

Journey of Self-Discovery

Student's Name:

Institution:

Journey of Self-Discovery

I was troubled in my junior high school years. However, I could not point to a single issue in my life that troubled me. I was brought up in a single parent family and my father was the only person, who gave me his care and attention. Unfortunately, my mom was away during my better part of my youth. My father had taken me to school, paid my school fees and given me all the love, encouragement and love I needed to keep me moving. Despite all this, I felt there was a voice within me that hurt me. I sometimes ignored it, but at one point I could not take it anymore. I decided to face my troubles and live at peace with my conscience. I guessed it was lack of mother's attention that caused such state of mind. Her absence troubled me and affected me psychologically.

My father usually left me at home with our house keeper, and most of the time I spent my time with him. I owe everything I know to Andy; our house help. Andy was responsible for cleaning of the house, general arrangement, cooking and tidying up the garden and our compound. I spent with him my leisure. Rarely did I go out or to the neighborhood to play with other children. Father was harsh and could not allow that at any given time. I had to be humble and respect his decision. I wondered why while some children at school talked about their mothers, my mother was not there with us. She occasionally came to visit but never spend a night with us.

Similarly, she only came around on weekends in the afternoon when the father was not around. It bothered me what was happening but whom would I ask? Father was so strict, and I figured out for myself that such inquiries will only land me in trouble. I did not want to get in the bad books with a parent that single-handedly took care of my fees, personal effects and brought food to the table. He was a god to me; without whom my life would come to an extreme end.

This silence continued from my tender age at four all the way to when I was 16 years old. I dared not cross the line and ask unnecessary questions. However, deep inside me, the curiosity was killing me. I wanted to break the ice, but the repercussions made me recoil into my cocoon.

When I was 12, father married another woman, and I had a stepmother. She served as a mother figure in the house, and I quickly coped with her. I had no problems with her, unlike the dreaded stories I had heard from friends and read in books. I had been told that step-mothers were cruel and some would even pour hot water on you when in range. I consider myself lucky that I had one that would even pack lunch for me to have at school and pay me a visit when at school. I had no problem with her. I was sad that no one had explained to me why the mother had left. Father had decided to keep silent regarding the issue.

My mother did not want to talk about it as well. I wondered why they both never wanted to talk about it. Wasn't I entitled to hearing their side of the story? So, I kept guessing what had transpired between my biological parents. At first, I blamed the mother for not holding on and sorting the issue, she may have with the father. On some other occasions, I blamed dad. The worst was when I turned the blame to myself. I sometimes thought that I was the cause of all the disagreement that led to their separation. As a child, these thoughts made me feel guilty and affected me both at school and in my interaction with friends.

I felt I was not like the rest of my peers. I felt that I had a major part of my life missing and there was nothing I could do about it. There is nothing as bad as guilt and lacking purpose in life. The feeling that you are not of value and useless was eating me from within. It filled me with bitterness against not only my parents but the society as a whole. I was determined to find out my story from whatever credible source. Moreover, I wanted to know why I had been kept in the dark for such a long period.

I talked to different relatives and friends to either my father or my mother as I wanted to find more about my past. While their stories were similar, one thing was clear; my family had lived in seclusion that people barely knew anything about us. My father's rule that I should stay indoors and concentrate on my studies seemed to run deep. It had not started now. I learned that that was father's character and I had to live with it either way.

Growing in bitterness I joined scouting in a bid to discover whom I was and why all the said misfortunes had befallen me of seemingly all the people in school and around me. While in scouting, we learnt values such as respect, endurance, compromising and integrity. Just like in the army and in the military, we had a team leader. We were taught to take instructions without questioning their source. Later I appreciated those instructions, however much they seemed outrageous, they were for the betterment of the troop.

I learnt through scouting activities that the results mattered most. If actions were done with the intention to have a positive effect on the society, then the means used can be compromised. I participated in planting trees along the roads without obtaining any legal license from the authorities. The trees still stand today despite being planted without permission. We participated in the voluntary cleaning of streets despite the town was hiring cleaners to do the job. Such activists had an impact on my life. They helped me reflect on my past and appreciate the otherwise bad history I thought my life had.

Furthermore, activities such as hiking, camping, fishing and community service helped me interact with people from different backgrounds. I appreciated the different lives that people live. I experienced what a forgiving mind could do. All I needed to do was to step out and interact with the society. Serve people in various capacities and receive personal fulfilment and gratitude. Above all, the scouting motto that we should be prepared made me embrace life with

courage and be equipped for whatever comes my way. I had to make out the best of every situation and resource I had not only for myself but for the community too.

I appreciated that although I had the right to be told what transpired in our family, the information would not be any beneficial to me. It would just be that; information. On the esteem, it would break my emotions even more. Moreover, at a critical look, I evaluated my conscience and discovered that the reason I needed an explanation was not for gratitude. I needed the explanation back then so that I can have someone to blame. I needed someone I could vent my anger on. Looking back, I understand why I had felt that way. Now I appreciate my experience in scouting that shaped my character and gave me a purpose for life.