

12.26.05 Irma's Journal

I am a storyteller. I have always dreamed of this trip. It is important to me both as a griot and as an African in America. The storyteller is often the vehicle through which stories pass. When our plane started to land in Dakar a flood of thoughts from the ancestors came to me. This is what I heard and I wrote down as it was given to me.

The Ancestors Speak

I feel the gentle breeze on my face mixed with tears of my ancestors as they chant.

Thank you my child. Thank you for bringing me home.

We left in a hurry against our will, without a chance to say Good Bye.

We had no comforts.

But today I travel with you on gentle wind and swift clouds, anxious to see my rich homeland.

Anxious to share it with you and relatives that you have never seen.

They love you, you love them, you are them, they are you .

Thank you my child.

I am glad to be home, I am glad to have you with me.

We feel your warm spirit, we see our young son.

He is as strong as the ancient warriors. He carries the future in his seed.

Let him achieve and restore greatness.

Blacker than the cold and desperate nights is the gold that shines within his future.

Thank you, my child, for the courage to bring us home. You have come home with us.

Banta, Anti, Minannu, Sari, Afoua, Myou, and Sadi, we embrace you.

Thank you, we are home again.

We love you. Feel us. Experience us. Share us. Love us as you love yourself.

Your richness, your spirit and your strength echo and mirror your people. Thank you my child for bringing me home.

This journey started long before you breathed in this world, long before you cried your first tear.