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Endleleni: Political activism of Winnie Madikizela-Mandela as pastoral caregiving

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Abstract

Winnie Madikizela-Mandela is one of the most contentious figures in South African history. Some viewed the ex-wife of President Mandela affectionately as the "mother of the nation" for her leadership during the apartheid era, and for her work in the townships of Soweto. Others viewed her as a villain connected to the controversial death of 14-year-old Stompie Seipei Moeketsi. Scholars write about her role as an activist, usually from the perspective of her social work career. This article seeks to adopt a totally different stance, where the focus shifts to her life as an activist mother, particularly in relation to caregiving. It uses a pastoral theological lens in combination with the *endleleni* metaphor. The latter, which is the amaXhosa metaphor meaning "on the road", will be explored in more detail in the article. The indigenous storytelling methodology will be employed using the lived experiences of Nomzamo Madikizela-Mandela and my own story to answer the question: "Considering the metaphor of *endleleni*, to what extent is the role of Winnie Madikizela-Mandela as an activist mother an attribute of pastoral caregiving?" It is noteworthy to mention that a strong communal sense has an influence on the telling and writing of stories in black communities. If one comes from a background where the individual is inherently part of the communal, that perspective will affect how one tells the story.

Keywords

Winnie Madikizela-Mandela; activist mother; imbokodo; community social pastoral caregiving; endleleni

Introduction and background

> Never, never, and never again shall it be that this beautiful land will again experience the oppression of one by another and suffer the

> indignity of being the skunk of the world. Let freedom reign. The sun shall never set on so glorious a human achievement![1]

Madikizela-Mandela felt the brunt of apartheid like many non-white South Africans. She shared this joy and determination to never again be oppressed as under apartheid. Apartheid was a system of racial discrimination. It was the imposed segregation of black, coloured, Indian, and white people in government, the economy, the labour market, and education; it also determined where one may live, work, and even whom one may marry (cf. Mhlauli, Salani and Mokotedi 2015). Segregation was used to legitimise social and economic inequalities in every sphere of life (Beinart & Dubow 1995). Under these policies, South Africa experienced a dark period characterised by political and socio-economic turmoil and struggle against this dispensation, like the women's march on 9 August 1956 to the Union Buildings in Pretoria to protest the detested dom pass[2] legislation (Makhubu 2016: XX).

Scholars and activists such as Gasa (2007), Joseph (1986), Walker (1992), and others, wrote extensively about the events of 9 August 1956. Women of different races from across South Africa participated in one of the most celebrated and remembered marches in South African history (Makhunga 2014) where they presented a petition.[3] Along the way, the women carried their babies on their backs, while some of them came with the white children they cared for. Winnie was there, not as Nelson Mandela's wife, but as Zanyiwe Madikizela, the fighter. They protested the apartheid government's proposal to amend the Urban Areas Act of 1923, including the extension of existing pass laws to women. This would have had a profound effect on the lives of black women (Miller, 2011). It is worth noting that the black women from the former homelands of Transkei and Ciskei, whose husbands worked in cities like Johannesburg and Cape Town, could not

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1 Excerpt from Nelson Mandela's inaugural speech delivered 10 May 1994. [Online]. Available: https://www.gov.za/statement-president-african-national-congress-nelson-mandela-his-inauguration-president-democratic

2 The identity document designed by the apartheid government to restrict black South Africans from freely moving around the country.

3 For a description of the petition of 1956, please see https://www.sahistory.org.za/article/1956-womens-march-pretoria

visit their husbands, breaking up family units – something Madikizela-Mandela knew all too well.

During the course of their journey, they sang: "Wathint' abafazi, Strijdom! wathint' imbokodo, uza kufa!"[4] ("Strijdom you will die").[5] The death of Strijdom symbolised the apartheid system, for which he stood. This slogan is close to the hearts of many black women, personally and politically. Clark, Mafokoane and Nyathi (2019:69) explain the metaphor of *imbokodo* as "one of strength, endurance and resilience". The rock says, "[W]e are solid in what we see and name as injustice and we are solid in our stand for justice". The slogan represents invincibility. Nzimande (2008) defines "imbokodo" as an isiZulu and isiXhosa word that means "rock". It is derived from a popular African proverb, "Wathint' Abafazi, Wathint' Imbokodo!", which became a resistance song symbolising the courage and strength of women in African societies.

