

RIPPLES OF AFRICAN CIVILIZATION

What does it mean to be African blood?

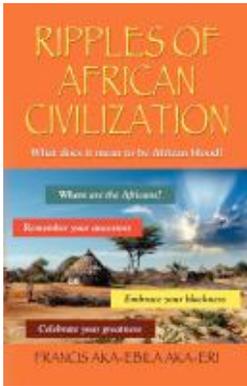
Where are the Africans?

Remember your ancestors

Embrace your blackness

Celebrate your greatness

FRANCIS AKA-EBILA AKA-ERI



The pundits say that African civilization is dead. We've heard them say that Africa is a dark continent without bright spots, even as they strive to claim the cradle of civilization from its black heirs. For many decades, however, we, the sons and daughters of Africa, have held to our vow of silence for far too long, and have thus been vilified. Therefore, we must sing our African song and tell our African story.

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*"African philosophy believes that man is the mind and the
mind is the enduring voice of nature within us."*

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Francis Aka-ebila Aka-eri

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INTRODUCTION

When issues about Africa are raised in western circles, then it is usually about a primitive people whose survival depends on the charity of their colonial masters. Even as the core mission of these colonial masters was to seek dominance over the African continent and its people.

This scuttle for Africa exposed how low the western breed could sink in pursuit of economic freedom. In fact, when such greed was unleashed upon blacks, with the promise of friendship and fair trade, little did we know that our newly found friends would soon become daring demons of greed on our back, even as we seem mystified at the sudden derailment of our civilization. What did we do wrong? What did we fail to do right? Why do we speak with heavy hearts and aversion towards westerners and their cold-blooded act of treating us, as property to own? Could we have prevented this hail of evil?

While our hospitality endures, it is worth mentioning that our African ancestors did not become slaves and servants simply because they lacked knowledge or the boldness of heart to stand against their enemies. Rather African civilization was so lenient as to blame uncultured strangers for their missteps. For even the ruthless Romans were no match for the African warrior in battle. Except that this time, it was a cunning kind of strangers, whose missteps were well calculated and planned to defraud the African of his pride and wealth.

Deed for deed, hook or crook, the greedy white man's evil pieced the serenity of our land, tampered the wild and reaped

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for his own affluence, wealth he never created and along these lines brought Africa to the stunning reality of a new dawn of greed, the first time. In our illogical pursuit of everything God, the white man's trash soon became the black man's treasure and for such tainted treasure we battled our own, even as we overtly surrender our intrinsic dignity for their charity.

Turning blood against blood and tribe against tribe, the white man's cunning ways became the spell of doom upon our natural kind and kindness. Such that, though countless western scholars knew beyond doubt that civilization began with Africa; their sheer arrogance and hatred for the blackness of our kind, which sternly stems from their sinful inclination to swindle, would not permit them to admit nor embrace the decency to honour African civilization. Nevertheless, this sense of decency still thrives in western circles, much as it speaks to the truth that the white grit for goodness was not entirely subdued by the evil of their elite.

This remarkable white grit for good reveals itself as some humbly give away their very comfort walking on our side, but always in a relentless effort to help us gain control over our own destiny. With unyielding support, they stand behind us with charitable offerings across our continent. And though it is certain that such a kind foreign gesture would not earn us lasting economic freedom nor the confidence to free ourselves from the shackles of poverty, we hold the trust of a new beginning with a just and upright white breed.

This does not however conclude that the relentless white supremacist strive against our blackness should be swept under the rug, because there are indeed loose ends who seek the

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demise of black people. We must not relent or bow to their will. Let it be known however, that our aim is not to stoke fear or incite violence against white racists. Else, we too lower ourselves to join them in this miserable pit of shame. Thereby we are not here to start a race war; we are here to stop one, a war that is robbing our people of their sense of direction and self-reliance. Like people from all walks of life, black people have the divine right to thrive on this sphere; and as blacks, we will, on our own African terms.

Over the years, many western scholars have spoken volumes about giving merit, where and when merit is due. Unfortunately, when it came to straight talk about Black Africans and their great ancient heritage, many of these western scholars glaringly bend the rules to shield the truth, than would openly testify to the truth in favour of blacks.

For instance, just to claim the cradle of civilization from Blacks, they would rather portray the Black ancient pharaohs of Egypt as either light brown or even white. Furthermore, they cunningly incite short-sighted Arabs in Africa to rewrite our pharaonic story, while documenting in their own writing that Arabs are alien to Africa and thereby casting the greatness of Kemet into open air for all to claim, but deviously driving the wedge of divisiveness between Arabs and Blacks even deeper.

Although the preserved mortal remains of the pharaohs are black and our pyramids scientifically built with black architecture, egotistical western researchers would glaringly not accept this truth about the greatness of our black roots, nor recognize its undying existence without creating some doubts about its authenticity. In addition, they sometimes link

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themselves up to ancient Africa by casting her greatness back to prehistoric times when they were believed to part of her greatness, but quite rudely not as black people.

