down the fence and found the child, and fell in love with her at once. He stayed and talked with her for a long time, until at last she agreed to become his wife. He then went home, but concealed from his father the fact that he had fallen in love with the beautiful daughter of the tortoise. But the next morning he sent for the treasurer, and got sixty pieces of cloth and three hundred rods, and sent them to the tortoise. Then in the early afternoon he went down to the tortoise's house, and told him that he wished to marry his daughter.

The tortoise saw at once that what he had dreaded had come to pass, and that his life was in danger, so he told the prince that if the king knew, he would kill not only himself (the tortoise), but also his wife and daughter. The prince replied that he would be killed himself before he allowed the tortoise and his wife and daughter to be killed.

Eventually, after much argument, the tortoise consented, and agreed to hand his daughter to the prince as his wife when she arrived at the proper age. Then the prince went home and told his mother what he had done. She was in great distress at the thought that she would lose her son, of whom she was very proud, as she knew that when the king heard of his son's disobedience he would kill him.

However, the queen, although she knew how angry her husband would be, wanted her son to marry the girl he had fallen in love with, so she went to the tortoise and gave him some money, clothes, yams, and palm-oil as further dowry on her son's behalf in order that the tortoise should not give his daughter to another man. For the next five years the prince was constantly with the tortoise's daughter, whose name was Adet, and when she was about to be put in the fattening house, the prince told his father that he was going to take Adet as his wife.

On hearing this the king was very angry, and sent word all round his kingdom that all people should come on a certain day to the market-place to hear the palaver. When the appointed day arrived the market-place was quite full of people, and the stones belonging to the king and queen were placed in the middle of the market-place.

When the king and queen arrived all the people stood up and greeted them, and they then sat down on their stones. The king then told his attendants to bring the girl Adet before him. When she arrived the king was quite astonished at her beauty. He then told the people that he had sent for them to tell them that he was angry with his son for disobeying him and taking Adet as his wife without his knowledge.

But that now he had seen her himself he had to acknowledge that she was very beautiful, and that his son had made a good choice. He would therefore forgive his son. When the people saw the girl, they agreed that she was very fine and quite worthy of being the prince's wife.

They begged the king to cancel the law he had made altogether, and the king agreed. And as the law had been made under the "Egbo" law, he sent for eight Egbo, and told them that the order was cancelled throughout his kingdom. Also that for the future no one would be killed who had a daughter more beautiful than the prince's wives, and gave the Egbo palm wine and money to remove the law, and sent them away.

Then he declared that the tortoise's daughter, Adet, should marry his son, and he made them marry the same day. A great feast was then given which lasted for fifty days, and the king killed five cows and gave all the people plenty of foo-foo and palm-oil chop, and placed a large number of pots of palm wine in the streets for the people to drink as they liked. The women brought a big play to the king's compound, and there was singing and dancing kept up day and night during the whole time.

The prince and his companions also played in the market square. When the feast was over the king gave half of his kingdom to the tortoise to rule over, and three hundred slaves to work on his farm. The prince also gave his father-in-law two hundred women and one hundred girls to work for him, so the tortoise became one of the richest men in the kingdom. The prince and his wife lived together for a good many years until the king died, when the prince ruled in his place. And all this shows that the tortoise is the wisest of all men and animals.

Moral of the story: It takes courage to fight for what we want and get it. If something means everything to you, be prepared to fight for it – otherwise you will end up sad and wondering all your life what would have happened had you fought hard to get what you want.



ZABUSISWA
STORIES OF COURAGE

Forgiveness

3. FORGIVENESS

A very long time ago, there live an old man in a small town called Ngqushwa. This old man lived all alone in his mud-house just outside of the town. He was a stranger who just came into the small town one day and settled there. He never talked to any of the townsfolk. In fact, no one ever saw him except when he came out once in a while to buy small items for himself. And even then, he did not talk to anyone and went about his business as if he could not get away fast enough.

Of course, the townsfolk never left him alone; the old ones gossiped about him not caring whether or not he heard them whilst the children teased him and called him all sorts of names. This did not bother the old man one bit and soon, he would be out of the town to his own life of solitude. This happened for a number of years until the townsfolk no longer saw the old man. Years passed and he still did not come into town to buy to stock up on the bare essentials.

The gossip mongers had nothing to snicker about and the children waited in vain with new jokes to torment the old man with. Where could he be? They were all asking themselves. Not that they cared, but still... no one does not just disappear like that. They talked about it amongst themselves and speculated about what could have happened but no-one came up with anything. After a while, there was unease in the village and they just could not get the old man out of their minds. Some talked about going off to find him and some said to leave well enough alone.

There was talk about the old man and then it died down and people went about their business. Why should they bother about an arrogant old man who never even greeted when he came to town? So everyone went about their lives, did nothing and soon forgot about the old man.

Then one day while the townsfolk were going about their business the old man forgotten; when a handsome young man came into Ngqushwa driving a nice car. Who could he be? They were asking themselves, whispering and excited at the new arrival for no one ever came into their little town anymore.

Their chief had died a while back and his wife could not have children and so they had not gotten around to appointing a new chief. The town had since become dilapidated and was the shadow of its former self.

Before, it was nice little town with a grocery store and butchery, a hardware store, a clothing store, a furniture shop, a funeral parlour, a little orange hotel with a bar where people came every evening to watch TV and talk about things after a hard day at work. The hotel was a popular place in the town and now it was just as run-down. There was also the post office and the hair salon opposite and next to the post office there was the old library that used to be the heart of the town with a dried up fountain and ruined benches right in front of it.

The only school in the town was on the other side of the only street in that small town and right next to the school, there was an unkempt field and old tennis court that was no longer used. The only bioscope had closed a long time ago and the children no longer had anywhere to go to watch the latest James Bond or local movies; and the husbands no longer took their wives out for a nice romantic movie on Saturdays and the wives no longer made Sunday picnics for their families to go sit by the grass near the tennis court.

Ngqushwa had become a desolate little town with no hope. The children bunked school and culprits took to sitting at the old tennis court little house where they discovered the joys of marijuana. Then the stranger came into the little town. They learned that he was looking for his father who had disappeared a long time ago. He took out a photo of his father and everyone was shocked to see that father of this young man was the old man that disappeared. The old man they used to torment all those years ago. They told him how the old man used to come into town a few times a year and how they longer saw him.

They also let him know that he never talked to any of them. They were ashamed when the young man told them that he was born deaf. They were very ashamed of themselves and promised to help him look for his father. They found him in his little house. He was very sick but still alive and was able to recognise his son. The villagers watched the two embracing and talking to each other in sign language.

The young man then took his father to hospital in the next town and later came back to Peddie to gather his father's belongings. He stopped by the hotel where everybody had gathered, still reeling from the shock of the way they treated the old man and events that had unfolded.

They were also speculating about how he came into their town in the first place when he clearly had a family. The old man's son filled them in on the rest. His father was once a successful man who loved his family very much. He had a nice job in the city and was a standing member of his community despite his handicap. Then he discovered something sinister about his boss and his life was threatened. He had to flee town and leave his family.

That's how he came to be in Peddie. They have been looking for him all these years and the son had been looking for a small town to invest in as he was a town planner by profession and had heard rumours about a recluse of an old man who once lived in this small town. He heard this from a young man who once lived in Peddie but had left a long time ago. The townsfolk asked what was going to happen now.

The young man told them that his father was going to be okay as it was lucky that he had a cow that he could milk and a small vegetable garden and a few chickens. That was helped him to survive all these years. Now his mother was happy to have found her husband and they were going to find somewhere nice to stay. Perhaps in the town itself.

