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Weeskinders het ook liefde nodig / Orphans need love too

Kandume Ruusa, Sennobia-Charon Katjiuongua, Eliaser Nghitewa
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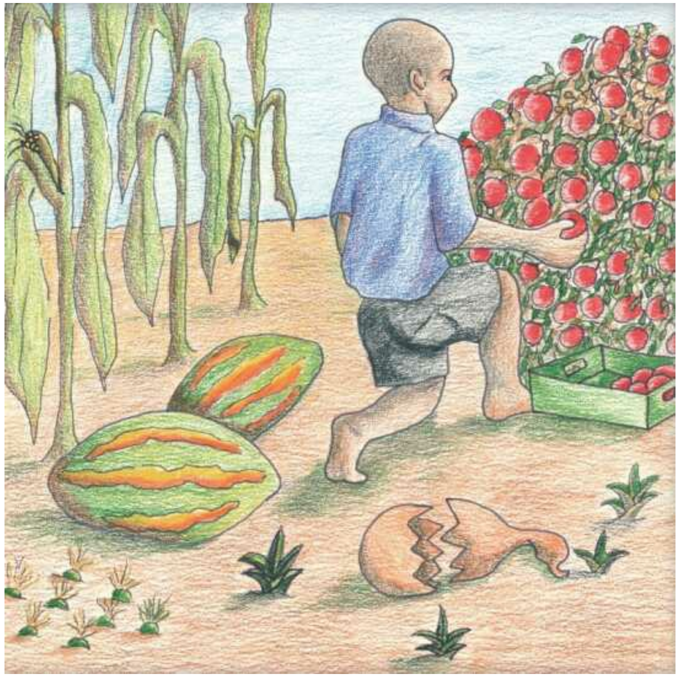
Weeskinders het ook liefde nodig

Orphans need love too



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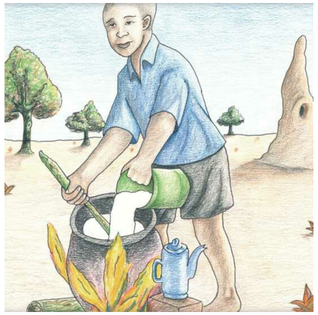
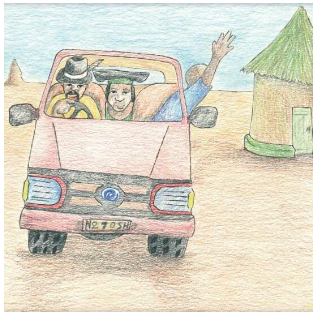


Hilifa staan elke oggend vroeg op om ontbyt te maak vir sy ma. Sy was onlangs dikwels siek en Hilifa het geleer hoe om sy ma en homself te versorg. Wanneer sy ma te siek is om op te staan, sou hy vuur maak om water te kook sodat hy kan tee maak. Hy sou vir sy ma haar tee vat en dan pap maak vir ontbyt. Soms is sy ma te siek om dit te eet. Hilifa is baie bekommerd oor sy ma. Sy pa is twee jaar gelede dood, en nou is sy ma ook siek. Sy is baie maer, net soos sy pa gewees het.

. . .

Every morning Hilifa woke up early to prepare breakfast for his mother. She had been sick a lot recently and Hilifa was learning how to look after his mother and himself. When his mother was too ill to get up he would make a fire to boil water to make tea. He would take tea to his mother and prepare porridge for breakfast. Sometimes his mother was too weak to eat it. Hilifa worried about his mother. His father had died two years ago, and now his mother was ill too. She was very thin, just like his father had been.



Oom Kave en tannie Muzaa het na die begrafnis vir Hilifa sy goed gehelp inpak om saam te vat Oshakati toe. “ Kunuu sien uit daarna om ‘n nuwe vriend te hê, “ sê hulle vir hom. “ Ons sal vir jou sorg asof jy ons eie seun is. “ Hilifa sê totsiens vir die huis en klim in die taxi saam met hulle.

