

Chapter 1 : Los Angeles Times - We are currently unavailable in your region

An Ethiopian Odyssey - a return to the past to realise a dream: to help bring water to Ethiopia.

Morning drive to Axum. Stay 2 nights at Sabean Hotel or similar. The site features 11 rock-hewn churches. Afternoon visit to the north-west cluster of churches, including the Church of St George. Stay 2 nights at the Mountain View Hotel or similar. Morning walk the following day up to Asheton Maryam weather permitting. Alternatively, visit the cave church Nakutelab, accessible by car. Afternoon visit to the south-east cluster of churches. Visit the Church of Debre Berhan Selassie to see its murals. Drive to the Simien Mountain Lodge and stay for 2 nights. Evening talk on gelada monkeys, endemic to this area. Morning drive the following day to Chennek, home to the endemic walia ibex. Stop to view gelada monkeys and walk to a waterfall. Stay 1 night at the Mayleko Lodge or similar. Cross Lake Tana by boat and visit Narga Selassie. Afternoon visit to the Bezawit Palace and the market in Bahir Dar. Optional spa treatments available. Short visit to the Mercato. Dinner at a cultural restaurant and transfer to the airport. B, L, D Arrive the next day. N Meal basis As per itinerary

â€” B: Hidar Tsion Celebrated in Axum on the 30 November, Hidar Tsion is associated with the presence of the Ark of the Covenant and is a joyous annual pilgrimage. The Telegraph is delighted to partner a company that delivers high-quality escorted group tours and private tailor-made holidays to fascinating destinations across the globe. Whether you are hoping to discover a little history and culture in a familiar city, or the sights, sounds and smells of a new country, our experts and their local support network will plan every detail so you can enjoy the trip of a lifetime.

Chapter 2 : Exhibit - An Ethiopian Odyssey | Denver Public Library History

"An Ethiopian Odyssey", is about her quest to find nine classmates from her schooldays in Addis Ababa in, prompted by another dream in April she'd returned there to help provide water. Helped by kind men and women around the world, she found most of them.

Addis Tribune Ethiopia has long attracted the interest of European creative writers, who have referred to the country in innumerable different ways in their novels, short stories, plays, poems and songs. These works should all be in the Ethiopian Studies Library of the future! The Ancient Greeks The first Europeans to employ the term Ethiopia were the ancient Greeks, who used the word to designate all dark-skinned people south of Egypt. The classical authors of Greece made many references to the country. Homer, in the 9th. In Book I of the Iliad he makes Zeus, the king of the gods, leave heaven for twelve days, with all the other gods, to visit the "blameless Ethiopians", while the goddess Iris goes to their country to participate in sacrificial rites to the immortal gods. In the Odyssey the sea god Poseidon is likewise said to have "lingered delighted" at one of the feasts of the Ethiopians. Almost half a millennium later, in the 5th. It was inhabited by "a nation of black men", who lived near "the fountain of the sun" and the "river Aethiops". Later again, in the 1st. For the Ethiopians are said to be the justest of men and for that reason the gods love their abode frequently to visit them". Such passing references to Ethiopia and the Ethiopians may be supplemented by a more comprehensive Greek work set in Ethiopia, which dates from the 3rd. It was the romance Aethiopika, which tells of the travels south of Egypt, in all probability to Nubia, of the hero, Theagenes, and heroine, Chariclea. This work was translated into many languages. The earliest and best known version, in English, was translated by Thomas Underdowne, and was first published in London in , with the title An Aethiopian History of Heliodorus. The Land of Prester John Medieval European interest in Ethiopia owed much to the belief that it was the mysterious Land of Prester John, as well as the country from which the Queen of Sheba left on her famous visit to Jerusalem. One of the first creative writings about the Land of Prester John was an Italian poem by Giulano Dati, in praise of an unnamed ruler of Ethiopia. It has its hero flying over the Christian kingdom of Ethiopia. This was followed half a century later by an anonymous Spanish novel about the loves of an imaginary Ethiopian prince called Luzindaro, who claims he is a prisoner of love. This work first appeared in a volume entitled Processo de Cartas de Amores French interest in Ethiopia was shortly afterwards enhanced by the arrival in Europe of an Ethiopian envoy Zaga-za-Ab. Comic Story" Paris The author, clearly wishing to distinguish Ethiopians from negroid Africans, insists that the hero of the story had an aquiline nose and was "without thick lips". British interest in Prester John led to the publication a generation later of the first English work on the subject. This was followed by the publication of a further French fictional work on Prester John: Rasselas The travels of the Portuguese and Spanish Jesuits in late 16th. The renowned British author and lexicographer Samuel Johnson, who had translated the memoirs of one of the Jesuits, Jeronimo Lobo, wrote his famous allegorical novel The History of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, in There he is said to have befriended a young local nobleman called Dinarbas, whose name became the title of the book. This work also ran into several editions, the last in French awareness of Ethiopia subsequently resulted in the publication in Paris, in , of yet another literary work set in Ethiopia. And those, on any showing, were not ideas easily to be ignored!