The villagers were shocked to hear this. How can anyone want to stay in such a run-down town? Then the young man told them something that made them very happy and ablaze with hope. You see, the young man's profession was to develop small towns and he could do the same for theirs. He told them that he could restore Peddie to its former glory if they let him. Let him? They were only too happy!

They were all excited at the change that was going to happen and the hope that was coming with it. They had lost all hope a long time ago and that is why they could not even show an old man kindness. They were very sorry and apologised to the young man. He was very understanding and they all sat in the hotel for many hours after the young man had left after promising to come with his team in the next week to work in the town.

The children were all in the field also talking about the great changes that were going to take place in their town. They thought of all the games they were going to play in their nice new school and the movies they were going to watch in the bioscope and the many books they were going to read in their new library.

Moral of the story: Be careful how you treat others for you will never know who will be of help to you at your time of need. Some people may never forgive you and you will only have yourself to blame.



ZABUSISWA
STORIES OF COURAGE

Unity



4. UNITY

Grasshopper and Toad appeared to be good friends. People always saw them together. Yet they had never dined at each other's houses.

One day Toad said to Grasshopper, "Dear friend, tomorrow come and dine at my house. My wife and I will prepare a special meal.

We will eat it together." The next day Grasshopper arrived at Toad's house. Before sitting down to eat, Toad washed his forelegs, and invited Grasshopper to do the same.

Grasshopper did so, and it made a loud noise. "Friend Grasshopper, can't you leave your chirping behind. I cannot eat with such a noise," said Toad.

Grasshopper tried to eat without rubbing his forelegs together, but it was impossible. Each time he gave a chirp, Toad complained and asked him to be quiet.

Grasshopper was angry and could not eat. Finally, he said to Toad: "I invite you to my house for dinner, tomorrow." The next day, Toad arrived at Grasshopper's home.

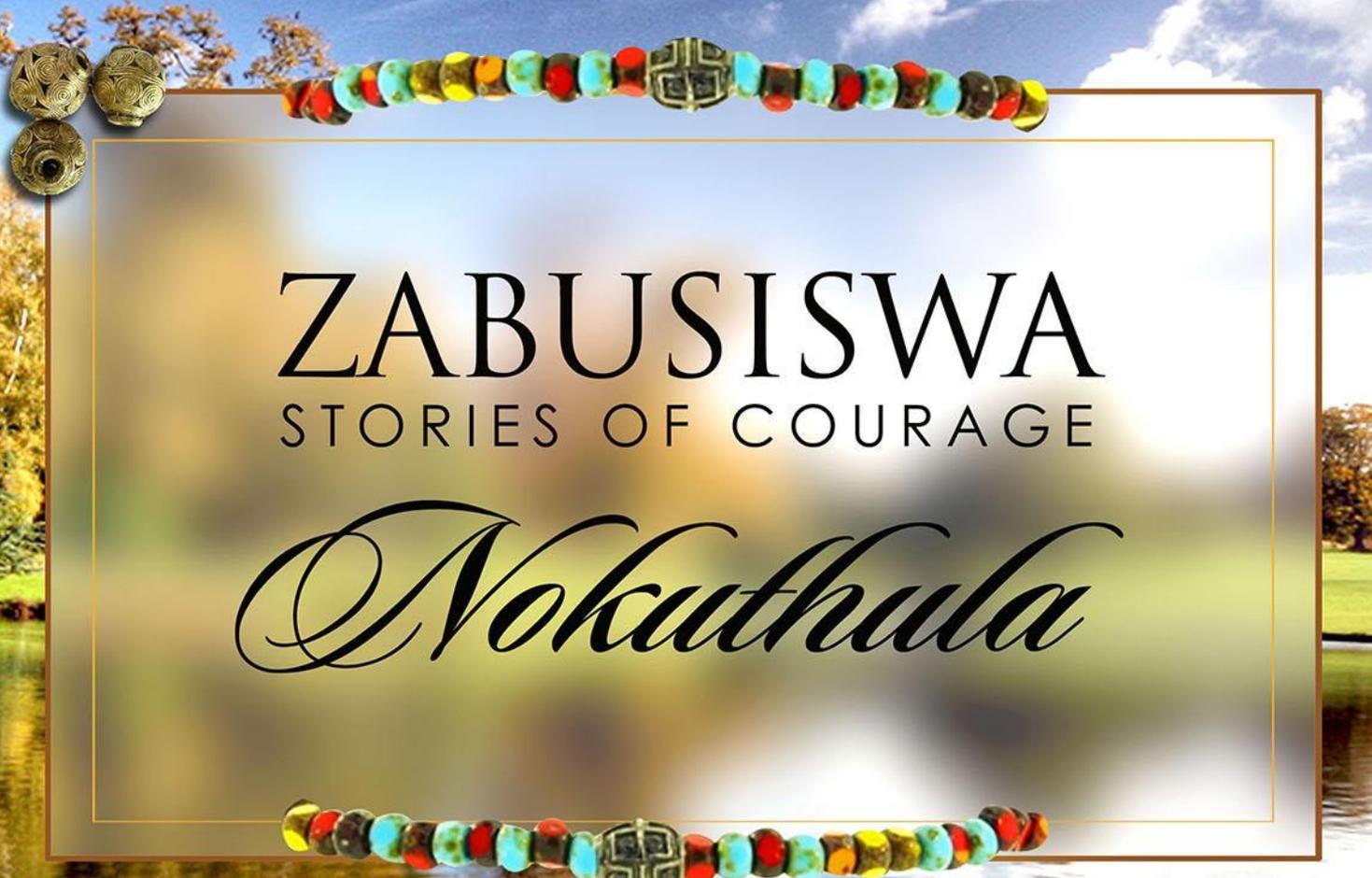
As soon as the meal was ready, Grasshopper washed his forelegs, and invited Toad to do the same. Toad did so, and then hopped toward the food. "You had better go back and wash again," said Grasshopper. "All that hopping in the dirt has made your forelegs dirty again."

Toad hopped back to the water jar, washed again, then hopped back to the table, and was ready to reach out for some food from one of the platters when Grasshopper stopped him: "Please don't put your dirty paws into the food. Go and wash them again."

Toad was furious. "You just don't want me to eat with you!" he cried. "You know very well that I must use my paws and forelegs in hopping about.

I cannot help it if they get a bit dirty between the water jar and the table."
Grasshopper responded, "You are the one who started it yesterday. You know I cannot rub my forelegs together without making a noise."

Moral of the story: If you wish to have true friendship with someone, learn to accept each other's faults, as well as each other's good qualities. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

A decorative border featuring a beaded necklace with colorful beads (red, yellow, green, blue, black) and a central metal ornament with a cross-like pattern. On the left side, there are three circular metal ornaments with intricate designs. The background of the entire image is a scenic view of a lake with a blue sky and white clouds, and a green field with trees in the distance.

ZABUSISWA
STORIES OF COURAGE

Nokuthula

5. NOKUTHULA

Two very close friends laughed and talked for hours by the river everyday. They were also neighbours and saw each other a lot. Nokuthula was a very beautiful young woman, more beautiful than her friend Zipho.

Boys used to admire Nokuthula's beauty openly, some proposed marriage to her. Zipho was the no-nonsense friend who would chase them away. Some were cruel and hurtful; they would shout at her, call her ugly duckling when she defended her friend.

Nokuthula was a humble and gentle soul who protected her friend's feelings and reassured her each time an ugly encounter with the boys. She would share her expensive perfumes and lotions with Zipho. These would boost Zipho's confidence and all would be forgotten.

One day a boy whom Zipho liked made his move on Nokuthula, only Nokuthula did not know that her friend had set her eye on the boy, Mvelo. Nokuthula was immediately taken by Mvelo's care and his gift of the gab. She started spending more and more time with Mvelo. Zipho heart turned. She felt lonely and rejected by her best friend, and by the boy she so hoped could notice her; talk to her, and like her.