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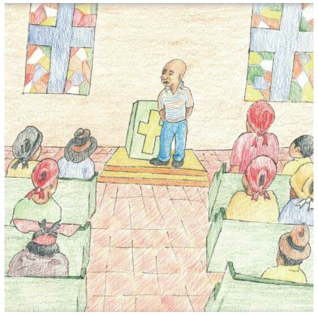
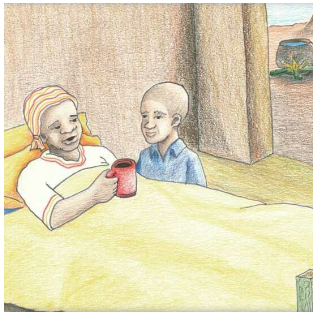
After the funeral Uncle Kave and Aunt Muzaa helped Hilifa to pack his things to take to Oshakati. “Kunuu is looking forward to having a new friend,” they told him. “We will care for you like our own son.” Hilifa said goodbye to the house and got into the taxi with them.



Tydens die begrafnis het Hilifa voor die kerk gestaan en vir almal van sy ma vertel. “ My ma het my baie liefgehad en my baie goed versorg. Sy het vir my opdrag gegee om hard te leer sodat ek ‘n goeie werk kan kry. Sy wou hê dat ek gelukkig moet wees. Ek sal hard studeer en ook hard werk sodat sy trots kan wees op my.

. . .

At the funeral Hilifa went to the front of the church and told everyone about his mother. “My mother loved me and looked after me very well. She told me to study hard so that I could get a good job. She wanted me to be happy. I will study hard and work hard so that she can be proud of me.”

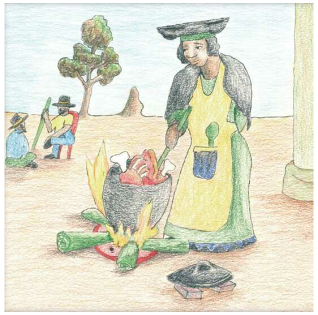


Een oggend het hy sy ma gevra, “ Wat is verkeerd, Mamma? Wanneer gaan jy beter word? Jy kook nie meer nie. Jy kan nie meer op die land werk of huis skoon maak nie. Jy maak nie meer vir my ‘n kospakkie vir skool of was my skooldrag nie... “ “Hilifa, my seun, jy is net nege jaar oud en versorg my so goed. Sy kyk na die jong seun en wonder wat sy vir hom moet vertel. Sou hy verstaan? Ek is baie siek. Jy het oor die radio van die siekte, Vigs, gehoor. Dit is die siekte wat ek het. Hilifa was doodstil vir ‘n paar minute. “Beteken dit dat jy sal doodgaan soos Pappa?” “ Daar is mos nie geneesmiddels vir Vigs nie.”

. . .

One morning he asked his mother, “What is wrong Mum? When will you be better? You don’t cook anymore. You can’t work in the field or clean the house. You don’t prepare my lunchbox, or wash my uniform...” “Hilifa my son, you are only nine years old and you take good care of me.” She looked at the young boy, wondering what she should tell him. Would he understand? “I am very ill. You have heard on the radio about the disease

called AIDS. I have that disease," she told him. Hilifa was quiet for a few minutes. "Does that mean you will die like Daddy?" "There is no cure for AIDS."



Tannie Muzaa het vir al die besoekers kos gekook. Oom Kave het vir Hilifa vertel dat hulle hom na die begrafnis saam met hulle gaan vat terug na Oshakati toe. Sy oupa het vir hom stories oor sy ma vertel van toe sy nog 'n klein dogtertjie was.

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Aunt Muzaa cooked for all the visitors. Uncle Kave told Hilifa that they would take him back to Oshakati after the funeral. His Grandfather told him stories about his mother when she was a little girl.