Chapter 3 : Holidays in Ethiopia | Holidays & Tours in Ethiopia with Africa Odyssey

An Ethiopian Odyssey gives the reader what it says: an odyssey. This is not one story, but many stories tied into one book, and I am sure a few of these stories will touch something in your heart as it did in mine.

It was a rocky ride getting there for the Ethiopian former refugee, diplomat and politician. It also engages in long-term development activities and humanitarian diplomacy. It has been working closely with UNHCR for more than 50 years and in was given the prestigious Nansen Refugee Award for its help in responding to the needs of Hungarian refugees. Geleta joined the Federation in , but it was an often rocky ride from his humble birthplace in Ethiopia to the IFRC secretariat in Geneva. Excerpts from the interview: Tell us a bit about your early life I was born in western Ethiopia in a place called Nedjo, which is nearer to the border with Sudan than to the capital of the country [Addis Ababa]. We lived a short walk away from a Swedish mission school, so I was able to start elementary school at a very early age. Then I went to high school in Nekemte, capital of the [former Wollega] province. When the term started, I walked there, and when the term ended, I walked back. It was difficult, especially during the rainy season. I went to university in Addis Ababa, graduating with a degree in political science as my major, and economics. This was during the Haile Selassie regime []; a very peaceful time. Where did you work after graduating? I joined the Ministry of Interior - essentially, you were assigned. I stayed there for two years and then I was moved to the road transport authority. There I was given the opportunity to take up a scholarship to study for a Masters in transport economics at Leeds University in the United Kingdom. I went back and rejoined the road transport authority for about a year. And then the military took power. I was appointed to become deputy general manager of the railways and in a few months I became general manager. Choice was not an option, you were appointed. I turned round the company from operating at a loss to making a profit. I was there for a few years and then the military put me in prison []. They believed I belonged to an ethnic political group. But I was quite strong - the railway workers were very, very influential and powerful. Probably they liked me, the labour unions. I think I became a bit too popular and influential. This was a regime that did not accept that kind of thing. I was in prison for five years. There was a mix of hard-core criminals and young people who were against the government. Quite a number of us were well educated. The prison warden was quite liberal and allowed us to organize ourselves and to take part in educational and sports activities. We turned the prison into a school and started a library. They also allowed our students to sit for university entrance exams. For a number of years the prison school was number one in the land. Instead of becoming negative, we spent our time occupied. We came out in good shape. It did affect our lives, but it could have been worse. Where did your interest in humanitarian work begin? Essentially, I was doing humanitarian work in prison. I became the chairman of the prison development committee, which engineered all this learning, the sport, the pulling together and helping the youngsters and teaching the hard-core criminals to reshape their thinking and their lives. Many students went on to live very successful lives. After coming out of prison, I worked for Irish Concern for one year. Concern was the first humanitarian organization that I worked for. Then the [Ethiopian] Red Cross [in] was looking for a department head and somebody called and asked me to come for an interview. So I went and they said I had passed. It was at the height of the famine in Ethiopia. It was a truly terrible time. Tell us a bit more about your time at the Red Cross I joined on a Tuesday and on a Thursday the secretary general [of the Ethiopian Red Cross] took me to the worst-hit area, where the first tent [for displaced people] was being put up. It was a terrible sight and a huge shock to me. About died on average, just in that camp, every day. We worked around the clock and turned that round. In terms of the Red Cross, the [number of aid] beneficiaries rose from around 90, to , in the first month-and-a-half, and eventually 1. The government was doing quite a lot. So my first experience was working with people facing hunger and famine and then, as secretary general, first Sudanese refugees, Somali refugees in Ethiopia and then people who were resettling from the northern part, which was seriously affected, to the western part, the southern part, which was more fertile. It was sort of forced resettlement. At times, we provided seeds, farm implements, and so on. You later became a refugee yourself A new government came in after seizing power. They invited me to become an ambassador and I agreed on condition that the government