This slogan is challenged by the younger female generation of activists; however, it is beyond the scope of this article to explore this further. *Imbokodo* as a stone symbolises the spirit of Africa, as does the coral tree, a tree on which flowers bloom even when there are no leaves. In the budding lurks a spirit of resilience which, in my opinion, represents the African spirit of black women who continue to fight beyond the grave. The people of South Africa inherited a spirit that cannot be extinguished by any dehumanising ideology: the communality and spirit of *ubuntu*.

Imbokodo does not mean no vulnerability, no pain, and no falling; it symbolises something that cannot die, the African spirit. African people live beyond death, and are called *izinyanya*, or *amadlozi* in isiZulu (ancestors), who are connected to the living and the environment. The baton is passed on to the living, watched over by the cloud of witnesses as they continue to fight what was not won.

Endleleni symbolises resilience, bravery, strength, and not the destination but the experience of the not-yet-home. It comes from the isiXhosa proverb: "Amaqobokazana angalala endleleni yazini kunyembelekile". *Amaqobokazana* means "young maidens". They are called *amaqobokazana*,

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4 Translated it reads: "Strike women, Strydom! Strike women strike a rock, you will die".

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not because of their age, but because of the importance of the mission they are embarking on. When these young maidens sleep endleleni something valuable is at stake, hence the warning: "Balala be bambe umkhonto ngobukhali" ("they sleep holding the spear with the sharp edge") (Penxa-Matholeni 2020a). Chilisa (2012:133) points out that, "In proverbs and metaphors, we find philosophical and theoretical frame-works in which we can ground research that draws from the value systems of the communities to inform program interventions that address the needs of the people". I propose that the metaphor of *endleleni* expresses the notion not of a place that brings us to the end, but one that invites all fellow travellers – women of ALL classes and races in South Africa, as in 1956; women in the Circle of Concerned African Women Theologians (Circle) – to collaborate and look beyond our reality to another unknown reality. The metaphor places us in a migratory position, where we are all unsettled, and home is strange (Penxa-Matholeni 2020a).

The above paints a brief picture of where the women of South Africa come from. Moreover, Penxa-Matholeni (2020a) says that this metaphor is a reminder that African black women have not been confined to private spaces but have excelled in and owned public spaces too. They have not been silent, even though in today's political arena they are not explicitly recognised. The struggle icon Winnie Madikizela-Mandela refused to be silenced.

Self-praise or identity stories

> Schools, colleges, churches, and universities in Africa are sites for reproduction of coloniality. We so far don't have African universities. We have universities in Africa. They continue to poison African minds with research methodologies and inculcate knowledges of equilibrium. These are knowledges that do not question methodologies as well as the present asymmetrical world order. In decoloniality, research methods and research methodologies are never accepted as neutral but are unmasked as technologies of subjectivation if not surveillance tools that prevent the emergence of another-thinking, another-logic, and another-

> world view. Research methodologies are tools of gatekeeping (Ndlovu-Gatsheni 2015: n.d).

This section sketches the stories of two black women of different eras and generations, yet with the same wounds and pain. The main story is that of amaMpondo princess Winnie Madikizela, as perceived by me, the author of this article. The rationale behind using our stories – the stories of two black women – is because black Africans have a strong communal sense. Therefore, it affects how one tells and writes about the stories of black communities.

Self-locating is a phrase used in research and many qualitative approaches. In feminist methodologies, researchers are encouraged to locate themselves and share personal aspects of their own experiences with the research participants. Self-location thus ensures that individual realities are not misrepresented as generalisable collectives.

Chilisa (2020:198) mentions that "self-praise or identity stories" are cherished attributes in most African cultures where they are told or taught. This form of self-locating tells the self-story in relation to the individual's history and family tree, which are valued attributes of the family lineage. Chilisa explains that the definition of the self is related to the environment, its people, animals, birds, and vegetation. These stories define a person's complete existence and mark their self-identity without divorcing a person from their relations. They help the researcher to understand the participants, their values, and self-image (Chilisa 2020).

