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Sent: Tuesday, December 07, 2010 2:19 AM
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Subject: [exsa_usa] HEART-TO-HEART WITH HOLY MARIA

My Dear, Dear **HOLY MARIA!**

I really don't know what it is exactly this particular Christmas Season, that has put you on my mind so very markedly! All I know is that, since the day after Thanksgiving, which is when I took you, Ni JOSEPH, Baby JESUS and all the beefs out of the Crèche carton where y'all have been chilling since I took down my Christmas decorations in FEBRUARY, I have not been able to shake thoughts of you out of the deepest recesses of my mind! At first, I thought I shouldn't say me anything to you because you might be really surprised that a Presbyterian-turned-Baptist Chick like me who is not into Rosaries and "Hail Maries", would be so fascinated with you and your story, but the woman, wife, sister and especially MOTHER that I am, cannot just help herself!!! Besides, how stupid of me to think you would be SURPRISED!! "Surprised" for where? (as in for woosai?), when your life was so very full of nothing else BUT surprises!!!!

Look at poor you there in Nazareth, minding you your own business, playing your TABALA and KOLOMA, and going to carry you your wata everyday-everyday with your "katah" on your head. Out of nowhere: **WOOSH!** Here comes ANGEL GABRIEL, telling you to "FEAR NOT"! Weh-eh! BIG SIS/BIG MAMMY! I really cannot believe that your only worry or concern after the surreal, mind-boggling revelation (and declaration) he made to you was to try to figure out how de biology part of de whole matta was going to take place since you were so NOT de "BAY SALOON"/"Palava Letter" kind of girl. Why you did not respond, (like I would have), with:

"BLESSÈD am I amongst women KEH! How am I going to explain this palava to Joe, my parents and all my "Ray, Ray, IN! (This is the time we begin to sing)" friends? Ni-Ni GABE! Could it be that your celestial built-in GPS has malfunctioned and you were really supposed to "ahppeah" na for Zipporah e house for corner market? Ah fit go show you road ..."

is really something to wandah!!!! All you said, so very humbly, was:

"I am the servant of the Lord. Let this happen to me as you say!"

No wanda GOD chose you! I can only imagine how you struggled to handle de plenti Kongossa that must have ensued. In fact, Ma Mary, I used to think you just went to visit your Cousin Elizabeth (as in Mrs. Mumu Zacharias) just to "waka her" but now, I am leaning towards believing that your stay there for THREE good months was because you just badly needed some time away from all de wahala in deh village!

Was this the end of your troubles? FAR FROM IT! It was only the beginning! Poor NDIA MARY! You know as wey we get "FREQUENT FLIER MILES" these days, noh? You be surely get you yah own na "**FREQUENT DONKEY MILES**"!!! 9 months belleh; na you dat on top Jack-ass on de way to Bethlehem because Caesar Augustus talk say make all man go for e kontri for Census! Ah TÉ! Pikin neva even big sef, Herod too wake'up e own with jehlohsie, send Jandam dem sey make dem go kill all boy pikin dem for Bethlehem! Na you dat again on top Jack-ass ahgain, dey find road for Egypt. And then after the death of KINGUE HERODEH, it was another "boogooloo-boogooloo" back to ISRAEL!!! MAWONGO!!!

You and Ba Joseph, according to de Law of Moses/Jewish custom, wuna carry wuna first boy pikin go Temple for offer sacrifice; na PAPA SIMEON dat don cam, carry pikin start for pray and bless de pikin. SO FAR SO GOOD, **until**, under deh influence of the Holy Spirit he spoke this prophecy:

"This child of yours will cause many people in Israel to fall and others to stand. The child will be like a warning sign. Many people will reject him, ³⁵and you, Mary, will suffer as though you had been stabbed by a dagger.

Just imagine! E just dey like sey you born for Buea Hospital Maternity then Aaron Ngoe cam see you and instead for e for talk make you "sing some fine sing, salute all man for kontri", e talk sey: "Dis yah pikin dey so, bettah no go be oh! Na for BORSTAL INSTITUTE e go start and na for New Bell e go end!" KAİ WALAH!!!

Ah really sorry you, having to figure out how to raise a CHILD who is also your GOD! Ah give you "kondoh" yah!!! You and Ndiga Joe wuna handle dat MISSING JESUS ALERT incident with class! Me ah for halla me Jesus yah!! Sometime ah for even konk e head!

