

A Fridays-weekly Newsletter for Children and Youths

WA'BIN WIY AA LO! **COME ALONG, YOUNG PEOPLE!**

An initiative of Warren Nsaibirni and Gilbert Lawong

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THINKING OF THE CHILDREN



Editorial: Thinking of the children

Dear readers,

The beginning of the “come along young people” venture in March-April 2020 was marked by a thought of our very young ones back in the Cameroonian countryside. They did not have a means to go to school because of the sociopolitical crisis and the outbreak of a pandemic. They also did not have the opportunity to take part in digital learning. We came to stay. The two major challenges we face are: How to reach out to those children in remote areas and secondly, creating content for the very young readers. From this issue, we introduce with this issue a permanent column for the youngest and will further develop this with time. Thoughts are on the way to make WWL accessible to remote areas. We invite all ideas from all readers on how to attain this.

We are in search of someone ready to illustrate short articles for children.

Let us together kindle in the youngest the spirit of reading by making them able to read the alphabet as a first step

Sincerely,

Gilbert Lawong

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What is his name?

Tertiary Sisters of St. Francis-Cameroon launch Golden Jubilee of Province



The Tertiary Sisters of St. Francis, is an International Female Religious Congregation of Pontifical Right founded in Brixen-Italy on September 12, 1700 by Maria Hueber.

The first Sisters arrived Shisong-Cameroon on October 16 1935. They made a big impact in the lives of the people especially in the areas of health: mother and child care and education of the girls. Soon indigenous girls joined the congregation. Cameroon grew steadily and became a Region in November 20th 1958.

In September 1971 Cameroon was canonically made a Province, with the Provincial House in Shisong. Raising the

Region to a Province meant more degree of autonomy in decision making and responsibilities.

The missionary dimension of the Cameroon Province surged after the first African Synod with a renewed call to Africans to be auto-missionaries. Thus in 1998 the first mission in La Yole (Republic of Central Africa) was opened; followed by (Lafia) Nigeria in 2007 and Congo Kinshasa in 2009.

Today, Cameroon Province has 326 Sisters, living in 42 communities in the following Dioceses in Cameroon: Bafoussam (2), Bamenda (9), Buea (2) Douala (1), Edea (1), Garoua (1), Kumbo (9), Mamfe (2), Ngoundere (2), Yagoua (3), Doume Abongmbang (1) and Yaoundé (1). In the Republic of Central Africa, we are in Bouar (1) and Berberati (1). Nigeria: Lafia (1), Gboko (2) and Jalingo (1). Congo: Kikwit (1) Morocco: Marakech (1) and collaboration with the Province of Bolivia. Our major apostolates are healthcare, education, pastoral/social work, catering, and secretariat work.

We are presently challenged by the sociopolitical crisis ravaging the two English Speaking Regions of Cameroon for 5 years now. Faithful to our Charism and Mission Statements of being an empowering presence to the underprivileged persons, we dedicate more attention to

thousands of our people who have lost their loved ones, property: some villages have been burnt down completely. Many are taking refuge in Nigeria where we have also opened a new community (Takum) in order to reach out to them.

We render immense gratitude to our Benefactors who continue to support us in this challenging mission. May the Good Lord continue to bless and reward you abundantly.

Sr Gloria Wirba (Provincial Superior)

You can get more information about the Cameroonian province of the tertiary sisters of St. Francis (Shisong sisters) and their work in Cameroon under the following websites. In case you would like to support this work, feel free to contact them through the stated contacts or contact the editors of Wa'bin wiy aa lo.

www.tssfcameroon.org or

www.tssfcameroonhealth.de

Making a Simple Telephone

Kids' Corner with Gilbert Lawong



We need: Two tins of the same size, like the ones of tin tomatoes; A tin cutter (or knife); A long thread of about 3 meters; A (small) nail (1 inches) to make a hole and a hammer or a stone to hit the nail.

We need to know how to make a node

How to do it:

1. Cut out one cover side of the two tins (best collect an empty tin, when mama has finished cooking using tin tomatoes). You may ask an elderly person to help you with a knife or tin cutter.

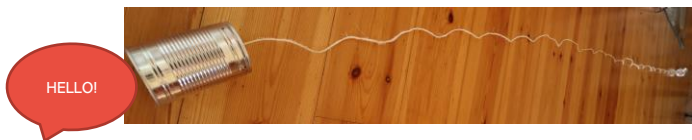
2. Turn around the tins and make a hole in the centre of the cover that is left.