Everything seemed to be happening very fast, as soon an announcement was made that Nokuthula was getting married – to Mvelo. Zipho's heart was shattered. She became bitter, feeling so left out. Nokuthula soon had the village girls pampering her with gifts and offering their help in organising the wedding. Zipho withdrew; she kept to herself, not wanting to be part of it.

Zipho started spreading a bad rumor, that Nokuthula was rushing into marriage because she was already pregnant. This was taboo in their village. It definitely tarnished Nokuthula's reputation. Mvelo's parents knocked at her home very early one morning, demanding answers.

Nokuthula was astonished, she tried to defend her honor, but the news was spread by her best friend, surely it was true. Mvelo stood by her, confirming what Nokuthula was saying. The parents ordered that Nokuthula should go through virginity testing. This was an embarrassment of the highest degree. Not wanting to further put her family to shame, she agreed.

Mvelo was eager to just take her away from this entire public spectacle, but she humbly refused, saying they must stick it out. Truth will set them free. The whole village started shunning Nokuthula. She felt really alone and rejected, her only hope was in Mvelo who was unashamed to show her how much she loved her.

That afternoon, Ziphohle came to see Nokuthula and apologise to her friend. She told her that jealousy overcame her. Nokuthula calmly told her she understands and she forgives her. She asked her to do just one thing. Ziphohle, eager to restore her friendship nodded rapidly. Anything, she will do anything to earn Nokuthula's forgiveness and trust. Nokuthula gave her a pillow full of leaves. She asked her to go and throw the leaves in the open ground where young boys practice soccer.

Ziphohle thought this was an odd request but she obeyed. She went and threw the leaves and came back with an empty pillow. Nokuthula smiles and said, now please go and collect all the leaves and bring them back. Slightly annoyed but feeling obliged, she went. She could not collect all the leaves as some had been blown away by the wind. She returned with the pillow, not as full as it was when she went to throw away the leaves.

She explained to Nokuthula that she could not get all the leaves; some had been blown away by the wind. Nokuthula said "You see my friend; I truly forgive you. This little exercise was to show that though we may both wish to take back what you said about me, some of it has been blown away by the wind... and is travelling to places we do not even know. That is the extent of the damage the rumors have caused". That cannot be taken back.

The day of the virginity testing came. A few village women and their daughters came to Nokuthula's home and waited outside in anticipation. Mvelo's parents together with Nokuthula's parents stood together, waiting for the trusted village grandmother.

After what felt like hours, the old woman came out supporting herself with her walking stick. She raised a white handkerchief, declaring that Nokuthula was still a virgin. Ululations filled the yard. The families reconciled, the lovers were united and their love grew stronger. Zipho could not get the little exercise out of her mind, though Nokuthula was vindicated in the village, somebody somewhere still thought she indeed defiled her family name. She made a secret vow never to spread gossip about anyone ever again.

Moral of the story: Honor friendships, speak about whatever is bothering you rather than bottling it all inside as it may grow to illness.



ZABUSISWA
STORIES OF COURAGE

Naziziwe



6. NOZIZWE

Once upon a time in a small village of Enqoleni, there lived a woman with her only child, Zenande. She used to cook food that was too much for both of them. Zenande did not mind this, as she felt that all the food was hers alone.

One day a neighbour's child came by to borrow some sugar. Zenande's mother was only too happy to help. She gave the child some sugar and also some food that was left over.

The following day another neighbour sent her child to borrow some salt. Zenande's mother gave the child salt and some left over food. One by one the neighbours started borrowing a little bit of this and a little bit of that, each time without fail Zenande's mother gave them what they asked for and more.

Zenande was not very happy about this as there was no longer any food left over. Her mother gently spoke to her "My child to him much is given much is expected". She also explained that she enjoyed cooking for many people, and now that she was indirectly cooking for the neighbours too, she was really happy.

One by one the neighbour's children started coming to Zenande's home at dinner time. Zenande's mother would tell them funny stories from her childhood. Most of these children, Zenande's age really enjoyed these stories.

At first she tried to distract the children telling them the stories her mother told were not so funny, in the hope that the children would be discouraged and go home. But to her surprise they were all embroiled in these funny and sometimes scary stories about "*amazimuzimu*".

Zenande would sit at the far end of the room, by the door. She felt that she was forced to share her mother's attention, her mother, her home, her food and her space with the children of the villagers.

Some time passed, and the number of the children who came for dinner at Zenande's home grew. Little by little their parents started coming too. In the beginning they came to thank Nozizwe, Zenande's mother for her generosity. She would laugh and tell each of them that the more she cooked and gave, the more she had in her cupboard.

Zenande did not understand this at all. Some of these people who came to her house did not even speak the same language her and her mother spoke but their evening were lively, laughter and stories were flowing. People speaking different languages seemed to be having a lot of fun. She wondered to herself, how they understood each other.

One night after everyone had left, she asked her mother how she managed to entertain so many people. Her mother told her that there are two languages every human being understands, tears and laughter. Zimkhitha thought about this and told herself that instead of sitting by the door and sometimes out of the house, she would sit in and listen.

That afternoon she helped her mother dish up for everyone. At this point people would bring the little they had and the women would help her mother cook and the children would tell each other funny stories. Zimkhitha found this very relaxing and entertaining. She started telling her own stories, ones her mother had told her alone. The children enjoyed each other's company just like their mothers.

She listened very carefully as her mother told everyone how much fun she had that night since her daughter was also part of this beautiful gathering. The other children shouted, me too – I am your child Mam' Nozizwe. Their mothers laughed, and all agreed she was indeed a mother of many nations!

Moral of the story: There are other languages that unite us as human beings – if we are careful to listen to each other's soul we will find that we are in fact very much connected – beyond the languages we speak.



ZABUSISWA
STORIES OF COURAGE

Restoration



7. RESTORATION

Here is a story of two friends who were walking in the desert. At a specific point in the journey, they had an argument, and one friend slapped the other in the face.

The one, who got slapped, was hurt, but without anything to say, he wrote in the sand: Today, My Best Friend slapped me in the face.

They kept on walking, until they found an oasis, where they decided to take a bath. The one who got slapped and hurt started drowning, and the other friend saved him.

When he recovered from the fright, he wrote on a stone: Today, My Best Friend Saved my LIFE The friend who saved and slapped his best friend, asked him, Why, after I hurt you, you wrote in the sand – and now you write on stone?

The other friend smilingly replied: When a friend hurts us, we should write it down in the sand, where the winds of forgiveness get in charge of erasing it away, and when something great happens, we should engrave it in the stone of the memory of the heart, where no wind can erase it.

Moral of the story: To restore broken relationships, we must forgive and not count the wrongs others have done against us. When we show love, it is usually reciprocated.



ZABUSISWA
STORIES OF COURAGE

Rocky Road

8. ROCKY ROAD

Once... in a remote village near the Kivu in in Zaire, now called the Congo, the lived a very rich father who had a wife he loved and would have done anything for.

This wife bore him four sons and one daughter. Kiroti was indeed a loving husband and father who only wanted the best for his family. Kiroti was a very hard worker who made his fortune from farming livestock – he had cattle and yam fields. He was so busy preparing his kids to take over and unwittingly neglected his wife who was not the woman Kiroti thought she was all the years he had been married to her.

She was in actual fact a greedy woman who was never satisfied with anything he ever did for her. Not the riches they had, she found no joy in their children nor their beautiful home. She resented the workers and everything to do with the community and their comings and goings. She just wanted to have everyone at her beck and call and look beautiful the whole day. In the end, she was just a beautiful shell of a woman who had no heart. The only thing she found joy in was the love affair she had with the very arrogant foreman of Kiroti's livestock.