Die nuus het baie vinnig versprei dat mevrou Ndapanda dood is. Die huis was vol familielede, bure en vriende. Hulle het vir Hilifa se ma gebid en gesange gesing. Hulle het gepraat oor al die goeie dinge wat hulle van haar geweet het.

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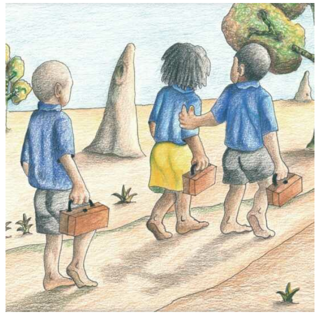
Very quickly the news spread that Meme Ndapanda was dead. The house was full of family, neighbours and friends. They prayed for Hilifa's mother and sang hymns. They talked about all the good things they knew about her.



Hilifa loop ingedagte skool toe. Hy kan nie deel wees van sy vriende te geselsies en spelery langs die pad nie. "Wat is verkeerd?" vra hulle. Maar Hilifa kan nie antwoord nie, sy ma se woorde draai nog in sy ore. "Geen genesing. Geen genesing." Hoe gaan hy na homself kyk as sy ma doodgegaan het, bekommer hy hom. Waar sal hy woon? Waar gaan hy geld kry om kos te koop?

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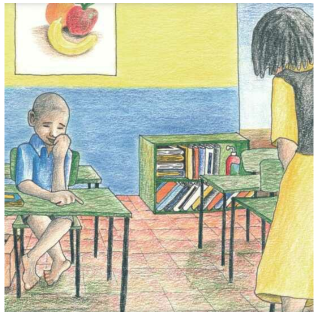
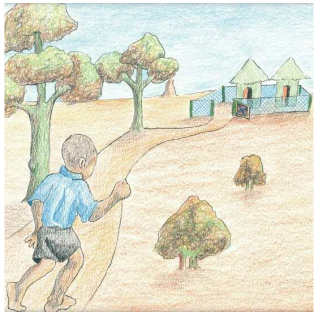
Hilifa walked to school thoughtfully. He couldn't join in the chatter and games of his friends as they walked along. "What's wrong?" they asked him. But Hilifa couldn't answer, his mother's words were ringing in his ears, "No cure. No cure." How could he look after himself if his mother died, he worried. Where would he live? Where would he get money for food?



Hilifa sit by sy bank. Hy trek sy vinger oor die krapmerke in die houtbank, “Geen genesing. Geen genesing.” “Hilifa? Hilifa, gee jy aandag?” Hilifa kyk op. Juffrou Nelao staan langs sy bank. “Staan op, Hilifa! Wat was my vraag?” Hilifa kyk af na sy voete. “Jy gaan nie die antwoord daar vind nie!” sê sy. “Magano, gee vir Hilifa die antwoord.” Hilifa voel so skaam, juffrou Nelao het nog nooit voorheen op hom geskree nie.

. . .

Hilifa sat at his desk. He traced the worn wood markings with his finger, “No cure. No cure.” “Hilifa? Hilifa, are you with us?” Hilifa looked up. Ms. Nelao was standing over him. “Stand up Hilifa! What was my question?” Hilifa looked down at his feet. “You won’t find the answer down there!” she retorted. “Magano, tell Hilifa the answer.” Hilifa felt so ashamed, Ms. Nelao had never shouted at him before.



Hilifa het na die bure toe gehardloop. “My ma. My ma. Sy wil nie wakker word nie, “ het hy uitgeroep. Die bure het saam met Hilifa na mevrou Ndapanda se huis gegaan en haar in haar bed gekry. “ Sy is dood, Hilifa, “ het hulle hartseer gesê.

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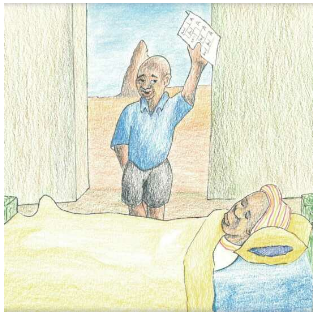
Hilifa ran to the neighbours. “My Mum. My Mum. She won’t wake up,” he cried. The neighbours went home with Hilifa and found Meme Ndapanda in her bed. “She is dead, Hilifa,” they said sadly.