delivered the democracy that it had been promising. But observers declared the first election neither free nor fair, so I struggled with my conscience. What do I do now? I was in Japan. A person who has come out of prison, who is fed up with politics and political consequences. It was a very, very difficult decision. Do I stay as an ambassador, or do I move? If I move, where do I go? Do I go back or do I move somewhere else? It was really a very difficult position. If I were to move somewhere, is that the right thing? If I went back, what would be the consequences? Would I simply keep quiet, do I speak out, do I join the government? And then in terms of my children, am I making the right decision moving them out of their own country, their own culture? It was a very bitter experience. I talked a lot with my wife and we finally said, "Okay we will move. When I joke with my Canadian colleagues today, I say, "Mine was a conscious choice to become a Canadian - it was not an accident of birth. So I am a better citizen of Canada than those of you who were born here by the accident of birth. We went to Ottawa, the capital, in August How did you cope? A month or so after arriving in Canada on a visa, we went to immigration and asked for asylum. It took me two years to get refugee status. That was another very, very difficult time. My youngest kids were taken to school by bus. We were housed; we were given money to live on. It was a system that really took care of us, a system to which we were not contributing. You look at yourself: You become a misfit in the system. I went there, so I have to accept this and adjust. It is not the system which is responsible. I should be the one who should be accessing the system and making efforts. That is the attitude I developed. So you found a job? I decided, okay, where do I start? I told myself to accept any kind of job. So I went to a corner shop and volunteered to train and work for free for about three months. He said, "If you come in 15 minutes, I will give you 15 minutes. We kept on talking for over an hour. They hired me [in]. After that they sent me to Nairobi as programme officer for Somali refugees in Kenya. I was running a refugee programme in Dadaab [refugee camp for Somalis]. I went and stayed in the camp in a tent and worked there for about six months.

Chapter 4 : Ethiopia: Meklit's music takes off on an odyssey from Africa

A group of artists (Stephanie Schlatter, Yacob Bizuneh, Nahosenay Negussie, and Troy Zaushny) traveled together in February as part of Ethiopia Reads "An Ethiopian Odyssey II," which included a painting tour of Maji and the Southern Nations of Ethiopia.

Media The book has been written for people from , and your views are really important to me. I just loved this book. What a fantastic journey Annette takes you on. As the saying goes, one door closes, another truly does open. Annette was also not afraid to let you experience her personal life at some very dark and heart breaking moments and having experienced some of these within my own family myself, could not help but relate to some of this. I class myself as agnostic and respect those who have and do follow specific faiths themselves. They had consciously decided to find their peace through other ways Annette has this gift in abundance and may her dream to provide water to the Ethiopian people continue to grow and strengthen. I eagerly await the second book from Annette, which I hope will be just as honest and humbling as this one was. May you have every success. I read the book as a very personal story. Why should an English woman from Buckinghamshire devote herself to providing water for the poor of distant Ethiopia? There seem to be two reasons: To be candid, some people will be put off by such answers, raising their doubts that these could be motivating factors for such an odyssey. Not me –” as you stated in the preface: You are an exceptionally idealistic and creative person. Daniel, Jerusalem I just loved your book and it moved me a lot emotionally. Not so much through the moving stories of you and your classmates. Even though it was fascinating to read how all your lives have evolved. It particularly moved me so much because it showed me once more how important it is to follow your destiny. Unfortunately, we live in a world where at least in the Western society materialistic success is valued so much more than any other success. I look forward to the second part of your odyssey! Gaby, Munich Your book is brilliant! I found it fascinating that you could have such plans, such ideals and did so much travelling and met so many people. I so admire your perseverance and determination to see all those people, even in high paces. You certainly deserve huge sales! A friend recommended your book, as a modern guide to spirituality. I was profoundly moved –” particularly to discover such faith in a loving God –” and here in the UK. What a beautifully written book! I felt like I was on the journey and quest myself, feeling the pain and joy in equal measures, the frustrations and the relief! I cannot wait until book 2. Annette has made her mission through her Water Aid Project for Ethiopian people. I hope this book will surely inspire others who have visions to do something about their dreams. I thoroughly enjoyed your book. You are a very courageous person! It made me appreciate the fact that I can run a tap and have hot and cold water each day! I hope we can meet up one day. I wish you success on your noble cause. It makes you feel that the world is not as big and divided a place as you tend to expect. This story comes straight from the heart and is refreshingly honest and open. In these difficult and mostly selfish times it is encouraging and enlightening to see that people will go out their way to help others to achieve their dream. Marina, Egham, Surrey A searingly honest and impassioned book, told with such heartfelt intensity that one cannot help but be drawn along with it. The story wonderfully demonstrates the kindness inherent in ordinary people and gives the sense that the world is really not such a large and divided place after all. Felix, London An Ethiopian Odyssey gives the reader what it says: This is not one story, but many stories tied into one book, and I am sure a few of these stories will touch something in your heart as it did in mine. Enjoy a Very Good Read and give people water Full Review Green, Australia For anyone who has questioned the meaning of life and looked for a way to make a lasting contribution, this book is an inspiration. An Ethiopian Odyssey is not just about following your beliefs, but also about discovering real strength that can come only through true faith. What started out as a Friends Reunited story takes the author half way across the world, battling against the odds in the pursuit of her dreams, to make a lasting contribution to the people of Ethiopia. As a frequent commuter, never have so many fellow travellers asked me about a book I was reading. Gary, Peterborough, England This is an incredible story written from the heart. A human story of faith, warmth and courage. An easy writing style that really takes you on the journey with the author. Ken, Guildford, England Fabulous book! Fired on by her incredible

