

A sweet story about the power of human kindness

I grew up in one of the socially most deprived council housing estates in Britain.

I didn't have a mum and my father was so paralysed by poverty that he didn't have either the resources or the energy to be a good father.

I wasn't popular with my peers, partly because the incurable chronic medical conditions I was born with gave me facial disfigurement and deformed my physical appearance.

Several streets away is a middle-class residential area with detached houses and large gardens. One of the families in the local church invited me (with my father's prior consent) to their nice home to play with their children and have afternoon tea.

The family was very kind to me, *they gave me what I never received from human world: respect, human dignity, understanding, kindness, wisdom and compassion.*

Several months later the father of that family got a promotion in his career and the new job was located abroad so they moved home. This was many years ago, long before social media, email or mobile phone, so it was not possible to keep in touch.

After they left, no one else treated me well like they did. But the love this extraordinary family gave me was so powerful that despite impossible odds, I graduated from 4 universities, held senior positions in large organisations, became a judge, chairman of 3 voluntary organisations, governor of 5 schools and 11 large hospitals (the first and only human being to have held all these positions).

Life has been extremely tough and the human world remains exceedingly cruel. Due to my extensive advocacy work spanning 20 years, numerous powerful people retaliated with multiple malicious attempts to frame me in various ways. I survived because of the good memories that family gave me (which gave me unlimited mental strength to fight battles after battles), otherwise I would have been destroyed by so much hate, contempt and bigotry.

I didn't know the family's surname so it is literally impossible to find them to say thank you. I never liked photos due to facial disfigurement, the family respected my wishes and as a result I don't have a photo of us together. They left happy memories deep in my heart, every time I close my eyes, I can see the family smiling at me and cheering me on.

The tsunami of abuse from the aforementioned bullies are ongoing. *Whilst I don't know how my story will end, but the words "I gave up" will definitely not appear in my story. My story is about hope, joy and love.*

What these kind strangers gave me (treated me with respect and made me feel welcomed) lasted a lifetime and gave me the strength to help thousands of fellow human beings in needs.

