

# Non-Fiction Excerpt Sample

An Extract from the Memoir, *Accepting Motherhood*.

“One of the earliest things I remember about myself is being called ‘Charity’ by my dad. I earned that name because I cared for everyone, familiar or strange alike. Cared about people's feelings, shared everything I had howbeit with a ruler or measuring tape I hand (I laugh at the memory of this). I always apologized on behalf of others and put myself on the line. Basically, I just loved and cared quite passionately for others even as a child.

I remember wanting to organize things at every opportunity. Hosting imaginary events for the real and the imagined. I wouldn't hesitate to use my parents' finest crystal and fine bone China in my self-acclaimed hosting parties. The drama skits I pulled off at home. I always loved serving, and some may say to my detriment. In hindsight, with the knowledge I have gained, and the things God has been teaching and showing to me – I realize none of it was never in error or coincidence. Rather it always had more to do with purpose. Accepting this has unlocked a level of peace I had never known before.

I had a great relationship with my dad. I believe this relationship was particularly responsible in building my healthy self-esteem, confidence, and independence. By the time I was 17 I had a full picture of the businesses I'd want to own, down to industry and brand names, and no-one could tell me otherwise. That measure of confidence seeped into how I interacted with people. With the way I was raised I've always found it easy to be content with a lot or a little because we had to live through plenty and moderate comfort in different seasons. But it was always with a lot of joy and love. I've never been one to desperately chase after what one may term vanities.

I remember that writing has always been an escape for me through every season of my life. When my best friend abandoned me for another best friend in the first year of secondary school; I was bombed, and I wrote an abstract story to rant and let out my hurt. It helped then; it still helps now. The only difference is I am no longer that petty. I also know that from the earliest time, as early as I could muster the courage to ask with intention; I've always loved the kitchen, cooking, baking, plating, hosting parties and giving out food.

These things give me great joy - as my love for crystal and fine China remain. In the early days of enterprise, about a month after graduating secondary school, I started to sell pastries, that is, cupcakes, pasties, donut holes etc., which I made at home. I sold them out a of little Red Riding hood-type basket around my neighborhood, with no sense of accounting or accountability - oh the innocence of it, running an enterprise on sheer passion and charity with my dad as a full-time sponsor. Eventually, he did advise

me on bookkeeping and inventory, as well as keeping a credit book when he realized how serious I was about it.”