



Growing up in a time of AIDS: Abaqophi bas Okhayeni Abaqinile Children's Radio project

Ngikhumbula ubaba / Remembering Dad Siwakhile, 13 years old, 2007

Siwakhile: Ngizonitshengisa izithombe, lapha ngibuka ubaba. I-album. Ngibuka i-album yasekhaya ihlala kanye nezincwadi.

Silala embhedeni siyibuke kahle. Siyibuke i-album iyasikhumbuza ukuthi wayesebenza kanjani enzani sisebancane.

Nangu ubaba la uhleli eyingodweni kuneyihlala emvakwakhe nenhlaba enkulu kuseNgwavuma uhleli bamshuthele khona kade eseshadile.

Lana kusesontweni Ingwavuma, la bahleli emabhentshini la kusonta khona obaba.

I am going to show you photos; here I am looking at my father in an album. The album is kept along with the books in my home.

We lie on the bed and look at it. We look at the album and it reminds us ihow he worked and what he did when we were still very young.

Here's my father sitting on logs; behind him are trees and a huge mound of soil. This is in Ingwavuma, they took the photo there when he was already married.

Here's the church in Ingwavuma – here they are sitting on benches; this is where my father and mother attended church.

Siwakhile: Igama lami nginguSiwakhile isibongo ngingowakaSithole, iminyaka ngina-13. Ngihlala nomama, nosisi nobhuti... Ngimthanda umama.

My name is Siwakhile, my surname is Sithole. I am 13 years old and I live with my mother, sister and brother ...I love my mother.

Siwakhile: Ubaba sewashona, sewadlula emhlabeni ngangimnakekela kodwa naye asivuse asinike imali esizoyidla esikoleni noma mina angise esikoleni. uSihlelelwe angakakhuli angise esikoleni nge Nissan.

Okubalulekile ukuthi kade asithanda ekhaya asinakekela asithengele, athenge nokudla.

My father died, he has left this earth. I used to take care of him, and he... when he was rushing to work he would first wake us up and give us money to spend at school. He would take me to school; when Sihlelelwe was little, he would take me to school in a Nissan.

The important thing is that he loved us at home, he took care of us and bought us food.

- Siwakhile: Lendlu esihlala kuyo, inhlaba ehlobisile noSihlelelwe khona akuphethe isihlilingi sokudubula izinyoni.
This is the house where we live, it is decorated by aloes growing around it. Sihlelelwe is carrying a catapult for shooting birds.
- Siwakhile: Wenzani?
What are you doing?
- Sihlelelwe: Ngiyadubula.
I am shooting.
- Siwakhile: Udubulani?
What are you shooting?
- Sihlelelwe: Izimbuzi.
Goats.
- Siwakhile: Kukamama ekamereni kunamaphilisi izinto zokugcoba imali imithi oshibhoshi nezinto ayifaka ezandleni nemichele izinto zokukama namabhuku namabhayibheli nama facial tissues namacellphone namasweet kukamama nemithi nezicathulo neyigqoko zasekhanda neyikhwama nobhasikidi nowodrophu neyimpahla amathawula namaduku nebhayiret namashethi namabhakede.
This is my mother's bedroom. There are pills and toiletries, there is money, medicines and Jeyes Fluid [for cleaning things] and things that she puts on her hands, and combs and books and bibles and facial tissues and cell-phones and my mother's sweets and medicine and shoes and hats and bags and baskets and a wardrobe and clothes and towels and doeks [head coverings] and a beret and sheets and buckets.
- Siwakhile: Ngicela uzichaze.
Please introduce yourself.
- SFX: Umsindo wokuhleka – *mother laughs*
- Mama: NginguNomathemba Mbhamali Mrs Sithole ngihlala eMthombothini, ngumama kaSiwakhile.
I am Nomathemba Mbhamali, Mrs Sithole. I live at Mthombothini. I am Siwakhile's mother.
- Siwakhile: Awusichazele ngokushona kukababa.
Please tell us about my father's death.
- Mama: Eh... umngani wami wayegula nje wagula isikhathi esincane kakhulu, koda-kesaba sedute naye sam-supporta ngayoyonke indlela ukufa-ke kwasehlula wahamba-ke kodwa wahamba ekhululekile ngoba sasimthandza.
Eh my friend was sick, he was sick for a very short time but then we were close to him and we supported him in every way. But death defeated us and he was gone, but he went with a free heart because we loved him.
- Siwakhile: Waphatheka kanjani ngokushona kukababa?
How did you feel about my father's death?

- Mama: Ngaphatheka kabi ngoba sincane isikhathi esasichitha sindawonye, asiyiqedanga iminyaka ewu-5.
I was devastated because we had so little time together, we were married just short of 5 years.
- Siwakhile: Uyathanda yini ukuhlala nathi?
Do you like living with us?
- Mama: A...hawu bangani bami uSiwakhile noSihlelelwe ibona bangani bami bokuqala ngoba nje ubaba wabo engasekho fanele ngithande bona kakhulu nginithanda kakhulu.
Oh, my friends Siwakhile and Sihlelelwe, those are my closest friends because now that their father is not here they are the ones I love the most now.
- Siwakhile: Wayefana nami yini ubaba?
Did my father look like me?
- SFX: Umsindo wokuhleka – mother laughs
- Mama: Wayemuhle kakhulu kunawe, ngoba wangisusa ekhaya kithi ngahlala naye, I like you ufana naye ngakho konke.
He was much more handsome than you because he made me leave my home to come and live with him! I like you, you are so much like him in every way.
- Siwakhile: Siyabonga.
Thank you.
- Siwakhile: Nangu ubaba uhlebela umama uphinde uyahleka babashutha bamile nabo anti ...
Uma ngibuka lezithombe ngizizwa ngikhululekile ngikhumbula okwakudala ubuhlungu angisabuzwa nje selokhu ngabugcina kudala.
Here's my father whispering in my mother's ear and she's laughing; they took this picture of them standing with my aunts.
When I look at these pictures I feel free and I remember the past, I no longer feel the pain I used to feel long ago.



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