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THE ENCOURAGING DAD

I'm not even sure of what position he is in his family because when you come from a family where you survive today and pray for tomorrow, it becomes hard to even socialize among yourselves in the family. He was so hard working in that he was able to come to the city and just become a regular cobbler somewhere in the streets of Kibera.

Having him as my father was a pleasure at the moment because, despite the sufferings, he never gave up and as I grew up I never even realized that we were suffering because he managed to keep a smile on my face every time. As a daughter he cared for me and made sure he escorted me to school every morning. Although he was physically challenged, he was still my only dad and I appreciate that.

I solemnly remembered this around the year 2014 when he was able to come up with a hotel in DC Kibera. It was a hotel just to come up with money to sustain our poor family. The hotel thrived so well and had so many customers. With the help of my mother, who worked at the hotel while my father continued to sew shoes.

A man of great ideas he was because every time his plan A failed, he would always come up with a plan B. I feel like everything he did, he did it to put a smile on his four children's face. Most people disliked him because he would think so fast and become a solver of so many problems. I remember this time when he used to work in Makina street to put food on our table.

One thing I love and appreciate about him was that he was so focused on our studies and never stopped to encourage us about how education is important. He kept telling me specifically that with education I could fly a plane, I could treat a patient and most importantly I can stand in front of a crowd of people with pin drop silence to advice because I'm amazing. He made my love and interest for education grow daily because I wanted to be his dream doctor like he used to stay.

As days went by and things became tougher for my family, he never expressed his sorrows to his kids; he always encouraged us and assures us that tomorrow would bring its good tidings to us. As I grew it started to hit me harder and I was now realizing the challenges that happen in my family. Whenever I cried because of challenges, he always said, "It's not the end".

He believed in using one's mind to eliminate the current problems facing us the moment. In the case where you are suffering, what have you done. He actually taught me that I could be born poor but dying

poor is my own decision .That is because I have a brain and I am educated. He always defended me and was always on my side. He understood me a lot and as father gave me all the love and care I need.

I feel like he is a hero because he stood up for his family despite the fact he was not financially stable and was physically challenged. He never let what people said about his family about himself bring his courage and hard work down.

He impacted the spirit of hard work in me and my fellow siblings and was always there for all of us .He also socialized with people and took the risk of taking debts for us mean. I mean not everyone understand him and some of them would end up picking up a fight or even threatening our family. People in the area looked at us as an odd family and were seen as nomads. But nevertheless life has to move on and it was a serving life. Thanks to him I'm still growing as a prospering teenager.

I'm talking about my dad because he was such a mentor when I was growing up and he sacrificed so much for his children. He was awesome .No one believed he would sustain such a good family. I mean, we were poor, he's physically challenged and wasn't working at some point, he deserves to be a hero. I appreciate him.