

# WE FAILED IN OUR RESPONSIBILITY TO OUR CHILDREN OUT OF CARELESSNESS

I received a long mail from an unknown elderly woman few days back and it was so touching. She requested I put it up here for everyone to read and learn from.

I wake up in pain everyday and wish everyday and I pray the next time I open my eyes, I should find myself in the world beyond and not here on earth. I came across your different posts yesterday and felt I could share my secret with you and may be if I did, my story may help one or two parents who read your posts. I got married at the age of 24 years to my husband who was a medical practitioner just like I was. We both focused on our career and of course were both successful in all we did but not in our parenting our own flesh and blood. We had two children, Kunle the first and Tola the second. Kunle was a very inquisitive boy and asked questions on everything. He even had a nickname "the examiner". His father and I got tired of his questions that we started locking up the door to our bedroom once we came back from work. How I wish I knew better, how I wish I read those posts of yours then.

By the time Kunle was four years old, he was much more intelligent than his colleagues and he was so lively, you would never have a dull moment with him. He loved his sister so much and we were always proud of him. His father and I were so sure Kunle was also going to become a medical doctor just like we were.

We loved our children so much and had plans to give them the best of everything although we were always busy and were not always at home because of the nature of our job. This made us hire a nanny and we also had one of my brothers' in-law with us. One day, I came back from work very tired and my son ran into my room with me and asked, "why do you always close your door anytime you and daddy are in the room?" "Do you like kissing my daddy?" "Why don't you kiss me too?"

I got so upset with him that I beat him severely and reported him to his teacher the next day. We believed some of his friends were already exposed and may be watched bad movies at home. By the end of that term, we withdrew Kunle and Tola from the school.

We did not allow him and his sister watch the television at home and also stopped them from visiting their friends and neighbors. We did all this to preserve our children's sanity but hardly did we know what was happening right under our roof.

Some two years later, I got home unusually early to pick up a document. I noticed the door was not shut and everywhere was quiet. I sneaked in to give my children a playful surprise when I realized that their uncle and nanny were in the sitting alongside with my children watching pornography. I hate remembering that day. Not only were they watching pornography, but they were all naked, practicing what they were watching.

I drove out the nanny and my brother in-law but the seed was already planted. When I was crying, my six year old son came to me and said, mummy why are you crying, uncle and aunty are only teaching us how to be good mummy and daddy. I was shocked as I never even knew that this had been going on for

over two years and my children had been indoctrinated into this messy life style at their tender ages.

We never realized the impact this had had on their lives until we caught both of them having sexual intercourse on uncountable occasions. Tola and Kunle did not only continue with this but became obsessed with each other. Their father and I kept this as our "little secret" as we were well known in our career. We tried correcting them in love with tears streaming down our faces whenever we caught them in the act. They promised us they were going to change. We had had done two abortions for our daughter, since we could not face the stigma of incest.

On a fateful day, Tola walked up to her father and I and told us she was pregnant for Kunle again. Her father insisted on an abortion as usual but this time we lost our twenty year old

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daughter in the process. Kunle on learning Tola had died never spoke to neither his father nor I again. He eventually left home. Three months after he left home, we received a call from a hospital telling us our son was in a terrible state in their ICU. When we got there, Kunle was lying unconscious. He had poisoned himself.

Finally, he got conscious and we were so happy, he looked at us as we sat by his bedside and told us how much he hated us for killing his sister. We pleaded with him and apologized. We got to the hospital the next day to see his corpse; he had suffocated himself by removing his oxygen mask. I am now 74 years old and a widow, my husband could not forgive himself and died of depression three years ago. I regret my years of ignorance every day. I wish I could start afresh. I have never opened up my family "little secret" up till today. I don't know if my story can be of help to other parents, I am tired of carrying this burden without telling a soul. I am happy I finally surmounted the courage to open up to someone today. Oh, my life is a great mess. Kindly do me a favour of publishing this in your Magazine page for parents to learn how expensive their actions today could be tomorrow.

