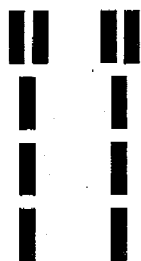


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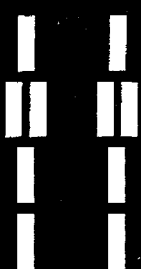
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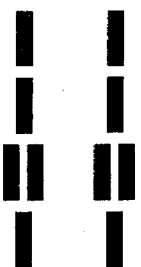
THE ODUS OF
OGUNDA



THE ODUS OF
OSA



THE ODUS OF
ETURA



THE ODUS OF
IRETE

DR. C. OSAMARO IBIE, J.P.

B.Sc. ECONS. (HONS.), LONDON B. A. ECONS (HONS.)

STRATHCLYDE FIAMN (HONS.)

IFISM

The Complete Works of Òrúnmilà

Volumes

Ten • Eleven • Twelve • Thirteen

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The Odus of Etura

The Odus of Irete

Dr. C. Osamaro Ibie, J.D.

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About the Author

Mr. C. Osamaro Ibie was born in the defunct Benin Empire's capital City of Benin mid- Western Nigeria on the 29th of September, 1934 to Chief and Mrs. Thompson Ibie Odin. He hailed from a Christian family. When his naming ceremony was, however being performed eight days after his birth, experts in the esoteric analysis of newly born infants, with special reference to the late Chief Obalola Adedayo, who confirmed to journalists when Ifism: *The Complete Works of Òrúnmilà Vol. One* was being launched in 1987, predicted that God created the infant as a servant to Òrúnmilà, God's own servant and divinity of wisdom, and that the world was going to know about Òrúnmilà and the distorted, falsified and fabricated truth about the true nature of the one and only good God through the infant whose future problems and prospects were being analyzed. In fact, Chief Obalola confessed that he himself wondered why Òrúnmilà left the whole of Yorubaland, which was his base, to come to Benin, which he first visited but could not reside in, to pick his *viva voce*.

According to the author's father the augury was totally ignored as farfetched because the man was talking to a Christian family who could not imagine any connection with Òrúnmilà.

The author went through his primary and secondary education in Benin City, during which he generally operated as a man-server in the Catholic Church. In 1947, he joined some of his friends to enlist in the priesthood of the Catholic Church, but his father intervened with the Bishop to insist that his son was not cut out for the Christian priesthood, and the Bishop deferred to the wish of his father by releasing him.

Upon the completion of his primary and secondary education, the author was employed in the Nigerian Federal Public Service where he rose from the post of a Clerical Officer to the lofty position of an Executive Officer in 1959. At the same time, he won a Federal Government Scholarship to read Economics in London. He went to London in 1960 and obtained a Second Class Honor Degree in both Strathclyde, Glasgow and the University of London.

He returned to the Nigerian Federal Public Service where he was appointed as an Assistant Secretary, becoming Deputy Permanent Secretary in 1973 and Permanent Secretary in 1975.

He was appointed as a member of the Nigerian Economic and Finance Committee on the same year, which was charged with the management of the Nigerian economy. At the same time, he was appointed as a member of the Nigerian Government delegation to the intergovernmental consultative conference between the American and Nigerian governments, on which he served between 1976 and 1980.

Between 1980 when he retired voluntarily from the Nigerian Federal Public Service, and 1989, he operated exgratiation as an economic analyst; writing many newspaper articles on the categorical and hypothetical imperatives of economic policy and management. He also addressed several public and private sector institutions on the directions of economic policy, including the Nigerian Institute of Bankers, the Manufacturers Association of Nigeria, Nigerian Institute of Strategic Studies, several tertiary educational institutions, etc.

From 1985 and to the present, he has been serving as a member of the governing Council of the Federal Government owned University of Benin, in Edo State. Since his retirement from the Civil Service in 1980, he has actively engaged in business in the private sector. He was in 1992 awarded an Honorary Fellowship of the Institute of Administrative Management of Nigeria (FIAMN - Hon.) and recognized as a certified and Distinguished Administrator (CDA). In 2000, Mr.C.Osamaro Ibie received his Doctorate of Jurisprudence, University of Marlborough, Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A.

According to Orunmila, there are three main factors conducive to a blissful sojourn on earth. One of some questions which I have been asked on a number of occasions, it will be necessary at the outset to define what a blissful or successful life is, because all too often, there is a tendency for people to define true happiness and satisfaction hedonistically, that is, in terms of material satisfaction and synthetic pleasure.

True happiness on earth can only come from deriving satisfaction from simple needs and desires, a life spent in accordance with the natural endowments of the true God, the manifestation of genuine and veritable dreams come true, and longevity. What shortens our lives on earth are not the pursuits of our needs, for which God and nature amply provide, but the never-ending hunt for greed. The birds of the air, the animals of the bush and the fishes of the rivers and seas, live happily from nature's simple endowment in their respective habitats. What truncates human life on earth is not our needs but the pursuit of greed for which God and nature forgot to provide.

