



21st Edition

Editor: Tesfaldet Bahlubi 5/28/2016

Reportage

Bay Area of California

Celebrated The 25th Silver Jubilee of Eritrea's Independence

For this historic liberty day May 24 of ours, I was desperately wanted to celebrate for nothing else but first: to thank God that I have survived from all the odds during my engagement in the bitter liberation struggle, second: to congratulate the heroic Eritrean people and third: to remember the tens of thousands martyrs, among whom those who were close friends in army of mine. How could I forget them? The question which came to my mind was: how to celebrate, where to go to celebrate and with who to celebrate? In my entire endeavor in the diaspora, I have been an opposition afflicted fighter till my failure to comply with its unfortunate inflexibility to reality.

For this dogma opposition, May 24, is a day to grieve for, not to celebrate for. But I wanted to celebrate. Especially when the current geopolitics at hand is signaling us a warning to get ready to secure united for what we have gained already or else the risk could be unbearable beyond our control.

Haven't you heard the PM of Ethiopia is being ready to invade our country any time now to destroy Eritrea as easy as in seven days finish? For me, It is a serious threat to the effect I have no problem to friend with the unfriendly as long as we share a common value to defend our country without preconditions. No ifs and buts. All things considering, my patriotism got to find a room somewhere to brag with along with whoever poised to defend our nation.

So, I have to find out an opportunity where I can join with whoever is set to celebrate. It is my conviction to struggle for change without declaring alliance with the supporters of Higdifism.

I knew who was set to celebrate. The Eritrean People in the Bay Area at Oakland was set to celebrate the event on May 21st, 2016. I decided to be over there. But, if I go over there in Oakland to join the celebration, my concern was that I may not receive – the usual merHaba gesture.

I took the courage and went to Oakland to join the celebration. For my surprise, I was relieved off my doubts. I thought none of them would shake my hand. To the contrary, I got some worm hugs. I found them as good to me as to any citizen. I was comfortable. And this message is all about it. Here is a reportage on how we celebrated.

Since May 1991, the word “reportage” remains etched permanently in my mind after I have read the detailed scripts entitled “Reportage” during the final victorious war in the town of DekemeHare, Akeleguzai province, waged by our heroes on their way to Asmara. Unlike nowadays, it was on a paper format with pictures of smoke clouds rising from the ground up darkened the skies of the town. It was amazing coverage of the war.

I could have referred some info from the paper the exact date and relevant data if I had to spend time digging into my unorganized library shelf. In the same manner in the internet, I composed an article titled “Reportage” in regard the annual festival of the Eritrean Community in the Western region of the USA hosted by the Oakland chapter at Richmond California city Hall. The event was conducted after the end of the border war with Weyane.

Here goes my reportage for the 25th Silver Jubilee commemoration day for the independence of Eritrea conducted in the Eritrean Community extra-large hall in Oakland, California: May 21st, 2016.

It was my first complete glimpse about the Community’s internal and external building outlook. I was totally mesmerized by the size of its occupancy in the West Grand Avenue of Oakland, California. It is located facing to the North covering one block of the Grand Avenue. I never thought our Bay Area community would own such a valuable real state in spite of the ever ending political quagmires among us.

I am encouraged by that. Having said this let me briefly touch about the event of the 25th year of Eritrea's independence celebration night party.

Drove all the way from the south bay, we were on time to be over there. Paid our cover fees, we were ushered to a round table perfect to accommodate our family members who came for the event from all over the Bay Area cities. The hall is really wide and it was full, probably, over the capacity. We were comfortably seated. The tables were nicely draped and decorated to the standard. Didn't know who paid for it but my favorite drink: a shot - Johnny black label arrived for me shortly after we sat down. Thanks, I said. Sip from it: felt good. I wished if I could have more of it if my caretaker was not supervising me. I complied.

Here it went the pleasure of the night. We were enthusiastic to celebrate the event honoring to our own victory that resurrected the beloved mother: Eritrea from the dead.

The hall was humming with music relevant to the event from the DE jay's zone. Along with that zone, a video camera was seen mounted high on a stand covering the flow of the event. On schedule, it was formally announced that the party has ignited. And a crowd flowed down from the entrance of the building towards the dancing floor waving flags, shaking swords while trooping and jumping forward. As usual, it took about ten minutes to do the initial dancing.

When the initial dance has ended, we stood up for a moment of silence in tribute for our martyrs. Following that, the announcer stood behind the mic to read a message sent by the Ambassador of Eritrea in the USA. He did. However, I heard nothing about the message because the audience was not in a silence to listen his message. Just to mention, he could have first secured our silence before he began his reading. He read it but the message got lost undelivered to my ears due to the noisy waves of the celebrants.

Next, The Musical Band shouldered their instruments up and blasted the hall with striking patriotic music. Fihira, The Star Singer, emerged from his hiding, imitating Michel Jackson wearing a hat on. His HIPHAP style performance was as good as he could perform. It is good for TiwisTegei dancing but may not fit for the

Circle dancing which is the Kudu or bikutaiki welel beli mode. Alternatively, there was a kiraristi singer and both of them blended together did the celebration as hot as it could be. We danced and danced till wegaHta leyti.

The mode was so relaxing and gentle. Everyone was friendly and respectful with hugs and handshaking. Credit goes to the organizers super enthusiasm, dedication, ownership, discipline and more important their customer service performance was super.

Happy 25th Eritrea

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