

# TEARS OF A WOMAN

**David Ole Letim**

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## **Dedication**

To women who are destined to be what they would be.

## **Acknowledgements**

To my Father who art in heaven: I wish to express my sincere gratitude to you for enabling me to come this far. Without you, I don't know where I would have been. For everything that you have done for me, honor and glory come back to you.

To the servants of God who supported me morally, spiritually and with knowledge; Pastor Stanley A. Nyakundi, Dr. Rev. Zedekiah Orera. I owe you thanks.

To all women who I interacted with, for having taught me lessons that I will live to see and never regret.

To all pupils who have ever passed through my hands; for having shared with me the difficult situations that you went thorough that led me to learn new lessons and get a new perception of things in life. Wherever you are, whatever you do, I owe you thanks.

# Forward

As I sat down to read this book, I couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement and anticipation. I knew that I was about to embark on a journey of inspiration, motivation, and empowerment, and I was eager to see what insights lay ahead. And I wasn't disappointed. From the very first page, I was struck by the powerful message that this book conveys.

The author of this book has done an exceptional job of highlighting the value and importance of women in our society. Through a combination of personal experiences and biblical examples, the book paints a vivid picture of how women have played an instrumental role in shaping the world around us. It is a reminder that women are not just equal to men, but are in fact an essential component of the human experience.

One of the things that struck me the most about this book is how it addresses the various challenges that women face in their lives. Whether it's dealing with loss, navigating the complexities of relationships, or facing discrimination and prejudice, women are constantly confronted with obstacles that can be overwhelming. But instead of succumbing to despair or giving up, the book shows how women can turn these challenges into opportunities for growth and success.

The author's writing style is engaging and accessible, making this book a joy to read. I found myself nodding along in agreement with every chapter, and was impressed by the depth and breadth of the author's knowledge and experience. It's clear that this book is the product of years of reflection, observation, and research, and the result is a work that is both insightful and inspiring.

Another thing that impressed me about this book is how it covers a wide range of topics. Whether you're a widow, a single woman, or a married woman, there is something here for everyone. From practical advice on how to build your career to spiritual insights on how to find inner peace and purpose, this book covers all the bases.

Ultimately, what makes this book so powerful is the message of hope and possibility that it conveys. It's a reminder that no matter what challenges we face in life, we have the power to overcome them and achieve our dreams. And for women in particular, it's a call to action to recognize our own worth and potential, and to use our talents and abilities to make a positive impact on the world.

In conclusion, I highly recommend this book to anyone who is looking for inspiration and guidance on how to live a more fulfilling and purposeful life. It's a book that will challenge you, motivate you, and empower you to become the best version of yourself. So, pick up a copy today, and get ready to be inspired!

**Michael Kintalel**



Author

Founder and CEO Elong'o Publishers

## **Introduction**

Life is a game. You need to understand the rules of the game in order for you to play well and make more scores. The way you play your cards in life determines the scores that you will get.

The book shares both human and biblical experiences of what women have done. Through such experiences we learn that women have a vital role to play in order for the society to be a better place to live in. A big setback is that most women are not aware of this as well as the society and therefore the book is creating awareness. This is something that all women should be aware of.

This book creates awareness to both the individual men and women and the society at large. The value of women in regard to individual and society development, without them completely, it will be an uphill task to achieve goals.

The book also encourages women to exploit their potential to be people of substance in life. They should not see themselves as the society see them but should see themselves the way they will see themselves from within.

Widows, singles and married women are featured in this book and it explains how they turn challenges they face into opportunities of success.

# 1

## WIDOWS IN THE COMMUNITY



**I**N most African communities, widows were inherited by the brother of the deceased. This tradition has however changed over a period of time. Still, widow inheritance exists in some communities that hold their traditions and culture strongly.