Now this man, Tomboti was his name, was a very ambitious young man who saw an opportunity by having an affair with the wife of his boss. So evil were they both that they relished in their affair and it did not take them long before they started plotting to murder Kiroti so that Matiso, the beautiful wife, could inherit everything and they could then take over the business. As if the household could sense unease and had a premonition of what was to happen, there was a cloud of unhappiness in the great homestead of Kiroti.

Nothing everyone did could bring back the happiness that they had before. Even some of the servants that were there when Kiroti and his wife, the beautiful Matiso were still young and happy, started to leave, one by one.

The livestock started dying but because Kiroti was a very wealthy man, it did not change much. But his health started failing and it was then that the two poisonous snakes in the household decided to finish him off by poisoning him. However, the elders of the village saw what was happening and called a meeting with Kiroti and his eldest son, a boy that was the apple of his father's eyes called Tazuki.

Tazuki is Lingala for Happiness and from when he was young, Tazuki was loved by everyone and his loving ways always brought a smile to anyone who met him. Now he was a grown man and was being groomed by his father to take over from him when it was time. That time came sooner than anyone expected when Kiroti suddenly died the night before he was to meet with the elders. Just before dawn and his father's body was discovered, Tazuki had a dream where a faceless voice told him that whatever happens, he must wake up before anybody else in the house and go meet with the wise elder of the village they called, Masuni.

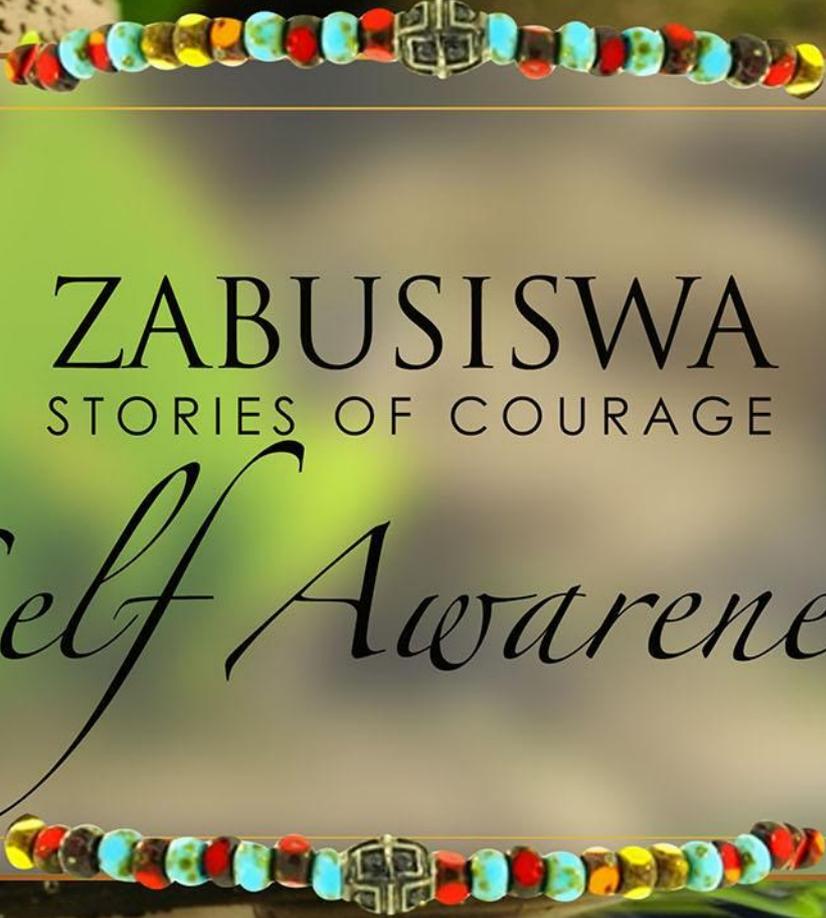
The voice told him that Masuni had an envelope that Kiroti gave him many years ago and told him that when time came, he must give his eldest son the envelope. Kiroti woke up suddenly and did exactly as the voice told him. He had not gone an hour when Matiso was heard screaming and when the servants came to look, they saw what made her scream like that. They did not buy her sudden grief for one second and were heartbroken as they took charge and called the chief of the village to declare their master dead and arrange for the burial.

Tazuki was nowhere to be found as his younger siblings were taken to a room where they can grieve for their father as was the custom. Meanwhile, the evil foreman and his accomplice saw this as the perfect chance to accuse Tazuki of killing his father so that no suspicion could befall on them. They thought that it could not have worked out better for them than the sudden turn of events. To decide to waste no time in announcing that they will be married the very next day and that Matiso will not mourn because they had business to take care of.

They ignored the gasps of shock and horror from everyone while Matisse's children just cried harder, thinking of their father and older brother! Just then, Tazuki came in with the wise man carrying his father's letter and he read out what was said. The old man had known what was going on under his nose all along and was not the fool many thought him to be. He left everything to his children and made Tazuki to be in charge of everything because he was the oldest. He ordered that his cheating, traitorous, and murderous wife and her lover to be handed over be investigated.

They stood there unbelieving and were seized at once and sent to face a mob of the angry community who demanded they be hanged at once. It was all over very quickly and peace was restored in the little village of the Kivu. The old man Kiroti was buried peacefully and Tazuki took his rightful place as his father's heir. Peace and happiness were restored in the household when not long after, Tazuki took a wife and she was a very kind a beautiful girl form the village. It was a grand wedding feast and the servants were very happy with the addition to the household and declared among themselves that it was indeed a fine day and happiness at last lived in their great homestead and it will never go away again.

Moral of the story: No matter how bad things may seem, there is always a light at the end of the tunnel. Keep the faith, things always work out for the best in the end.



ZABUSISWA
STORIES OF COURAGE

Self Awareness

9. SELF AWARENESS

A group of female ants met at the river to discuss an upcoming dance where the male ants were going to attend. There was so much excitement the female ants could not contain themselves.

They decided to talk about dressing differently so that the male ants could notice them. One ant, who was too aware of her shortcomings spoke with a small voice "but is it not better when we look the same, just the way we are"?

The others retorted, "then how will the male ants pick the ones they like? Surely the most beautiful one of us will be picked. We must each try and attract the attention of the male ants". The excitement started up again, and the less confident ant felt very exposed. She was worried that she will not be picked.

She decided to share her misgivings with another female ant as they went back home. She said "Do you think I can be picked?" The other one said, yes – if you wear something bright. She smiled, thinking "I have something bright that will make me stand out".

That afternoon she wore her bright pink dress and went to see her friend, to ask her if she thought the bright pink dress would make her noticeable and help her get picked at the dance. Her friend looked at her and shook her head. No, the dress does not work for your skin tone. Maybe to be noticeable, you must change your hairstyle. The ant was disappointed but her friend's advice gave her hope. She went home to take off the dress.

She tied her hair into a pony and went to see another friend to ask if she thought the new hairstyle would make her noticeable and help her get picked. Her other friend looked at her once and shook her head. No, your hair is too few for a pony. Maybe to be noticeable, you must lose a bit of weight. Male ants like female ants with a tiny waist. The ant was disappointed but her friend's advice gave her hope. She went home to undo her new hairstyle.

She went to see the female ant with the tiniest waist to ask for some advice. She found the other ant by the river admiring herself. She kept looking at the water, using it as her mirror and muttering "I'm pretty this side, but must fix this side". She would then bend and stretch doing funny exercises. The other ant who came for advice watched this for a few seconds before approaching.

She came closer and greeted the ant with the tiniest waist. She immediately asked her, how can I have a tiny waist like yours so I can be noticeable and picked by a male ant at the dance? The other ant looked at her. No, a tiny waist alone won't help you, you need to change your voice. When you speak you sound like an old person. Male ants like female ants who speak like little girls. The ant lost hope in herself. The dance was a few hours away and she had not managed to do anything that would help her stand a chance to be picked by a male ant. Dejected and really sad, she went home.

