

## Journey to the Mother Land

Written by Denisha Richardson  
Wednesday, 09 July 2014 14:28

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Early in 2011, I left my home in east Bloomington for South Africa to pursue my Master's degree at the University of Cape Town (UCT).

The night prior to my travels, for the first time I was consumed with immense fear and anxiety. I pushed through my frights and within three connecting flights and a seven-hour layover in Abu Dhabi, I had crossed the threshold –customs into Mama Afrika. The agent, whom I identified as Black, which I soon learned was indeed Coloured, looked at my passport, looked at me and said "Welcome *home*." With those two words all of my previous worries drifted away. While driving to my new digs – Capetonian lingo for home – near my school's campus, I was amazed, startled and very jet-lagged. I marveled at high glorious mountains, good infrastructure, beautiful two-story homes and hundreds of shacks made of tin, wood and even plastic.



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Blindness, they have been able to find a way to change the way they interact with society and to