

MY SHIKSHA STORY



Neetu's Grandmother, Mission Education Centre – Bangalore

"Poverty is terrible. After my husband's death, life took a devastating turn. The day I did not get any work, my children did not have anything to eat. When I suffered from measles and lost my eye, I couldn't afford even a single dose of medicine for myself. I could not work for a few days during that period and I remember how all of my children starved. When you are hungry, everything is delicious. My children survived eating expired bread offered to us by a local shopkeeper. For poor people, even one-time food is a lucky thing.

I thought I was blessed to see my two sons grow, get married and have children. But once again, sorrow broke me. The death of my sons and their wives took away all my hopes and happiness. Once again, destiny brought me to the same place I was when my husband died. Today, if I don't get any work, my grand-daughter does not get anything to eat. This time, I am older, weaker and blind by one eye. But I have started working again to build a world where there is no hunger or fever for my grand-child."