3. From the bottom, pull one end of the thread through the hole you made and make a node at this end, so that the thread does not fall out when you pull from the bottom. Do the same for the other end of the thread using the second tin.

You are finished!

How to use the telephone:

You need a friend to communicate with you. He/She should hold one end of the telephone (the tin) as an ear piece and you use the other as a mouth piece: You must stand 3 meters away from one another. The thread should be held under some (pulling) tension. The person speaking should do so into the tin and the one listening should hold his/her tin tightly on the ear. Interchange the talking and listening, so that this is a conversation (Communication).



CAN WE SPEAK ABOUT WORK ?

By Br. Francis Bongajum Dor, OFMCap.

In my childhood, when evening came, after revising our lessons and doing school assignments, we would normally sit with our parents around the fire site while waiting for mum to get super ready. At these regular assemblies, one frequent question our father would ask us was: “what did you do today since you came back from school?” This was not normally a comfortable moment as each person struggled to name one, two or three things he or she did in the course of the day. My father did not seem very interested in the answers, though. When I became a religious and read the spiritual exercises of Saint Ignatius of Loyola with its insistence on daily examination of conscience, I realized that my father had introduced me, though unconsciously, to do daily examination of conscience especially with regards to work.

Definition of work

In English, Work is defined as either “activity involving mental or physical effort done in order to achieve a purpose or result”, or “a task or tasks to be undertaken”.

On the other hand, a job is a paid position of regular employment, a position, a post, a situation or place. Work is also defined in the teaching of the Catholic Church to be: “any activity by man, whether manual or intellectual, whatever its nature or circumstances; ... by virtue of humanity itself”. Therefore, while a job is related directly to some payment or remuneration, work is related to an objective, a purpose, to the very nature of man.

To work is divine

On May 1st, while the world celebrates Labour day, the Roman Catholic Church commemorates St. Joseph the worker. Pope Pius XII instituted this feast, now memorial, in 1955 to counter the movement that was making of work as only a means financial enrichment, thus depriving it of the transcendental dimension. The world was then turning more and more to the use of machines. Thousands of people went jobless as machines replaced people in industries. This process enriched few industrialists while millions went into misery because jobless. The commemoration of St. Joseph the worker is a celebration of the greatness of human labour, no matter how humble. St. Joseph, a carpenter, served God's purpose of salvation through his humble and honest work.

Holy Scripture teaches in the Book of Genesis that Man is created in the image and likeness of God. The first gift of the Creator to His human image is work, when God planted a garden in Eden and placed Man in it to take care of it. Through his work, no matter how humble, the human person becomes a conscious collaborator in the creative and redemptive work of God. Whoever works develops his/her human nature, renders service to self and others, and honours God. The Lebanese Christian philosopher, Kahlil Gibran said: “You work that you may keep pace with the earth and the soul of the earth. For to be idle is to become a stranger unto the seasons, and to step out of life’s procession that marches in majesty and proud submission towards the infinite”. To work is to occupy your God-given space in the universe.

Work is not dirt

In our towns and villages, workers are the shabbiest persons, second only to mad people. Car mechanics are a typical example but one can also observe this in other sectors, farmers, builders, drivers, sellers, the military etc. most reserve the worst clothes for work. When I worked in the formation of young persons into religious life, one of the first lessons I taught my young brothers was that work is not dirt; they had to look neat when they were at work,

be it in the kitchen, garden or farm. I had come to realize that we were unconsciously brought up to associate work with dirt. The most evident sign of this is that the clothes, equipment and places reserved for work are normally those we care least about. This should not be so, as Kahlil Gibran has clearly formulated: “Always you have been told that work is a curse and labour a misfortune. But I say to you that when you work you fulfil a part of earth’s furthest dream, assigned to you when that dream was born. And in keeping yourself with labour you are in truth loving life. And to love life through labour is to be intimate with life’s inmost secret”.

