

# MAMA BLESSED EVERYBODY

by  
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hen I heard that Mama was not feeling too good, I phoned her and she confirmed that all was not well.

“What is wrong, Mama?”

“I don’t know what is wrong and I don’t know if anything is wrong.

When are you coming to see me?” She said.

“I will be coming soon.”

“Let it be very soon—o.”



I was already planning to go to Nigeria for the funeral of my brother in law, Fred Madike. After talking with Mama, I decided to plan for a longer period in Nigeria so as to spend a long time nursing her back to her normal health. I felt that she needed one of her daughters to take special care of her. Chinyere was with her during the summer and I heard that she was emotional when Chinyere was going back to America. I talked with my other sister, Ngozi. We decided that she would take care of my family in London while I spent a long time with Mama in Nigeria. When I returned, it would be my turn to take care of her family so that she would go to Nigeria. We had been doing this every six months, but we had decided to make it more frequent. I went to my office and briefed the attorneys who would see to my clients in my absence.

My brother, Emeka, who is a medical doctor, was actually the one that took care of our mother on a daily basis. He checked on her daily and supervised the way that they gave her care. Chinyere’s kids were Mama’s constant companion; chatting, praying, and getting biscuits and other goodies from Mama. Florence was another invaluable person in the house. She gave Mama her medication, cared for her, and received constant blessing from Mama. Florence said that it was a blessing to take care of old people.



There were women who came to the house everyday to see Mama. They included Mama Ugo, Mrs. Okoro, her friend Mrs. Anyakwu and her cousin Lydia Okafor Nebo. Mama was happy that the priests came everyday from St. Joshep’s parish to give her holy communion. I was surprised that Mazi Christopher Emesi who is in his eighties would drive his car to our house to see Mama. Osondu Illo, Christian Okafor, Cordelia Egbujie Ezegirim, and many others whose name I cannot remember now, came to see Mama often while I was there. Of course, my husband, Cosmas Madike, was there.

There was this funny incident. We thought that Mama was lapsing into a state of unawareness, because of the way she reclined her head and would not participate in our jokes. When Cosmas came in, I told him my concern.

“She is now more unaware than aware,” I said.

“That’s rubbish. She’s just resting.” He began to massage her hair and praise her.

“Leave me.” Mama knocked off his hand.