dreams that come true, Annette reveals how interconnected we are. I especially liked the biographies about her old school friends in a changing political world. I was also very impressed when I visited the website. More power to you, hope it sells lots for your cause: George, London I have read your book from cover to cover. It is a delight to read it because it deals with real lives, not fiction. Ellen, Buckingham I really enjoyed reading your book, and wish you every success in your dream for permanent clean water for Ethiopia and a Peace garden in Jerusalem. That would be a miracle! Pat, Gloucester First of all, I enjoyed reading it. I found the subject, the overall themes and philosophies well worth reading. But, all in all, the message for world peace, for individual peace, for faith and believing in miracles and dreams embedded in your biography was really good. They really come alive for me. I thought I would let you know how I came to hear about the book. After which she asked if God still speaks to people in dreams. I replied, yes sometimes He does. That then reminded me that I had heard something about dreams on Premier Radio. I only heard about the last five minutes of you on the show, and then the book was mentioned. Instead of the expected book about "how to interpret dreams" you mentioned the Ethiopian Odyssey. This was immediately of interest to me because of some close friends are Ethiopian, so I ordered the book! Ray, Belgium I found the Ethiopian Odyssey to be an entertaining, educational, spiritual and thought-provoking book. Reading it was like travelling to all those places with you, feeling what you were feeling, and meeting all those people from different educational, economic and cultural backgrounds. I enjoyed it so much, that I was disappointed when it ended. I look forward to reading volume II. I can relate to some of the experiences you went through, and it was exciting to read how the doors opened along your journey. My daughters are looking forward to reading it next. Richard, Addis Ababa It was an easy read, cover to cover. You get straight to the point. Learning about Ethiopia was interesting, as I would never have bothered reading about their history. I would definitely recommend it. Albans I thoroughly enjoyed your book. The descriptions of the places you visited made me feel that I was there beside you. A highly recommended read! Irene, Buckingham I finished reading your book. It was very interesting!!!! You have done a good job although I would make some changes regarding the photos you have there. However, I do respect your choice, as I enjoyed reading the book. Mary, Addis Ababa I really enjoyed it. So well done - held my interest throughout. At one point, I felt I could do with an appendix listing the names of the individuals mentioned and who they were, as I occasionally lost track of who was who. Linda, Kingston on Thames. This is to let you know that I have finished reading your book and enjoyed it very much. Reading some of the paragraphs of your book more than once, I was very impressed at the way you have expressed your views about politics and the suffering world in general. I am also deeply grateful to you for mentioning about the Armenian Genocide more than once, given that it is not in keeping with "political correctness" with quite a few politicians in the West!! I really enjoyed it. I felt very emotional at times.