This article extends these self-praise stories beyond the participants to the researchers themselves, but also adds *iziduko*[6] (Bam, Ntsebeza & Zinn 2018). This will enable the readers to understand the relationship between the researcher and the phenomena and participants. This kind of self-locating is important when decolonising research. It places the researchers within the story of the participants. It allows the researchers and the participants to be understood as they define themselves in relation to others around them. In understanding the social reality, a person cannot be divorced from relationships with the living, the living dead, and the environment.

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6 *Iziduko* are clan names.

The self-location in this text is replaced by self-praise, or identity stories, which go deeper than self-location to encompass lineage.

My interpretation of Madikizela-Mandela's story may differ from how Winnie herself may have interpreted her own story. However, these stories carry the hurt of the painful history of black South African women, highlighting the many trying experiences black South African women endured during apartheid and post-apartheid. The wounds this era inflicted brought these stories together in this text. As I write and analyse Mama Winnie's story, I am making sense of my own pain and story of being a black woman in South Africa. Let me begin with the Princess of abaThembu, Nomzamo Zanyiwe Madikizela (MamMlungwana, Ngutyana, iMpondokazi)[7], the daughter of Columbus Madikizela and Gertrude Mzaidume. This will be further explained in detail later in this article. However, it is important to locate her as a spiritual being as well. Mama's spiritual home was Meadowlands Methodist Church in Soweto, where she spent her last days worshipping God. The Methodist Church of Southern Africa (2018: n.p.) wrote the following tribute when she died in April 2018:

Despite the fact that Mama Winnie was neither infallible nor without her fair share of controversy, she remains engraved in collective folklore as both a woman of fortitude and humility in her commitment to God, her Church, and the Christian principles which she lived out. In addition to being a political leader of her beloved ANC in her own right, Mama Winnie remained an ardent and loyal member of the Methodist Church of Southern Africa (MCSA) to her last days spent in worship during the Easter services at the Meadowlands Methodist Church in Soweto, her spiritual home and place of worship. Mama's inspirational legacy heralded the strength of a proud Black woman ahead of her times, a fierce patriot who served her country and her people with distinction and courage, unparalleled tenacity and a consistent ideological conviction which allowed her to venture where angels fear to tread. She survived situations that were unthinkable and fatal to many. We honour her memory and her legacy that will live on forever. She has left the mantle of leadership for the new generation to fashion according to the dictates of our present times.

7 Mama Winnie's clan names.

Mama Winnie wore her *manyano*[8] uniform with pride. This is the most important aspect of any black South African churchgoing woman. I find it fascinating to see that the church cannot divorce her from her calling as an activist. She was not only a symbol of the struggle, but she was also a symbol of hope for many women at the church.

Despite the age difference, there are resounding similarities between myself and Madikizela-Mandela. We are both amaXhosa, from the province of the Eastern Cape, formerly known as the Transkei, and we both experienced the violence and brutality of apartheid, albeit to different degrees. However, there are also some dissimilarities between us. For instance, I furthered my education in Cape Town, while Madikizela-Mandela continued hers in Johannesburg. I am the second last born and the last girl child of ten children, and she was the sixth of eleven children.

My clan's name is maMbathane; I am a daughter of Ntoyi Penxa and Tizana Mtshakazana. My mother (Tizana) was a daughter of aMandlane, oTutuse, oNomdimba, oNtlokwana ibanzana.[9] This is the short version of my family tree, which also branches out on both sides, to which I am connected. Hebrews 12:1 (NIV), which reads: "Therefore, since we are surrounded by such a great cloud of witnesses, let us throw off everything that hinders and the sin that so easily entangles, let us run with perseverance the race marked out for us …" comes alive when I think of the great cloud of witnesses that I am connected to as an umXhosa woman. This is the world from where I will be interpreting this text from.

Methodology

> [I]if we fail to recognize the ways in which subjective factors such as race, class and gender influence the construction of knowledge we are unlikely to interrogate established knowledge which contributes to the oppression of marginalized and victimized groups (Elabor-Idemudia 2002:230).