The happiness herein referred to is not the synthetic greed for monetary satisfaction. How many people ever stop to sympathise with government functionaries and extortionate businessmen, who after mortgaging ethical objectivity and their conscience to loot billions of dollars, as if they were going to live forever, were subsequently denied by the higher powers, the undeserved right to live to enjoy their ill-gotten acquisitions? It is the maximization of the success and happiness deriving from living long enough to enjoy satisfaction from small wants and simple desires.

Against the foregoing background, I will now proceed to illustrate Orunmila's three prescriptions for lasting happiness in our planet. These three factors are: To come through one's destined parents to the world; to have the fortune of meeting one's destined marital partner on earth; and to be born into the right ambience.

Let me illustrate what I mean by referring to the experience of a late pupil and admirer, the intrepid journalist Dele-Giwa of blessed memory.

Three weeks before he became the victim of bureaucratic homicide, I invited him for a dinner to provide the opportunity of telling him some home truths. The first question I asked him was whether his mother was alive and equal to the task that his audacity necessitated. When he did not seem to comprehend the point I was making, I told him that unless he had a mother who was teleguiding his survival, it would be catastrophic for him to continue to singe the tiger's beards. I reminded him of the Bini aphorism that before challenging the messenger of death a young man must have a reliable protective shield. I was therefore, not surprised when, less than three weeks later, he was reported to have died suddenly from a bomb allegedly mailed to him by the bureaucracy.

Between 1944 and 1989, I took so many moronic risks that were it not for the brand of parents that it pleased God to give me, I would have long gone to join my ancestors. Between 1942 and 1969, when I was still the victim of synthetic foreign religion, it was my mother that provided the means of dodging the bricks and mortars of life. At the time, I was convinced that she was, and I had occasions to call her, the agent of the devil. That was because she was always talking about enemies seeking to destroy me. She borrowed money from any and every body to perform idolatrous sacrifices purportedly to keep me alive. She had five children all of who lived to bury her. But her expenditure on me alone was more than all her other four children

put together.

She was prepared to eat human waste in the interest of her children. She endured all kinds of indignities, especially from uncles in order to stay around to look after her children in my father's house.

Whenever, in my characteristic devil-may-care brazen effronteries, it was my mother, who often manipulated the brakes to apply forcibly, when I ignored the red traffic lights of life to race along at high speed. I should like to illustrate this oxymoron with two spectacular events in my formative years:

In September, 1955, I was working as a Shipping Assistant in the Department of Marketing and Exports at Warri in what is now the Delta State. I got a message from my mother that she had been told at augury to warn me to travel to Benin for the next three months to obviate the risk of becoming a victim of the evil machinations of esoterics and warlocks. As an ardent Roman Catholic fanatic, I had developed indomitable aversion against such idolatrous advice. I had no intention of heeding my mother's advice. Early in October, 1955, I had a fever and I went to the Warri General Hospital for treatment, I was given Quinacrine or Mepacrine and advised to take two tablets three times a day. I was taking the tablets as prescribed. When my guardian heard that I was ill, he came to visit me. Mr. Wilfred Osaoyomwanobo Osunde, the man who gave me my first job and harboured me for some months, was then an X-Ray Technician at the Warri General Hospital.

On hearing that I was ill, he came to my house to verify my condition. When he saw how high my temperature was, he advised me immediately to take a booster dose of mepacrine which had been given to me at the Warri General Hospital. After he left my house on that Friday, I immediately felt well enough to travel to Benin, in the company of my friend and next door neighbor, Mr. Joseph Okuofu. In book one, I have already told the story of how I lost my memory on my way to Benin and did not regain it partially until when I found myself at about 10pm after having strayed over five miles into the bush far away from Benin. A benevolent sympathiser subsequently backed me on his bicycle to my father's house. From then on, but for the indomitable disposition of my ever-caring mother, I would probably have ended up in an asylum or mental hospital.

It was the augury which my mother conducted that provided the esoteric solution to my problems. That was when a positive correlation was drawn between my previous incarnation and my indisposition. After the prescribed atonement sacrifices were made at the ancestral shrines in my maternal village, very close to the point in the bush into which I had mysteriously strayed on my way from Warri, I became perfectly well. That was also the setting in which my final initiation into Ifism was completed in October 1955. When Orunmila was reported to have complained that keeping him at the periphery of my life between 1944 and 1955 amounted to over-stretching my luck. That is why, at the instance of my parents, my Ifa was prepared without any further delay between the 7th and the 12th of October, 1955.

Except for some hiccups resulting from my first marriage between 1959 and 1969, my life had a reasonably smooth navigation.

After my first daughter was born in 1960, I went to study overseas on Nigerian Federal Government bursary. It is however, necessary to recall that during the final stages of my Ifa initiation in October, 1955, a ceremony which I can barely remember because I was at the time

still suffering from severe hallucinations. I only began to know what was going on about the lfa initiation on the fifth day when my life horoscope was disclosed, after being told that Orunmila, was the divinity God created me to serve? I fully regained my memory. I remember vividly that my parents were warned that if they did not wish to actuate any avoidable disruptions in my life they should not choose any wife for me unless it was one that I could choose myself and agree to marry.

