Introduction

There comes a point in life when questions echo so loudly within us that we cannot ignore them. For me, the question has always been: What does man really want? This book is my attempt to wrestle with that question. Through ordinary experiences, silent observations, childhood memories, and the realities of growth, I've come to see that the answer may not be as far as we think. These reflections are not just mine alone. They are pieces of all of us—woven into time, experience, and memory. My hope is that as you read these words, you too will pause, resonate with time, and discover what truly matters.

Chapter One: What Does Man Really Want?

One afternoon, I was asked to take some pepper to a nearby place to blend. In my house, our blender always seemed to have one fault or another. Sometimes it was out for repairs, sometimes it simply refused to work. So this errand was nothing new. As I walked down the street, I reached the blending spot and noticed a long queue of people. It was then I realized it wasn't just me—many others had come too. Machines were breaking down everywhere, and the few that still worked had become lifelines for the community. At one point, one of the engines sputtered and went off mid-grinding. People sighed in frustration but kept waiting, because there was no other option. The attendant eventually had to leave to fetch fuel, leaving us all in silent thought. While we waited, I looked around. Mothers with children, young ladies chatting on their phones, strangers exchanging small talk— people of different ages and backgrounds bound together by one simple task. In that ordinary moment, the question struck me again: What does man really want?

Chapter Two: The Silent Thought

As I stood waiting, my thoughts drifted. I watched children from the neighborhood running, laughing, and playing. Some rolled tyres down the street, while others tied chickens by the leg and dragged them along, turning even mischief into fun. Teenagers came out of their homes, smiling into their not-so-expensive phones, chatting with friends as if life held no burdens. The cool breeze carried sounds of laughter and shouting. The scene reminded me of my own childhood—simple, innocent, and joyful. We did not live in a grand house, but we had a beautiful home. Food prepared with love brought excitement to everyone. We may not have had a four-course meal, but we always ate well. Morning prayers were a routine, and our evenings were treasures filled with laughter and togetherness. Friendships came naturally, and our parents cared deeply about the company we kept.

Families visited one another, bringing small gifts, sharing stories, and praising children openly. Those words of affirmation gave us confidence that still echoes today. I remembered my mother cooking with love, our neatly made beds, the unspoken rule of never sleeping without a night bath. I remembered my father quietly reading the newspaper or listening to the evening news on the radio, with fruits like oranges and pawpaw on the table. As I watched the children that day, all these memories returned—heavy yet beautiful. They reminded me of the silent thought that time often whispers: Life was simple once.

Chapter Three: What Really Changed?

As the memories lingered, another question came: What really changed? Did I want to go back to those times? Perhaps, yes. But then I wondered—is it really possible? And if not, why not? The Scriptures say: “Time and chance happen to them all.” Truly, time has happened to us. Fathers who were once in their thirties are now in their seventies. Some have passed on, some have relocated. Children have grown, ambitions have shifted, dreams have multiplied. Empty lands have been developed, old houses rebuilt with fences and gates. What was once open and welcoming has become guarded and closed. Visitation, once an act of love, has turned into an unspoken test of progress. We measure ourselves against others—how much they’ve achieved, how far they’ve gone— and we feel pressured to hustle harder at any cost. Unhealthy competition has replaced genuine community. Truth has been silenced. Parents now hide their children’s success out of fear or jealousy, and some even feed their children negativity about others who were once friends. So again, I ask: What really changed?

Chapter Four: What We All Yell For

On second thought, maybe going back is not truly what I want. I love my dreams. I love my aspirations. I love the opportunities growth has given me. I admire people who stretch beyond their comfort zones and dare to achieve more. Growth has shaped me, expanded me, and opened doors I never imagined. But deep down, I know what I truly long for. It is not simply a return to the past, nor just the pursuit of success. What I long for is peace. Peace—the purity of heart toward one another. Peace—the realness in our relationships, without judgment or pretense. Peace—freedom from fear of the unknown, or from questioning who loves us and who does not. It was peace that made childhood beautiful. No clout chasing. No oppression. No fear of celebrating our wins. No abandonment of those grieving. No preference for the rich over the poor. Only community, care, and shared joy. Peace was standing as a shield for one another. It was correcting each other in love,

understanding that life’s battles were not us against ourselves, but us against the challenges of survival. And maybe, just maybe, peace is what we are all truly yearning for.

Conclusion: Can I Advise?

You may not be able to do all that I’ve shared in this book—life has its many factors. Age, experience, pain, time, and environment all shape us differently. Some of you may not yet have experienced hardship, while others may already carry heavy scars. But wherever you are, try to impact your society positively. Spread love. Radiate peace. Be the best version of yourself. It is not as hard as it may seem. Whether you are still chasing dreams or already living them, know this: if you could go that far, you can go further still—far enough to put a smile on someone’s face. Yes, you can go all out for your community. You can make kindness a culture. And if each of us does this, it will ripple into something larger—a national culture of love, peace, and unity. I know and believe there are still good people out there. And you, reading this now, are one of them. So let us join hands to build homes that nurture societies, and societies that give birth to great nations. At the end of it all, it is not wealth, fame, or even achievement that sustains us. It is peace.