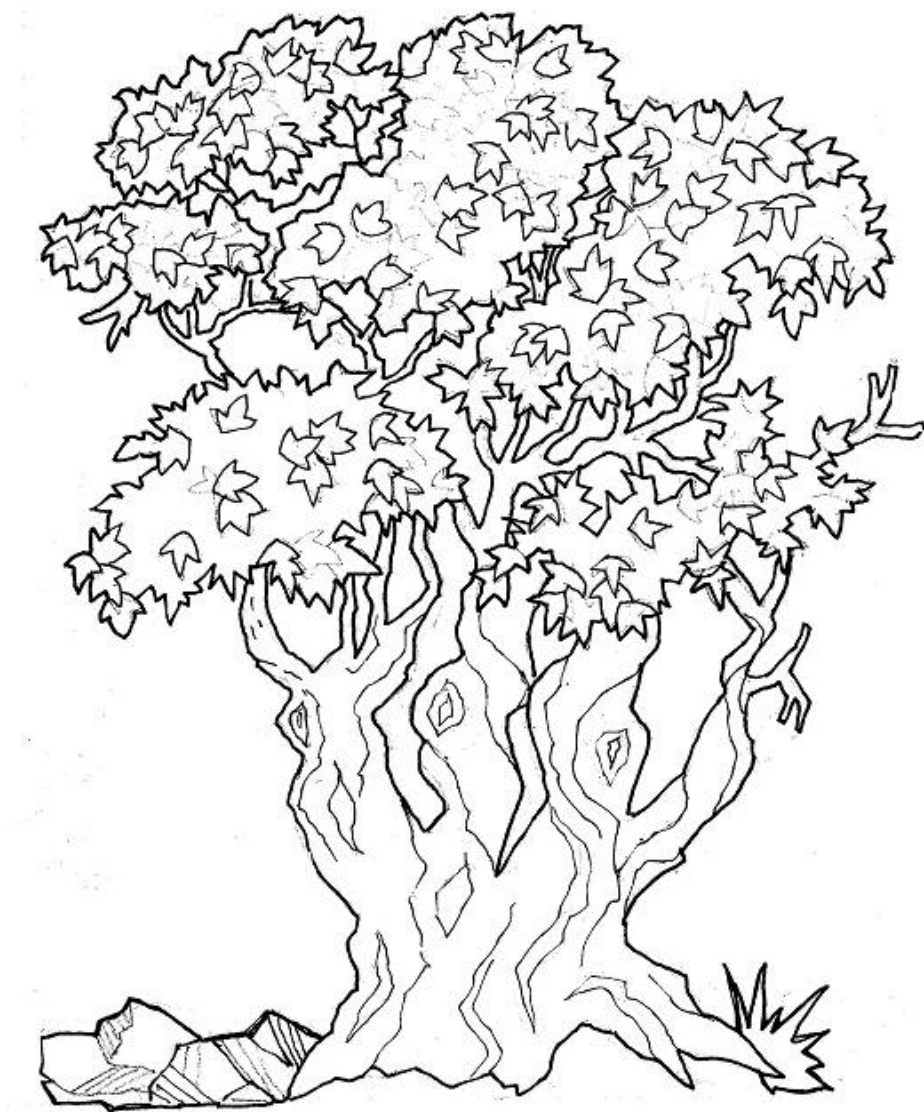


Margaret's Family Tree:

Simulizi ya familia ya Margareta:

A story of hope and belonging

Hadithi ya Matumaini na Jumuiya



Author Susan Halverson Westerberg, Ph.D.

Illustrations Edna M. Kennel

To my wonderful granddaughters:
Laine, Gage, Brenna, Gillian and Penelope

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This book may be printed and/or distributed in all African countries,
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Introduction

I visited Kenya in 2013 and was very taken with the many beautiful orphans who had lost one or both parents due to illness and accidents. If there are no other family members left to help, even losing one parent can land a child in an orphanage or rescue center since that one parent cannot work and care for the child. I felt there was a need to give something to these children to help them feel that they are still part of a larger family since family is so important in Africa. I hope reading this book to a child and helping him or her fill in the names of relatives in the last pages will go some way to fulfilling this need.

The African words that I have used are: Nyanya, which is grandmother, ugali, a special kind of bread, and, when I say pants, I mean underpants.

Susan Halverson Westerberg, Ph.D.
Portland, Oregon, USA
2016



It is a beautiful African morning under the fig tree. The sun sparkles brightly through the leaves. Margaret sits in the grass at Nyanya Ulda's feet. Tears roll down Margaret's cheeks.

Nyanya looks kindly at Margaret.

Ni asubuhi njema Afrika chini ya mti. Jua linang'aa kati ya matawi. Magareta amekaa miguuni mwa Nyanya kwenye majani. Machozi yanatiririka kwenye mashavu ya Magareta.

Nyanya alimtazama Magareta kwa moyo wa huruma.

"It is the way of all things Margaret. We are all born, we live for whatever time God gives us and then we die and go home to heaven to be with God."

