

WHY KOMLA DUMOR'S GHOST HAUNTS ME...

Cardiac arrest is not my name. Stress is not my nickname either. Never have I crossed the borders of Ghana. I don't even know where London is. I have never been convicted of raising any finger against anyone; at least not in my adulthood. I was a naughty teenager, though.

I am a young Ghanaian who believes in the Ghanaian dream (only if there's one). I love Ghanaians and especially, I love my Ghana (do I even have any choice?). If for nothing at all, I get to everyday hear from our 'savior' politicians the 'second' coming of a better Ghana of which I so excitedly want to be a witness.

Human as I am, I have ever wished the death of my enemies though I have never committed manslaughter or caused the death of any man. But... today I can barely have a good night sleep because another man's ghost just won't let me be!

My nightmarish, sleepless nights have become so obvious. Like the president trying to unravel the 'economic jigsaw', my eyes are kept wide open each day from dawn to dusk. Ei! How I wish to be haunted no more!

I have a confession to make. Let me tell you why I am having insomnia...

LIFE NEVER BEGAN AT 40!

Some of us grew up (or are still doing so) with the myth that life begins at forty (40). They would while away all the time, after all they are not yet forty (40) to get serious. Like seriously?

Komla's life ended a couple of years after forty (40) and stressing that it was a well-lived one will be the greatest understatement of the millennium. If you are waiting to be forty to take life seriously, you might as well wait till sixty (60)!

A couple of our youth sit in the comfort of their homes looking up to some non-existent employment-reeling government to wave its magic wand to make them bosses overnight. After grabbing a degree from wherever and patiently waiting upon this 'heroic' government for God knows how long, two scores would have been long gone!

Under such a circumstance, life may or may not begin at forty (40)... after all... when the supposed dream job (after all the wait) would shatter your dream asking for nothing less than a decade of job experience; the same decade you might have spent in 'household-keeping'.

The point is... your destiny, as a youth, is in the hands of only one person- you! The youth that Komla was, even in his grave, is daring me and every young person out there to go out there and restlessly chase their dreams; with or without the government's help.

Whether or not you have a degree, start something on your own as much as you can. Dream big; start small. Be creative like Komla was. Everyone can complain; only the purposeful work instead singing choruses of challenges!

MR. AND MS. SLAVE ARE NOT OTHER NAMES OF THE AFRICAN!

Today, every young person's dream is to go to 'abrokyire', foreign land, to wit. The church won't let our ears rest with every prophet promising almost everyone of God blessing them with a visa. And... all I wonder sometimes is if that's the only way God can bless the African, as portrayed by our anointed men of God.

Gone are the days slave masters came with those rusty ships to yank us to their homeland. Now, we throng the embassies queuing up endlessly to beg our 'slave masters' to be fair in considering this generation, too, like they did our ancestors.

The visa has become more hallowed than errrm... the cedi or even a degree. Can you imagine? For the cedi, at least, we can blame it on the dwarfs... but not the degree!

Many of our folks, both young and old, would dare risk their lives on deserts and all sorts of unthinkable means... just to be the slave of another of his kind. Ah! Many wouldn't even mind starving the souls out of them on the cold seas... all because of... seeing some white man!

Our governments aren't any different, crouching at the feet of their western co-equals begging for what they already have. Independence? Tweaa!

'The Boss Player' has proven beyond every doubt that the black man is as good as (if not better than) the white man. He's daring every young man (and... oh woman) to see the white man's land as another place like our homeland GH; one that doesn't deserve that much ungodly attention given to it.

Playing 'hide-and-seek' and 'catch-me-if-you-can' games in a foreign man's land (when your brains never got used up) never got anyone to the top!

GLOBAL; NOT LOCAL STANDARD!

One can't help but burst into laughter when the 'local' news is being read. Aside beating about the bush, some of the facts are adulterated. Very! The news items are presented with no emotions attached and you wonder if that's what 'local' is actually meant to be.

Fact is, many of us 'professionals' (not only broadcasters though) perform our duties with no global touch at all; not even one. "This is GH!" would be spewed in your face. I didn't make mention of any missing baby saga oo.

You and I knew Komla Afeke Dumor was going to be a 'thing' considering how he went about his duties even here in GH; he had the bigger picture in mind. He was only rehearsing on the 'local' stage, and I wish we all would dare do same in our various professions. And... what a world our GH would have been!

The world we live in is such a small global village. Tell you what, if you haven't gotten this bigger picture in mind, like Komla did, all this while you only have had at heart a single room-GH.

PROPER PREPARATION; PERFECT PERFORMANCE

"The worst tragedy," it is said, "is not death but opportunity knocking at the door of an unprepared person." I know how badly most of us, young and old alike, would want to be the talk of town sooner or later. Of course, we want to make it!

Most of our youth only end up frustrated with their 'wishful' thoughts because they are not ready to prepare for those opportunities, which definitely would always come.

Volunteerism is not in their dictionaries. They want to start their first jobs in a plush, heavily-decorated office strutting all over the place in tightly-fixed ties. Hello! It happens in the movie theatres. GH is not a movie stage!

The Komla we all are admiring today was the same Komla of yesterday who paid his dues under the scorching Sun on the streets of Accra all in the name of something he was referring to as his passion. He loved it even though his remuneration (even if there was any) then would have only been a pittance.

He had one thing in mind- proper preparation! I wish every young person would have the genius in their inside spurred on by this. Truth is, no sane employer would let an 'experienceless' dude be at the helm of affairs in their sweat-built firms. However, preparation is experience enough!

If you're still at home as an unemployed graduate (how that title thrills me!) waiting to be a 'boss' overnight, I guess you can contact the movies- that's where it does happen!

NO RISK; NO REWARD!

Life has no place for the timid. Should every great thing come on a silver platter, all men would have been great. Life has a place for those who go the extra mile of risking something others wouldn't- then the reward comes.

If our nation wants to be great, there should be a risk taken. If anyone would want to chart that path, too, they ought to do same. It's worth risking something (wisely though) and losing than saving it and remaining same.

Komla Afeke Dumor, the achiever, took the risk of investing where he hadn't been formally trained; and he didn't lose after all. The secret in this life is that risk takers are always the gainers! Where little men fear to tread, great men rush in.

Life is meant to be lived just once; it ought to be lived best. Life is never unfair. It gives everyone the opportunity to be great, that is, if they are willing to take the risk of being great. Food for thought.

HAUNTED ME; TAUNTED YOU

Sleep is still taunting my eyes but I am not giving in this soon. I dream of one day being an achiever like Torgbui Komla. If I get to bed, I would be haunted by him to get back to work. It's my desire to leave a legacy in my beloved homeland and I know it is yours, too.

So... you see why Komla's ghost haunts (and taunts) you, too? I know it haunts every well-meaning Ghanaian out there on our streets who truly wants to be 'independent'. As a matter of fact, it haunts the entire nation.

The GH that would someday be someone's 'abrokyire' is what you and I can make it today. We can build a nation that promises a great fortune to whoever passes through. Yes, we can, too!

The 'abrokyire' over which our compatriots literally call for their own heads was so made by the ideas of like men. As I try to take a nap, my prayer is, "Komla, kindly haunt our youth who so badly want to go into exile... wherever they may be hiding. Amen!"