Op die laaste dag van die skooljaar was Hilifa baie gelukkig. Hy het huis toe gehardloop om sy skoolrapport vir sy ma te gaan wys. “Mamma! Mamma!” het hy geroep. “Kyk my rapport. Ek het ‘n A, A en nog A’s.” Hilifa het sy ma gekry waar sy in die bed lê. “Mamma!” skree hy. “Mamma, word wakker!” Maar sy het nie wakker geword nie.

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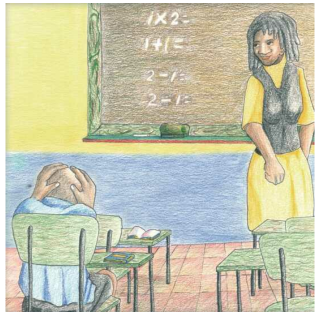
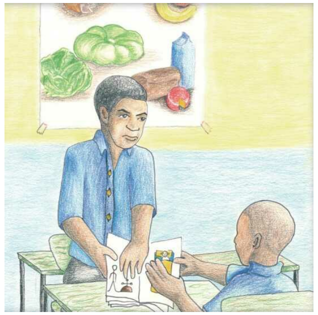
On the last day of the school term Hilifa was very happy. He ran home to show his mother his report card. He ran into the yard calling, “Mum. Mum. Look at my report card. I have got ‘A’, ‘A’, and more ‘A’s’.” Hilifa found his mother lying in bed. “Mum!” he called. “Mum! Wake up!” She didn’t wake up.



Hilifa worstel deur die oggend. Hy bly sit in die klas gedurende pouse. “ Ek het pyn op die maag, “ jok hy vir sy vriende. Dit was nie ‘n baie groot leuen nie, hy voel regtig siek. Sy bekommernisse draai rond in sy kop soos kwaai bye. Juffrou Nelao hou hom stilletjies dop. Sy het hom gevra wat verkeerd is. “Niks, “ antwoord hy. Haar ore hoor die moegheid en bekommernis in sy stem. Sy sien die vrees wat hy so hard probeer wegsteek.

. . .

Hilifa struggled through the morning. At break time he sat in the classroom. “I have a stomach ache,” he lied to his friends. It wasn’t a big lie, he did feel sick, and his worried thoughts buzzed inside his head like angry bees. Ms. Nelao watched him quietly. She asked him what was wrong. “Nothing,” he replied. Her ears heard the tiredness and worry in his voice. Her eyes saw the fear he was trying so hard to hide.



Die nommers het rondgespring in sy kop toe Hilifa sy Wiskunde probeer doen het. Hy kon dit nie lank genoeg stil hou sodat hy kan optel nie. Hy gee moed op en hy sit en dink eerder aan sy ma. Sy vingers begin teken wat hy dink. Hy teken sy ma in haar bed. Hy teken homself langs sy ma se graf. " Wiskunde- monitors, neem asseblief al die boeke in," roep juffrou Nelao uit. Skielik sien Hilifa die tekeninge in sy boek en probeer om die bladsy uit te skeur, maar dit was te laat. Die monitor gaan gee sy boek vir juffrou Nelao.

. . .

When Hilifa tried to do his maths the numbers jumped around in his head. He couldn't keep them still long enough to count them. He soon gave up. He thought of his mother instead. His fingers began to draw his thoughts. He drew his mother in her bed. He drew himself standing beside his mother's grave. "Maths monitors, collect all the books please," called Ms. Nelao. Hilifa suddenly saw the drawings in his book and tried to tear out the page, but it was too late. The monitor took his book to Ms. Nelao.

