

**From:** [EX-SakerUSA@yahoogroups.com](mailto:EX-SakerUSA@yahoogroups.com) [<mailto:EX-SakerUSA@yahoogroups.com>] **On Behalf Of** Egbe Monjimbo  
**Sent:** Monday, September 05, 2011 11:03 AM  
**To:** [exssa\\_mal@yahoogroups.com](mailto:exssa_mal@yahoogroups.com); [exsa\\_usa@yahoogroups.com](mailto:exsa_usa@yahoogroups.com); [SakerClassof81@yahoogroups.com](mailto:SakerClassof81@yahoogroups.com); [EX-SakerUSA@yahoogroups.com](mailto:EX-SakerUSA@yahoogroups.com)  
**Subject:** [EX-SakerUSA] "PSALM 151" - A PSALM OF THE OVERWHELMED HUNCHBACK OF CHARLOTTE

CHONG MEH KINA EH?!! EH TA MANDEM!!!

I have spent the past 2 mornings, since I returned from laying thy Servant TA'BAI MBIWAN's mortal remains to rest, combing my EKATI MANDEM, (as in Bible), in search of suitable passages of scripture, titles and psalms that would help me magnify your Mighty Name adequately or at least appropriately, but, TO MY GREATEST SHOCK, everything I have found so far just seems to fall far short!!

PAPA G! You seff-seff know say no be palava "BIG LIVER" on my part oh! I am not daring to insinuate that Moses, David, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John dem, dem no know how for write well-well oh! Ah beg, TATA, make you take a minute or 2 out of yah charged schedule explain de mattah for dem oh, make dem no kuku vex wit me! You see eh, A LOBA – KING OF KINGS, what SANGO DAVID wrote in his Psalms of Praise resulted from his PERSONAL experiences with you, so "it has pass and hard me" to do "copy work" and just repeat what he says blindly, like a Correck Mumu, when, weti wey YOU don show we only inside dis 2011 so don turn me and mah sister dem into Hunch Back dem wey we no ready!! Na only for down we dey look as we dey waka dey go because of "BEND LOW, BEND LOW AND SEE WHAT THE LORD HAS DONE"! Na fear we dey fear we for straighten back and waist, look for up. More than ever before, I understand the "plight" of the Hymn writers. They, like me, obviously stood in awe of your Word which they revered and quoted, YET, they still felt compelled to express themselves in their own words once they had ONE-ON-ONE (PERSONAL) experiences and encounters with You, and You became REAL to them. So, dear TAT'IWONDE, I am well aware that there are only 150 psalms in the B-I-B-L-E! It is simply/only because YOU HAVE OUTDONE YOUR OWN MIGHTY SELF in MY eyes that I have the "audacity" to express my soul's GRATITUDE in my own "mingri" words which I have dubbed "Psalm 151", knowing full well that NOTHING I say will ever be adequate or worthy of your Blessed Name. I have tried to just sit still and say THANK YOU quietly, only me and you, but e no dey waka; Ah don tire me de "Chess Pain"!!! Even dis wata wey dey com'ot me for eye so every day; This thy daughter, who hath not a single test tube or litmus paper and who knoweth not the first thing about long or short division is able to figure out that de composition of de tears na **40% nostalgia/sorrow** because You wey you give we dis particular Papa, you know sey e no be get e pair, but **60% GRATITUDE** for the 86 years we had him with us – a good 16 extra years beyond the "standard" 3 score and 10 wey plenty people dem no dey even smell'am these days!



You know I've toyed with the idea of starting and keeping a Gratitude Journal before. I thought about it again the other day but dismissed it for the very same reasons I have had all along: PRESBOOK, EBIBI and LONGMANS dem all no fit produce Exercise Book – or even ledger, wey e go get enough “leaves”, and all de wata inside de Pacific, Indian and Atlantic Oceans dem put togehda no ‘nough for produce de ink!!! Here’s my Psalm Papa!

## “PSALM 151”

BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL: AND ALL THAT IS WITHIN ME, BLESS HIS HOLY NAME. BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL, AND FORGET NOT ALL HIS BENEFITS:

- Who causeth my sisters and I to organize a Thanksgiving Ceremony on April 16<sup>th</sup> 2011 - just 4 short months ago, which gave our Dad the uncanny and rare opportunity to “PREVIEW” his own funeral since he heard, saw, and understood for himself HOW MUCH he meant to us and to so many others.
- Who, by orchestrating this same April 8<sup>th</sup> – 26<sup>th</sup> trip home, afforded me **PRECIOUS PHOTOGRAPHED AND RECORDED QUALITY TIME** with Papa after a good 15 years away, and as such, lovingly spared me not just the emotional pain but the physical/bodily damage I would otherwise have incurred from rolling on the floor, somersaulting and landing “GBIM” everywhere, and screaming “wuna hol’ me make ah no jump inside grave” at the top of my lungs over there in Besongabang!
- Who, just a few years prior, caused both parents to get back together and, as such gave my mother the opportunity to experience sincere, meticulous care and loving devotion, the likes of which many wives can only dream.
- Who gave Papa ample time to tie up so many loose ends, make his peace with God and his fellowman, and spend his last 2 days on this earth:
  - . Being served Holy Communion alongside his wife,
  - . Looking intently at pictures of his children and grandchildren,

. Participating in family prayers within which he requested and personally sang and repeated the chorus of “Jesus Lead Me Near The Cross”!!