In spite of that injunction, while I was preparing for the GCE Advance Level in 1957, with a view to furthering my education, my father proposed that I should marry a girl living on our street. Apart from the fact that the girl never went to school at all, I appealed strongly to my father that the time was not opportune for me to marry. He however, stood his ground and insisted that I had to obey his instructions. In the ensuing confrontation between father and son, I refused to visit Benin from Warri during the ensuing ten months. Before then, no fortnight expired without me coming to Benin to see my parents because I loved them.

Meanwhile, my mother besought my father to remember the injunction given to the two of them during the final stages of my lfa initiation, "not to force me to marry any girl unless one chosen by myself." Since custom and tradition were on the side of my father at a time when Benin parents still had the last word on who, their children married, my father was in no mood to compromise his decision. For daring to challenge his authority, my father drove my mother from his house on the ground that she was supporting her son (my poor self) who had never theretofore disobeyed his instructions.

My mother, immediately travelled to Warri to beseech my guardian, Mr. W.O. Osunde to persuade me to save her from the wrath of my father. Mr. Osunde reminded me that as mortals, we have no armour against fate since we are only pawns on the chessboard of destiny. He used his own example to demonstrate that he never had any intention of marrying more than one wife and that when his mother told him several years before that he was destined to marry three wives, he dismissed the suggestion as a plastic joke, but that over time he came to have three wives, all living with him at the time he was talking to me.

He emphasized that it is only when we stray from the path of our destiny that we run into difficulties during our sojourn on this planet. He then asked me whether what my mother revealed to him, was what they told okduring my lfa initiation? That anyone having lfa, Ogunda-di-'gbin was bound to marry or have children from at least seven women was true. I confirmed the information but insisted that I never believed it. He ended by advising me to stop upsetting my father because his prayers and blessings would do me more good than his anguish and curse.

On that note, I agreed to accompany my mother to Benin that week-end to submit to the will of my father and asked for his forgiveness. I will skip the details and out-tum of that cave-in to another book I am writing at the instance of Orunmila about the "Dark Side of my Life." Suffice it to conclude at this stage that it almost cost me my life on the 23rd of September, 1969, but for the precautionary moves of my mother.

After agreeing to marry my first wife in deference to the will of my father, I was determined to brush her total illiteracy and fine-tune her to suit my station in life. On the surface, the woman proved to be so inoffensive that when I was going Overseas on Nigerian Federal Government

scholarship in 1960, I promised to arrange for her to join me the following year.

I got to London for my university education. in September, 1960, when my first child was seven months old, having been born on the 6th of February, of that year. I immediately began to save money to get my wife to join me the following year. I immediately contacted my father to arrange to get my wife a passport to enable her to join me in August, 1961. My father was quite excited about my decision, but not my mother, who, in her characteristic aversion to "not looking thoroughly before leaping," decided to go places to "not looking thoroughly before leaping," decided to my decision.

At this point, it is necessary to recall an incident which transpired three weeks before I travelled to Britain in September, 1960.

My breakfast was esoterically poisoned by one of my father's wives, who I had trusted to the point of treating her more as a sister than a father's wife. The poison defied the competence of all the traditional doctors in Benin City. As I was about to give up the ghost, a paternal relative Mrs. Ozomwogie Isibor came in to tell my father that she knew an Urhobo woman at Oghara junction near Sapele, who might help. I was immediately transported in a chartered lorry, unconscious to the woman's place at about 8p.m. that night.

When we, (my mother, Madam Ozomwogie and I) got to Oghara, the woman told us that she could only determine the cause and cure of my problem after sleeping. She, however, alerted my mother that I should do whatever she told me to do when she woke up. Since I was in severe pain, I could not fall asleep. I was, therefore, wide awake after midnight when with a small clay pot in hand, she asked me to follow her on a journey towards the Benin road. After walking for about half a mile, singing an incantational song, she told me to follow her on a round the tree seven times. After that ritual, she gave me the pot to throw on the road towards Benin.

It was going on back to her house that she gave some liquid to drink after telling me that but for the special grace of God, the woman of taking it. Later that night, I began to vomit and out from my throat came a dead scorpion. Thereafter, I had no more pains and I slept throughout the rest of the night.

I did not know what happened between the Urhobo lady, Madam Keeke Efekeyan and my mother after I left for overseas for further studies. My mother was writing to update me but I was neither opening nor reading her letters because their weirdness were frightening to me.

I now move to August 1961 when my wife left for London. There were eight of us Nigerian students expecting our wives to arrive in the BOAC plane from Lagos to London. The normal arrival time of the plane was 6 a.m. At about 5.15 a.m. we heard a bizarre announcement through the public loud speaker system at the lounge that the BOAC plane from Lagos to London had crash landed in Barcelona due to engine problem, but that all the passengers were safe and that a relief plane had been depatched to fly them to London.