Chapter 5 : An Ethiopian Odyssey

In this image, Ethiopian Catholic priests concelebrate the liturgy on the Feast of St. Michael at St. Michael's parish, near Addis Ababa.

Did Jesus and Mary once hide there? Is the ark of the covenant there today? Smithsonian December "They shall make an ark of acacia wood," God commanded Moses in the Book of Exodus, after delivering the Israelites from slavery in Egypt. And so the Israelites built an ark, or chest, gilding it inside and out. And into this chest Moses placed stone tablets inscribed with the Ten Commandments, as given to him on Mount Sinai. Much of Jewish tradition holds that it disappeared before or while the Babylonians sacked the temple in Jerusalem in B. It arrived nearly 3, years ago, they say, and has been guarded by a succession of virgin monks who, once anointed, are forbidden to set foot outside the chapel grounds until they die. The North Koreans built this one as a gift for the Derg, the Marxist regime that ruled Ethiopia from to the country is now governed by an elected parliament and prime minister. In a campaign that Derg officials named the Red Terror, they slaughtered their political enemiesâ€™ estimates range from several thousand to more than a million people. The most prominent of their victims was Emperor Haile Selassie, whose death, under circumstances that remain contested, was announced in Later Menelik went to visit his father, and on his return journey was accompanied by the firstborn sons of some Israelite noblesâ€™ who, unbeknown to Menelik, stole the ark and carried it with them to Ethiopia. But the Ethiopian faithful say the chronicles were copied from a fourth-century Coptic manuscript that was, in turn, based on a far earlier account. Paulos holds a PhD in theology from Princeton University, and before he was installed as patriarch, in , he was a parish priest in Manhattan. Gripping a golden staff, wearing a golden icon depicting the Madonna cradling an infant Jesus, and seated on what looked like a golden throne, he oozed power and patronage. Their monastery still stood, he said, on an island in Lake Tana. It was about miles northwest, on the way to Aksum. Ethiopia is landlocked, but Lake Tana is an inland sea: I glimpsed them through an eerie dawn mist as I boarded a powerboat headed for Tana Kirkos, the island of the ark. Slowly the boatman threaded his way through a maze of tree-covered islands so dense that he began to wonder aloud whether we were lost. When, after two hours, we suddenly confronted a rock wall about 30 yards high and more than yards long, he cried, "Tana Kirkos" with obvious relief. A fish eagle circled and squawked as a barefoot monk clad in a patched yellow robe scurried down a pathway cut into the rock and peered into our boat. The monk introduced himself as Abba, or Father, Haile Mikael. He, too, wore a patched yellow robe, plus a white pillbox turban. A rough-hewn wooden cross hung from his neck, and he carried a silver staff topped by a cross. In response to my questioning, he elaborated on what Abuna Paulos had told me: Then Abba Gebre added: Abba Gebre pointed to the shrine. He looked at me with what appeared to be tender sympathy and said: The monks here have passed this down for centuries. But western Egypt is over 1, miles northwest of Lake Tana. The road degenerated into a rutted, rocky pathway that twisted around the hillsides, and our SUV struggled to exceed ten miles per hour. By chance, in the lobby of my hotel I met Alem Abbay, an Aksum native who was on vacation from Frostburg State University in Maryland , where he teaches African history. Abbay took me to a stone tablet about eight feet high and covered in inscriptions in three languagesâ€™ Greek; Geez, the ancient language of Ethiopia; and Sabaeen, from across the Red Sea in southern Yemen, the true birthplace, some scholars believe, of the Queen of Sheba. His finger traced the strange-looking alphabets carved into the rock 16 centuries ago. Abbay led me to another stone tablet covered with inscriptions in the same three languages. As we walked on, we passed a large reservoir, its surface covered with green scum. Like other fallen and standing steles nearby, it was carved from a single slab of granite, perhaps as early as the first or second century A. A boy had drowned there shortly before, and his parents and other relatives were waiting for the body to surface. They believe the curse has struck again. As the church administrator in Aksum , he would be able to tell us more about the guardian of the ark. Only he can see it; all others are forbidden to lay eyes on it or even go close to it. But the Ethiopians say that is inconceivableâ€™ the visitors must have been shown fakes. Abba Gebre entered one and pulled from the shadows an ancient bronze tray set on a stand. He said Menelik brought it from Jerusalem to Aksum along