Work is a fundamental human right

Simone Weil was a young French philosopher and writer. She became renowned for her advocacy for the rights of workers. In spite of her fragile health, she left her teaching position in the university to work among miners who were the most exploited class of people in the French society of the early 20th century. Her main purpose was simply to experience the life of the most despised workers of her time, and from that personal experience, she wrote about work, advocated for the rights of workers, and promoted worker’s unions. One of her principles is that all honest work, no matter how humble is dignifying, if done with

love and the consciousness that one is actually serving humanity. One plague of workers, which she decries in one of her essays, is that workers have no love for their work. Farmers do not love the earth and all want to go to the city meanwhile even those in the cities depend for a great part on the work of farmers. If all workers were respected and treated with respect and equity, if everyone loved their work and performed it with dignity and a sense of responsibility and service, then our society will be transformed because people will be transformed.

To be continued in next issue of this magazine!

“Home isn’t Dead Yet” (for Moyo Okediji)

Poem Corner

By Wirndzerem Gideon Barfee

A seasoned prisoner in a foreign,
Distant gold gilded prison!
Mourned the death of home
Out of overflowing love
Watching her long
And leprous sores,
Cureless to modern medicines

That spell their own dubiety.

Shall we wear sackcloth

Together and turn day

Into eternal night?

No, I chose songs of comfort and hope,

And sang to wipe his tears:

Home hasn't died. Not yet.

It fallows:

The ferment,

The decay,

Are simply manure

For the wild explosion

Of virile phallic cobs

On the widest cornfields.

Home time is coming,

The homecoming

Will be in time soon.

Didn't you see the great

Year of Return whose happy crafts

Last anchored on the teeming coasts of gold?

The dark ships that went with

Dark bodies moaning and mourning

Across the seas and oceans,

Now return colourful with love this morning

Floating with dancing ribbons and
Fluting the music of carnivals unend!
The future of gold
Is home. The Oracles of Ifa
Have pronounced it!
The prophecy can never be altered
WGB. 27.01.20

The Goose and the Eggs

By. Godlove Suila Kuaban

There once lived a young boy named Wanyu who was in his early twenties in a small village called Mbam in the Nso Fondom (A Fondom is similar to a Kingdom ruled by a King, locally called a Fon). Wanyu was a very kind and polite boy who possessed good manners. Each time he met with anyone on the road, he would greet with a lot of interest. If he was sitting in a public gathering and an elderly person comes in, he would voluntarily get up and offer his seat to the elderly person. One day, he was returning from school and met with an old woman who was locally called Yaya. He greeted her with his usual politeness and humility, and offered to help her to carry the “fire wood” that she was carrying on her head. The old woman smiled and was very delighted.

One day, Wanyu visited Yaya and realised that she did not have water in her house. He took two containers and went down a running stream that was about 500 meters away from the house and fetched some water. He then committed himself to visit Yaya twice a week to fetch water and to clean her house. One day, Yaya said to Wanyu “ ‘Fai’ (a pet name that old women in Nso use to call a young boy when they are happy), I did not know that we still have kind and humble boys like you in our village”. Yaya had a lot of geese and other domestic animals like goats, rabbits, and guinea pigs. She was very grateful and decided to reward Wanyu with a goose. She said to him “every act of kindness and service sometimes brings unexpected rewards, which may transform the life of the person performing an act forever. I will tell you how an act of kindness changed my life and brought prosperity to me and my family forever. I will tell you a short tale of how I became the owner of large stocks of animals of various kind and the owner of the largest farm lands in our village without any inheritance from my parents. When I was in my early 20’s before I met my husband, I offered to help an old man named Lukong. We used to call him Taa Buhnyuy, because his grandson was called Buhnyuy. He had lost his wife, Yaa Buhnyuy a year earlier and was unable to cook for himself. I offered to cook for him three

times a week. One day, he was delighted and offered me a goose, which started laying eggs one week later. It laid ten eggs of which I ate three because I loved eggs so much. I sold three of the remaining eggs to buy some of my basic needs, and allowed the goose to hatch the remaining eggs. Soon, I had five geese, and I did not sell any of the geese. Each time that any of them laid eggs, I ate some, sold some, and allowed it to hatch the rest into more geese. Within four years, I had so many geese that I had to start selling some for I almost ran out of space to keep them. I started supplying both geese and eggs to the retailers in our local markets. I sold young geese as well to other women that want to raise geese as well. If I sold geese or eggs, I would extract a portion of the money to deposit at our Njangi meeting or I would deposit it in my account at the local Cooperative Credit Union. With the rest of the money, I used to buy the things that gave me pleasure and made me happy, for I love pleasure and leisure. At the end of the year, I would collect my savings from the Njangi meeting, and deposit it to my account at the Cooperative Credit Union. Four years later, I withdrew some of my savings from the Cooperative Credit Union to buy two goats, two rabbits, and a farm land from Paa Fondzeyuf who was eager to sell his farm land, but there was no one in our neighbourhood with the money to pay

