

The Crowning Night

The ceremony was about to start. A young Princess holding her breath was sitting by the aisle. All would be starting on time. A more than 100,000 candles lit her surroundings; their flickering lights shining beyond the horizon and glorifying her long silver gown. The Princess sat gracefully breathing heavily, but the lights shone brighter.

There was a hush, a hush that humbled her. The Princess of Kingdoms rose to her feet. She knelt down and humbly bowed to the graces. The accompanying angels of Martyrdoms braced to their knees and bowed in accordance to the Princess.

A Mighty voice calmly addressed the ceremony. And soon, the clouds darkened, the lightning torched the earth, the winds blew fiercely, the seas tumbled with fury, the skies opened up, and the rains dropped in a gush. The Princess of Kingdoms covered the candlelights and her Martyrdoms with her long gown, and braced to her knees. She greeted her teeth in sheer determination, straightened her head, looked to the fore and nodded acknowledging she was well advised to protect.

The earth tumbled with unprecedented uncertainty, but the Princess held on tight, tighter than ever. And along her sides, only the few brave remained holding the ropes of vision and hope against the fierce storms and tides. But the Princess held on tight the most, and she looked to the far safe haven with greeted teeth determined to storm the testy weathers.

The Mighty stared at the Princess; quite confident that she was well selected. He silently gazed at the Princess. His heart softened and he raised his eyebrows with an admiration witnessing the tiny entity weathering heavy storms to his awe.

The Mighty nodded to the angels of mercy! They brought a shiny silver sword unto him; on a silver plate wrapped in silver clothing, and braced to their knees. There was calmness. A reassuring calmness!

Upon the stare, the Princess started walking towards the Mighty, ushered by more than 100,000 lights surrounding her, and three million more ululating. She walked to the foyer slowly charmingly glancing side ways at the spectators. She was the chosen, and that event was her crowning night! The candle holding Martyrdoms followed holding her long silver gown. A very expensive wearing, which they didn't want muddied up.

The Princess carried on and reached the stages where the Mighty sat gracefully. She bowed and braced to her knees. Lightning struck the surrounding. The clouds cleared, the winds hushed and the fierce storm stopped. The rains showered their cleansing powers unto the Princess.

The Mighty smiled feasting his eyes and acknowledged the Princess. He summoned her to get closer, and she did. Her face was serene, but tears; tears of joy and sadness; were running down her cheeks. The Mighty stared at her, as if saying this is the last test!

She glanced around to her Martyrdoms and bowed to their grace; they braced to their knees. The crownee walked further into the aisle alone, while her candleholders bracing. She was about to be crowned the Queen of Kingdoms.

The Mighty handed her the silver clothing with the silver sword. She knelt and accepted the Queenship. There were words of jubilation, ululations, cries of joy and nostalgia. The Queen smiled.

The Queen of Kingdoms rose to her feet, and straightened up to a confident posture! She raised the Mighty silver sword and raised it high to the sky. Her Martyrdoms rose to their feet, and smiled happily. She vowed "no more" in silence. She looked at them with passion and empathy.

"No more! Rest in peace!" She soothed in no doubtful voice.

And out aloud she shouted "Yohana to you all!"

Her voice echoed across the mountains, valleys, plains and the ones unable to attend the ceremony had their ears ablaze by the echo, and soon came out ululating. They too braced to their knees, for the voice seemed familiar and undoubtedly theirs from within.

The Queen embarked onto her chariot, but then she stopped! She beckoned the candleholders to fit into the carriage. She felt thrilled by the sight. She shouted once more, "Yohana to all of us!" And raised her silver sword high in the air. Her voice was that of a magical thunder that would even humble the fierce. More ululations echoed into the still dawn.

Her ill-doers gasped chocking from the dust the chariot wheels spew out. The Queen of Kingdoms looked at them with pity, "my ill-doers and detractors who betrayed me, forgiveness to you all," she thundered her voice. "May you all find the strength to live with your own wrath and bitterness." Her ill-doers looked down in bitter shame and disgust of their own misgivings, and they soon crumbled under their own weights; for they knew they couldn't forgive themselves.

More ululations reverberated in the valleys, mountains, and plains of her empire through time!

Her children prided saying, "I am from Eritrea! The eternal Queen of Kingdoms." They made things out of the Queen's silver sword and turned the rough terrain into an evergreen pasture, healed the sick, attended to the needy, crafted works of art, tamed the seas, persuaded the deserts, flew far into the space, spoke passionately of her and sang rejoicing her strengths.

They kept their magical wisdom to themselves, but everyone in the family knew where the legendary silver sword was safely kept for times of need.

Whenever they got disheartened, faced unfair blows; when the odds surfaced in spite of their hard work; they made habits of dancing with the Princess of hearts in their thoughts. The young Princess would dance with them through the night, giving them hope and strength that kept them going. And they overcame great challenges, ordeals and triumphed always. The Princess kept on watch protecting them from the high of heights; dancing with her Martyrdoms and their ever-lit candles. Her sons and daughters knew nothing less than leaving their foes in the dust; for their foes never understood where sheer passionate strengths come from.

And the music would keep on going in the high of heights. The Queen of Kingdoms would smile brightly, dancing with her Martyrdoms.

Her sons and daughters swayed along with her rhythms. "Yohana Eritrea," they sang along with her dreamily, vowing to defend her against all odds.

SINCERE YOHANA TO THE SONS/DAUGHTERS OF THE PRINCESS!

*History will report it as such that there were a people;
the Sons/Daughters of Eritrea who defeated
unsurpassable odds. And Yohana they sang every tough
corner they encountered.*

*Ever remain singing for times to come. With harmony
they moved forward. And forward is only the way they
knew how to move on to, singing
Yohana ...Yohana ... Yohana ...
Many times Yohana!!*