

# November 2 1963 – A day of double blessings, celebration

**BUSINESS** executive and former newspaper editor Kaizer Mabhilidi Nyatumba has released his seventh book, *Incomplete Without My Brother, Adonis*.

When Adonis was brutally murdered in the Pretoria area in June 2009, Nyatumba was shattered, his life changed irrevocably and a part of him died with Adonis. He has yet to come fully to terms with his and the family's loss. A private man, Nyatumba bares his soul about the pain.

Nyatumba says they were twins of a special kind, very special brothers, the closest of friends and each other's confidantes.

And they had so much in common – as they were born on the same day, their mothers were sisters, they were inseparable when they grew up, they were the first graduates in the extended family and, as the eldest male children, they were the people that the family looked up to and depended upon for leadership and guidance.

They shared everything – well, almost everything – with each other and knew each other's deepest secrets.

We publish the first of three excerpts from *Incomplete Without My Brother, Adonis*, which retails for R360 and can also be purchased on Amazon.

**ON November 1 1963, Sophie and Mariah suffered intermittent labour pains of fairly identical intensity.**

The family knew that it was now a matter of time before the long-awaited babies made their arrival. The two sisters' mother, Semia Shakoane, had her hands full and she prayed that her daughters would not give birth at the same time so that she would be able to give each one of them her full attention.

She was a concerned mother when she went to bed that night, hoping that neither grandchild would choose to arrive at night.

Shakoane's prayers were answered. In the morning of November 2 1963, just as the men were going to work.

Mariah was resting on the grass-woven mat with her baby boy in her lap, she was told that her elder sister had just gone into labour.

Wow, she thought, so we were going to give birth on the same day after all.

A smile lit up on here face as she wondered about the



resses, lovingly in her arms, Shakoane repeated the exercise that she had done earlier with her other grandson: she counted his toes and his fingers.

She was filled with enormous happiness. She had just been blessed with two grandsons, and both looked fine and healthy. This one, too, had 10 fingers and 10 toes.

Shakoane's joy knew no boundaries. This was a major cause for celebration. Comfortable that her daughters and their sons were in good health in their respective houses, she went outside and ululated:

"Li-li-li-li-li-li-li!"

"The Nyatumba and Motha families have been blessed with wonderful sons today [November 2 1963], and the Nkambule and Shakoane families with wonderful grandsons. My first daughter and my last daughter have given me grandsons today."

In order to avoid mixing the children up, the two boys remained with their respective mothers.

It was when their fathers, Silverton Nyatumba and Johannes Motha, returned from their places of work that the boys were named.

In honour of his good friend Kaizer Mokoena, with whom he worked on the farm, Silverton named his son Kaizer Mfana Nyatumba and Johannes named his Elnhus Mfana Motha

## Incomplete Without My Brother, Adonis



A moving biography of business executive and former newspaper Editor Kaizer Nyatumba, which tells of his close relationship with his brother Adonis from childhood until the latter's brutal murder

**Kaizer Mabhilidi Nyatumba**

Tebe-tebe, a SiSwati word was upset, Elphus smiled all the time, barely showing any contrary emotions.

was upset, Elphus smiled all the time, barely showing any contrary emotions.