for it. I bought the piece of land at a good bargain, and paid for immediately, and both of us were delighted with the transaction. The land was not too fertile, but I continued to gather the dung from the animals and deposit on the farm, and soon the farm became fertile and yielded better. In two years, the money I made from the sales of the produce from this farm far exceeded the price I offered for the farm land, without taking into account the portion of the harvest that I used to feed my family and the part I sent to my parents, for they were getting old and could not cultivate their own crops”.

Wanyu listened to the tale of Yaya with a lot of attention, and as Yaya was ending her tale, he interrupted, “you were a very lucky woman because Taa Buhnuy gave you a goose that was about to start laying eggs.” Yaya replied instantly “Oh yes my son, I was lucky that the goose that Taa Buhnuy gave me was about to start laying eggs, but it required self-control, discipline, and a little wisdom to not eat all the eggs, but rather to multiply one goose to have many geese, save the money from the sales of my geese, and to purchase other kinds of animals and a farm land. I had to keep my appetite for eggs and money under control, so that I could allow the goose to hatch some of its eggs into other geese. I delayed gratification, and denied myself from buying some of the pleasurable things

that I desired each time I sold my eggs and some of my geese. I could have spent all the money to satisfy my appetite for pleasure and leisure, but no, I could not do that for I was determined to become a successful woman. I was very much determined to ensure that my family should not lack food, fine clothing, and a beautiful shelter in the future. I had understood since I was a child that a man or woman who allows his or her appetite and desires to run out of control will soon become a beggar or borrower, and will soon lose his or her dignity among the villagers. Now I am willingly offering you one of my geese with a cheerful heart. You are a very kind and humble boy and my desire is for you to apply self-control, discipline, and some small wisdom to make something out of your life, so that you will become somebody tomorrow. You are more educated than me and I believe that you will do better than I did. The population of our village has increased significantly, and so the demand for meat and eggs in our local market has also increased. If you would just exercise a little patience and discipline, you will soon become an owner of so many geese and other animals and you will also have your own share of this growing market. However, if you let your desire for pleasure and leisure run out of control, then you will soon settle for a life of poverty, envy, and regret just like the majority of men and

women in our village. Always remember my son, that your desires and wants are like the weed in the field that grows wherever there is space for it. They are endless, and are always growing, and unless you willfully protest against them, they may soon run out of control, and may ruin your life. Therefore, my dear son, you must be careful of your lifestyle, and beware of debt, do not borrow to satisfy your appetite and desire for pleasure. The men and women who have allowed their appetite and desires to run out of control, have ruined themselves. My dear son, apologies for too much repetition in my tale and for speaking for so long, you know my dear son, I am an old woman, and an old tongue loves to wag.” The boy was very delighted and grateful. He took the goose and left.

YOUNG ENTREPRENEURS

-A CONTEST!

By Dr. Gilbert Lawong

The contest was launched in WWL Volume 2 Nr. 015 on the 09th. of April 2021. Until now, only two applications have been filed in. The editorial invites all young people with a small business who are interested in the contest to file in their applications in line with the conditions in above cited issue of WWL until tomorrow.

Closing date: 15. May 2021

Requirements:

- A short life history of yourself: curriculum vitae.
- A motivational essay, saying why you think you should be the one to be selected and what you would do with the aid, if you are selected.

Documents should be put together in writing and sent to fama12@gmx.de or alternatively via Whatsapp.

Feedback from readers:

“Warmest greetings to Alma and Godlove. I find his story about the whistle very interesting. Your reflection on the microphone with which something is wrong makes me grin!” (*Johannes Stahl, Germany*) translated from German by G. Lawong

AIMS AND OBJECTIVES OF WA'BIN WIY AA LO

1. Imparting the spirit of reading in children and youth
2. Motivating and accompanying young people to explore their writing skills.
3. Inspiring young people to develop their personality skills, including soft skills, which in the world of today are inevitable.
4. Accompanying youth to take their fate in their hands for a fulfilling life, when they grow up.

Contacts

Warren Nsaibirni

Gilbert Lawong

We invite you to file in comments and contributions

fama12@gmx.de