On her way home she tried to practice speaking in a more girly voice. She soon realised however that she was not able to. Just before she reached her home a group of male ants approached. They were singing and happily playing on their way to the dance. They laughed at her somber manner.

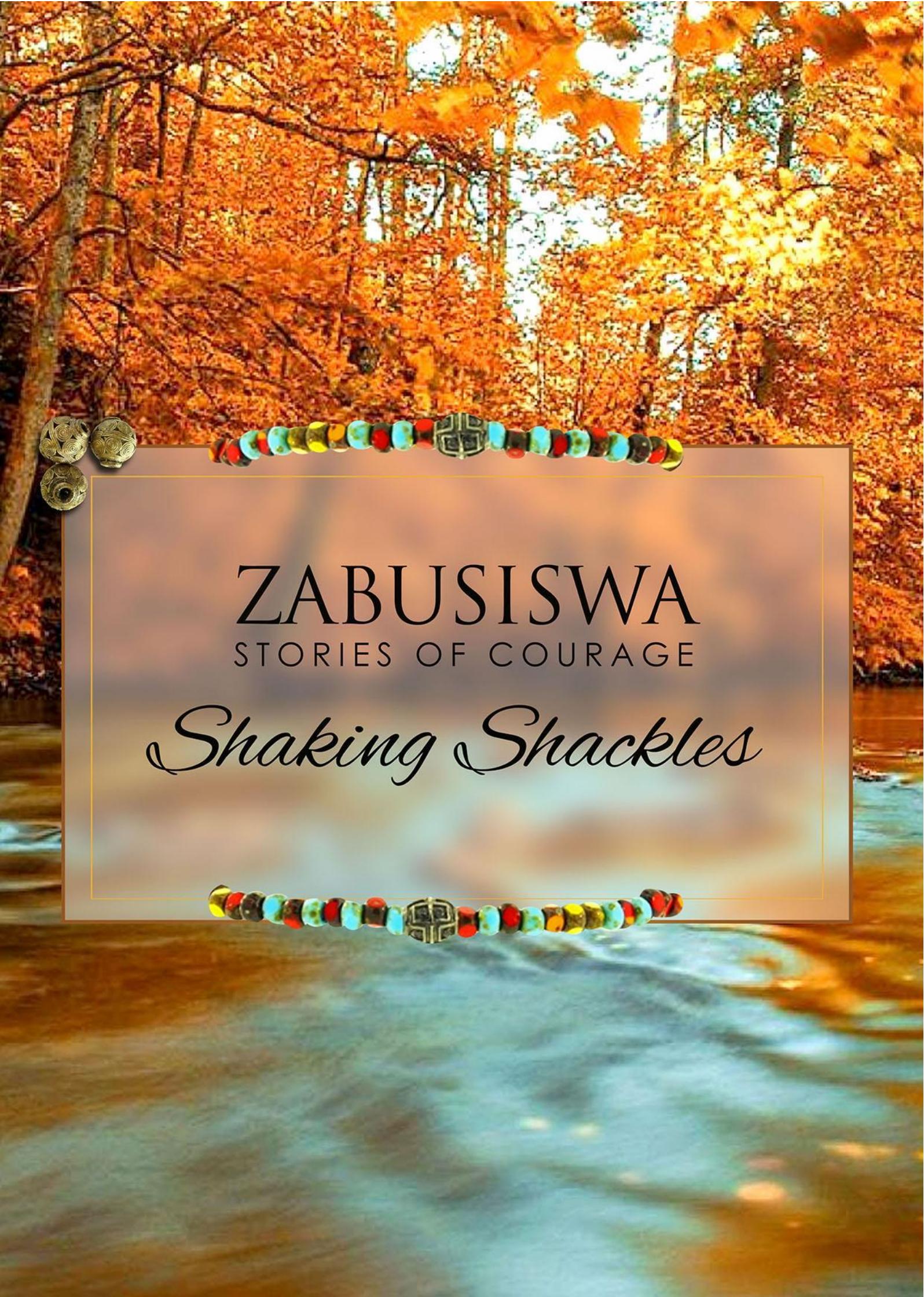
But one of them remained behind as the group went on. He was the one the female ant really liked. He asked her if she was going to the dance. She shook her head, tears threatening to embarrass her. He asked her why. She told him she stands no chance at the dance. She cannot change anything about herself.

She told him she tried a bright pink dress, a pony tail, could not exercise to have a tiny waist and cannot change her voice. The male ant held her hand and said "I am looking for a dance partner for the dance. I do not wish to look at any other female ant because I already have a perfect dance partner".

The female ant not aware that he was referring to her shyly said "The ant with the tiniest waist is by the river". He smiled and said. I am not looking for the one with the tiniest waist or perfect ponytail or girly voice. I am looking for the one who will perfectly match me on the dance floor. Will you be my dance partner?"

The female ant tried very hard not to appear too excited but she remembered, this ant chose her as she was. So she did not have to behave any other way. She smiles and nodded her head. They held hand and started walking to the dance, freely practicing their dance routine on the way.

Moral of the story: When you are aware of yourself you stand a better chance of attracting people who know what they want.



ZABUSISWA
STORIES OF COURAGE

Shaking Shackles

10. SHAKING SHACKLES

Nandi Mbutho, a feisty thirty-one-year-old woman is woken by the sound of revving engines, hooting taxis, people shouting. She stares at the ceiling of her expensive upmarket apartment.

She glares at the snow-white ceiling and baby blue walls. Her apartment is quiet, the complete opposite of what is going on outside. Yet, what is going on outside is the perfect reflection of what is going on inside her heart.

She slowly wakes up and stretches, her eye catching the ever-slow hands of time steadily chasing the fading hours. She is late. She yawns as exhaustion holds on to her. She feels slightly dizzy. Her phone rings and her open iPad announces emails coming into her full mailbox. She walks out of her bedroom into the lounge. She plays her music and runs the bath.

Once immersed in the slippery water, she closes her eyes again trying to steal a moment of calmness. A knock is heard, the voices of her job seeking sister Nobantu and her cousin Zine, the baby machine, pierce through the walls of her soul. She shakes herself out of the bathtub and goes to let her family in. Their dramatic greeting is accompanied by the squeaky voices of their small children. Her sister tells her that their mother has been hospitalized; her blood pressure plummeted last night.

At work Nandi is pressurized to go to Cape Town for a business related conference. She can't, because her mother is sick and she is needed at home. When she is reminded that her promotion depends on this she is deeply conflicted. She needs the promotion because the money can go a long way in helping her sick mother. She has to choose between going and not going. Either way there is too much to lose. Nandi is overwhelmed and strung out. She tries to pray but her mind is all over the place.

She chooses to go to Cape Town for the week and hopes her mother hangs on. She is destructed in the sessions as each time her phone rings she finds herself holding her breath hoping that it is not her family calling to tell her that her mother has passed. At the hotel room, she cries all night unable to sleep.

In the morning, she gets dressed for her presentation. She carefully puts her make-up on, brushes her Brazilian weave, and looks at herself in the mirror. She looks great; this should give her all the confidence she needs. However, she is uneasy. Her eyes look hollow and sad. She puts more powder and within few minutes she is out and starting the hired car in the garage. She drives off.

Nandi arrives at the conference centre and prepares for her presentation. She is fighting agitation and anxiety. She decides to go and say a little prayer in the bathroom but is destructed by the arrival of Masande Mbhele, her ex-boyfriend from Varsity. She is shocked to silence. He greets her, ever so charmingly.