Juffrou Nelao het ook Hilifa se bure vertel dat hy sy ma versorg. Hulle het belowe om hom te help. Verskillende bure het elke aand vir hulle gekookte kos gebring om te eet. Hilifa het elke keer vir hulle van diegroente in die tuin gegee.

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Ms. Nelao had also told Hilifa's neighbours that he was looking after his mother. They had promised to help him. Every night a different neighbour came with hot food for them to eat. Hilifa always gave them some vegetables from the garden.

Daardie namiddag het Magano gekop gehelp om water te gaan haal. Hidipo het ho gehelp vuurmaakhout bymekaar maak. Toe het hulle gesit en hulle tuiswerk gedoen in die skaduwee van die Maroela boom.

. . .

That afternoon Magano came and helped Hilifa to fetch water. Hidipo helped him to gather firewood. Then they sat and did their homework in the shade of the marula tree.

Juffrou Nelao kyk na Hilifa se tekeninge. Toe die kinders uitloop om huis toe te gaan, vra sy: “Kom hier, Hilifa. Ek wil met jou praat. Wat is fout?” vra sy sagkens. “My ma is siek. Sy het vir my gesê sy het Vigs. Wil sy dood gaan?” “Ek weet nie, Hilifa, maar sy is baie siek as sy Vigs het. Daar is geen geneesmiddel daarvoor nie. Al weer daardie woorde. “Geen geneesmiddel. Geen geneesmiddel. Hilifa begin huil. “Gaan huis toe, Hilifa,” sê sy. “Ek sal kom en jou ma kom besoek.”

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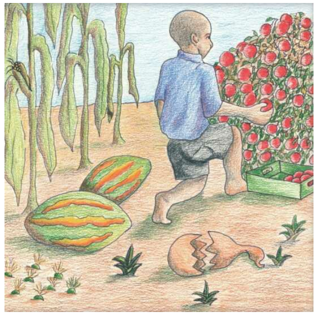
Ms. Nelao looked at Hilifa’s drawings. When the children were leaving to go home she called, “Come here Hilifa. I want to talk to you.” “What’s wrong?” she asked him gently. “My mother is ill. She told me she has AIDS. Will she die?” “I don’t know, Hilifa, but she is very ill if she has AIDS. There is no cure.” Those words again, “No cure. No cure.” Hilifa began to cry. “Go home, Hilifa,” she said. “I will come and visit your mother.”



Hilifa het huis toe gegaan en kry sy ma besig om die middagete maak. “ Ek het vandag vir jou gekook, Hilifa, maar is nou baie moeg. Versorg asseblief die groente tuin en vat van die tamaties winkel toe. Hulle sal dit vir ons verkoop. Na middagete het Hilifa tuin toe gegaan. Hy het na die helder kleure van al die groente, helder rooi tamaties en chillies, lang groen boontjies en donker groen spinasie, die groen blare van die soetpatats en hoë goue mieliesgekyk. “ Wat gaan van die tuin word as sy ma dood gaan?” wonder hy.

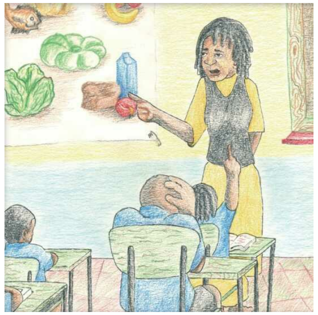
. . .

Hilifa went home and found his mother preparing lunch. “I’ve cooked for you today, Hilifa, but now I am very tired. Look after the vegetable garden and take some tomatoes to the shop. They will sell them for us.” After lunch Hilifa went to the vegetable plot. He looked at the bright colours of the vegetables, bright red tomatoes and chillies, long green beans and dark green spinach, the green leaves of the sweet potato and tall golden maize. He watered the garden and picked a bag

Toe Hilifa by die huis kom het hy sy ma als wat hy daardie dag geleer het by die skool vertel. “ Juffrou Nelao het ons vertel van HIV en Vigs en hoe om iemand wat siek is te versorg. Magano en Hidipo gaan my help met my huis pligte en ons gaan saam ons skool tuiswerk doen, “ het hy haar vertel.