I subsequently wrote to thank my father and besought him to thank God for the safe arrival of my wife because the plane carrying them to London crash landed in Barcelona. I was to know the significance of the plane crash three years later, one year after arriving home.

Meanwhile, I got my wife enrolled with a private teaching institution to teach her from scratch. After a six month crash programme she was able to read, write and speak English and subsequently get through dress-making and cookery programmes. I bought an electric sewing machine and other gadgets for her to use. As stated earlier, in two years of living together in London and Glasgow, we did not have a single brawl in consequence of which I came to love her more than ever before. The only problem we had was that although she was treated by two of Britain's most proficient gynaecologists, she did not once miss her period. I became worried when the wives of my other colleagues including a flat mate, were expecting second babies. The medical explanation for her condition was that her fallopian tube was blocked and the doctors did all they could to unblock it.

When her condition defied all clinical remedies, I decided to return home to seek traditional solutions. I was convinced that a womb which brought forth a first child should be able to accommodate other children. I was barely 29 years old then and still a very naive Catholic. I had bluntly refused to cultivate any relationship with any other woman and vowed never to have an affair with any other woman until my wife had a second child.

We eventually returned home in September 1963, and narrated my abortive efforts to make my wife have another baby to my parents. I was even tested in London as to whether the medical fault was mine. My father's advice on getting home was that since I was mine. My father's advice on getting home was destined to have children by so many women, I should have as many girlfriends as I could afford. His advice fell on deaf ears, because I was in no mood to complicate my love life. My mother had suggested on several occasions that I should accompany her for augury to find out for myself why my wife could not have another child but I bluntly refused to *acquiesce*.

After persevering for two years, I decided to follow my father's suggestion of trying out other women. My first attempt was a disaster because as soon as the girl, a confidential secretary in the Ministry of External Affairs, became pregnant she confronted me with an untenable ultimatum to choose between having the child for me and doing away with my wife, because she could not share a husband with another woman. Coming as it did from a Bini woman, whose father was a polygamist, I told her that if I did away with my wife to marry her because of a child, I would equally most probably do away with her some day for another woman. Two days after turning down her proposal, she did a D and C to terminate the pregnancy. For the rest of her effective life, she neither had any other child nor spend one week of marriage with any other man.

Meanwhile, my mother persuaded me that I should accompany her to go and thank the Urhobo woman who dislodged the poison that nearly terminated my life before I travelled overseas. I readily agreed to accompany her and I went with clothes and drinks in addition to money with which to express my profound gratitude to Madam Keeke Efekeyan.

When we got to the woman's home at Oghara Junction she asked me whether my wife had another child? When I replied that she had not, her next remark startled me, when she said categorically that it was impossible for my wife to have another child for the rest of her life. She jolted me even more poignantly when she emphasized that no medicine or sacrifice could solve my wife's problem. When I asked whether that was her destiny or a situation brought about by medical or esoteric calamity, the old woman laughed and told me to calm down in order to understand the inexorable realities of life.

She started off with a local aphorism that no one can do much to alter what an individual has chosen to do for or with himself was destined to have seven children, that she subsequently preferred to surrender the remaining six when she was confronted with the harder option of losing her life. I was surprised to see that my mother was listening to the old woman's revelations with placid equanimity when I was rattled. The old woman then proceeded to narrate the most astonishing tale I had ever heard.

She explained that when I was coming to the world, I came with a mark on my forehead inserted by the cult of demons and warlocks. She added, that was why I had been having one problem after another since my childhood through the machinations of sorcerers. The woman then turned to face my mother. She asked her a curious question "Did one of your husband's lovers and two of your junior mates not do their utmost to end your son's (myself) life since he was born?" Is that not why his early years in life had to be spent with your mother? (my maternal grandmother). In confirming the woman's weird revelations, my mother gurgled into a wail of tears and since I was aware of most of what the woman was saying, I too instinctively burst into tears.

As if to restore some lucidity, the old woman congratulated my father and my mother for having the good sense to prepare Ifa for me very early in my life, adding that although they virtually forced me into it, I would have been reborn (reincarnated) four times since then if Orunmila had not been invited (via initiation) to my rescue.

Then came the grotesque disclosure which put me off completely. The old woman stunned me by revealing that when no one seemed able to end my life, my wife - who was, as far as I was concerned, the best spouse any man could pray to have - then got up in the cult of warlocks and volunteered to come and marry me to finish me off. The woman added that proffering to accomplish the long running task of terminating my life, she was given an enhanced promotion in the cult. The woman added that was why she did everything to advise my mother not to allow my wife to join me in London 1961 because that was going to give her the appropriate environment in which to achieve her nefarious objective against me. It was when I insisted on her coming to join me that the woman played her last card culminating in the crashed-landing of the air-craft bringing my wife to crash land in Barcelona in August 1961, to enable her to seize from my wife the esoteric weapons she was coming to use against me.