Before she can get a moment to deal with her anxiety and the shock of seeing Masande here, the rest of the attendees arrive and she has to present. Lights are dimmed and her brilliant presentation fills the front wall of the boardroom as she starts to present. The more she gets into her subject matter which she feels very passionate about, is the more she sees nods and smiles. It's going very well. Her eye catches a flash of blue on a chair. It's her phone, she ignores it and rounds off her presentation.

Minutes later, she finally gets a moment of peace after all the excited questions and answer session. She sinks into the chair feeling the load and anxiety lift off her shoulders. She closes her eyes and breathes in deeply. Masande's bold tantalizing voice roars from the door and he struts in closing the door behind him. He stands behind her and starts giving her a casual massage. She starts to relax. The first thing he says is that he never married Mel. She sits up in extreme excitement.

Her cellphone vibrates underneath her and she pulls it out. She sees a message: "pls call – mama passed away". It is like a double-edged sword has penetrated her soul and shredded her heart. She shakes from extreme shock and Masande who is beyond confused only hears the silent thud of her fall.

She eventually wakes up and tells Masande what happened. He sits her down and asks her if she could have changed anything. She tearfully begins to tell him how she could have perhaps helped if she had refused to come to Cape Town. He reminds her that she would have risked the very job she's trying to keep in order to help her family.

He tells her that in life there are things that happen which we cannot change. He also tells her that even in a bad situation, there is always something good that comes out of it. She suddenly becomes aware that she still has feelings for him, and before she fainted he had just told her that she was not married.

He smiles, helps her up and tells her to know that he is there should she need any help. He has been looking for her, has been trying to reach out. She frowns. He says "Those emails, you never responded to any of them". She smiles, "That was you"? He nods. He says that she must know that at the end of all this chaos there is a gentleman waiting for her... is she will have him.

Moral of the story: We cannot change anything by worrying; we cannot change anything by trying to keep everything in control. All we can ever do in life is be still and trust, do our best and find balance – otherwise we may lose more than we hope to gain.



ZABUSISWA
STORIES OF COURAGE

Thembekile

11. THEMBEKILE

Thembekile was a very naughty child. She had a younger sister, Senzekile. Senzekile was a quiet child never involved in mischief. Often Thembekile would be called to the teacher's staff room and get a few lashes for her naughtiness, but Senzekile stayed away from trouble.

One day their parents went to the supermarket to buy some groceries. Thembekile took her father's spectacles. He had forgotten them. Thembekile played with the spectacles and even smeared some oil onto them. In the afternoon, their parents returned home. Their father's friends came looking for him. Now it had rained and there was mud just outside the house.

Their father put his spectacles on and in a hurry went outside. Thembekile pulled Senzekile and they watched from a small hole inside the house as they father struggled to keep his balance. He could not see clearly as his spectacles were smeared with oil. Thembekile laughed so hard watching their father trying to balance, avoiding falling in front of his friends. He looked like he was dancing.

Their mother saw them laughing. She pulled both girls and asked them who had smeared oil in their father's spectacles. Thembekile shot first with her ever-ready defensive answer. She denied it. Their mother threatened to give both of them ten lashes. Senzekile, fearing Thembekile looked down, afraid to speak. Thembekile denied this, and their mother knew very well that there was no way Senzekile could have done this.

The following day, their mother left her expensive powdered-milk in the open. She wanted to catch the naughty culprit red handed. She pretended to go to the river to draw some water. Both girls stood before her as she asked them nicely to behave while she was away.

Thembekile could not wait for their mother to leave the house. As soon as their mother disappeared, she rushed to the milk. Senzekile, ever so gentle warned her against eating the milk, but Thembekile could not be stopped.

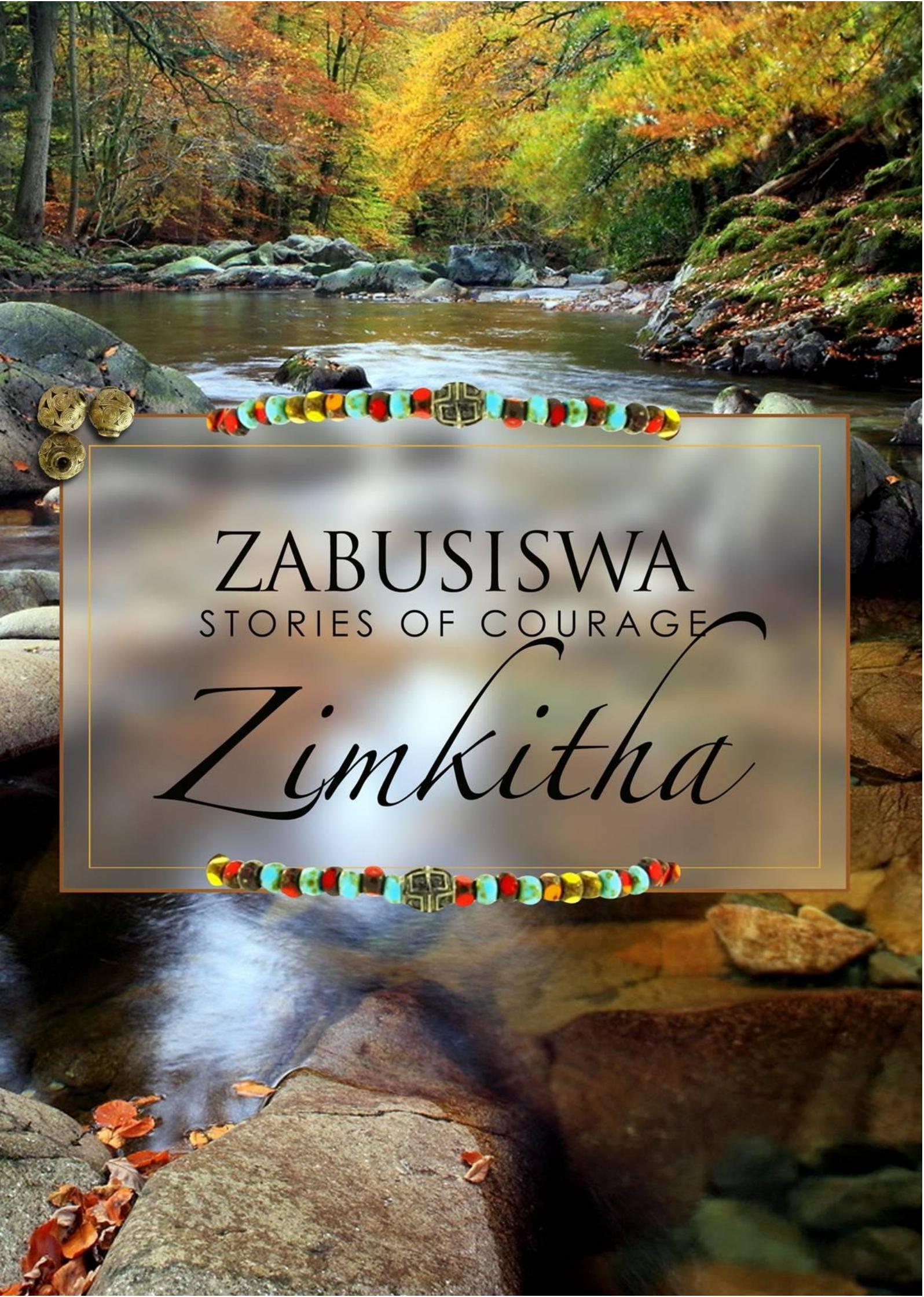
She told Senzekile that she would just deny it if their mother asked anything. She even boasted that she was usually successful at this. She feasted on the milk, while she asked Senzekile to keep looking to see if their mother was coming. Senzekile never stole the milk. She just stood by the door.