. . .

When Hilifa got home he told his mother what he had learned at school that day. “Ms. Nelao told us about HIV and AIDS and how to look after someone who’s ill. Magano and Hidipo are going to help me with my chores and we will do our homework together,” he told her.



“Wat moet iemand doen as hulle dit wel het?” vra Magano. “Wel, jy moet jou goed versorg en baie gesonde kos eet. Kyk hier op ons tabel met kossoorte, “ sê sy. “Wie kan onthou watter kos is gesond en goed vir jou?” vra sy.

. . .

“What do you do if you’ve got it?” asked Magano. “Well, you must take care of yourself and eat lots of healthy food. Look at our food chart,” she said. “Who can remember what food is good for you?” she asked.

full of ripe red tomatoes to take to the shop. “What would happen to their garden if his mother died?” he wondered.

Juffrou Nelao arriveer kort nadat Hilifa winkel toe gegaan het. Sy spandeer ‘n lang tyd om met sy ma te gesels. Sy het vir Hilifa se ma gevra: “Mevrou Ndapanda, gebruik u medisyne vir vigs?” “Na my man se dood was ek te skaam om dokter toe te gaan “ vertel sy vir Juffrou Nelao. “Ek het bly hoop dat ek nie vigs opgedoen het nie. Toe ek begin siek geword het en dokter toe gaan, het sy gesê dat dit te laat was, die medisyne sou my nie meer help nie. Juffrou Nelao het vir mevrou Ndapanda vertel wat om te doen om vir Hilifa te help.

. . .

Ms. Nelao arrived soon after Hilifa left. She spent a long time talking to his mother. She asked Hilifa’s mother, “Meme Ndapanda, are you taking the medicine for AIDS?” “After my husband died I was too ashamed to go to the doctor,” she told Ms. Nelao. “I kept hoping I wasn’t infected. When I became ill and went to the doctor she told me it was too late. The medicine would not help me.” Ms. Nelao told Meme Ndapanda what to do to help Hilifa.

Daarna wys sy vir hulle ‘n tabel. “ Hier is al die maniere hoe HIV kan aansteek: “ het sy hulle vertel. “ Jy sal nie HIV kry deur ‘n toilet te gebruik of ‘n badkamer te deel nie. Drukkieste gee, te soen of hande skud met iemand wie HIV of Vigs he,t is ook veilig. Dit is ook okei om koppies en borde te deel met iemand wat die siekte het. Jy kan dit nie aansteek as iemand hoes of nies nie en ook nie van muskiete of ander insekte soos luise of weeluise nie.”

. . .

Then she showed them a chart. “These are all the ways you can’t catch HIV,” she told them. “You won’t get HIV from using the toilet, or sharing a bath. Hugging, kissing or shaking hands with someone with HIV or AIDS is also safe. It’s OK to share cups and plates with someone who has HIV or AIDS. And you can’t catch it from someone who is coughing or sneezing. Also, you can’t get it from mosquitoes or other biting insects like lice or bedbugs.”

Juffrou Nelao verduidelik sommige van die maniere hoe ons met HIV besmet kan word. “ As iemand HIV of Vigs het, kan ons die virus aansteek met hulle bloed. Daarom moet ons nooit skeermesse of tandeborsels deel nie. As ons gaatjies in deur ons ore laat steek, moet ons die naalde of lemmetjies steriliseer. “ Sy verduidelik hoe om die naalde en lemmetjies te steriliseer. “ As ons seergekry het en daar is bloed, moet ons altyd ‘n volwassene vra om die wond skoon te maak. Ons moet altyd die seerplek toe hou om dit te beskerm, het sy hulle vertel.

