THE TRUE FATHER

Almighty and most everlasting God, only you are capable of standing in true judgement,
Over the actions of your Dear Guyanese Son, Cheddi Jagan,
in our bereavement,
Give us the wisdom, to bear this loss with unity, peace and strength,
So that our beloved Guyana may continue, on the road of reconstructions, 
that he had started, free from political and racial discontent.

Help us from afar Dear God, as we mourn at this time, in the history of our dear country, his passing,
And to remember him, as the true founding father of our Guyanese nation, and making,
His struggles of fifty years, both without and within, 
To free our dear country at first, from British colonialism, and later, from internal incubated political and racial schism.

O Lord, because of his struggles, once in our homeland, our standard of education, was jealously enviable,
Our public institutions, provided services of levels incomparable,
And our hearts would burst with joy, when our children passed with distinctions, examinations most commendable,
Only to serve with pride in the professions, with impartiality now inconceivable.

We remember, Dear Lord, when his battle began, with our fore-fathers living in “logies,” with earthen floors, on the British sugar estates, alongside the “nigger-yards,”
And as they waded through mud, slush and water, to and from work, plying between the cane fields and under their living wards,
Peacefully co-existing with the blacks, since both saw their lot, as servile labourers, toiling towards
Making tomorrow a better day for their children, destined to inherit for a short while, the fruits of their labours, as token rewards.

We recall O Heavenly Father, how their masters, the European managers and overseers,
Lived in gaudy styles, in majestic buildings and cottages specially designed with lawns and garden squares,
Of beauteous electrical illumination, on all cardinal points incomparable,
While our poor fore-fathers made do, with their kerosene flambeau,
jug lamps, and lanterns ever so rare.

O God, through his struggles and sacrifice, our lot soon improved, with the introduction of universal adult suffrage, for us to choose,
A government of our choice, to pacify our conscious rage, built up over decades, of imperialism’s abuse,
And with diligent use, of the limited political power by him, and those few rare respected leaders, they were to infuse,
A most welcome spate, of infrastructural development, that none would refuse.

We thank thee O God, for the privilege to recall, that under his dynamic leadership, extra nuclear housing predominated on the sugar estates, through loans from the sugar welfare fund were built, modest but beautiful housing schemes,
With asphalated streets, electric lights and running water, into each house, sure means,
Of welcome progress, for the ever hard-working sugar workers, who now moved from “logies” to cottages, and with joyful hearts would gleam,
With wonder and amazement, at their newfound gains, full-well knowing, that it was only an insignificant drip of compensation, wrested from the British sugar barons, of bursting million-dollar seams.

He it was, O God, who built agricultural schemes at Black Bush Polder, Parika, Bonasika and Tapacooma, which stand as living developmental testimony, to this day,
That fed, and still feed, the city and country, with ever fresh vegetables of a notable array,
And the newly built rice schemes, in Berbice and Essequibo, supplied the foreign and local markets, with high quality rice, and so help to defray The costs of such imports, as salt fish, split peas, potatoes and sardines, which were to be banned at a later day.

During this time, we know Dear Lord, that it was a period of laudable development, and the names of Cheddi Jagan, and those other leaders, responsible for such progress must now be resurrected, with homage and respect.

Despite the umpteen efforts by his opponents, to discredit and disregard their Herculean efforts as inept,

But the chaotic malady, which once stalked our homeland, with him out of office, had made many of our countrymen to hang their heads in shame, and proclaim with utter disrespect,

Those who had caused such colossal dislocation and economic degeneration, and untold human suffering, to an ever bewildering effect.

"Twas during his leadership, we can recall, O God, when many high schools were built for the first time, around the country-side, that took free secondary education to our needy children,

And the health centres and cottage hospitals, built in the far flung areas of our dear country, took medical care to our poor brethren,

Who lived away from the cities' medical facilities, and who had to travel long distances, to reach them, wherein,

These were undoubtedly landmarks in Third World development, that none could deny, stood as living testimony, of true political caring.

We could not forget too, O Heavenly Father, that his achievements, in the areas of mass transportation services,

Our people were to benefit, from the introduction, of ferry modernization facilities, of notable consequences,

With the introduction of the modern motor vessels, such as the Makouria, to ply the Demerara/Atlantic reaches,

While the Torani and the Malali, plied respectively, the Berbice and Essequibo estuaries.

Fortunate were we to see, O God, as his lonely voice continued in the opposition wilderness, when many of these pre-independence progress and developments, Were to suffer, with untold economic deterioration and neglect, in the post-independence adjustment,

Which began with the banning of essential food items, by the new reigning, political hierarchical judgement,

And were destined to usher in, the abominable sky-rocketing prices, never before experienced, but now became our people's number one predicament.

Oh what a shame it seemed, Dear Lord, when all hell broke loose, it would appear,

Who could ever believe, that a pint of cooking oil rose from thirty-six cents to forty dollars, one sure example, that was to set in gear

A litany of Godless sufferings, upon our poor and innocent people, for whom to rescue, none but only Cheddi seemed to care,

But sure there were to be, so-called new rising stars, made millionaires, by the new trade activities, in a brand new environment, of black marketeer.

You know, Dear Lord, that the ever growing and uncontrollable, harsh economic realities,

Were set to destabilise many of the once enviable professions, that boasted of job securities,

Civil servants, teachers, nurses, policemen and even lawyers seemed shocked at the runaway inflationary tendencies

That were to paralyse the purchasing power of their weekly and monthly salaries.

It soon disgracefully became evident, O God, when many professionals, were opting to supplement their wage, by doing the now lucrative trading,

Many resigned their jobs, and were travelling to New York, Brazil, Surinaam, Venezuela and the Caribbean, to buy and bring in commodities, that were now selling
At exorbitant prices, never before dreamt of, and which were destined in making,
A brand new group of local entrepreneurs, into mini-millionaires, of very unorthodox breeding.

But it was by your miracle and mysterious power, Dear Lord, that our indomitable leader, was brought back to power,
So as to alleviate the pain of the innumerable dislocations of his suffering countrymen, and to help them to recover,
From those never before experienced hardships, and to continue, the colossal task, of elevating the lot of our poor countrymen, from the suffocating devilish political plunder
That was thrust upon them, by a dishonourable bunch of our other unfortunate self-seeking, corrupt and haughty political dictators, we all so easily remember.

O Heavenly Father, only you are capable of granting peace upon the soul of our beloved Cheddi,
Like him, cast your forgiving eyes upon his wicked predecessors, who had sinned so terribly, and make those now in power, truly ready,
To carry on the legacy, left by Your late indomitable Son, like footprints on the sands of time, and to continue to make our ship of state, peacefully steady,
So that the stability and reconstruction that he had started will be continued, whereby our beautiful Guyana may rise from the ashes of the ignoble past, never again to be the land of the neediest of the needy.

Robert H Mahesh