- Who caused Papa to pass away PEACEFULLY in his sleep, in his own bed – without undergoing or suffering from any bedsores, amputations, blindness, deafness, hair loss from chemo and ALL the other demoralizing, dehumanizing, dignity-stripping, not to talk of Expensive procedures!!

- Who shocked Good Old Moses of the Bible and all the Israelites by PARTING THE KUMBA-MAMFE ROAD RAINY SEASON PÔTÔ-PÔTÔ, making “THE PARTING OF THE RED SEA” look like child’s play and enabling Pa E.A. MBIWAN’S remains to arrive his village still looking as SPIFFY as ever in that bow-tie and grey suit, whereas the previous 2 bodies that had been subjected to the horrors of that same road had to be buried instantly upon arrival – no vigils or wakes!



- Who installed and personally operated a SWITCH up there in heaven to control WHEN and WHERE rain would fall, be it in Limbe, Bomaka or Besongabang – as in:

. Bright Sunshine at the Mortuary in Buea, all the way to Middle Farms Presbyterian Church;

. Heavy, burst-yah-ear-drum rain in the Middle of the Service,

. Rain cut – as in disappear kwata-kwata with not a drop left, as soon as the Commitment was pronounced and we recessed and went outside to head back to Buea, etc., etc.!!!! MANYAKA!!!

- Who has brought us all back to Buea, Douala and the U.S. safely, with my sister Didi and I being the last 2 passengers allowed to board an overbooked Air France Flight that left dozens of angry passengers screaming Hades in that Douala Airport!

- Who has given me a son who, at 17, doesn’t think twice about forgoing his much cherished opportunity to attend his first College Football Season Game but chooses to hitch a ride back home from Chapel Hill, just so his mother does not have to bear the heaviness of returning from kontri to a COMPLETELY EMPTY house! (The fact that I still even had a house to come back

to, after all the Earthquakes and Floods that hit the area, constitutes a subject for a whole new PSALM oh, Papa!)

- Who has caused me to return to Charlotte, NC with my bottles of ALEVE, IMMIDIUM and FLAGYL, all UNOPENED, (in spite of having succumbed to the temptation of buying and eating makala ma Mamfe for 200), and with my RAINBOOTS as “CHASSI” as when I bought them on sale at Nordstrom, because ah no wear’am me no one time!!!

- Who continues to provide us with UNBELIEAVABLE comfort and support from Brothers and Sisters BY CHOICE, who have gone so far out of their way to lend a sympathetic hand FINANCIALLY, – in spite of the tough and rough economic times, MORALLY, – cooking, singing, cleaning, traveling along with us, etc. and SPIRITUALLY, – lifting us up CONSTANTLY in prayer.

Lord God Almighty! By yah pawa, de Silver Lining for dis we dark cloud don turn-turn big sotey e pass de cloud e seff-seff, sotey de cloud don shame, shrink like calico! I don’t know what else to tell you oh, TARA! People at the bank are looking at me one kind because they understandeth not how manage this poor church “arattah” suddenly keeps showing up with deposit slips wey de writing flop de whole front sotey go reach for back de paper! Please defend me when the IRS shall investigate me for unusual, uncharacteristic fiduciary activity oh! You had also better step in and do something if my congregation excommunicates me, and my community ostracizes me on charges of “E no even cry e Papa fine seff”!

A LOBA LA NDEDI, you know I am doing my very best to cry oh, even using Oga’s singlet from de laundry basket as a “henkaychief”! It is just that, WHEN I THINK OF HOW GOOD YOU’VE BEEN, de cry just dey cut half e one, and Praise and Worship méringué is what ensues!

NKAKHA NTOH NTOH OHHHH, EH TA MANDEM!!

MAY E.A. MBIWAN ESQ. TRULY REST FROM ALL HIS LABORS THIS LABOR DAY!

With all the Worship, Praise and Admiration I can muster,

MA ‘GBE!

p.s. Wehda you fit send some angel make e tell TA’BAI some news for me oh?! Na sey, ah neva fit discover me how for loss dat e luncheon date transistor radio wey ah don bring’am cam! De man be surely program de ting for some complex way because, we just shiddon we quiet for house here yestahday, and de ting just start halla “PEEP, PEEP, PEEP”!!! E one oh!, wey no man no touch’am!! Way for stop’am no be dey, so ah don only moof me na de battery for inside! PAPA, thank you say de radio no halla so for inside aeloplane, like no be for GUANTANAMO BAY ah for dey dring tea dis morning time wit all de ohda terrorist magida dem?!! KAI WALAHI!!