

## **The Day My Mother Fell Seriously Unwell and I Received an MBB Scholarship**



It was one bright evening when the sun was setting and splashing its beautiful red glow on the sky. The birds were singing melodious songs, filling the surroundings with a tranquil melody. It was so quiet you could hear a pin drop... I had been working hard and felt a mild headache. I sat on the neatly arranged stones to nurse the miseries of the sunny day.

Feeling drowsy, I retreated to my modest bed, layered with a single worn-out blanket, and fell into a deep sleep. At one shake of a lamb's tail, I heard a voice screaming, "Please, my daughter, help me!" It seemed to come from my mother's house. I shuddered with fear and immediately jumped out of bed to go and see what was wrong.

When I entered the house, what I saw stole my breath away. I saw my mother lying on the floor, clutching her chest. Treacherous tears made their way down my cheeks upon seeing this painful sight.

Without a moment's delay, I cried out for help from our neighbours. They instructed me to fetch water, which I did as fast as my legs could carry me. After taking a sip of water, my mother's condition slightly improved. Yet, the worry gnawed at me, preventing me from getting any sleep while watching her suffer.

My father was far away in the big city, leading the life of a soldier. Meanwhile, my younger brothers and sisters were in tears. The next day I wrote a letter to my father, telling him about my mother's condition. He refused to reply since he was already with his new wife (he always complained about how my mother's illness disturbed

him). I almost committed suicide, but by the grace of God, it didn't seem like the right choice.



By that time, I was waiting for my elementary leaving exams certificate [8th grade national exam]. I had two things to think about: my mother's illness and going back to school. To make matters worse, who was to support me since mother had been the one? She worked as a cleaner in the city and had brewed alcohol to ensure our school fees were paid. Now that she was sick, she could not help anymore.

My heart was pierced by the sword of suffering. Her illness continued from bad to worse. I turned to my uncle for help, and he responded positively, coming to take my mother to town for a comprehensive examination. She was diagnosed with peptic ulcers, a condition demanding specialized and expensive treatment.

However, my uncle eventually gave up, because he said he could not afford such expensive treatment. I begged him to explore alternative solutions as it seemed like everyone had abandoned us. Stress possessed my entire soul which caused me to get thinner and thinner. I couldn't stop worrying, much like a mother planning what her children would eat the next day.

My uncle, taking pity on me as the eldest girl in the family, promised me that he would find a way to make everything right. After a couple of weeks, my mother returned to the village, fully restored to health. Tears of joy streamed down my face as I saw her, and her radiant smile brought warmth to my heart.

My younger siblings rushed out of our thatched house to embrace our beloved mother. This experience underscored the truth that "a mother is the backbone of a home," and we were overwhelmed with gratitude for my uncle's kindness.

Yet, my peace remained elusive since the results of our exams were still pending. I endured sleepless nights, praying for favourable results, as there was no fall back plan for returning to school if I didn't pass.

A week later, my mother told me to go back to school. I was dumbfounded, but she insisted so I travelled back to the village of my school. Then one morning, I woke up and heard a knocking at the door. It was my dear friend. She bore a radiant smile on her face. I immediately sensed she was bringing me good news. She then joyfully revealed the sweetest news of my life: I had secured the fourth position in the entire state and would be awarded an MBB scholarship.

I leaped out of bed, barely containing my excitement, and almost embraced the walls in a dance of sheer happiness. My friend shared in my joy, offering her congratulations before leaving. I couldn't wait to share this incredible news with my parents.

I remain profoundly grateful for the immense love and grace that God has showered upon my life. This moment stands as one of the most unforgettable in my life.

*This article was written by an MBB Scholar during her final year of high school. For more information on the work of Mercy Beyond Borders, please visit their website [www.mercybeyondborders.org](http://www.mercybeyondborders.org).*