The price my wife had to pay for her inability to kill me, was the forfeiture of the six remaining children she was destined to have on earth and repeated emphatically that although I was totally adverse to marrying any other woman until my wife had a second child, she was absolutely incapable of having any other child. The situation became so bizarre for me that I had to leave the woman's house in anger for daring to prefer witchcraft charges against a young woman who could not even hurt a fly. Her last advice was that even if I tried to have another child through any other woman, I should do so in utmost secrecy because the pregnancy would abort as soon as my wife knew about it.

As I got into my car and halted on my mother to let us return home, the woman made a final prognostication. She told my mother and here, I will quote the woman verbatim "Edugie (my mother name) what I have just told your son that entered his head through one ear and he dismissed it through the other ear, he will only believe in five years' time. Your unrelenting task

will be to ensure that he is alive then to appreciate the truth of what I have told him." There and then, I vowed never to see the woman ever again.

In an attempt to repudiate the woman's predictions, first, I left no stone unturned during the next eighteen months to use other traditional methods to get my wife to have another child. The more I tried, the nearer I inched into the immutable realities of my predicament.

My mother went on her knees several times to beg me to have an affair with other women. It was when my father, who gave me my wife, gave his support to my mother's supplications that I had the courage to befriend other girls. The first one, a Confidential Secretary, aborted her pregnancy when it was four months old. The second one, an Education Officer, and a Catholic like me, told me after two miscarriages that her eldest sister told her after traditional augury that no other woman would be able to have a child for me as long as my wife was with me. That was why I left the girl. Unhappily, a Yoruba church-seer called Michael later told me that my wife had damaged the woman's womb irreparably and so she could not have a child. She subsequently married another man for 25 years and could not have a child until she got to menopause. Each time I remember that poor Mary became barren for taking the risk of befriending me in her prime, I shed tears. I leave the judgment to God.

The next woman I befriended at the instance of the late Chief Slaede Azoba who took pity on my plight when we were next door neighbors at Bishop Street, Idi-Oro in Lagos, was the first relationship I managed to conceal for eight months. When the pregnancy was eight months old, I became afraid that I might have problems in proving the child's paternity if I did not introduce the woman to my parents. On my way to introduce her to my parents from her village, after I told my wife about it, I had an accident with my car at Uselu on the outskirts of Benin as a result of which the girl became unconscious. It was a friend, Mr. Eghujovbo who was passing by that provided cold water from his flask to revive her. She would have lost the pregnancy but for the fact that my father took charge of the situation when we got home. That was how my first son managed to come into my life, but unknown to me only because my mother was made to perform a special ritual by an Ifa Sage.

It was the man who advised my mother after augury to perform the ritual that later revealed to me the year I attempted to take my life, that he told her to make a special twenty-one days appeal to God, her guardian angel and ancestors, that although she was destined to have ten children on earth, they should transfer the remaining five to me. That explains why I had five children by five different women in 1970, following the termination of my first marriage in 1969, my year of realisation.

It was by the special grace of God and the efforts, activities and prayers of my parents, that I survived the quinquenium between August 1964 and September 1969 for which I remain eternally grateful to God, my guardian angel and my parents. That is why I often ponder to worry about fellow human beings, who are not endowed with the rare luck of being brought to the world through the right ambience and parents. It makes all the difference to our lives.

This section of this book is merely a preview of the last book which I am writing at the instance Orunmila, God's own Servant of wisdom - when he enjoined me four years ago, 1995 on a flight from Lagos to London-that I should "Tell All About The Dark Side of My Life." Otherwise,

On my way to Benin 10.30 p.m. and 2am on the 27th of September, 1969, but for the timely

will be to ensure that he is alive then to appreciate the truth of what I have told him." There and then, I vowed never to see the woman ever again.

In an attempt to repudiate the woman's predictions, first, I left no stone unturned during the next eighteen months to use other traditional methods to get my wife to have another child. The more I tried, the nearer I inched into the immutable realities of my predicament.

My mother went on her knees several times to beg me to have an affair with other women. It was when my father, who gave me my wife, gave his support to my mother's supplications that I had the courage to befriend other girls. The first one, a Confidential Secretary, aborted her pregnancy when it was four months old. The second one, an Education Officer, and a Catholic like me, told me after two miscarriages that her eldest sister told her after traditional augury that no other woman would be able to have a child for me as long as my wife was with me. That was why I left the girl. Unhappily, a Yoruba church-seer called Michael later told me that my wife had damaged the woman's womb irreparably and so she could not have a child. She subsequently married another man for 25 years and could not have a child until she got to menopause. Each time I remember that poor Mary became barren for taking the risk of befriending me in her prime, I shed tears. I leave the judgment to God.