with the ark. Lake Tana , he said, was a stronghold of Judaism. Finally, Abba Gebre led me to an old church built from wood and rock in the traditional Ethiopian style, circular with a narrow walkway hugging the outer wall. The tabots pronounced "TA-bots" are replicas of the tablets in the ark, and every church in Ethiopia has a set, kept in its own holy of holies. Every January 19, on Timkat, or the Feast of the Epiphany, the tabots from churches all over Ethiopia are paraded through the streets. On the advice of a friendly cleric, I sought out Archbishop Andreas, the local leader of the Ethiopian Orthodox Church. As Andreas ushered me into a simple room in his office, I saw that he had the spindly frame and sunken cheeks of an ascetic. Despite his high position, he was dressed like a monk, in a worn yellow robe, and he held a simple cross carved from wood. I asked if he knew of any evidence that the ark had come to Ethiopia with Menelik. A dozen priests, deacons and acolytesâ€”clad in brocade robes in maroon, ivory, gold and blueâ€”joined him to form a protective huddle around a bearded priest wearing a scarlet robe and a golden turban. On his head the priest carried the tabots, wrapped in ebony velvet embroidered in gold. Catching sight of the sacred bundle, hundreds of women in the crowd began ululatingâ€”making a singsong wail with their tonguesâ€”as many Ethiopian women do at moments of intense emotion. At the piazza, the procession joined clerics carrying tabots from seven other churches. Together they set off farther downhill, with the trailing throng swelling into the thousands, with thousands more lining the road. About five miles later, the priests stopped beside a pool of murky water in a park. All afternoon and through the night, the priests chanted hymns before the tabots, surrounded by worshipers. The Timkat celebrations were to continue for three more days with prayers and masses, after which the tabots would be returned to the churches where they were kept. I was more eager than ever to locate the original ark, so I headed for Aksum , about miles northeast. Just outside Gonder, my car passed Wolleka village, where a mud-hut synagogue bore a Star of David on the roofâ€”a relic of Jewish life in the region that endured for as long as four millennia, until the s. That was when the last of the Bet Israel Jews also known as the Falasha, the Amharic word for "stranger" were evacuated to Israel in the face of persecution by the Derg. I asked how the guardian is chosen. The Neburq-ed smiled, but did not answer. Now that I had come this far, I asked if we could meet the guardian of the ark. The Neburq-ed said no: A few minutes later he scurried back, smiling. A few feet from where I stood, through the iron bars, a monk who looked to be in his late 50s peered around the chapel wall. He wore an olive-colored robe, dark pillbox turban and sandals. He glanced warily at me with deep-set eyes. Through the bars he held out a wooden cross painted yellow, touching my forehead with it in a blessing and pausing as I kissed the top and bottom in the traditional way. I asked his name. This has been our tradition since Menelik brought the ark here more than 3, years ago. I asked a few more questions, but to each he remained as silent as an apparition. Then he was gone. But I felt only a little lucky. There was so much more I wanted to know: Does the ark look the way it is described in the Bible? Has the guardian ever seen a sign of its power? Is he content to devote his life to the ark, never able to leave the compound? On my last night in Aksum, I walked down the chapel road, now deserted, and sat for a long time staring at the chapel, which shone like silver in the moonlight. Was the guardian chanting ancient incantations while bathing the chapel in the sanctifying reek of incense? Was he on his knees before the ark? Was he as alone as I felt? Was the ark really there? Of course I had no way of answering any of these questions. And I was also held back by the fear that the ark would harm me if I dared defile it with my presence. In the final moments of my search, I could not judge whether the ark of the covenant truly rested inside this nondescript chapel. Perhaps its origins here stem from a tale spun by Aksumite priests in ancient times to awe their congregations and consolidate their authority. But the reality of the ark, like a vision in the moonlight, floated just beyond my grasp, and so the millennia-old mystery remained. As the devotion of the worshipers at Timkat and the monks at Tana Kirkos came back to me in the shimmering light, I decided that simply being in the presence of this eternal mystery was a fitting ending to my quest. Keepers of the Lost Ark? George church in Lalibella, carved from the rock in the form of a cruciform. A huddle grows around the high priests, with one young priest bearing an ikon, or holy picture, while others hold ornate gold and silver crosses. A sermon is given on the mount by Abuna Andreas at Lalibella during Christmas rituals. Abba Haile Mikael surrounds the bronze dish the monks at Tana Kirkos claim was stolen by Menelek from the Temple at Jerusalem, along with the ark of the covenant. Abba Haile Mikael stands beside pre-Christian-era stone pillars, believed to be

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connected with ancient Jewish-style blood sacrifices, inside protective tin shed. Paul Raffaele is a frequent contributor to Smithsonian.

