

SORROIA IN LOVE

By Caudence

Welcome to the field of laughter and cries. I hope you all enjoy this and not just as my story but also as a reflection of what is happening in Africa and other parts of the world. It is my prayer that anyone who reads this article will come out with at least one of the following two things 1. He/she will use my story as inspiration to solve the problem or 2. My story will help him or her change negatives into positives.

It is Sunday morning. As our customs and beliefs say, Sunday is always a busy day. Not just busy but also holy, the day that is believed to be set aside. Every activity must stop. The day was set aside by God himself to be worshiped by us Christians. Joseph and Agnes were not ignorant of this rule. They woke up early as usual, preparing their kids and sometimes even they could miss their breakfast so that they could attend church mass. In short the two parents were very responsible not to have their children ruined, Joseph was a pastor in the local church. His three children Helen, Gideon and Will were his pride and joy. He always preached the empathy of having a family and being a loving and responsible father. He also counselled on how to be a good and responsible husband, loving and caring for children and wives.

Minutes passed, hours, days, weeks, months and years passed. Joseph and Agnes were still living together as a couple. Their children had grown and could see what was happening. Within the house there was no peace. What about outside? Joseph started doing the contrary to what he would advise to the other men. He started coming back late from work. As much as he might be late he expected no questions to be asked of him. Sometimes he

could come at 11:30pm, in his hand a bottle of whisky and in his coat a packet of beef. Then he would demand his meal immediately after, whilst being comfortably seated at the table having his whisky and making noises here and there. He would even wake up his children, tell them how he loved them. What's funny is he could not forget to say he was saved and would go to heaven. After 32 minutes, Agnes who was as humble as an ant, would bring her husband a meal and put it on the table. Then it was her obligation to wash his hands and leave him to have his meal. Failure to obey all this, hell could break loose at anytime and the obvious victim of the "weak" gender would rush to the hospital due to a fatal beating.

So this became the new lifestyle of the once god loving couple who claimed to love each other more than angels love God. The most surprising thing was, the "weak" gender was not supposed to disclose any of these problems not even to the vicar or pastor.

As time went by, life became more and more intolerable. Agnes could not bear to see herself being beaten in front of her tall, grown up kids. There are two minds within herself. One told her to stand and beat your husband and to defy the holy Prophet. The other told her to submit fully to her husband.



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Time went by and Agnes started wearing glasses. When she attended church that day, after missing three consecutive weeks, her husband announced to the congregation how happy his wife and children were to be taking a trip to Mombasa. So when Agnes came back with a new look and glasses, the fellows were not that inquisitive, of course they had expected a change. One Saturday night, Joseph came from a nearby club at 10pm. He looked half sober, half drunk. Agnes thought it was a good chance for them to discuss their undercover life.

"Drinking", called out Agnes.

"Unasema mini" asked Joseph (what are you saying?).

"It's almost two years since you started the habit of drinking and I think if the Bishop knew..." said Agnes.

"I don't want them to know" answered Joseph in an interfering manner.

"Then dear, remember you are the pastor, you are the kind light to the church..."

"Ei! Ei! Ei!, don't preach to me Agnes I know of the Bible more than you do! I am the head of this house", Joseph interrupted her as if he could slap her.

"But darling what's gotten into you? Has the devil taken all of your thoughts leaving you a blank coconut pot?" asked Agnes.

"Don't abuse me woman" roared Joseph.

"If you try to infringe my rights as a man and more so your husband, I will squeeze you to the root. Hush now if you love your small neck."

Agnes could not believe this. She really saw a different person than the Joseph she knew before. Memories of past events started to pass in her mind. She remembered the days when their love was young and green. How Joseph used to treasure her. How he used to bring her expensive gifts. How he treated her as a small angel. How he told her, how lucky he was getting the black African Queen. Now all those memories were burning in ashes. As she looked at him once again, then came the best event in her life

with Joseph. She can now remember those words they uttered as they looked right into each other's eyes. Eyes full of life and love, promising a great future with fortunes in God's blessings.

"I Joseph Motari, take you Agnes, to be my wedded wife, to love and to cherish, till death do us part." There was applause from the crowd of parents, relatives, witnesses and well-wishers. She remembered how beautiful she thought the ring looked and gracefully said "I, Agnes, take you Joe as my wedded husband. To obey, love and cherish till death do us part." As she finished remembering this, tears started rolling down her cheeks. She cried terribly, she cursed the day, she even cursed the person who came up with this wedding idea. If it wasn't for those vows!

Sitting at the same table with Joseph who is now aware of Agnes' bitterness, was not easy. He is not moved these days by her tears or words. He always called her tears crocodile tears. "When you finish pitying yourself with tears, you can cook for me."

Agnes being tired of being nice in this life, wanted to stab her husband's ear. When Joseph realised she had the knife and that his life was in danger, he took the glass, and without a look, he threw it at Agnes. Agnes threw the knife down, blood coming from every opening in her head. Breathing in her last breaths she then died. Mommy! Mommy! Mommy wake up! Wake up mommy! Cried her children but Mommy could not hear them anymore. She was in another world by then.

Daddy, what happened to Mommy? Why can't she hear us and wake up? Asked the little child who could not fathom the situation. Daddy stood still inside the house. Gideon being the first born boy and only son in the family, he looked at their mother's body. He could not imagine the beautiful figure, he bid good night as she lay there on the floor without life. Tears of revenge dropped from his eyes. Gideon had witnessed his father mistreating his mother. He bent down and took the knife that was with his mother. Without thinking twice, "Kiooi!" Help! Help me! This was Joseph's last words.

Woe to the poor orphans. Where will they turn to?