

UPDATE: THE PROPOSED TRAVEL

by
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It is with a very heavy heart that I write this update, because I was getting ready to go to Nigeria and be with Mama when news of her final exit came to me. My brothers in Nigeria took very good care of her. In fact, Emeka, who is a medical doctor saw Mama every day and took particular care of her. Even though Mama was one of the four women honored as “Life Member of Catholic Women’s Organization” in Egugu Diocese in the seventies, she got excited when they chose her as Nne-Ife at St. Joseph’s parish in 2002. She insisted that one of her daughters must return to tie her scarf for the ceremony. That was when we decided that one of us (her daughters) must travel to Nigeria and be with her every four months even though her grand-daughter, Orbi, who lives in Lagos visited her every month and my sister-in-law, Joe, saw her every few weeks. Beatrice and I were with her in February 2009. Chinyere was with her in July. When we heard that she was praying and giving messages, Beatrice took a long time off work and spent October through December with her. When I spoke with Mama on the phone in November, she insisted that I should come home to see her.

“Mama, my schedule as a Chattered Accountant in”

“If you want to see me alive, come now,” she said without listening to my explanation.

“Mama, please don’t talk like this.”

“Alright.”

My children told me that I must go home. My son-in-law, Uche Nnachetam, and my daughter, Kananyo, volunteered to buy me a ticket. Ugochukwu, Obinna and Lulu did not want to be left out so they also contributed. I began to get ready to travel when Beatrice returned so that she could take care of my family and hers as I was doing when she was away from London.

My brother, Edwin, whom Ngozi mentioned in her anecdote, passed on during the Nigeria-Biafra war. He graduated from Ahmadu Bello University, Zaria, as an engineer and joined the army immediately. That was one year before the war started in 1967. He passed on in the war, so I can’t authenticate Ngozi’s story from him. But, there is a way out. I can ask Beatrice who translated Chukwu as God.

I was lucky that our brother, Charles, and his wife, Josephine, visited me. From my home in Wichita, Kansas, USA, we had a telephone conference with our sisters in London, England, and decided that we were going to have a big party for our mother and bring all her children, grand children, and great grand children together to the celebration that would be attended by the extended family and friends. The visit gave me the opportunity to ask him about Mama’s illness. Here’s his version: