

LOVE BEGINS WITH ME

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It was a cozy morning; the 1st of January, 2007. I could hear the sound of the trees and flowers in our compound as the early morning celestial wind blew so hard ushering in a new day in magnificent New Year.

My indulgence in thinking was highly unconscious. My mind was not inhospitable to some thoughts. Some things in life are inscrutable and unquestionable.

The house was full of joyful noise as it was a New Year celebration. Everybody in my household was merry-making just like the same happening around the world. My brothers and sisters looked for the best outfits to put on to church. I rather pondered and wondered. I was so cold and down hearted not because I was not happy I lived to see a new year but because I thought of the motherless babies, the disabled persons and the less privileged in the society and the world over. What hope for them?

I could perceive the aroma of fried chicken, stew and cooked rice. I heard the echoing voice of my father "Roseline, ain't you preparing to attend church service on a day like this?." I replied him saying "Dad, I am not feeling too fine but to be in solitude". He left to the other room to meet with his already dressed up wife - my mother. I saw my father, mother, brothers and sisters leave the house to be driven in our car to church. I was left alone in a tranquil big house. I sat on my bed. Thoughts came raining down on me again. I thought of the dead people; those who died through air crashes and auto-crashes. Those who died as a result of natural disasters, inferno incidents, suicides, negligence, assassinations, political power tussles, medical mistakes, robbery attacks, family feuds, land disputes. I also thought of those who were killed through a fight or argument. Those who died in defense of their country. What about those who died through child-birth? The children who died immediately after they were born. Not leaving out the ones who were killed through abortion. Painful, to remember those who died because they could not afford to pay hospital bills. Heart-breaking to think of those who died a slow death as a result of HIV/AIDS infection. Also, those who died as a result of communal clashes, those lives lost through miscarriages and those who were born still ("still birth"). I couldn't forget those who died as a result of the injustices in the world. I sure know of those Human Right Activists who were killed or assassinated like Martin Luther King (Jr.) whose words changed a nation.

Tears could know no bounds on my cheeks as I wept being all alone in the house and in the little world of mine. My heart was so heavy as my mind was busy thinking of lots of things. I thought of the category of persons that are not dead but live in pain and misery, even now that others are celebrating. I thought of those raped, those whose hearts have been broken, jilted, suffering from financial lack, those who can't afford a square meal, the migrating refugees, those who are on the sick-bed. Those whose property is gone as a result of natural disasters, those who lost all they had to inferno, those whose homes are broken, the orphans, Siamese twins who struggle to live despite not being separated. What about the widows and the widowers? Oh God, I abominate child-trafficking! Those who discontinued their education because they could not pay the fees, those who are being discriminated and looked down upon by friends, family and the community. Those marginalized and victimized by lecturers, those kidnapped, those lost (stolen) children whom Michael Jackson dedicated a song to. Not leaving out the maids and servants who live in subjection by their masters and mistresses, those innocent ones who rot away in jail for crime they did not commit. Pain is the same every where in the world, no matter the color, race and geographical location. I cried all the more in agitation. How can I reach out to give a helping hand? How can I touch the life of someone?

It is all embedded in love; a four lettered powerful word over used yet not practically and judiciously utilized. If we give, out even if just a little portion of it to fellow man, animal and the immediate environment, there will be world peace, unity harmony and global village of love.