Thembekile had milk on her cheeks. After she had as much milk as she could eat, she smiled and turned to her sister Senzekile, to her surprise her mother stood at the door with a stick. She asked her what she just did. Themebkile, ever the skillful liar, said she did nothing, she was just putting the milk away. Now Thembekile did not know that she had the evidence on her cheeks!

Her mother sent Senzekile to fetch a mirror. Meanwhile Thembekile told her mother that she had caught Senzekile stealing the milk, and that is why she was trying to put it away. Senzekile came back with the mirror. Their mother held the mirror to Thembekile and asked her to look at it. Thembekile did not know what to say when she saw some remnants of the milk on her cheeks. Her mother gave her ten lashes.

After a while she called both girls and told them what Thembekile's name meant – “faithful one”. This amazed Thembekile. She had been doing everything, which is a direct opposite of her name. Her mother taught them the values and importance of being faithful. As such, she told them that she had decided to reward Senzekile for her faithfulness by giving her a very beautiful necklace. Thembekile realized that her lies and mischief would not earn her anything. From that day, she changed and behaved well.

Moral of the story: It is better to be honest than to be caught red handed without anything to say for yourself.



ZABUSISWA
STORIES OF COURAGE

Zimkitha

10. ZIMKHITHA

A woman who stayed alone in her house used to fight with her neighbour all the time, about everything. She planted a tree at the corner of her house. Her intention was to block her neighbour out.

Every week the neighbour's dog would end up in Zimkhitha's yard. Zimkhitha was very angry about this, one day she bit the dog and almost killed it. Her neighbour came and enquired about her dog's injuries. Zimkhitha told her to keep her dog under leash.

Zimkhitha's tree started growing, and she was happy that soon she would not have to see her neighbour. Now her neighbour had just plastered her yard so that there would not be mud when it rained. They used to have silly arguments everyday over the fence. The other neighbours tried to intervene but it did not seem to work.

This was strange because Zimkhitha often carried herself with so much dignity around others. Nobody understood what her real issue was with her closest neighbour.

Her tree grew and now it was really tall. Her neighbour noticed that the roots spread into her yard, cracking her paving. The neighbour collected the other neighbours and asked that they all come and see what Zimkhitha's tree had done. She felt justified to confront her neighbour this time.

All the neighbours came to see the damaged paving. They all agreed that the neighbour was justified to confront Zimkhitha. Zimkhitha was called by another neighbour. She came out and was confused by the group of people standing at her neighbour's yard. They asked her to come over and see what her tree had done.

Reluctantly she went over to her neighbour's yard for the first time. As she walked closer, she could not deny that her tree had created a lot of damage to her neighbour's yard.

The neighbours asked what her neighbour wanted to do about it. Zimkhitha had previously chased away her chickens, beat up her dog, shouted at her over the fence. This time it was her turn to do whatever she saw fit.

The neighbour asked Zimkhitha what she would do if the situation was reversed. Zimkhitha said that she would ask her neighbour to remove the tree whose roots were damaging her pavement. Her neighbour said no, that is not what she would ask Zimkhitha to do. She asked her to look at the roots. Not only had they spread to her yard, but they were continuing to spread to other yards too. Now she would not dictate to everyone but she thought that this tree was teaching them something important.

No matter where they had hailed from, their new surroundings was forcing them to connect. If a thing as simple as a tree could not teach them to hold each other, remain connected – then what would? Everyone was amazed by Zimkhitha's neighbour's words. She was showing wisdom and patience that none of them had shown.

From that day, the neighbours bonded and often had afternoon tea under the tree. Zimkhitha offered to remove the fence. Her neighbour welcomed the idea. Their houses became one home.

Moral of the story: Treat others as you would like them to treat you.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Yvonne Kgame is a professional with over 30 years' experience as a leader and senior executive in local and international print publishing and public broadcasting at the South African Broadcasting Corporation (SABC). Yvonne is also a teacher, chief examiner, mentor, inspirational speaker and researcher and is currently The Executive: Innovations and Editorial Manager of Local Content at the SABC.

During the period of South Africa's transition to democracy, Yvonne provided insightful leadership in educational broadcasting. The collective work of her and the team she led has been recognised through 150 international and local awards, and the development of strategic partnerships resulting in a number of co-productions.

Among the most prestigious awards she has received are: The Peabody Award, the CBA Broadcasting Award for Outstanding Children's programmes, and four awards in Italy including the Grand Jury Prize. She was nominated for a South African Feather Award in her personal capacity. She received an award from Images and Voices of Hope, an international organisation focusing on International Dialogues for Thought Leaders in Media – Journalism.

Following her successful leadership in education broadcasting, Yvonne headed up the SABC's Content Hub, overseeing a broad spectrum of programming genres. At the apex of work in this role, she was overseeing the conceptualisation and broadcasting of more than 800 programmes.

During this time her work was recognised through more than 80 local and international awards in just over two and a half years. Amongst these are: An Emmy Award of Recognition for Hosting the Semi-final round of the International Emmys; FEPACI (Pan African Federation of Filmmakers): a Recognition Award for services rendered. In August 2013 Yvonne received 3 awards: Inspiration; Vision and Modesty; Leadership as voted by SABC staff.

After her double stroke, Yvonne was appointed Executive Manager: Innovation and Editorial. In this role, she supported content houses across various media platforms, which express, celebrate and affirm South African and African stories. Yvonne's passion for weaving and positioning the African tapestry in a global context represents her quest for making Africa's great stories widely known.

Yvonne's academic qualifications include a Master of Arts (University of Stellenbosch, South Africa), Materials Development Certificate (Thames Valley University, United Kingdom), Bachelor of Arts Hons (Wits University, South Africa, 1992), a Bachelor of Arts in Education (Honours) (Wits University), Bachelor of Arts with distinction in Education (UNISA, South Africa), a Senior Secondary Teachers Diploma (Soweto College).

She has recently obtained a Certificate in Occupationally Directed Education & Training Development Practices – NQF 4 (Maccavlei Learning Academy). She has worked as a teacher at Kagiso Senior Secondary school and also worked at McMillan Publishers.

Yvonne has served as a board member of various international and national boards, including: International Public Television; Basel Forum; Sithengi Board (International Film and TV Festival); Academy of Television, Arts and Sciences; Oscar Selection Committee; Chowac (Christ Haven of Workers Adult Literacy Centre) and Chief Examiner at the IEB. She is the Chair of the Board of the International Association of Human Values and is an Ambassador for United Way Worldwide.

OTHER BOOKS BY YVONNE BUSISIWE KGAME

Infinite Grace

This book, is about Yvonne Kgame's acceptance of possible death and her surrender to the Divine while simultaneously, taking full responsibility for her spiritual, emotional and physical healing. Yvonne's path towards healing the body, mind and soul is nothing short of miraculous.

As her journey unfolds, a number of sacred encounters with various international and local medics, alternative healers, teachers, masters, gurus and pastors bring their love and light to carry her through the healing process. Master minded by none other than the Divine, the power and love in each of these sacred encounters leads Yvonne to an awesome experience of reawakening. She becomes conscious of God's infinite grace that has been bestowed on her.

Yvonne Kgame's story will inspire you to believe in living with purpose and have faith in your magnificence. Infinite Grace is a story that will take you to the edge of your own cliff and bring you back, transformed and inspired to live your authentic life. This book is an open invitation to delve deeper into you and find the light and grace within.

Nuggets of Hope

Time is the fourth dimension. It is real, and yet we regard it as mysterious. We prefer to leave it in the realm of the quantum physics. But it is not only physics. It is life. Time is a day, a week, a month, and a year. Yvonne Busisiwe Kgame extends her wisdom expressed in her deeply spiritual work on personal insight, the best-seller: Infinite Grace. She sees time in a year. She sees the year in twelve distinct months that develop the path of the spirit on its annual journey.

