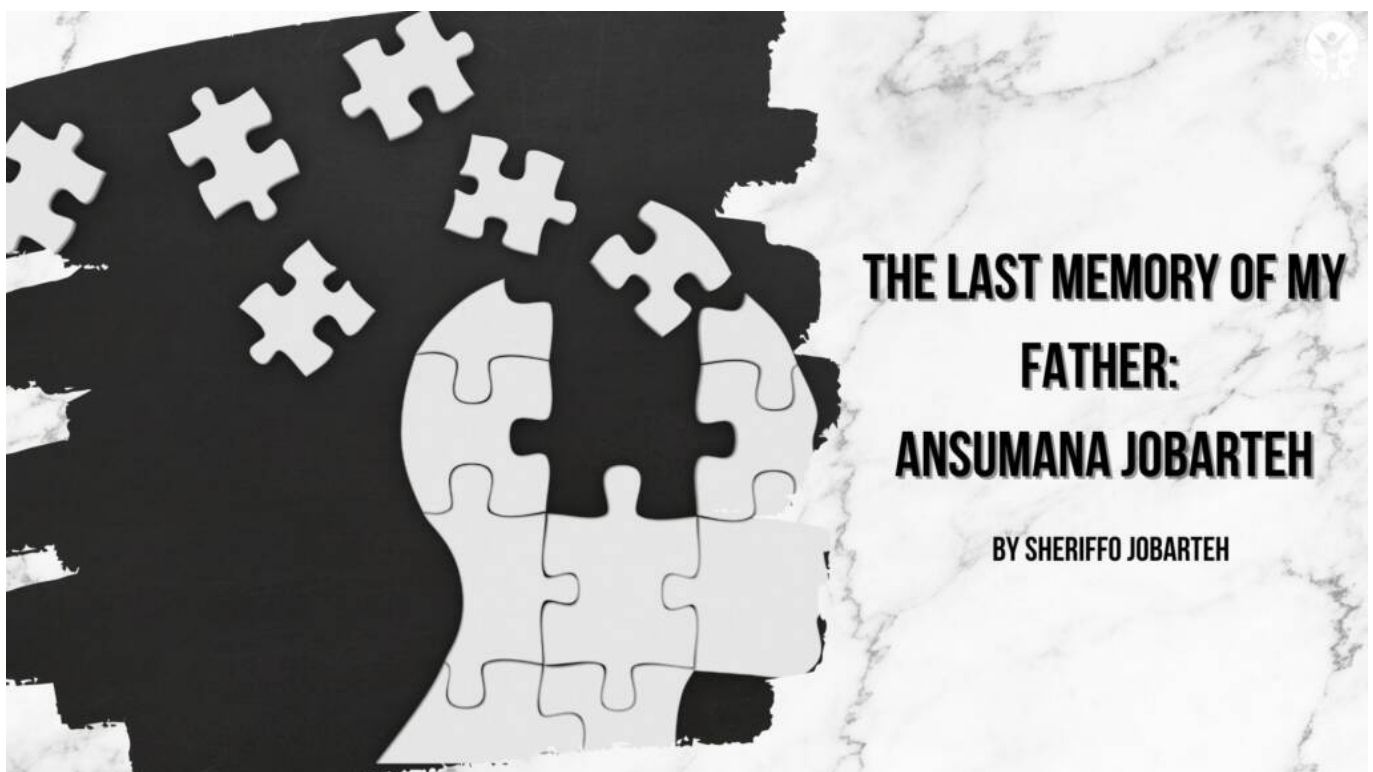


ANSUMANA JOBARTEH



THE LAST MEMORY OF MY FATHER: ANSUMANA JOBARTEH

This is to express how little I know of my father - I wish to know him more. To write about

So, I can't recollect the date, but it was a beautiful sunny morning in Kiang Genieri, a village where my mother hailed from - I was woken up to receive the sad news. That, my dad has succumbed to the natural call after a short illness. I was supposed to go to school that day. I didn't go. I did not also travel to Brikama to attend the burial. It was my elder sister who travelled with my grandmother to join the world to see off my dad. I tried not to shed tears, but I eventually did, it was tears of sadness that he was gone forever. Tears that taught me I will also answer such a call someday. Sooner or later.

I prayed for him and wished him well as he journeyed to the great beyond. He shall never return, I told myself. I need to live with it just as my siblings need to too. I was young but I remembered that morning. I shall never forget it.

So, if I know more about him, I shall write more about him. For now, emotions got over me. My fingers tremble and my eyeballs seem to be tired of holding it. I must write about him later - when I summon the courage and know more. All I wished was to have a sit down with him. I wish I had that chance. Nature decides otherwise. I would have written more about him.

I remain Kalajula - Son of the Soil. Son of Ansumana Jobarteh.

May all the departed souls, repose in perpetual peace. Amen.

Sheriffo Jobarteh