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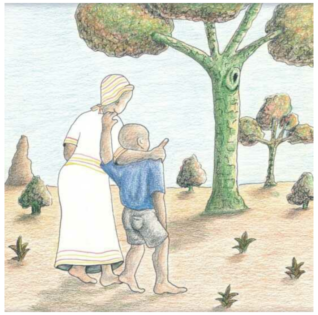
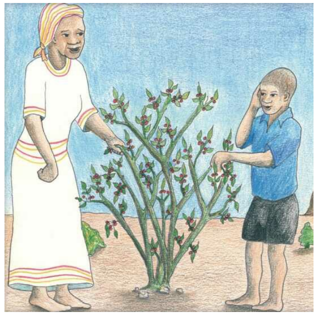
Ms. Nelao explained some of the ways we can be infected with HIV. “If someone has HIV or AIDS we can catch the virus from their blood. We should never share razors or toothbrushes. If we get our ears pierced we must use sterilised blades and needles.” She explained how needles and blades should be sterilised. “If we hurt ourselves and there is blood we must ask an adult to clean the wound. We must cover the wound to protect it,” she told them.



Toe Hilifa by die huis kom het sy ma hom gevra: “Hilifa, ek wil saam met jou gaan stap. Sal jy my help?” Hilifa vat sy ma se arm en sy leun teen hom. Hulle het uitgestap tot waar die doringbome gegroei het. Sy het hom gevra, “ Onthou jy hoe jy hier sokker gespeel het met jou neef, Kunuu? Jy het die bal tot in die boom geskop en dit het vasgesit in die dorings. Jou pa is stukkend gekrap toe hy dit vir jou uit gehaal het.”

. . .

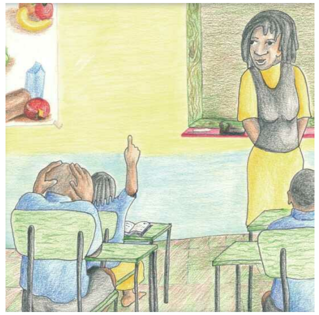
When Hilifa came home his mother asked him, “Hilifa, my son, I want to take a walk with you. Will you help me?” Hilifa took his mother’s arm and she leaned on him. They walked to where the tall thorn trees grew. She asked him, “Do you remember playing football here with your cousin Kunuu? You kicked the ball into the tree and it got stuck on the thorns. Your father got scratched getting it down for you.”



“Kyk, daar is ‘n omandjembere bos. Gaan pluk daarvan en vat dit huis toe.” Terwyl Hilifa die soet bessies pluk, sê sy, “Onthou jy toe jy nog klein was en die saadjies saam met die bessies geëet het. Jy kon vir ‘n hele week nie toilet toe gaan nie.” “Ja, my maag was sooo seer,” onthou Hilifa laggend.

. . .

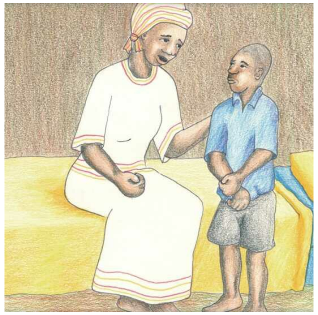
“Look, there’s an omandjembere bush. Go and pick some to take home.” When Hilifa was picking the sweet berries, she said, “Do you remember when you were small you ate the berries and the seed inside. You didn’t go to the toilet for a week!” “Yes, my stomach was sooo sore,” remembered Hilifa, laughing.



By die skool die volgende dag, leer juffrou Nelao vir hulle van HIV en Vigs. Die kinders lyk bang. Hulle het oor die radio van hierdie siekte gehoor, maar niemand by die huis praat daarvan nie. “Waar kom dit vandaan?” vra Magano. “Kan ons dit aansteek?” vra Hidipo. Juffrou Nelao verduidelik dat HIV is die naam van ‘n virus. Wanneer ‘n persoon HIV in hulle bloed het, lyk hulle nog gesond. “Ons noem dit eers Vigs wanneer hulle begin siek raak.”

. . .