" Ndivyo mambo yalivyo Magareta. Tunazaliwa , tunaishi jinsi Mungu alivyotupangia, halafu tunafariki na kwenda nyumbani mbinguni kuwa na Mwenyezi Mungu."

"But I miss Mama and Papa so much!" said Margaret.

"Lakini ninatamani sana kuwaona tena mama na baba!" kasema Magareta.



“I understand,” said Nyanya. “When your father died on his motorbike, we all were so sad. It was very helpful when so many people came for the funeral. We were able to celebrate what a wonderful man he was!”

"Ninaelewa," kasema Nyanya. " Baba yako alipofariki kwa ajali ya piki piki tulisikitishwa sana. Ila tulifarijika watu wengi walivyokuja kwenye mazishi na matanga . Tuliweza kusherekea jinsi alvyokuwa mtu mwema!"

“Then your mother got sick and the doctors couldn’t help her, and her death was almost more than we could bear.”

“Halafu mama yako akaugua na madaktari hawakuweza kumsaidia, na kifo chake kilitusikitisha kupita kiasi.”

“But life goes on my child. You will see.”

"Lakini maisha yataendelea mwanangu. Utaona na kushuhudia."

“But Nyanya, when does it stop hurting?” asked Margaret.

"Lakini nyanya, ni lini uchungu utakwisha?" kauliza Magareta.

“Time and the comfort of a loving God will help,” said Nyanya.

"Muda, faraja na upendo wa Mwenyezi Mungu vitasaidia," kasema Nyanya.



“But I feel so all alone,” wailed Margaret, “even though Samwel and David are with me. There is no one left to take care of us except you and you are old.”

" Lakini najisikia mpweke sana", aliomboleza Margareta, "ingawaje Samweli na Daudi wako pamoja nami. Hakuna mwingine aliyebakia kututunza ispokuwa wewe na sasa umezeeka sana."

“Do you see this beautiful tree, Margaret?” asked Nyanya.

" Unaona huu mti mzuri?" kauliza Nyanya.

“Yes, Nyanya,” said Margaret.

“Ndiyo, Nyanya,” kajibu Margareta.

“Well, who made the tree and sends the sun and rain to help it grow?”

" Vyema, je, ni nani aliumba huo mti na huleta jua na mvua kuusaidia ukue?"

“God,” said Margaret.

" Mungu," kajibu Margareta.

“Yes,” said Nyanya.

"Ndiyo," kasema Nyanya.



“Just so, God created your family tree and you are a part of it.”

"Ndivyo ilivyo, Mungu aliiumba familia yako pamoja na sisi wote."

"I don't understand," said Margaret.

"Sielewi," kajibu Margareta kwa mshangao.

“OK, the trunk is like your parents and grandparents, back many generation. See some parts have died...”

"Sawa, shina ni kama wazazi wako na mababu zako, na vizazi vingi vilivyopita. Angalia sehemu zingine zimesinyaa na kufa....."

“Still, look at those green leaves and healthy branches. They are like you and your brothers, still alive and growing.”

"Ila, subiri, angalia hayo majani mabichi na matawi yenye afya bora. Ni kama wewe na kaka zako, bado mko hai na mnaedelea kukua."

“We keep the family alive by the stories we tell each other about our loved ones.”

"Tunaikumbuka familia kwa hadithi tunazosimuliana kuhusu watu tuwapendao."



“I remember when your mother Jacinta was your age. She climbed up this tree and sat in the branches, dropping sticks on her brother’s heads. She liked to tease them.”

" Nakumbuka wakati mama yako Jacinta alipokuwa umri wako. Aliupanda mti huu na kukaa kwenye matawi, akawatupia kaka zake vijiti kwenye vichwa. Alipenda sana kuwatania."

“What do you remember about your parents?”

" Unakumbuka nini kuhusu wazazi wako?"



“Hmmm,” said Margaret, “Let me think.”

“Hmmm,” kajubu Margareta, “Hebu ngoja nifikirie.”

“I remember when Papa would come home from working all week and he had some money in his pocket. He took Samwel and me to the market and bought us new shoes. Then we would get an orange Fanta to drink. That was his favorite. I miss him!”

“Nakumbuka baba aliporudi nyumbani baada ya kazi kila wiki alikuwa na pesa mfukoni. Alitupeleka mimi na Samweli, sokoni akatununulia viatu vipya. Halafu alitununulia soda ya Fanta. Hiyo ndiyo soda aliyoipenda. Laiti ningeliweza kumwona tena!”



“So do I,” said Nyanya. “ What about your mama?”

"Hata mimi," kasema Nyanya. "Je! Vipi kuhusu mama?"

“Well,” said Margaret, “Mama always came out when the other children were playing at our house and she would check to be sure we were all wearing our pants. Anna usually forgot and Mama would send her home to get them.”

"Vizuri," kasema Margareta, " Mama alikuwa akitoka nje wakati watoto wengine walipokuja kucheza nyumbani kwetu alitizima kuhakikisha wote tumevaa suruali. Mara nyingi Anna husahau suruali yake, lakini mama alimrudisha nyumbani ili aichukue."

“Yes,” said Nyanya, “She wanted you to be proper!”

" Ndiyo," alisema Nyanya, " Mama alitaka uwe na tabia na desturi nzuri."



“Mama loved to hear us sing. One day when she went to the market and I was taking care of the boys, David was crying in his sling bed. All my friends came and stood around David.

Samwel beat out the rhythm with his spoon and we all sang to him. Mama came home and said that we sounded like the angels. Then she made us all some chicken stew and ugali.

She was kind, except when she got sick.”

" Mama alipenda kutusikia tukiimba. Siku moja alikwenda sokoni na mimi nilikuwa nikiwaangalia kaka zangu wadogo. Daudi alikuwa akilia kitandani kwake. Marafiki zangu wote walikuja wakamzunguka Daudi. Samweli alipiga ngoma kwa kijiko. Mama aliporudi nyumbani alisema sauti zetu zilikuwa kama za malaika. Halafu akatupikia ugali na mchuzi wa kuku. Alikuwa mwema na mkarimu wakati wote, isipokuwa alipokuwa mgonjwa.”

“These are the memories you must share with your brothers because they were too young to remember, “ said Nyanya.

“Then share them with your own children and the family tree will remain strong.”

" Hizi ni kumbukumbu unazobidika kuwasimulia wadogo zako kwani hawakumbuki mengi kwa sababu walikuwa wadogo sana" kasema Nyanya. “Vilevile, wasimulie wanao ili shina na historia ya familia ibakie imara daima.”



“You belong to God’s family first, and then your own family. That’s a lot of family!” said Nyanya.

" Kwanza, wewe ni mmojawapo katika familia ya Mungu, pili uko katika familia yako binafsi . Hiyo ni familia kubwa!" kasema Nyanya.

“Nyanya, I am still sad but I feel better,” said Margaret.

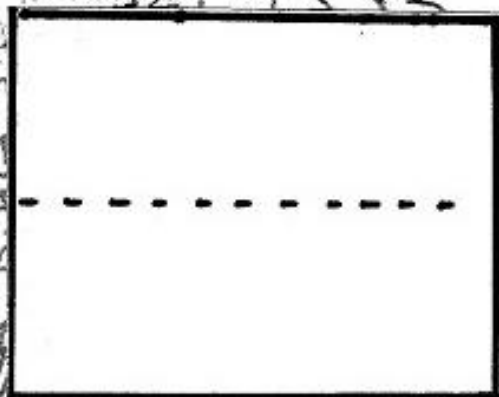
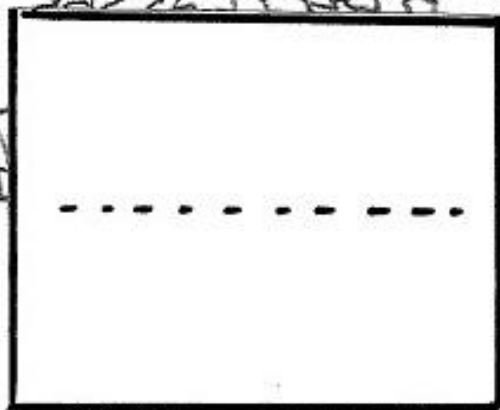
"Nyanya, bado nina huzuni lakini najisika nafuu kidogo " akasema Margareta.

“Whenever you look at this tree, remember the love,” said Nyanya Ulda.

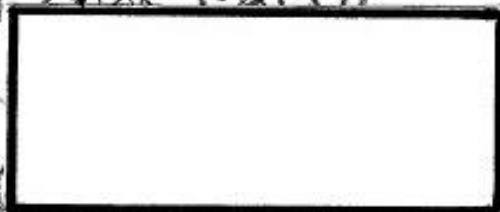
" Daima unapotazama huu mti , kumbuka upendo, " kasema Nyanya Ulda.

Fill in your family tree :

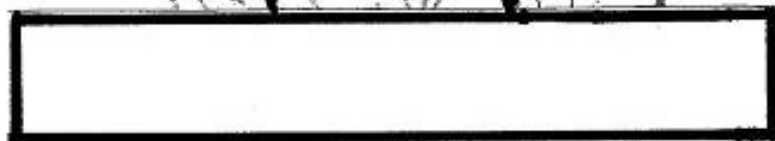
Grandparents:



Parents:



Child:



Brothers:

Sisters:

Paternal Aunts and Uncles:

Maternal Aunts and Uncles:

Cousins:

Cousins:

Room for family history and stories:

More room for family stories and memories:

Biography of author:



Susan Halverson Westerberg is an Associate Professor at Portland State University in Portland, Oregon. She is the Coordinator of the Marital, Couple and Family Counseling specialty in the Master of Counseling program. Susan graduated with her PhD from The College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, Virginia in 1999. She went to Kenya to see the Children's Rescue center that her church, Zion Lutheran, was helping to construct. This was the inspiration for the story and, even though the names have been changed, all the parts of the story come from her experience in Kenya.

Biography of illustrator:



Edna M. Kennel has practiced drawing and painting since she was a child. She has worked in commercial art and has exhibited her work many times and places. She has written and illustrated her own family history book, about the journey of her ancestors from Switzerland through France and Canada to settle finally in Oregon.

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