

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT, (UN)SWEETEN-TO-TASTE

COUNSEL FOR NYANGOs

FEBRUARY 14 2014

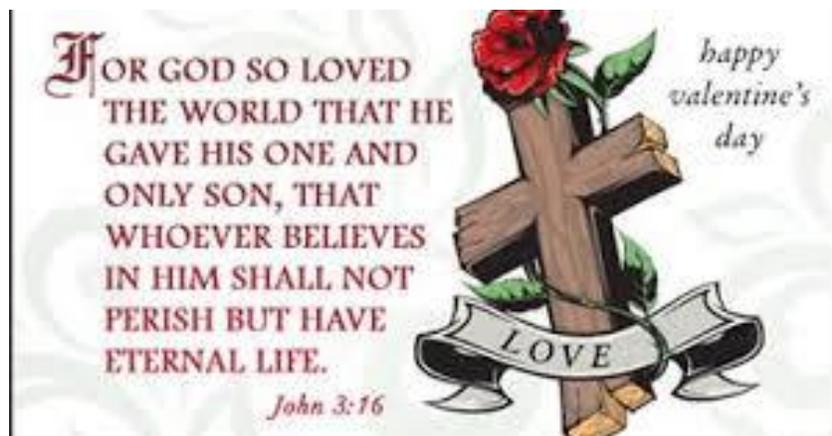
By the time I was barely two paragraphs gone into this brand new "VALENTINES DAY MESSAGE FOR THE LADIES" that I was planning to post in this space, I was smitten by a sense of "DÉJÀ-VU" or, to be more accurate, "DÉJÀ-ÉCRIT", because practically every line rang a bell. I therefore stopped, and went a-searching in my archives and ... EUREKA! I found the WRITE-UP below, which eliminates my need to write anything from scratch, since the views I held 4 years ago when I wrote it, have NOT changed one bit!!! If anything, I am an even firmer "believer"!!

HERE'S THE WRITE UP, VERBATIM, UNEDITED!!

HAPPY VALENTINES DAY!!!

SUBJECT: NOW HIRING!

Date: Sat, 6 Feb 2010 21:17:16 -0500



I should start by giving praise where it is due so, THANK YOU, TOYOTA for the significant role you've played lately in boosting my prayer life and enhancing my Bible Study time. I was doing reasonably well on both fronts but "ever since" the model of Toyota I own showed up high on both of TOYOTA's RECALL lists – the one for "interfering" floor mats and the one for "sticking" accelerators, I have been flipping the pages of my Bible with much more intensity and discovering what it really means to "pra-ay without ceasing for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." I am late everywhere I go now because,

before ah wan com'ot house, I spend a good 15 minutes circling my car (as if it were the city of JERICH0), binding every spirit I can think of. It is only when my corns start to hurt that I finally come to a standstill in front of the driver's door and recite: "NOW I SIT ME DOWN TO DRIVE, I PRAY THE LORD MY SOUL TO KEEP." When I get back home, it is time for another ritual – of Thanksgiving this time, singing "We Thank Thee Lord, (oh Lord)", and y'all know how de verses for dat song dem plenty, since each verse is in a different language. By the time I go through "Me beri woh, Tata", "Szro-szro mi Yesu Kristo Mwana Lowa" and "Se nkaka wo eh Ta Mandem", all fowl dem for "Mboa" - from Eyumojock to Kekem, have already crowed more than 3 times each!

Anyway, as they say, there is a silver lining to every cloud so guess what passage I stumbled upon as I read feverishly through my Bible this time? TITUS 2: 3-5; and this is what it says:

3Likewise, teach the older women to be reverent in the way they live, not to be slanderers or addicted to much wine, but to teach what is good. 4Then they can train the younger women to love their husbands and children, 5to be self-controlled and pure, to be busy at home, to be kind, and to be subject to their husbands, so that no one will malign the word of God.