8 Gatherings of women department in certain township churches and are distinguished by their dress code

9 Clan names of my ancestors.

In a conversation called "Starting from the marginalized lives" between Hirsh and Olson (1995:194) and the philosopher of science, Sandra Harding, it was asserted that objectivity is fully utilised not by excluding social factors from the construction of knowledge, as the Western scientific method has claimed, but beginning the process of investigation from the lived experiences of those who have been excluded from the production of knowledge, namely women and black (South) Africans. Dube (2004) agrees saying that reading the Bible from the margins is to cling to God amidst struggles and oppression, as Jesus demonstrated in parables, echoing the lives of the poor and marginalised like tax collectors and prostitutes. Therefore, as mentioned previously, my point of departure is the lived experiences of Winnie Madikizela-Mandela along with some of my own unique experiences.

Dube (2004) points out that in colonised spaces women not only bore the yoke of colonial oppression (and apartheid), but also of two patriarchal systems imposed on them. Hence, the stories of women in colonised spaces need to be heard. Carter (2003:2) adds, "Her stories exist because of their parts and each part is a story worth telling, worth examining to find the stories it contains." By utilising the indigenous storytelling methodology, this article attempts to narrate the "un-storied story" of Mama Winnie. According to Chilisa (2012), the word "indigenous" refers to a cultural group's ways of perceiving reality, ways of knowing, and the value systems that inform the research process. This definition gives rise to the following questions: How would those colonised "others" define their reality? How can these realities be studied? The ways of seeing reality, the ways of knowing, and the value systems of the colonised "other" are informed by indigenous knowledge and shaped by the struggle to resist and survive the assault on their culture. This is what makes this methodology indigenous.

I propose the use indigenous storytelling as the methodology to study pastoral theology and healing in pastoral care and counselling. This should encompass different kinds of stories, such as those told by the fire (*eziko*)[10], *ingoma*,[11] dances, folktales, legends, clapping of hands, clan names, African

10 Fireplace in the middle, surrounded by people who tells stories.

11 Indigenous songs.

names, and *iintsomi*[12] (mythical stories) (Penxa-Matholeni 2022). Stories are used to collect, deposit, analyse, store, and disseminate information, and as a vehicle of socialisation. Chilisa (2012) notes that indigenous languages and oral literature provide some of the missing chapters on her-stories/hi-stories and experiences of indigenous peoples. This article will use the stories that are told in songs, and the names of Winnie Zanyiwe Nomzamo Madikizela-Mandela, *imbokodo*.[13] The "how" will become clearer as the story unfolds.

The birth of *imbokodo*

> I thought … I come from the Royal house of Pondoland; and suddenly I have lost my identity because of this struggle … I will fight them, and I will establish my own identity. I deliberately did that. I said, I was not going to bask in his shadow and be known as Mandela's' wife: they were going to know me as Zanyiwe Madikizela. I fought for that (Winnie Madikizela-Mandela in Msimang 2018:9).

Zanyiwe Nomzamo was born in the homestead of Madikizela on 26 September 1934. She was the daughter of Columbus Madikizela, a schoolteacher, and her mother, Gertrude Mzaidume, a domestic science teacher. Both her grandmother, Nomathamsanqa Madikizela, and her father were disappointed that another girl had been born (Du Preez Bezdrob 2003:13), as they were hoping for a boy. She was the sixth of eleven children of C.K. Madikizela (Mandela, 1994:249). Growing up, Winnie took great measures to fulfil the role of a tomboy by playing with the other boys in her peer group, practising *ukubetha iintonga*,[14] and setting traps for animals.

