

---

## Foreword

---

**I**t is a great honour to be chosen by Pinky to write this foreword to her book. We met when she applied to join the Foxfire Youth Team that I directed at African Enterprise over twenty years ago. She impacted my life in such a way that she became a part of our family in the ensuing years.

This book is an authentic descriptive account of a young girl's remarkable journey as she grows into a strong woman through the grace of a loving God and Father. Her story is one of a battle through love and acceptance, then rejection, disappointment, isolation, heartache, and physical, emotional and mental trauma. Through her persistent determination to succeed, she overcame all that was thrown at her in life.

As I read Pinky's story I imagined many people splashing paint onto the canvas of her life at different times with different colours, with no definite intention to create anything of beauty. I then watched Pinky slowly but intentionally stand up to receive a paintbrush handed from God Himself. As He held her hand, He helped her

to change the splashes of paint into a masterpiece of purposeful love and forgiveness.

As my wife Ada and I mentored Pinky for more than twenty years, we saw how many young girls and women's lives were positively impacted by her life and ministry.

"I heard Bob Hope share how he was walking along the beach one day and saw a girl drawing in the sand. He asked, 'What are you doing, little girl?' She replied that she was drawing a picture of God. 'That's impossible,' replied Bob. 'Nobody knows what God looks like.' The child continued drawing and then told him he would know in a minute."

I can assure you that as you look at Pinky's canvas, you will see in real detail how we can overcome insurmountable odds with the help of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I assure you that once you have picked up this book, you will be reluctant to put it down. May it challenge and inspire you, and reveal to you an aspect of who God is.

*Clive Lawler*

Former Foxfire Director

Pietermaritzburg

South Africa

---

# Introduction

---

**T**his book was prophesied by a dear man Mr. Curt Miles the year 2003.

I am giving birth to it 21 years later in remembrance of that prophecy.

In the pages that follow I invite you on a journey of healing, purpose and love.

A journey that has shaped me to the very person I have become and still becoming to being the person I was meant to be.

My life's experiences have taught me many valuable lessons.

This autobiography is not just a recounting of events, but a testament to the transformative journey, embracing life's challenges, finding purpose amidst chaos and allowing love to restore my distorted identity.

---

## CHAPTER ONE

---

# Childhood

---

I grew up in the vibrant community of New Brighton, Gqeberha (Port Elizabeth). My Dad (Vusi) was a big, proud African man, short in stature with a no-nonsense attitude. He was brought up by strict parents who believed in using the rod for discipline. As a child, he was responsible for shepherding livestock before and after school. As a young man, he worked as a bus driver and in later years, became self-employed. He was also a former boxer. Mom (Mandisa) was a beautiful woman, smart, driven and a hard worker who was the eldest of five. Mom grew up in the rural area of Keiskammahoek. Her mother was a beautiful, single Xhosa woman and her father was a married man of German descent. Mom left home at a young age and headed to Gqeberha to seek a better education and to escape family issues. My parents met in New Brighton after Mom's first marriage ended. Dad was single again after three unsuccessful marriages. They got married and during their time together, they owned two shops and a tavern. Mom was in charge of one shop

until she became a full-time housewife and caregiver to me and my two sisters. Beauty was two years younger than me and Sasha was five years younger.

At six months old, Beauty became very ill. The doctors found that she had fluid on the brain. They had to perform more than one operation and when all was said and done, my parents were told that she would have trouble developing as a healthy, fully-functioning child. Sasha was the little doll that I had asked Mom for. Because I was so young, I thought that Mom had brought her specially for me, not realising that she was my sibling. However, she quickly became an irritation as she cried frequently and wanted Mom's attention all the time. We grew up as the three musketeers who were confined indoors. We had a designated room in the house that had built-in swings and toys.

Our home was divided into two and was both the residence and the business premises. The front door of the house opened into the business section and then there was a door with a security gate leading into the kitchen of the residential section. Our house was situated opposite a hospital and up the road there was a police station, a magistrates court and also a couple of companies in the surrounding area as well as normal residences.

From the age of three, I always helped in both the shop and the tavern. Our shop was well-known for *amagwinya* (fatcakes) and cold beverages. The regular customers always wanted to be served by me because I would entertain them whilst taking a sip of their beverages before handing it to them.

The business was thriving, with customers from all walks of life. Nurses, police, detectives, court officials, patients, workers, school kids. We also gave credit to certain customers. The professionals had a special lounge inside the house where they could hang out and hide, in case they were drinking during working hours. A lot of stolen goods found their way to us at very low prices. This was because there were some people in our neighbourhood and the surrounding areas who were desperate for alcohol and money. Some nurses and cleaners from the hospital even went to the extent of stealing the hospital's food to sell to us so that they could buy a few drinks.

Because of the nature of the business, Dad sometimes had to deal with customers who were unruly and troublesome. He would first give them a warning and if that didn't work, the next time would be his fist. Big, tall men were knocked to the ground when Dad was done with them.

When I was a toddler, Dad enjoyed taking me along to visit his female companions, especially if he had plans to return home later than usual. On one of these visits, I remained waiting in the car outside the lady's place when Dad went inside. As I sat waiting for him to finish his business, a young man tried to steal the *bakkie* (van) with me inside it. Fortunately for me, Dad noticed what was happening and rushed to the vehicle. He wrestled with the young man, quickly overpowering him. But during all the commotion, Dad realised that it was one of his many sons, Vuyo. He was one of the ten children that Dad had sired and he looked very much like his father. Dad let him go with a very stern warning.