This wasn't the first time I had read the passage in my life oh! I had read it a few times in the distant past but since the message and task in it are directed towards "Older Women" I was like, "weti concern nyong girl like me for de matta?" Well, now, trillions of grey hairs later, I think it's time for me to quit being in denial and assume my role and responsibilities. Who am I kidding??? If I were young, then

- How come I'm just not feeling this coupé décalé/dombolo/mapouka thing "Jeune Talents" writhe and shimmy to these days?

- How come my ability to drop from a size 28 to a size 2 in time for a 2 weeks-away MASU (MANYU ALL STUDENTS UNION) party at PALAIS DES CONGRÈS has vanished into thin air?

- How come a letter offering me a "FREE GIFT" when I "RENEW MY AARP MEMBERSHIP" (at \$63.00 for 5 years) showed up in my mailbox today? (Ah neva even first join; dem don dey ask me make ah RENEW my membership!)

- How come I not only have a savings account to begin with, but have a whole TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS AND SOME CENTS in it? and,

- How come, when 20 year old girls see me at the few parties I go to, they start smiling shyly, look at the floor, and suddenly start pulling their ultra mini, skin-tight skirts as far down towards their knees as they can with one hand, while they use their other hand to abruptly push away "Big Paddy's" arm which had been resting comfortably and securely around both their shoulders before I walked in???

For those of you whose middle name is "Forever-Twenty-One", note that the passage is exhorting older (not old) women to help the younger ones, which means that even at 25 years of age, you are not exempt from the task outlined in the passage, because you ought to be "training" the 21 and 22 year olds who are younger than you!! The way I see it then, ALL OF US ExSSANS have this task assigned to us, even if to varying degrees, given that a "class of '60 something" Aunty, is likely to have gathered more

wisdom and experience over the years than a “class of ’90 something” girl. I guess it is therefore time for us to go easy on the Matango and Jobajo, drop de congossa, and start finding ways to “train the younger women” if we wish to obey this scripture. Come to think of it, that is precisely what our Aunties – most of whom have passed on now, did for us! Case in point, Auntie NKUKU Nwigwe, a. k. a. SWEET MOTHER, who actually had a whole show on Radio BUEA, where she dispensed priceless advice to many a damsel in distress – AT NO COST.

Any man try e best but I just thought I should share my thoughts on how I plan to carry out my fair share of the task that is spelled out in TITUS 2: 3-5

I want to start a NOT-FOR-PROFIT, (head quartered in my basement), called “NJÔH MALÉA SERVICES”. Its main aim and mission will be to counsel any lady who is desperate enough to seek ME out for relationship/marital counseling. I will prepare a DISCLAIMER, complete with dotted line for potential victims – oooooops! I meant, CLIENTS & PATIENTS, to sign, saying that they are prepared to assume ALL the risks and damages that might ensue from the application, implementation and execution of the advice I give them, and that, UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES, will they EVER divulge my identity to a third party or sue me. I will also make it clear, from the very beginning, that “NJÔH MALÉA SERVICES” will NOT send out squads of “cyclist”-wearing/ earring-less/empty-foot women to go attack or fight anyone! We also will NOT get involved in any sort of “HOT WATA & ALLIGATOR PEPPER” settling of scores, to talk much less of KEROSENE /ZWA-ZWA/FÉDÉRAL & MATCHES incidents. If you’re interested in offering your pro-bono services, just “HOLLER”!

- Every counseling session will start with a prayer. The length of this preliminary prayer will depend on how many MILLS AND BOON NOVELS the poor Titi has read; as in, the more novels she has read, the longer the prayer! If e don read pass 20 of them, then e go get for go cam back again different day because we go use de entire first session for only prayer. (DETOXIFICATION no be easy ting!).

Here are just a few of the things I plan on telling my precious clients once the actual sessions begin:

1. ADVICE ITSELF: Ah go tell “ANASTA” say, all advice na “SWEETEN (or UNSWEETEN) TO TASTE” oh! - just like any recipe; So, you have to modify, adjust and adapt it to suit your own specific situation. In ohda werds, (and if I have your permission to “re-arrange” a well known English idiom), “What’s good for one gander is NOT NECESSARILY good for another oh!” Ah know say “PHILO” be tell you say time wey e threaten sey e go pack e valise go, “BABILA” fall for ground wit cry, beg e say make e no go, because if e go, e go drink Eau de Javel die e. But you, ANASTA, you know say your Oga, “NDIP”, no feva “BABILA” no small! If you try appear wit your “à- tout-casser” and your carton dem sey you dey go, e no go beg you no notin; e go instead pick e cell phone call taxi make e cam take you go quick-quick!! Imitation fit really lead to danger oh, my sister!