(If you don't want to check out the way things went down for yourself in Luke 2, let me summarize de mattah, and you tell me if you would have kept your cool. Remember, Jesus was just 12 at this point in time!

Passover time don cam again and family don decide for go Jerusalem as usual. Passover finish, Mary and Joe dem don find road dey go dem back. Dem no be know sey PIKIN/SANGO YESU don leff e for back! Dem be check their own sey e be dey wit ohda travelers dem. Time wey one day don pass dem neva see e, dem start ask family and friend dem! (If na now, no be some man for report dem for CPS for "Child Neglect"??) No be dem turn go back for Jerusalem start find e for dey? THREE good days after, na e dem see e for Temple, e dey PREACH, to the astonishment of all! (By dat time no be ah for don already tie mah kaba on top mah head, dey wanda ting wey ah go talk when God ask me woosai E pikin dey??) Mary talk say:

"Son, why have you done this to us? Your father and I have been very worried, and we have been searching for you!"

Jesus' answer:

"Why did you have to look for me? Didn't you know that I would be in my Father's house?"

*Only an understanding, no matter how faint, of JESUS' unique nature and mission could have come into play to help the parents of a 12 year old "get the point" and not dare tell **THEIR CHILD, yes, BUT ALSO THEIR CREATOR**, that HE WAS GROUNDED FOR A YEAR!!! Besides, the passage goes on to say that Jesus went back to Nazareth with his parents and OBEYED them.*

AH IYO MARIA!

Your life was no bed of roses oh!

- Before long, na you dat don turn Mokusa; Jesus too reach e 30 years, e comm'ot go start e Heavenly Papa e work. There were some bitter-sweet times, like at the Wedding in Cana, where, at your request and for your sake and honor only, He provided wine from common wata, quite **reluctantly** I daresay, not being keen on His first miracle being of this nature. Here's what He Himself said:

"Mother, my time hasn't yet come: ^[a] You must not tell me what to do."

And by now, you knew not to "nak skin" but simply said to the servants:

"Do whatever Jesus tells you to do."

Knowing you, you may not have felt bad when the incident below occurred. I know I would have felt terrible, which is obviously why I would NEVER have qualified to be HAND PICKED by God for the SACRED MISSION of bearing and raising HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON!

⁴⁶ While Jesus was still talking to the crowd, his mother and brothers stood outside, wanting to speak to him. ⁴⁷ Someone told him, "Your mother and brothers are standing outside, wanting to speak to you."

⁴⁸ He replied to him, "Who is my mother, and who are my brothers?" ⁴⁹ Pointing to his disciples, he said, "Here are my mother and my brothers. ⁵⁰ For whoever does the will of my Father in heaven is my brother and sister and mother."

That said, there is absolutely NO DOUBT how you felt when you stood at the foot of that cross on which your 33 year old son hung and suffered! Beaten, Scourged, Spat upon, Ridiculed, Derided, Stripped naked, and you could only look on helpless! He was thirsty, and you couldn't give Him anything to quench His thirst. He was bleeding and you were not able to bandage His wounds. As a mother myself, I am just overwhelmed by the thought of the sheer agony you must have gone through. I am pretty sure your mind did a 33 year "re-wind" back to that day at the Temple when Pa Simeon prophesied that you would feel like your heart had been stabbed by a dagger. I hope it was a little bit of a consolation to you for Him, in the middle of His agony, to have displayed His love for you by entrusting you into the care of His closest friend and Disciple, John. I also know that you understand that the ULTIMATE display of His love for you is that He died for you too, just as He died for miserable me here.

In a minute or 2, I'll be going downstairs to unplug the lights on the Christmas Tree and add small wata make e no dry all before Christmas day seff-seff wan reach. I will make sure that I gaze at you again and THANK GOD for the wonderful example that you are for us all as girls, women, wives and mothers! Your dedication and sacrifice in raising our Savior is certainly one of the reasons why, for me, this season will NEVER be a "solstice" or "reindeer" or "winter" or "happy holidays" affair; It will ALWAYS be CHRISTMASS!!!

You do'am yah, MA MARY, or as my "peeps" in the South here say, "**YOU DONE GOOD**"!

BLESSÈD, INDEED, ARE YOU AMONG WOMEN, AND BLESSÈD IS THE FRUIT OF THY WOMB!!!

Very Respectfully,

Ma Monjimbo