Boys are expected to learn and master the sport of *ukubetha iintonga*. It is an ancient African art of profound cultural significance. As a little girl, I watched boys *ebetha iintonga*. "No boy is ever found without his sticks in the rural areas," explains Zim Gamakhulu, who lives in Qunu, the Eastern Cape village of Nelson Mandela's boyhood (in Sidimba 2018: n.p.). A young

12 Transmission of knowledge.

13 Rock.

14 Stick fighting.

umXhosa man who is adept with the sticks wins a lot of respect. One of the first skills that five-year-old Nelson Mandela learnt as a herd boy was stick fighting. In his autobiography, Mandela (1994) mentions that he learnt to stick-fight. Essential knowledge to any rural African boy – and became adept at its various techniques, parrying blows, feinting in one direction, and striking in another, breaking away from an opponent with quick footwork. Winnie learnt this technical skill of *ukubetha iintonga* while tending to her father's cattle. It is significant that she made a point of learning stick fighting, which girls are not expected to learn. However, she learnt it, probably for two reasons, firstly, to show her grandmother and father that she did not need to be a boy to be strong, and secondly, so that she would not be disadvantaged as a woman – indicating the strong, brave person she would become. Mama Winnie's sister said in an interview with Loyiso Sidimba (2018) that stick fighting and herding her father's livestock during her childhood in the village of Mbhongweni in Bizana probably prepared Winnie for a lifetime of opposition to oppression. Indeed, her parents were raising *imbokodo*, and by the time she went to Johannesburg in Gauteng, she was a perfect tool for grinding social injustices.

Storying Winnie as an activist mother

> The tradition of women's energetic struggles in the past has been held up as inspiration and motivation for subsequent generations in their attempts to overthrow apartheid. On the other hand, under closer scrutiny a powerful conservative element emerges as the driving force of these movements. While the women effectively resisted oppression from a ruthlessly coercive state, they were at the same time defending the primacy of their roles as mothers and homemakers. Racial oppression was tackled while traditional gender-defined roles were re-enforced (Wells 1993:1, cited in Gasa 2007:213).

Madikizela-Mandela, a mother and activist, was not immune to this. In her book *491 Days* she describes how the police frequently kicked down the door in the early morning hours and dragged her from her house while her two young daughters (aged 8 and 10) clung to her skirt crying, "!!!mommy! don't go" (2013:232). They would look on in tears as she was bundled in

the back of a police van and detained. To try and spare them, she kept her bag prepared for moments like these. This preparedness for arrests is symbolic – as *amaqobokazana* sleeping *endleleni* holding a spear with a sharp edge. Sisulu (2001:79, cited in Gasa, 2013:207) says, "[I]t had the effect of making the people confident and fearless, prepared to defy the laws, to be prepared to go to jail and meet any situation". It was the beginning of a new situation that even led to a person facing the death penalty with confidence. *Ngamaqobokazana ke lawo!*[15]

This gives rise to the question: How does one reconcile the roles of motherhood and activist? Shahieda Issel (in Russell 1989:66) says that she was strong for her three children and people who trusted her. For Winnie, as an umXhosa mother, more was at stake than her own children. The struggle against apartheid was bigger than her, her royal home, and her famous husband. Her children would not be free while South African Children are not receiving an equal education. Was it a sacrifice? How did she become a mother of the nation if she could not mother her own children? Zenani Mandela, at her mother's funeral aired by NewZroom Afrika channel 405, 2018, answered that question:

> She made the choice that she would raise two families: her personal family and the larger family that was her beloved country. And to her there was no contradiction in this choice because she cherished freedom as much as she treasured her family. She was not prepared to choose between the two. She believed it was her calling to defend and protect both from the constant assaults by the apartheid State.

In a documentary[16] on the topic, Mama Winnie says, "I always wonder to what extent did I give more to the nation at the expense of my children?" (*eMedia Investment* documentary 2021).

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15 Hailing brave women on the mission *endleleni*.

16 An *eMedia Investment* documentary aired by eNCA, a local news channel (Channel 403), in December 2021.

Storying the names of Nomzamo Zanyiwe Madikizela

In the Nguni languages of Southern Africa, personal names are directly linked to the social setting of the owner and the giver of the names, offering a glimpse of their historical, symbolic, and socio-cultural background. The names of black African children are not just names, they tell a story. I believe the naming of a child reflects a person's reality and experiences. Through the name alone, umXhosa relay the situation surrounding the birth of the child and the child's gender. Some names revolve around the birth of a child – the naming is personal to the child. Or they describe the circumstances of the birth of a child, and more generally, the broader situation of the community into which the child was born. Naming practices among isiXhosa-speaking people reflect how people see the world around them, their cultural values, their daily traditions, and what they remember. According to Ngubane (2000:15), African names illuminate the whole traditional culture and give a deeper understanding of people and their way of life. AmaXhosa people are fond of saying, "Ulilandele igama lakhe", meaning "a person follows her/his name" – fulfilling your destiny.