The next woman I befriended at the instance of the late Chief Slaede Azoba who took pity on my plight when we were next door neighbors at Bishop Street, Idi-Oro in Lagos, was the first relationship I managed to conceal for eight months. When the pregnancy was eight months old, I became afraid that I might have problems in proving the child's paternity if I did not introduce the woman to my parents. On my way to introduce her to my parents from her village, after I told my wife about it, I had an accident with my car at Uselu on the outskirts of Benin as a result of which the girl became unconscious. It was a friend, Mr. Eghujovbo who was passing by that provided cold water from his flask to revive her. She would have lost the pregnancy but for the fact that my father took charge of the situation when we got home. That was how my first son managed to come into my life, but unknown to me only because my mother was made to perform a special ritual by an Ifa Sage.

It was the man who advised my mother after augury to perform the ritual that later revealed to me the year I attempted to take my life, that he told her to make a special twenty-one days appeal to God, her guardian angel and ancestors, that although she was destined to have ten children on earth, they should transfer the remaining five to me. That explains why I had five children by five different women in 1970, following the termination of my first marriage in 1969, my year of realisation.

It was by the special grace of God and the efforts, activities and prayers of my parents, that I survived the quinquenium between August 1964 and September 1969 for which I remain eternally grateful to God, my guardian angel and my parents. That is why I often ponder to worry about fellow human beings, who are not endowed with the rare luck of being brought to the world through the right ambience and parents. It makes all the difference to our lives.

This section of this book is merely a preview of the last book which I am writing at the instance Orunmila, God's own Servant of wisdom - when he enjoined me four years ago, 1995 on a flight from Lagos to London-that I should "Tell All About The Dark Side of My Life." Otherwise, it is not funny to recall these lugubrious phases of my life. Who will believe that I was in tears as

I was writing it! If my mother had to eat human waste to keep me alive, she would have done it and more. I could not stop crying and had to retire to go and sleep. If there are mistakes in this section of the book, it is because I did not read it a second time.

I have decided to jump the events of those five years because they have been amply covered in "The Dark Side of My Life." While still struggling with destiny to have more children from my wife, I had succeeded in having my first son and my second daughter from two other women. I do not know whether those developments marked a gloom and doom scenario in my life. In fairness to my parents and children, they turned out to become positive turning points in my life. Meanwhile, a climatic interval began in my life from the 8th of June, 1969 when I discovered that I could no longer copulate with any woman including my wife, and I was only 35 years old. I did everything medical, esoteric and psychological to overcome the problem until the 23rd of September, 1969. That was the night I tried to take my life. It was Orunmila, as I discovered later, who stopped me from performing the *harikari*. Again I prefer to skip the details because, I had previously referred to it in Book one of Ifism.

It was during Orunmila's first appearance to me at the Atlantic Hotel in Hamburg on the 23rd of June, 1979, ten years later, that I realised from his voice and words that he was the one God used to stop me from taking my life by hanging on the branch of an umbrella tree in front of the boys' quarters of my official residence at No. 2 Elmes Road in Yaba, Lagos at 3am on the 23rd of September. Mysteriously, Chief Igbinovia turned up at my house the following day in equally mysterious circumstances, to give me Orunmila's message that I was having problems because I abandoned him. The chief told me, that I should go back to the patron who happened to be my father who prepared the *lfa* for me to appease Orunmila with a goat to enable him to remove from my house the woman who almost succeeded in terminating my life.

I followed the man's advice and went to Benin on the 25th of September 1969 to serve my *lfa*. When Orunmila was being sounded for directions a few days later, my father invited *inter alios*, Chief Adedayo Obaola, who asked for my wife. When I told him that she was in Lagos, he asked a second question, who gave her to you? I replied that it was my father. He then told my father that the woman had already loaded my luggage in a boat ready to sail for heaven and that it was by the special grace of God, and the intervention of Orunmila that I was still alive to stand before him, lest I would have been dead. He then asked me two questions in the presence of my parents and I prefer to quote him "My son, is your body complete as you are standing before me?" When I answered negatively, he asked the second question - "Is that not why you tried to take your life, but for the timely intervention of Orunmila? I again answered affirmatively.

It was there and then that the decision was taken for me to return to Lagos to bring my wife home. I travelled to Lagos the next day and returned with her to Benin on the 27th of September, 1969. When I got home, instead of convening a meeting of the two families to discuss the termination of the marriage, my father's aunt Madam Imalele Uwangué had queried that it was not fair to decide the fate of my wife on the pronouncements of Chief Obalola alone, without seeking a second opinion. She convinced my father that it was advisable to refer the matter to an *Olokun* priestess - AKPOWA of Iyowa - who would provide a satisfactory solution to the problem because she divines by possession.

On my way to Benin 10.30 p.m. and 2am on the 27th of September, 1969, but for the timely

intervention of my wife, who pulled the steering wheel of my car to herself, we would probably have ended our lives in a ravine between Ajebandele and Onikparaga on Lagos - Benin Road.

It was when I got home on the 28th that I was told that we had to go and meet an Olokun priestess on the 29th of September, 1969, (which happened to be my 35th birthday) at Iyowa, on the old Benin - Lagos road.

