

## **I am a born-again believer & my religion is Meles Zenawi**

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By the will of the Goddess of Ethiopia, I believe, Meles Zenawi was born for reasons other than the ordinary ones that you and I were born for. Meles was born to lead and help build a modern, sovereign, and a free Democratic Republic of Ethiopia.

I have a reason to revert back to the religion that I have abandoned early in life. Things were trite and nothing was out of the ordinary then, and, I had to walk away from my religion as a result. But now, and after many years of abandoning my religious belief, I am a born-again believer and my religion is Meles Zenawi.

I believe in Meles Zenawi and he is my religion from now on till the end of my time. This I believe is not the result of stretching my emotion. Instead, it is the result of seeing the tangible change in the life of Ethiopia—in part, by way of my newly found religion; I aver.

Meles Zenawi is my religion for he is not the ordinary Ethiopian that I can ordinarily relate to. He is my religion and hence a singularity that I would not dare to humanize. To humanize Meles is to imbue him with the trite and the redundant—it is as if to equate him with a stiff person who may need to relax to be himself by therapy of some kind. Meles is beyond humanizing.

To lionize Meles is not that different either; it is equally trite and mundane, and it depletes his deeds to equate them with the deed of a general who had won a battle over an enemy that he may end up befriending in later days. Meles is beyond lionizing and he is my religion for being so.

Meles is not a hero either, for a hero these days connotes among many things the deeds of those who manage to save cats and dogs from the grinding tires of a city bus. Meles is the savior of an entire nation and beyond whose deeds are beyond the deeds of a hero; his deeds emanate from his extra ordinary life—a life that is worth worshiping at any cost.

Indeed; Meles Zenawi is my religion for he is a rarity—a gift from the Goddess of Ethiopia. And hence, he is the religion that I have now—a religion that is not that disparate from customary religions whose Gods rarely come as saviors with the flesh, bone and blood of our kind. Yes; Meles Zenawi is a rarity and our kind, but he is not as ordinary as we are even in the minuscule sense of how we manage to live our lives with respect to the life of Ethiopia. It is his life that defines and separates Meles Zenawi from us. His life is not ordinary and no one believes in the power of the life of the ordinary. By extension, therefore, Meles Zenawi is my religion for I believe in the life of the extra ordinary.

I believe in Meles Zenawi, because, as a proud Ethiopian by no other than my own claim, I have nothing to show for as a matter of proof otherwise. My tears; my tears of several days cannot be my witness for I know for sure that they are guilt-induced for most part. My tears if any are the manifestations of my guilt over not having the gut to be as selfless as an Ethiopian as the martyrs that paved the way for me to be a very proud Ethiopian. Believe me; I am so aware not to kid myself and insult my conscience. If I am short of the gut and the commitment that mimics the commitment and gut of our martyrs, I should be held in contempt for claiming to be a proud Ethiopian.

Where did I go wrong and for what reason? How is it possible for my single life with few others to become the premise for me to draw back from a commitment of the kind that our martyrs paid for millions of our kind?

After the “passing” of Meles, especially, I shiver while asking myself a very simple question: what have I done lately to make me feel a very proud Ethiopian? And the answer: nothing; nothing compared to our selfless martyr Meles Zenawi whose very deeds are now the basis of my religion for action. Believe me or not, I am a born-again believer for this precise reason and Meles Zenawi is my religion. What is yours? And what have you done lately to induce in yourself the feeling of a very proud Ethiopian?