The names *Nomzamo Zanyiwe* both tell a story of struggle. *Zanyiwe* is a girl child's name, indicating that her father and grandmother hoped for a boy, while *Nomzamo* means it was an effort or struggle, which in this case also refers to their efforts for a boy. Ironically, she became the real mother of the struggle and *uzanyiwe* (was tried), literally. Both references to struggle turned out to be prophetic. I find it fascinating that Nomzamo Zanyiwe preferred Zanyiwe to Nomzamo, the name by which she is more commonly known and by which she is introduced in Mandela's autobiography (1994). She stated "… they were going to know me as Zanyiwe Madikizela. I fought for that" (Winnie Madikizela-Mandela, in Msimang 2018:9).

Zanyiwe literally means "the one who was tried". According to Du Preeze-Bezdrob (2003), her birth was a disappointment because she was a girl. In this case, Zanyiwe means they tried to have a boy. Otherwise, it would mean they tried to have a child. According to Mandela (1994), Nomzamo means the one who strives or undergoes trials. According to the context above, it also means the one who strives to have a boy child. Her names have this striving in common, and this became prophetic to her destiny. Her life in Johannesburg was a struggle comprised of numerous trials and

hardships under the apartheid regime. She resisted oppression and fought back with everything she had and became a symbol of the struggle against apartheid.

The Old Testament tells of a female whose name portrayed a great leader. According to Cezula (2021:19), "Deborah is a Hebrew word meaning a bee (BDB). … bees are known for their propensity to get angry and sting when stirred up. The bee is a symbol of pursuit of Israel by the Amorites (Deut. 1:44), of the psalmist by his enemies (Ps. 118:12), and of God's people by God (Isa. 7:18)". If Deborah, the bee, is associated with pursuit in a war situation, and lăppîd is associated with fiery conquering power, it is reasonable to associate Deborah with lightning or flames rather than a wife. Nomzamo Zanyiwe Madikizela kept the name and the light burning for her husband, the country, and the African National Congress (ANC). She became a freedom fighter, a leader, and an activist more than a wife. As a result, she became a controversial figure.

Madikizela-Mandela as a villain

This article does not intend to focus on Winnie's dichotomised life, but to strike a balance between who she was and the disadvantages of standing tall and embracing her uniqueness. Being an extraordinary woman, particularly a black woman, comes with a price. Prof Amba Oduyoye (in Penxa-Matholeni, Boateng & Manyonganise, (2020: xiii) notes:

> … where she (Africa) behaves herself according to prescription and accepts an inferior position, benevolence, which becomes her 'poverty', is assured, and for this she shows herself deeply and humbly grateful. If for any reason she takes it into her head to be self-assertive and claim a footing for equality, then she brings upon herself a frown, she is helped to be divided against herself … a victim who somehow is developing unexpected power and resilience which might be a threat to the erstwhile strong.

She refused to fit in the box for subservient black South African women; as a result, she paid a heavy price. Zanyiwe rebuffed the expectation of being a wife in the shadow of her royal Bathembu family. She fought to establish her identity and leave footprints that the world cannot ignore.

But at what cost? The alleged murder of Stompie Seipei Moeketsi comes to mind, which hung over her like a black cloud until her death. Although different narratives about the events emerged after Winnie's death, at her mother's funeral, Princess Zenani labelled those who came forward too late as cowards who could not tell the truth while she was alive.

Some people believed her to be violent and extremely dangerous, capable of both physical abuse and dangerous political misjudgements (Pohlandt-McCormick 2000). The apartheid state in its desperation built a case against Winnie and other resistance leaders, accusing them of inciting violence in 1976 when high school pupils bulldozed the system of Afrikaans as the medium of teaching and learning (Pohlandt-McCormick 2000).

Many narratives have been constructed around Winnie. From the cacophony of discordant images, one thing emerges clearly: she is a historical actor that is central to the state's official memory and the collective memory of resistance as her famous husband.

