

From: exsa_usa@yahoogroups.com [mailto:exsa_usa@yahoogroups.com] **On Behalf Of** Egbe Monjimbo
Sent: Wednesday, December 21, 2011 5:12 AM
To: exsa_usa@yahoogroups.com; exssa_mal@yahoogroups.com; SakerClassof81@yahoogroups.com
Subject: [exsa_usa] PURSUING THE CASE AGAINST "ARCHIES FIRE" and A "DUHTY, TEAR-TEAR" KABA! (IN MEMORIAM) [1 Attachment]

[Attachment(s) from Egbe Monjimbo included below]

SISTAHS!

The Year-End Festive Season is one that can very easily turn out to be a period that is anything BUT festive, for a plethora of reasons ranging anywhere from job loss and divorce to illness and death. The season is especially hard for those whose minds are currently flooded with memories of departed loved ones, (some of whom have not even been laid to rest yet!), at a time when the rest of the world is in HYPER/ULTRA MUNYENGE mode! Sadly,

there are quite a few amongst us for whom this Christmas will be the very first they spend without a loved one: For some, there'll be an empty seat at the Christmas Dinner table this year; for others, there will be no calling cards purchased to call home on Christmas or New Year's Day this time around.

Do we then give up donning "our gay apparel", (fa-la-la-la-la, la, la, la, la!), and go for the "tear-tear kaba-for-skin", "archies fire-for-face & foot", and the "sand-sand inside deh bia-bia on yah head" look??

I would gladly give it a try, IF someone could assure me that it would instantly bring my Dad back to his computer in Mile 17. I would also be willing to try it IF I was certain it would do me some good, health and heart-wise. The REVERSE has proven to true instead, and all that's likely to happen is that my PALMOLIVE, PAX/OMO, CICAM and PAXIL budgets will go up

(when I finally come to my senses, and try to wash away all de "duhty"). So will my "palpitations"! I would also be thrilled to try the "nack skin/roll for ground" thing IF I was convinced it would make my departed loved ones happy. Again, I believe THE REVERSE is true. Much as I think they do want to be fondly remembered, I just fail to see how they could possibly REST IN PEACE if I spent the rest of my life somersaulting and fainting every time their name is mentioned, instead of looking after the family they left behind and keeping their legacy going. (Just might get a heaven-sent "duhty"

slap to match the filthy kaba and hair!!)

NOT EASY TO DO AT ALL, so I'd like to share some more "stuff" that I pray will help us heal, or at least start a slow climb out of the "NDON VALLEY" during this Festive Season:

1. REMEMBER THE REASON FOR THE SEASON: At no other time than during this

particular Christmas Season have I "HARKENED" as intently, to what "The Herald Angels Sing"! Oh yes! They sing "peace on earth and mercy mi-ild", but na onley verse 1 dat! If you tie heart go reach sotey for de thArd vArse, you will find the following COMFORTING, REASSURING & HOPE-INSPIRING

truths that form the very BEDROCK of our Christian Faith:

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!

Hail the Son of Righteousness!

Light and life to all He brings

Ris'n with healing in His wings

Mild He lays His glory by

Born that man no more may die

Born to raise the sons of earth

Born to give them second birth

Hark! The herald angels sing

"Glory to the newborn King!"

The message from this, for me is akin to the one in the GLAD trash bag commercial: "Don't' Get Mad; Get Glad"! Now, more than ever before, when the "Trumpets sound and Angels sing" I try my best to "listen (well-well) to what they say", which is that "MAN WILL LIVE FOR EVERMORE BECAUSE OF CHRIS-TE-MAS DAY"!

2. A "CHOOSE YAH CHOICE" POEM: I've done many a Google Search and found

countless "gold nuggets" but none has explained the choices and options set before us when someone dear passes on, as plainly and bluntly as this one has. It really "halla-ed" some sense into my thick skull following my Aunt's passing. (It now graces the Main Page of her Memorial Website by the way!!) Hope it puts things into perspective for you too.

She is Gone!



You can shed tears that she is gone
or you can smile because she has lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that she'll come back
or you can open your eyes and see all she's left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see her
or you can be full of the love you shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday
or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.

You can remember her and only that she's gone
or you can cherish her memory and let it live on.

You can cry and close your mind,
be empty and turn your back
or you can do what she'd want:
smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

David Harkins, © 1981
Silloth, Cumbria, UK

3. IN THE WORDS OF THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED THEMSELVES!:

Cannot think of any
other piece of writing - outside of The Scriptures, that has been such a
"COL HEART" to me this Christmas Season. It's author is a child called Ben.
He passed away at the age of 13, on December 14, 1997, from a brain tumor
that he had battled for 4 years. He gave the poem to his mother, prior to

his passing. Couldn't get the "nyangaration" I surrounded the poem with, to "Copy and Paste" so I am attaching it to this email, including pictures of 3 of our Ex-Sakerette Sisters who are spending their First Christmas In Heaven this year, in TRIBUTE to them. MAY THEIR SOULS and THE SOULS OF ALL OUR DEAR DEPARTED REST IN PEACE, and may GOD grant us the Grace and Strength to be happy for them, as "Angel BEN" advises!!

GOD'S OWN SON HAS COME TO EARTH! GLORY, GLORY, SING GLORY TO GOD!!!!

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Egbe Mbiwan Monjimbo

Attachment(s) from Egbe Monjimbo

1 of 1 File(s)

 MY FIRST CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN.docx