My father's aunt, Madam Imalele Uwangué led my wife and myself to Akpowa's shrine at Iyowa the following morning. The first surprise packet I had was to be welcomed with a song by the priestess that "the man we have been expecting has finally arrived" - (Enakhere, Enakhere gho rere O). Next I saw the mother of my first son, who I had alienated since early 1969, when her six and a half months old pregnancy virtually disappeared for disobeying instructions never to enter my house in Lagos. She had come to find out from the same Olokun shrine why her pregnancy receded and virtually disappeared. It appeared that when she went before the priestess for augury, she told her that her husband was on his way to her because Orunmila was directing him to her to unravel the *raison d'être* of this indomitable problem. The priestess told me that she asked the woman to wait, because she would only understand the cause of her own problem, when she (the priestess) started talking to me.

When I finally appeared before the priestess, the embarrassing overture to her revelations (because she speaks in songs with musical accompaniment) was to ask everybody present to pronounce shame on me for allowing Christianity to becloud my vision, for so long. She next asked me pointedly and I prefer to quote her, "This woman (my wife) standing with you, did your mother of the night Madam Keke Efekeyan of Oghara not tell you five years ago that she will not have anymore children for you and will do her best to stop any other woman from having a child for you?" I answered affirmatively, and she responded by asking me how many children my wife had within that five years, and I replied, none.

She then faced my wife, "what has this man done to you that you made it your mission to destabilise and if possible terminate his life? God who knows that he has done for you what few men can do for any woman has frustrated all your demonic designs against him, and it is in your own interest to know that it is a mission our Almighty Father will not allow you to accomplish." Next, the priestess made the second revelation that enhanced the credibility of whatever she was saying.

Still talking to my wife, the Priestness added "At the time your husband came to fetch you from Lagos, you knew that you were not going to return to him in Lagos because God, his divinities and your husbands' ancestors had swept your feet from his house.

"To prevent your secret from leaking, you decided to make his car tumble into a ravine, but when you realised that you too would die if the car fell into the ditch, you pulled the steering of his car. Am I lying, against you." She confirmed that was what happened.

Once more the priestess faced me saying "As long as you were quite happy with her only child, who she also tried unsuccessfully to kill to save her own life, following her failure to accomplish the task she set for herself. Thanks to your mother and your mother of the night, your wife did not become desperate. It was when you started trying to have children by other women that she decided to render you sexually impotent. Have you been a complete man in the past four months?"

When I answered negatively, she then asked my wife to leave the consulting chamber and she was led outside. She then advised me that: (i) I should burn all the beddings with which I had been sleeping with my wife because she had installed a U-BOLT in my house so that if I passed through that point and later go to copulate with any other woman expecting a baby for me, the pregnancy would instantly disappear, or if any such woman passed through that place, her pregnancy would evaporate and (ii) My wife rendered me impotent to cage me and prevent me from trying any other woman for a child. The situation will reverse itself if you can muster the courage to get her out of your house and your life. But I warn you, if she is still with you in three days time, after unmasking her today, she will get hold of one of your pants and use it to make sure that you will not be able to have sex for the rest of your life.

I left the shrine on a somber note, and as soon as we returned home, I went before my father on my knees and reported the developments. I ended on the note that he should return my wife to wherever he got her from, because I was through with her as man-and-wife. I gave her an alimony and finished with her at 9.30p.m. on the 29th of September, 1969.

My mother's first reaction was to suggest that we should go and visit Madam Keke Efekeyan at Oghara to confirm that her prophecies had manifested beyond all expectations and to persuade her to follow us to my Lagos residence for sanctification. I was only too ready, and anxious to see her again to apologize to her personally for daring to *brook* misgivings on the veracity of her predictions. We travelled to her place on the 30th of September, 1969, and with drinks, money and clothes, I was on my knees to apologise to her. She only told me to thank my mother who held the fort while I was slumbering between 1960 and 1969, which I did not hesitate to do on the spot. I wonder how many people are endowed with the fortune of *having* such a prototypical mother! She was indeed one of the best things God did for me.

Madam Keke felt so elated that she got packed to travel with us immediately. We spent the night at Benin and left for Lagos the following morning. As soon as we got to my house in Lagos, she asked for water to drink and I called a nine year old junior male relative who was then staying with me and schooling at the time. As soon as the boy moved through the rear door to the direction of the refrigerator to fetch water, Madam Keke, in a paroxysm of bewilderment, asked me, "Who is that boy?" and I answered that he is the son on a relation sent to live with me. She then asked a more impugning question - "Why is it that you are always living with the wrong people? Of course I asked her what means I had of knowing who was good and who was evil? She then made a jest of me by remarking that "of course, I have forgotten that you do not have a second sight." She then invited the boy for a chat while I got up to fetch water for her to drink.