Chapter 6 : An Ethiopian odyssey | Screen Africa

Ethiopia Reads Presents A Celebration of Landscape, Culture and Art On Display until October 31, Blair-Caldwell Library - Level 1 and Level 3. Four artists -- 2 Ethiopian and 2 American -- traveled together to depict the beauty of the Ethiopian countryside through paint and photography.

I had the answer at Abebech had wanted me to take a 34 kg. Suitcase with me; not only would I have been way over the limit, but there was no way I could even lift the case! We agreed on a more reasonable 10 kgs. I said my goodbyes to people; I was hoping to see Hanna, the translator between Abebech and me, and she arrived wearing a little cloth cap for her cleaning duties in the dormitory. She gave me 8 letters from other 15 year old girls all seeking pen pals, and a lovely drawing of a rose for me. I gave her a hug and promised to stay in touch. I was very moved by the drawing and I thought how tough it must be when you have no relatives to call your family. Tirlaye arrived to see me to the airport; like Abebech he has adopted me and is keen for the book to be published! I had a lump in my throat as we approached the airport; the invisible, deep cords of Africa tear at me every time I arrive or depart. It means more time for children to go to school and better meals for the family. All things we take for granted; how very lucky we are. And we are in a position to help them. President Girma Wolde-Giorgis has asked to see me after my fax to him about his daughter, Hiruth, and one of my classmates, on Monday. Tirlaye, my friendly guide, and I drove to the Palace on Thursday morning. This is the same building I used to stand outside as a girl, waving the Ethiopian flag, whenever visiting heads of state came to the country. Now I was going to see inside the grounds for the first time in my life. What a thrill and privilege! The security was intense, as you can imagine; everything in the car was checked, including underneath, the bonnet and boot and underneath the seats. We were frisked too. I was worried when they took my camera, as I really wanted a photo of the President and I; not just for the book but to show more sceptical people that I had actually met him. Fortunately, it was returned, but I had to promise not to take any photos in the grounds. I recall a time when there were real lions roaming in the ground at night; something which would have deterred even the most foolhardy of thieves! We were ushered in and I had time to say hello to his secretary and thank her for arranging the audience. He showed a lot of interest in my book, but there was a pause when I asked after Hiruth. Even after all that time, tears were in his eyes, and his voice was very weak. Hiruth had been the brightest student in our year; and one of four children, with 2 sisters and a brother. After studying fine art, she went to Germany, to study as a nurse in Bonn. It was whilst she was living there that the first famine occurred in Ethiopia in ; Hiruth was very upset about this and together with a friend, decided to raise what funds they could on the streets of Bonn. Whilst collecting money one day, she met a man called Bernd von Dreesmann, who was then secretary general of EuronAid. He was so impressed by her commitment and dedication that he said that he would introduce her to people who could help. He was true to his word and the fund-raising began in earnest. In just 2 short months, they raised Dm 2 million, a phenomenal achievement. Hiruth went on to work for EuronAid as a volunteer. She also met and fell in love with an African diplomat and they left Bonn to go to the US together. He was very impressed and said that he would write a similar one for me. He then posed for some photos and I took one of Tirlaye and the President! He was true to his word and on Friday morning, I was ushered in once more to collect some photos of Hiruth and a lovely letter from him. Neither Tirlaye nor I had expected this "€" it was a great gesture and omen. This will help with PR for the book and its purpose, and also with publishers. Keep me in your thoughts and prayers; I really hope I get a publisher by end April! I rang 3 times, but there we go; these things happen. I sat quietly on the veranda and chatted to Abebech, who was enjoying having her feet and lower legs washed as she ate her evening meal. This is a nice Ethiopian tradition, and comes from the Bible, where Jesus washed the disciples feet. Fortunately, my feet were fairly clean at the time!! Hanna is 15 and one of the orphans and does a lot of the translating between Abebech and I. She wants to be a translator when she grows up; it was a lucky stroke me being there on Tuesday night, as she asked me to be her pen-pal. Visited Fitche on Wednesday; wonderful straight new road, bliss for the back! We stopped to have tea and lemon on the way, as it was a He has a girth he needs to maintain; my first doughnut for goodness knows how long! There were about 40 when we first