2. LOVE IS BLIND; MARRIAGE IS THE EYE-OPENER!: My dear, there is no way dis man go cope for de continue for cam back every blessèd day from work, (including even the day he is finally fired for constantly being on the phone with you instead of working), wit a dozen roses oh! E no go fit stand under kitchen window every evening either, (even inside dis D.C. Blizzard), dey sing “Nothing’s gonna change my love for you”! You want make e catch pneumonia or weti?? Let’s be realistic oh!

3. BEWARE OF “LIE DOGS”: There are plenty of HAPPY marriages, but NO PERFECT ONES!! How can there be a perfect marriage when there are no perfect people in the world now, my Sister? (Remember “ALL have sinned and fallen short ...?”) Dis your friend “BRI” wey e dey so-so tell you say every single second for e marret house na non-stop, sublime munyenge; Na Jesus e marry or how?? Because that is the only perfect person to ever have walked this earth! Dis marret palava na give and take plus a lot of compromise and “juss leff’am so” for de better good oh! No be no “... and now I am happy all the day”!

4. DO YOU WANT TO BE ALWAYS RIGHT OR DO YOU WANT TO BE HAPPY?: Baby Girl, if it is not a matter of life and death as in: “PAPA SOLO” talk say make wuna give Junior for “Nyongo” or “Famla” so dat make dem appoint e Manager for Cameroon Bank, or e say make you sew explosives inside your becke/brassiere (or ondah wear) go enter aeloplane for Krismus day, Try not to make too much of a fuss! Yes, y’all, (including the 5 starving kids), have wound up AGAIN at the Canadian border when you were supposed to be headed to Cancun in Mexico, and you suggested 12 different times that he stop and ask for directions! Still, “ah no be tell you??” will not help things.

5. FIND PALAVA: Provocation, just like nagging, can have negative effects oh! For example, tomorrow na Super Bowl Sunday, and you know say Oga na staunch INDIANNAPOLIS COLTS supporter. Why on earth would you – who are normally not even interested in Football – choose to wear all 15 of your Mardi Gras Beads and walk around de whole house screaming “WHO DAT GONNA BEAT THEM SAINTS, WHO DAT!” in support of the NEW ORLEANS SAINTS??!!

And, why is it only when you’re upset with him that you remember (and loudly sing) songs like:

I’M “MARRAYED” (married) TO JESUS SATAN LEAVE ME ALONE? You tink say e no know say na him you dey call “Satan”? Why would you then be surprised when you present your “Market List” and his retort is: “No be you marray Jesus? How you no go axe ya Massa make e give you chop money?” Yes oh, Sistah! Try supress this sudden love of choruses that are really thinly veiled attempts at “BITTAH”. No begin dey use poor JESUS to make your point wit all dat: “YOUR OGA, E GO LET YOU DOWN! DE MAN OF DE WERLD E GO LET YOU DOWN BUT JESUS NEVA FAIL(S)!”

Well, sometime you fit sing’am inside your heart, or as you dey pound fufu for kitchen so dat de noise of de “mortar-pestle” go cover de werds of de song. No only spit inside de chop dassoh, ah beg!

Well, I think this is good enough for starters! My long break from grading papers don expire, so off I go back to my “JOGMASSI” work!

Stay safe in that snow, D.C. Métro ladies!

GOD BLESS,

Egbe Mbiwan Monjimbo.

N.B Interestingly, that "stay safe in that snow" advice is even more applicable TODAY, Friday 14 2014 than it was in 2010, not just for the D.C. Metro Ladies but for a lot more of us, including "the writer" who's into her 3rd SNOW DAY!! And incidentally, I DO have papers to grade today as well!!

