

Happy Easter to All, Ethiopians and the World at Large

By Tecola W. Hagos

Notwithstanding my heretical ideology now, I grew up in a God fearing, highly ethical, and highly religious family. Easter was my favorite Holiday, but for my Father it was Gena (Christmas), and for my Mother it was Timket (Baptismal). For my Siblings, I think we were evenly divided. I loved Easter because it was the end of fasting, but more importantly it was a once a year event I had a chance to spend the whole night in the very bosom of the Cathedral of Medhani Alem and look at those fabulous paintings to my hearts fill. [You must understand that to wait for a year for some event to come about is like an eternity for a very young child.] And in the following day, I would visit my friends and relatives all over Dessie without having to go through hoops to get my parents permission.



Ronen Zvulun / Reuters

I remember and reflect my formative years in Dessie with great love and nostalgia. I never had a better life than those wonderful formative years in Dessie, certainly not in America where I feel stranded, or elsewhere that is totally alien world to me. I simply cannot imagine having a life away from Ethiopia and to a lesser extent away from the United States. I know I would not last a day in any other country than those two countries I mentioned.

Easter represent to me of renewed hope and renewed life. It is a symbol of the undying human spirit. It affirms the resilience of man, as symbolized by the death and resurrection of a simple and humble Jewish man, Jesus. The poet Shelley put it in a universalized symbolism fabulously by stating that "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" It is the resurrection of the Christ that he was alluding to, but it is also the resurrection of the

human spirit. For us Ethiopians, this particular Easter has special significance. We have suffered nineteen long years under the brutal yoke of oppression of Meles Zenawi and his anti-Ethiopia subversive Mafia-like organization. Meles Zenawi is the son of a *banda* traitor, who in turn had betrayed our national Sovereignty and territorial integrity. He is looting our gold and treasure to the tune of at least five billion dollars since 1992 in collusion with a greedy con man called Mohammed Al'Amudi.

Easter is of special interest to all of us at these last moments of the Election of 2010 where the brutal Government of Meles Zenawi had brutalized even caused the murder of opposition candidates. All I need to say to my fellow Ethiopians is:

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our [Ethiopian] English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.

Shakespeare, Henry V, Act 3, Scene 1.

Tecola W. Hagos
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