arrived, and about 15 more filed in over the next hour. It was very moving, as each family wanted to tell their story about how Abebech is helping them - through providing birr for each child per month equivalent to 60p. They also provide training for the carers. Despite the illness, people were calm and had a lot of dignity. This is the impact of this deadly disease. Everyone else started sobbing, including Eshetu beside me. I walked up to the lad and gave him a big hug; I just wanted him to know that we do care, and persuaded him to sit beside me. It was a very emotional moment; just a hug can make a difference. He finished his story by saying that the money from AGOS is helping him shine shoes and find little jobs in the community. I took a photo of him on his own; I do hope that people in the UK can help pay for his education. He also gets sick quite often; my instinct is that he has AIDS too; we must make his quality of life much better despite that. The afternoon eased the pain of the morning, and I visited their very good skills training classes: Each course is 12 months - 10 months practical and 2 months theory. The teachers do a great job, and the training is free, with a small subsidy for buying food etc. They have some good ones; St. Saturday and Sunday were fairly quiet days; I took the chance to write some faxes for the final meetings here this week; one for the president and the other for the Patriarch of the Ethiopian Orthodox Church. People very welcoming and I recruited more readers - for the book and this web site! The people were really welcoming; she has an immaculate orphanage and school and does a great deal for the local community e. At present, there are about children in the orphanage, from 6 months to 18 years old. On the site is a clinic, workshops, injera and wat production, weaving and garment making; laundry; and a school which educates children from kindergarten to grade 8. The staff are very helpful and take great pride in their work - Abebech is an inspiration to all of them. The day starts with prayers at 7.00. Despite the numbers, they play together quietly and treat each other as sisters and brothers. Tomorrow, I am visiting Fitcha, about 90 mins. My final meeting - this time purely social - is with Princess Mary Asfawossen at 10.00. Time to return for a shower and change! Emperor Haile Selassie gave the Rastafarians some land here for their Ethiopian community; this is on the west side of the town. Meet Fasika Yeetebarak, the local project manager. His English is excellent, and he takes me through a presentation about the project which I think many middle managers in the UK would be proud of - really remarkable. They are working with Water Action, a local organisation, and also have environmental development objectives. As of today, they now have 10 bore holes which serve 30, people. This is a big region with only one river, the Blate, which again is heavily polluted. We drive for an hour to another small community and I take photos of the women and children filling the jerry cans and loading the donkeys. They smile and pose for more photos! We then travel for another 10 minutes to a small cabellah community of small compounds where they have a water pump and generator, extracting water from metres or so below ground. This is then piped to the standpoints in the area. They sell the water for 10c a can, which is very reasonable. People outside the cabelleh pay the same amount which is very fair. Take yet more photos. As we drive back to the local town for lunch, I observe the thousands walking towards the local weekly market. Virtually all are on foot, smiling and waving. Here there are 3 kinds of commercial vehicles: We have a nice lunch of fresh fish and depart for Addis. The 4 days have been extraordinary and moving. Their courtesy and appreciation put us to shame in many instances. We stop briefly at Lake Langano, our no. We arrive back at the hotel at Tanasterling until next week and have a good weekend! He and Tirlaye are my companions for the 4 day trip.

Chapter 7 : Ethiopian Odyssey

Ethiopia: what to see Forming part of the Ethiopian Highlands, the Simien Mountains National Park is an area of dramatic and astounding natural beauty and home to an array of unique species found nowhere else, including gelada monkeys.

Chapter 8 : Homer on the Ethiopians

Q&A: An Ethiopian humanitarian's odyssey to a pinnacle of the aid world. Bekele Geleta heads the Red Cross-Red Crescent Federation. It was a rocky ride getting there for the Ethiopian former refugee, diplomat and politician.

Chapter 9 : Ethiopia cultural tour - Simien Mountains, Lalibela | Cox & Kings Travel

This is an account of my journey back to Ethiopia after 40 years, to find 7 of my classmates whom I last saw in July at Nazareth School, Addis Ababa, Ethiopia.