DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to the memory of my paternal grandmother, Mahlodi Paulina Kekana Mokgatle. She was a slave. She grew up alone, far away from her people and birthplace. She never owned property of her own except her children. As her story in the book will show, she was married off by someone who was not her father but who kept her as a slave. She never knew her parents; only late, by mere chance, her people discovered her, already a mother of children.

Perhaps for me, her capture during the conflict between her people and the early Dutch settlers in South Africa was a blessing in disguise. Had she not been a slave, had she not been married to a Mosotho Chief by her slave master, I would not have come into the world in the form I did. I might not have come at all. It was because of the two episodes, her enslavement and marriage, that preparation for my coming life in the world started. I am a part of her and she is a part of me. I believe firmly that as long as I live, she lives.

N. M.

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