For decades, however, we of pharaonic ancestry upheld our vow of secrecy for far too long and ignorantly coiled back from singing our own Kemet song and telling our story to a world that eagerly awaits our message. As such, we became sleazy victims who squarely bear the blameworthy scars of a dented African popularity, even as foreigners scramble to seize our ordained moments to demonize and blatantly dehumanize our black ancestry by definition and that should spur us to want to fight for what is rightly ours by blood. This is the core mission of this book, which is written to rekindle the black philosophical spirit of oneness and keep us firmly rooted with our ancestral past.

With the terminology of blackness so dishonourably defined in the Anglophone dictionary, some Blacks just wish they could bleach and wash it off to free themselves from its shameful burden. That said without doubt, it would take many gruelling centuries to regain our racial gleam and destiny. For the daring sin of racial hatred, which once justified the enslavement of Africans and the partitioning of the African continent to bilk it still reels among whites and Arabs.

In spite of this, however, our renaissance is possible, but only when we self-reliantly buckle down to honour our past and control our own destiny as Africans. Armed with the beaming history we hold in our blood and the genetic might it offers for our growth and survival, the time is now to dispel the cloud of doubt about ourselves. We can collectively achieve this mission

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with decisive action to rebrand our independence and swiftly make use of the eminent potentials we hold as noble sons and daughters of Africa. The future of Africa depends on us; we cannot fail.

Whatever it is, Africans worldwide might just sink or reason to swim for our own survival; the choice is solely on our hands. Besides, long before needy Arabs and western merchants walked our gold-laden shores and deserts, our ancestors thrived on their own for millions of years in Africa and they did it all in African fashion. We are their rightful progeny who hold the mantle of African creativity. We therefore can, as true sons and daughters of Africa without ever surrendering our dignity for charity. What's more, we are a viable offspring of an innovative ancestry, which nimbly carved a glowing ancient culture believed to be the cradle of human civilization.

Just like our ancestors, we can stand up as one to confront the challenges, which plague our continent or go cowering like helpless apes languishing in the world of humans. The pyramid is our ancestral call to build upon our own civilization and the truth remains. However unless Africa and Africa in the Diaspora see the need to unite again as a people from one old ancestor to build upon this ancient legacy of our ancestors, the future looks bleak. We must appreciate our black origin and the truth that like tributaries of the Nile and living branches of the wisdom-aged Baobab, we Africans come from one ancient family; if not, our torturous climb is bound to be steep and slippery.

This book; taps into the ancient memories of our African ancestors by making use of the many tools of oral tradition, our

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preserved daily vocabulary, art and music to explain our glorious past and the grains of wisdom it holds for our growth and survival as Africans. In it, we would learn to understand what it truly means to be African blood, how to live and prosper as Africans - without falling prey to greedy minds. It also serves as a research tool that would enhance our understanding of who we truly are by blood and how to study ancient African culture. Furthermore, it will spark interest and guide many impressive minds to write countless books of truth about Africa, its black origin and changing face.

It is my wish as author of this simple to read and easy to understand African fact book; that you would pass this word on to many people of African descent and even beyond, that the great story of Africa would not fade with the fading tides of time. But that the world would in time come to know us, as true Africans, whose dignified place in history could not be filled without us, even as we have it within us to competently transform our lives and the lives of many within the confines of our African uniqueness.

Africa is neither a dream nor an idea. It is an ancestral inspiration to be good and do well in the confines of our own uniqueness. This book is dedicated to the loving memory of my son; Eugene Agana Aka-eri - who passed, while I was on this writing mission in the United States. May he and all resting African souls; rest in the perfect peace of our ancestors. We who hold Africa in our hearts and minds would remember them. Africans, Africa is our home and always will be home to our kind. As a result, we owe it to our children and their children to preserve our African uniqueness as the solid base upon which they would build and grow as Africans.

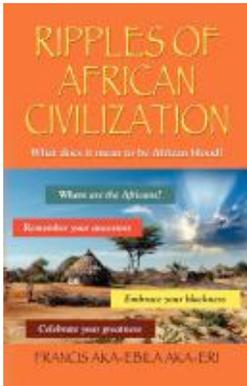
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We believe in the great God of wisdom and the blessings he bestowed upon us to pursue greatness in every way and form. May we humbly continue to speak the truth about Africa, but always striving and reaching out to the stars to make the world a more harmonious and better place for all people. Your steadfast love for Africa and empathy for its struggles is greatly appreciated and your kind input in the readership of this book would help in the fight against ignorance in Africa and preserve for our children a flourishing ground of African unity and peace for all who bear Africa in their hearts.

This book is written with special thanks to Brian K. Arbic of the University of Michigan, the Peace Coup and its founders and Rev. Fr. Bonaventure Quaidoo of the Diocese of Damongo, for their invaluable contributions to my academic success. I also render thanks to my friends and family for their steadfast love and concern. May our tender hearts beat as one across the oceans and may our deliberations lead us into a peaceful and more prosperous world. As we owe it to every soul in this world to make it a better place for all.

THE DISTRACTION OF AFRICAN CIVILIZATION

The distraction of African civilization is indeed a battle, which constantly claims lives than any battle Africans have ever known since our very first black ancestors emerged from the murmuring rivers of life. Ever since the greedy White man and the short-sighted Arab neighbour walked our shores and deserts, our wealth and civilization seemingly appeared more of a threat to the superiority they sought. Such that, on every turn they planned and plotted, but to claim the glowing cradle of civilization from us.



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