Storying Winnie's political activism as social community pastoral caregiving

Dube (2004) observes that the margins are where one grasps God; it is also in the messiness of life and at the margins where one meets God. The activism of Madikizela-Mandela happened at a disorderly time in the margins of South Africa. On the account of the 1976 uprising, she paints the unpleasant picture of the 16th of June 1976, when she says,

> I was there among them; I saw what happened. The children picked up stones, they used dustbin lids as shields and marched towards machine guns. It's not that they don't know that the white man is heavily armed; they marched against heavy machine gun fire. You could smell gunfire everywhere. Children were dying in the street, and as they were dying, the others marched forward facing guns. No one has ever underestimated the power of the enemy. We know that he is armed to the teeth. But the determination, the thirst for freedom in children's hearts, was such that they were prepared to face those machine guns with stones. That is what happens when

> you hunger for freedom, nothing else seems to matter" (Pohlandt-McCormick 2000:609).

She narrates the above with much care, sorrow, and anger towards injustices. Madikizela-Mandela was there as a symbol of hope and care. Social community caregiving is entangled in ritual practices. Furthermore, it is multi-layered, spontaneous, complex, and entwined in the intricacies of culture and the everyday struggles of black Africans. Elsewhere I assert that it is in relationships that spontaneity in caregiving takes place (cf. Penxa-Matholeni 2022). Her caregiving was embodied in the anxieties of black South Africans. Louw (2015:115) reiterates this, saying: "[if] pastoral caregiving does not relate to commonality, communality, connectedness, the everyday struggles, and experiences of humanity for social justice, cannot appeal to black Africans". This is the birth and the beginning of social community caregiving that black Africans can relate to. Madikizela-Mandela took the blow for her community and God's people when the apartheid state exiled her to Brandfort. Social community caregiving is envisaged in the political activism instead of the church, it is born *endleleni* instead of in a formal counselling session. It is administered at the level that transforms conventional pastoral caregiving, where caregiving is not only based on intrapsychic grounds, but understood as an ethical, social, community and political commitment to the creation of a new paradigm that is not one-size-fits-all.

In addition, Yong (2020) asserts that pastoral care can no longer confront human ills only at the individual psychological level but, holistically, must include the transformation of oppressive social structures and systems that create and perpetuate conditions of injustice. She further states that the field of pastoral theology and care is dim-sighted, and structures of oppression prohibit the most marginalised and outcast individuals from being heard, seen, and attended to. Madikizela-Mandela heard, saw, and paid attention to the marginalised in her community. Furthermore, while she was living out her banishment in Brandfort, she established a local gardening collective; a soup kitchen; a mobile health unit; a day care centre; an organisation for orphans and juvenile delinquents; and a sewing club (South African History Online, n.d.). This is caregiving that is marked by connectedness and communality that is enveloped in the

concept of "umntu ngumntu ngabanye" (meaning, "my humanity expires as an individual, but I become human with others").

According to the Ghanaian pastoral theologian, Emmanuel Y. Lartey (2003:115), the above is the point of departure: "[A] theologian should begin from a position of being immersed in the experiences of poverty, marginalization, and oppression". He states that "it is from this position that a theologian tries to understand and articulate the faith". Winnie immersed herself in the experiences of poverty, struggle for social justice in the townships of Johannesburg and in Brandfort where she was banished. She embodied hope and healing from the dark era of South Africa. Her presence in the riots and killing of children of 1976 by police was caregiving.

To illustrate the above point further, let me tell you this story. While working as a pastoral caregiver and HIV support group coordinator, on this particular day, I was alone and wondered what had happened to the members of this group. I phoned one of our lay counsellors to ask if there was a delay at the clinic. She answered, "Don't you know that the members of the support group are also members of the Treatment Action Campaign (TAC)?[17]" She continued, "Aren't you supposed to have gone? I realised then and there that my theological training had not prepared me for this community (my context). Conversely, Madikizela-Mandela knew her context and did what I was supposed to be taught. She embodied community social pastoral caregiving that meets people *endleleni*, in a liminal space.