She collects thought for every day, from her own inner exploration to the wisdom of the world's greatest thinkers. Nuggets of Hope is a piece of gold for every day of the year. It is the start of the day, designed to last the full day. It follows the development of the inner spirit on its daily voyage through to the start of the next day. It gives guidance that is congruent with the cycle of the year. It aligns to the numbers that count the minutes.

In Nuggets of Hope, Yvonne takes her remarkable personal journey and sees it as a continuity of milestones. Where Infinite Grace portrayed her overview of the healing power of spirituality, Nuggets of Hope translates the wheel of life into a straight line journey of just a year, and each year. Nuggets of Hope is the outer collection of Yvonne's inner thoughts.

Noliitha ... Only a Mother

Noliitha ... Only a Mother is Yvonne Kgame's third work of inspiration and a pathway into joyous living. Only a mother experiences an undeniable connection with her child. From the moment that her body is connected to the child, the souls connect in the physical world. From the meeting of the eyes to the first touch between mother and child – the connection is infinite, eternal and can never be denied.

Naked... The Infinite Joy of Peeling back the Layers:

Unveiling the Mask - Drawing from the Insights of Inspired Souls

Naked... is about deep-seated negative emotions that seem to continually linger. They trigger tears and cause us to wear a mask to hide our pain. Obstacles that block our path to greatness can be moved by processing hidden feelings. We must find opportunities to remove our masks so we can travel light to our final destination by being open to change, willing to let go and to delve deeper, right to the core of the pain and suffering. Naked... is Yvonne's gift to assist people to delve deep inside themselves to find the reasons behind hiding behind masks.

Busisiwe – Let blessings come to life! (2016)

What is in a name? How many of us find meaning in our names or even reflect upon what our names mean in our own language and faith. What is the story behind a name, does it matter?

Busisiwe means blessed and it refers to Yvonne Kgame's birth name Busisiwe. Busisiwe reminds us that we are in fact on a journey that requires us to consistently look deep within to find the roadmap to our destination. It reassures us that we are all on the same journey but travelling on separate paths ñ and that we are all beautiful, blessed souls created to embrace, enjoy and fully celebrate life!

"The same measure of love, tolerance and grace we award ourselves must be used on others. This must be in balance and in good measure. We often try to save everyone from everything but we forget to get under the right cover for our own safety. Never leave yourself irresponsibly exposed and vulnerable unnecessarily. Fight a good fight. Fight your own battles. That is the only way we can help others, when we have conquered our Goliaths."

Looking back at her life and turning 56 years on the 12th February 2016, Yvonne Kgame understands and celebrates the grace that she has been given to share her story with others, to inspire them to live a healthy, productive and fulfilling life!

infinitegrace.co.za

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It is becoming harder these days to find people who are still willing to lend a helping hand, as we are all very busy with our own projects. I have met a lot of generous people, before, during and after this project who have assisted and supported me and to them I am genuinely and eternally grateful.

To all authors of various book quoted and not quoted, but shaped the thinking and gave some inspiration and enlightenment to me as I worked on this book, I am eternally grateful.

I have been blessed by meeting great individuals who are graceful and giving. They have dedicated their time and made room to assist me through the process of working on this project. I am humbled by great care and passion displayed by everyone who worked with me in this project.

ZaBuiswa – Stories of Courage

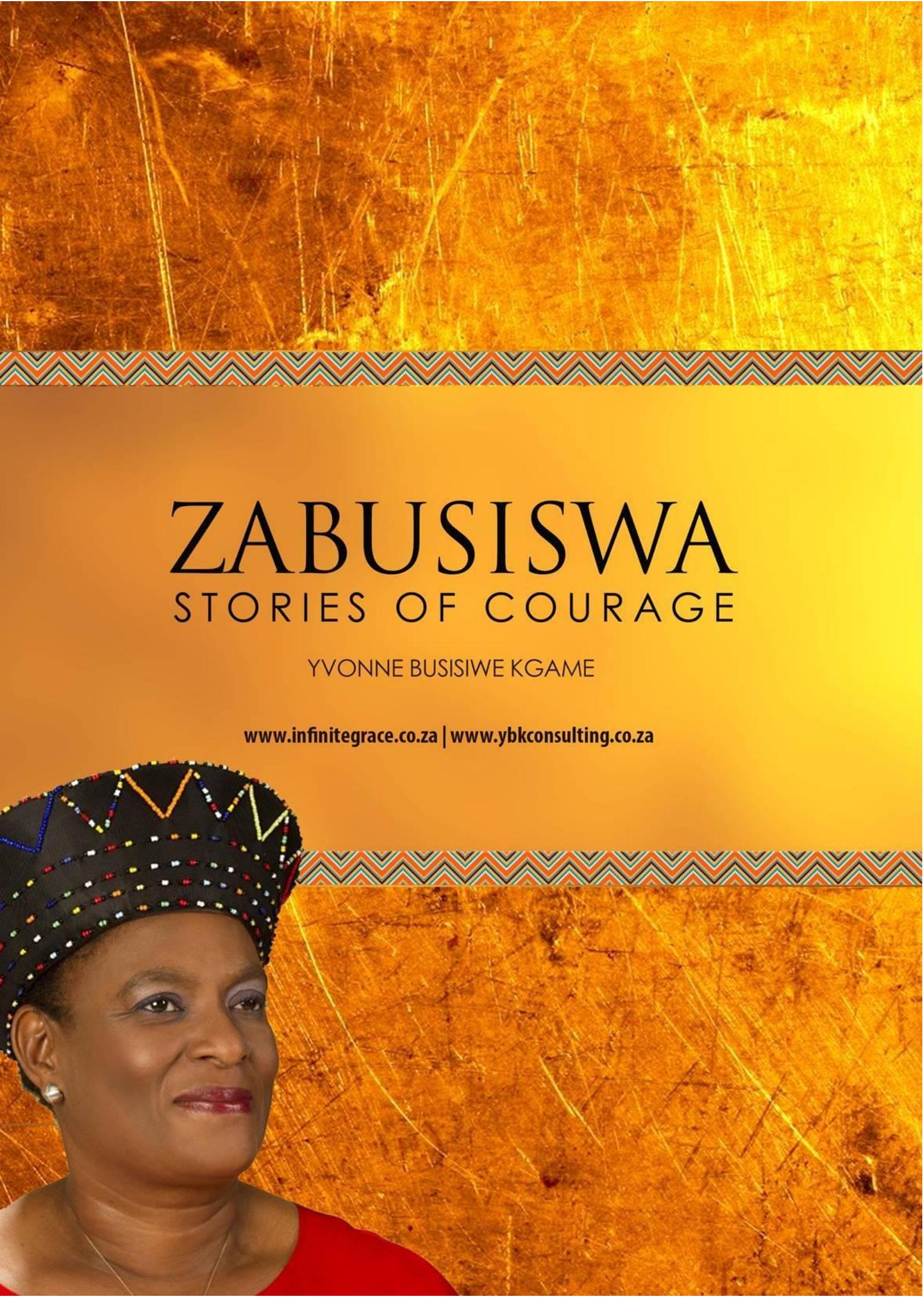
“Telling stories inspires other souls to have the courage to author their own stories in their own organic voices. It's an eternal gift and a thought memory that will live beyond your years and live forever – stories never die”.

Zabuiswa: Stories of Courage

“The fond moments, beautiful stories in this book give hope and restore our sense of uBuntu”.

“The simplicity in telling the stories allows the reader to really understand very clearly the deep meanings and wisdoms in each story”.

“Some of these stories remind us of the innocence of childhood, the fun and carefree behaviour we had as children – which allows us to tap into that part of ourselves that is so liberated, creative and playful”.



ZABUSISWA

STORIES OF COURAGE

YVONNE BUSISIWE KGAME

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