In this time and day most women would not want to be inherited because of issues like health and economy. Most women have become independent through women liberation. They have the ability to freely participate in all areas of life and to see to it that their children get all basic needs. A woman makes sure that she gets all she wants; she goes through thick and thin to make ends meet. She takes good care of her children. No child with a mother will suffer unlike the children who are left to the widower. Men who empathize with their children prefer that they die earlier than their wives because they are unable to take care of the children like women.

Most widows end up being intimate with men who are more sensitive and are good comforters because they are lonely. The widow needs someone to give her comfort and keep her company; a substitute of the lost love caused by death. She desires someone to fill the emptiness in her heart, someone to talk to and exchange words with. Lovely moments with someone who will make her forget the past. She also needs quiet moments with someone to help her release her stress and to help her carry the load of her responsibilities. In addition, she needs one who can give her security and protection in times of hardships and danger posed by an external intruder.

Sometimes children left with the widower suffer a great deal; they suffer beyond measure. It is sad and also absurd to see these innocent children end up suffering under the care of cruel and brutal step mothers. One may be tempted to inflict pain to the root cause of the children's anguish, in this case the stepmother.

I recall an incident in school when a teacher brought a girl of about four years old who had been brutally beaten by her aunt. She had marks all over her body that displayed the extent of the beating. The worst of it all were

the marks on her private parts. No one understood how brutal the lady was to an innocent child to go to such an extent. Since the girl was light skinned the red-like hot iron marks were so conspicuous. The sight was appalling it left us shocked and frightened. We carried out an investigation to find the cause of the beating: only to find out that it was because she wets her bed at night. This was not a reason to subject the child to such pain and suffering. We also discovered that the child was forced to sleep on the verandah at night. She could have frozen to death were it not for God's mercy. We left the head teacher's office wondering how the child was rescued.

A class seven boy was regularly absent from school. We never knew what the boy was going through until when his stepmother came to report that the boy had been missing for a whole week. The boy was left under the care of the stepmother when he was very young. Fortunately, she had made the effort of sending the boy to school. During the holidays and weekends the boy did manual work and all the money he earned was taken by the stepmother. After a day's manual work, he was asked to do house hold chores. The other children were either away from home enjoying themselves or playing around the compound.

We found out later that the boy's stepmother mistreated the boy to the advantage of her children. Sometimes the boy could go without food; to add salt to injury she always scolded him. She described him as lazy, incompetent and a slow thinker. She always told him that he could not match up to the other children. The boy was so much traumatized that he wished he did not exist. Thoughts of how he could kill his stepmother soon engulfed his mind.

He could not take the torture anymore. One day after work as usual, he asked for food. The lady told him to go to his mother's grave and ask her for food. The boy cried the whole day and that triggered him to pack and go to another home where he worked to sustain his life. That was the end

of his school life. If you were in the boy's shoes, what would you have done?

No one's compassion can compare to that of mother. Who welcomes a child from school better than a mother? A mother does so much for a child, she cleans, washes cloths, nurses the child when sick, prepares the child for school in the morning, prepares food for the family, protects the child from bullies when he or she is still young. A mother thinks about a child's welfare when she is far away from home. A moment does not lapse without the mother thinking about her child, the child will always be in the mother's thoughts and deeds.

I am the first born in our family. I was born a normal child but as fate had it, I got a polio attack at the age of four. This left my left leg completely deformed. I grew up crawling and limping; like a buffalo that had broken its leg after being chased by an old lion.

In 1968 my brother, our second born, was diagnosed with epilepsy. My grandmother and mother moved from place to place seeking treatment for him. I was left at home under the care of relatives. My father's tight work schedule as a police officer could not allow me to stay with him.

However, there were no major problems then, we led simple lives. We lived in family *Manyattas* back then. That same year there was a graduation ceremony of the Moran's of the clan at *Enkoigutuma*. My elder uncle who was in charge of the family *Manyatta* attended the graduation. During the ceremony there was a heavy down pour and as he helped the girls cross the river he drowned. As a result of this misfortune our family *Manyatta* scattered.