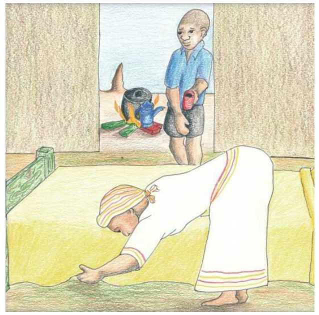
The next morning at school Ms. Nelao taught them about HIV and AIDS. The learners looked afraid. They heard about this illness on the radio, but no-one spoke about it at home. “Where does it come from?” asked Magano. “How do we catch it?” asked Hidipo. Ms. Nelao explained that HIV is the name of a virus. When a person has the HIV virus in their blood they still look healthy. “We say they have AIDS when they become ill.”



Sy ma gaan voort, “Oom Kave vanaf Oshakati stuur vir ons geld wanneer hy kan. Hy het vir my gesê dat hy goed na jou sal kyk. Ek het met hom daaroor gepraat. Jy sal skool gaan saam met Kunuu, sy seun. Kunuu is in graad vier net soos jy. Hulle sal jou goed versorg.” “Ek hou van oom Kave en Tannie Muzaa,” sê Hilifa. Ek hou ook daarvan om met Kunuu te speel. Sal mamma beter word as hulle jou help versorg?” “Nee, my seun. Ek sal nie weer gesond word nie. Jy kyk so mooi na my. Ek is baie trots om so ‘n goeie seun te hê.”

. . .

His mother continued, “Uncle Kave from Oshakati sends us money when he can. He told me that he will care for you. I have talked to him about it. You’ll go to school with Kunuu, his son. Kunuu is in Grade 4 like you. They will take good care of you.” “I like Uncle Kave and Aunt Muzaa,” said Hilifa. “And I like playing with Kunuu. Would you become well if they look after you?” “No, my son. I won’t become well. You look after me very well. I am proud to have such a good son.”



Toe hulle terug by die huis kom, was Hilifa se ma baie moeg. Hilifa maak vir haar tee. Mevrou Ndapanda haal ‘n boks onder haar bed uit. “Hilifa, hierdie is vir jou. In die boks is goeters wat jou sal help om te onthou waar jy vandaan kom.”

. . .

When they got home Hilifa’s mother was very tired. Hilifa made some tea. Meme Ndapanda took a small box from under her bed. “Hilifa, this is for you. In this box are things that will help you remember where you come from.”

Sy haal die aandenkings een vir een uit die boks. “ Hier is ‘n foto waar jou pa jou vashou. Jy was sy eersgebore seun. Hierdie is die foto toe ek jou na jou oupa en ouma gevat het, hulle was so bly. Hierdie is jou eerste tand wat ons getrek het. Onthou jy nog hoe jy daaroor gehuil het en ek jou moes belowe het dat ‘n nuwe tand sou uitgroei? Hierdie is die borsspeld wat jou pa vir my gegee het toe ons een jaar getroud was.

. . .

She took the mementos out of the box one by one. “This is a photo of your father holding you. You were his firstborn son. This photo is when I took you to see your grandparents, they were so happy. This is the first tooth you lost. Do you remember how you cried and I had to promise you that more would grow. This is the brooch your father gave me when we were married for one year.”

Hilifa hou die boks vas en begin te huil. Sy ma hou hom styf teen haar sy vas en sê ‘n gebed op: “ Mag die Here jou beskerm en bewaar. “ Sy druk hom vas terwyl sy praat: “ Hilifa, my seun. Jy weet dat ek baie siek is en binne kort sal ek by jou pa wees. Ek wil nie hê dat jy hartseer moet wees nie. Onthou eerder hoe baie lief ek jou het. Onthou ook hoe baie lief jou pa jou gehad het.

. . .

Hilifa held the box and began to cry. His mother held him close by her side and said a prayer, “May the Lord protect you and keep you safe.” She held him as she spoke. “Hilifa, my son. You know that I am very ill, and soon I will be with your father. I don’t want you to be sad. Remember how much I love you. Remember how much your father loved you.”