In my opinion, Mama Winnie's actions demonstrated community social pastoral caregiving, in that she met people where they are – in the midst of brutality and the messiness of township life during apartheid. Likewise, Jesus demonstrated pastoral caregiving that takes place in the margins and in the messiness of human life. He constantly met with the outcasts – "endleleni". He met with the woman by the well, as told in the Gospel of John Chapter 4, and cared for her. He met the woman (Lk 8:43–48) often known as "the woman with the issue of blood" and cared for her. He fed thousands with one loaf and five small fish in Matthew 14:13–21. And

17 TAC fights for access to quality and dignified healthcare services for all, including people living with HIV and AIDS and tuberculosis

again, in Luke 10:30–36, Jesus narrates an instance of community social caregiving in the story of the Good Samaritan. Most of Jesus' caregiving actions took place not in a building, not with an appointment, and not in a structured one-on-one session at the individual level, but *endleleni*. The above are examples of unplanned pastoral care activities. This reveals meeting people where they are at, and attending to their needs, which is evidence of pastoral caregiving.

Similarly, the above is what one sees in the activism of Madikizela-Mandela. She became the face of the ongoing struggle experienced by ordinary citizens, and thereby a symbol of hope, resistance, and, in short, the mother of the nation. Caregiving cannot be one-size-fits-all. This is caregiving without walls, which appeals to black African societies.

Madikizela-Mandela was called the "mother of the nation". In African black societies, being called a "mother" does not refer to age, but to one's role. We know that mothers give birth – they bring and carry life, nurture, care, and discipline, as well as fight and protect their offspring. The African societies viewed her as a 'mother', highlighting what they received from her. That indicates intergenerational care that takes place within black communities. I conclude with the words of Ahmed (2017:2), although I am not a feminist, I couldn't agree more with what she says:

> To live a feminist life is to make everything into something that is questionable. The question of how to live a feminist life is alive as a question as well as being a life question. If we become feminists because of the inequality and injustice in the world, because of what the world is not, then what kind of world are we building? To build feminist dwellings, we need to dismantle what has already been assembled; we need to ask what it is we are against, what it is we are for, knowing full well that this, we are not a foundation but what we are working toward.

Zanyiwe never claimed to be a feminist, but she was confounded by the establishments of the apartheid regime and knew exactly what she was up against and what she was working towards. She was constantly *endleleni*, being a social community caregiver where the apartheid police were shooting young children, at the funerals of activists who were brutally killed, and she provide refuge for those running away from the then South

African police. If the above is not caregiving, then we need a new definition of pastoral caregiving that will accommodate strangers *endleleni* on the way to Emmaus. Fine (2007:4) confirms the above when saying, "[C]are is a complex, contested multi-layered concept that refers not just to actions and activities but to relationships and to attitudes and values about our responsibility for others and for our own being in the world." In my view, care is more complex for black Africans because caring is not structured, but relational, and it has no space. In other words, it is never about activities and actions, but relationships.

The *endleleni* metaphor calls for continuous change and reposturing: This metaphor means that no one hold power, we are all strangers and vulnerable *endleleni*. We have not arrived yet! We are a community that keeps changing, that keeps meeting strangers, and therefore, home is not home, and our position changes from being in control or having power to giving power away. Life is an experience of becoming whole through ongoing learning and healing. That is how I envision pastoral caregiving in black African communities. Therefore, life *endleleni* is messy and embodied.

Conclusion

This article investigated and compared the life experiences of the struggle icon Winnie Madikizela-Mandela with that of a pastoral caregiver using the indigenous storytelling methodology. Foregrounded was that Madikizela-Mandela's attributes are what commonly represent community social caregiving. Further pastoral theological reflections revealed that conventional pastoral caregiving cannot appeal to African people if their everyday struggles and experiences of injustices are not attended to. Therefore, conventional pastoral caregiving is not one-size-fits-all. Another interesting finding is that the *endleleni* metaphor is suitable to place community social pastoral caregiving and any stranger on the road in a migratory position while attempting to alter the status quo. This metaphor does not point to a certain destination, but to the unknown,

where everybody is a stranger and home is foreign to all. Mama Winnie *wawa landela amagama akhe*[18]with her strong fist in the air until her death.

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18 Meaning she followed her names

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