When the woman asked *him* for his name, he gave his familiar name. The woman then told him that she was asking for his cryptic name. At that point, the boy inclined his head on one of his shoulders. That was when the old *woman* got annoyed in a way I had never seen before. She challenged the boy whether he was testing her competence and authority. She proclaimed that she was the second in command among all the witches and wizards of Urhobo land, adding that as soon as a sorcerer inclined his/her head on the shoulder, nothing would make him/her to answer any more questions. The woman then disclosed that the name the boy had in the club of warlocks was a Yoruba name and that although she did not understand a word of the Yoruba language, (being Urhobo) she would translate the meaning of the name, as soon as he mentioned it. At that point all the inmates who spoke and understood the Yoruba language in my house had

assembled for what was to say the least, an outlandish spectacle.

That was when, apparently, under the spell of the old woman, the boy gave his covert name as "OLOWOMIFO". There was total silence in my room. Nonetheless, of all the eight other individuals present, no one was adequately able to translate the meaning of the name. It was again Madam Keke who once more provided the clue to what was obviously a fiendish name. She explained that the name the boy took in the night meant "All the prosperous and successful people in his family would *be* permaturely dying. After asking him whether that was not why he manoeuvred himself into coming to live with me, the woman forced him to make a proclamation, changing the name instantly and he did. This is probably why the successful members of my family and myself are still alive.

The woman however had two more puzzles for him to unravel. She reminded him of the covenant *he* signed with my wife who had just left, to the effect, that (although no one gave any indication that she was leaving for good) she was not likely to return to Lagos, and therefore, she would send him something harmful to plant on my body. The woman then asked him whether she had sent it and he confirmed that she had not sent it. On that note, the woman warned him that if he accepted it and tried to plant it on my body, it would not only fail to work, but that he would not live to see the next morning.

Secondly, the woman made him to confirm that the umbrella tree in front of my boy's quarters was the staging post from which they (the club of warlocks) used to scan all the goings-on in my house and from where he used to send messages home to his mother for an update of whatever was going on in my house. Again, she warned him that if he ever tried to play the role of the inscrutable rapporteur on the happenings in my house and life anymore, he would not live to see the next new moon. On that note the woman dismissed him from the sitting room. She then suggested that later that night, the umbrella tree in front of my boy's quarters on which incidentally, I attempted to take my life the previous week, had to be cut down and uprooted. She added that after cutting down the tree, the boy would not be able to remain in my house for another five days. She also advised that whenever the boy elected to return to Benin, I should not only prepare new dresses for him but also promise to continue to pay his school fees from Lagos.

After dismissing the boy, the old lady turned to my mother to tell her in *tete-a-tete* to ask me whether I was still potent and whether I did not as a result of that, try to take my life. When my mother answered her questions affirmatively, she disclosed that my wife had planted an esteric U-BOLT in my house which not only made it impossible for any other woman to have a child for me, but also to render me impotent. The woman insisted that her visit to my house would be a failure if she could not locate the U-BOLT.

In fairness to the small boy, I was told two years later that while I was away to work one week day and he was on holiday, he cried all over the house that he was not happy at what the enemies were doing to me. He disclosed that they planted a U-Bolt in my house for any other woman not to have a child for me. He was reported to have threatened to spill the beans. My wife was still in the house and apparently told everybody not to let me know about the outburst of the boy.

Meanwhile, the woman and my mother had supper. Thereafter, from about 8pm until 1.45am they were searching for the U-Bolt. At the same time the umbrella tree was being mowed down. After trying and failing to locate the U-Bolt, the woman poured certain cryptical substances all over the rooms in my house, while assuring me that after her departure, I would discover it and I

should get a wild melon ready in which I should stick it in and jettison it into the septic tank in the boys' quarters, since my wife probably never used the toilet there.

My driver returned the woman and my mother to Benin and Oghara the next morning. The following day my little boy went to the school and did not return home. I became so unsettled that I reported his disappearance to the Police Station and the NBC. It was as a result of the incessant radio announcements that someone spotted him by the side of the river and took him to the Yaba Police Station, from where he was escorted to my house. After the Police escorts had gone, I asked him why he behaved the way *he* had done and his reply was that he wanted to return to Benin. Two days later he was taken to Benin, with the assurance that I would pay his school fees up to whatever level of education he aspired to, which I did.

Three days after the boy left for Benin, I returned to St. Dominic's Catholic Church (High Mass) on a Sunday morning and went to *bed* after taking my breakfast. I was having a siesta when I had an apparition in which the Akpowa Priestess appeared to ask me why I had not removed the beddings on which I slept with my wife as she instructed. In fact, I deliberately refused to burn the beddings because I had just bought them during a trip to Europe. After that phantasm, I invited the inmates in my boys' quarters to help me remove the beddings. I had two mattresses on my bed, one cotton and one spring. After removing all the beddings, by the time we removed the two mattresses, there on the top of the tarpaulin was this mysterious U-Bolt, the type of which I had never seen before. I immediately went for the wild melon, stuck it into it and proceeded to dump it into the boys' quarters septic tank. Who would have believed this brand of fairy tale. But it happened to me. It was from that day that my sexual potency returned in earnest and I had five children by five different women between January and April, 1970. That was the first time I saw relief on my mother's face during the past ten years.



A Quintessential Mother