By then my mother and grandmother were away but a few family members stuck together. My father who was less responsible could not be patient to wait for my mother to come back. He made no effort towards trying to give my mother moral and financial support. He made it look like my mother was a hindrance towards him marrying another wife. He immediately

married a second wife whom he brought home to stay with me. This was the beginning of a long road of torture as my days, months and years became longer.

One hardly had any solid food since milk, meat and blood was our staple food. We lived at Poroko then and my father worked at Kilgoris Police Line. After milking the cows, my mother's co-wife went straight to Kilgoris where my father was. One day she decided that she would not give me milk. After milking the cows, she tied the calabashes containing the milk on the rafters of the roof. She then left and spent the whole day away. I was physically challenged so reaching the milk was not an easy task. I had to stay without food until around two thirty p.m. I felt the heat inside my stomach as it rumbled with emptiness. I was weak and did not want to do anything at all. Were it not for my uncle's wife; I do not know what my fate would have been. My aunt found me lying down in the house and asked me what the problem was. I told her what had happened and she immediately gave me some milk.

On another occasion I went to a neighbor's house and it begun raining heavily in the afternoon. After the rain I was offered a small cup of tea because it was cold that evening. The neighbor asked me to watch over the cattle which were grazing nearby. She pointed out where I should stay; on a raised ground so that I could see the animals properly going to the maize plantation and alert her. Because of my leg, I could not meet her expectation. She came out of the house and found that the cattle had already strayed and gone to the garden. I dearly paid for the cup of tea she had offered. She whipped me ruthlessly with a stick until I saw stars.

That same year I started school at Poroko Primary School. There was a certain boy who always molested me during lunch time on my way home. Since my mother was not around, I had no one else to share my fears with. For this reason, I silently suffered.

In 1969 I was moved to Kilgoris. My grandmother joined me after leaving my mother in their home area. Life was fair for a while since my

grandmother loved me and I loved her too. However, she was not so much concerned with my cleanliness. She was interested with my health and feeding. I do not remember a single day she ate something without sharing it with me.

I joined class one in 1972 though pre-schools were unheard of unlike today. I vividly remember the head teacher asking my name on the first day. This was another beginning of my road of suffering; I recall without bitterness. School life was good I interacted with other children freely and rarely felt conscious of me being physically handicapped. The students were friendly and they all seemed to be from average families. The biggest challenge I had to deal with was my hygiene. Most children thought that I was an orphan. If you had seen me then, you would probably have thought the same. The school uniform was American khaki both shorts and shirts. I never got around to knowing how to do my washing well enough. I went to school barefooted just like the other children. My leg was very rough; it had cracks and scales from the toes to the ankle. You would have thought I was a reptile undergoing evolution.

My leg cracked until it bled and the pain I felt became unbearable. Sometimes I was left behind crying because of the pain. On our way to school, we passed a tall wire, Kikuyu grass and bushes which rubbed the cracks. I could not stand the pain anymore. The sting brought about by my bleeding legs culminated on the days that I had to go to school without food. My father - who seemed to have no sense of responsibility- was transferred to Soy and never sent us money for buying food. Most of our cows were not lactating and therefore milk was not enough for me to drink as I went to school. That meant me going the whole day having eaten nothing.

Teachers those days were very strict. They checked our grooming daily; I remember I was in class four at that time. We used to go for parade in the afternoon before we went back to class. Boys removed their shirts and the chests remained bare. The teacher went round the parade checking one

pupil after another inspecting for dirt. When the teacher approached the person close to me, my heart raced and my pulse started nursing the blood. I was always whipped because my back and chest were always dirty. I kept wondering if the situation would have been different if my mother was around.

I was not an orphan but I went through life as one. My parents are still alive to this moment as I write this. Mothers have a vital role in the upbringing of children than men. I give credit to the widows who have raised their children well on their own.

What are some of the secrets widows use in bringing up their children and holding up their families? Why are children raised by widows prone to success? Why is it that children brought up by a single mother or a widow alone become stellar heroes?

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