



Medical Mythology

by

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Ramal Lamar is a historian of science and philosopher of mathematics. He shares knowledge with local California youth of mathematics foundations and relevance in clarifying, if not solving, many of the complex problems facing Afrikan humanity. He's also involved in the research, development and implementation of an 'open system' to solve problems in Afrikan philosophy.

You see, I'm a seventh generation maroon descendant from the Ozarks. My mama was the first child of our clan born in the West...

One day my mama called and said I have something important to tell you, come home immediately.

I hopped on the San Joaquin train arrived home about three am, she woke up my baby sister, sat us both down and said that the white man diagnosed her with pancreatic cancer. My mind read it different, like, they've caught me and plan on taking me back on the plantation, even if they get me, they'll never get you, remember what I taught y'all. Protect the family, y'all both now represent me, 'the first born of the west'. That was a little over two years ago.

These days I communicate with her directly in the spirit.

She raised me and my sister in the North American -West Afrikan Maroon tradition; you know: summer camp in the hood, no socializing with white people until high school, honoring and respecting our elders, performing community service, and showing what we are to do to love ourselves and the universe.

So the crisis was at first denial, then anger (I still get mad sometimes). She had so much to do. But then these Nazi- ass Cracker doctors whose spread their Frankenstein ideas to even our own best minds...she believed in their system; when she saw that she was 'in too deep' and that I was not, that I was ready to break laws and go to jail, she just decided to leave this plane of existence.

Shit, maybe she could get more done from the other side, I don't know. Even the elders told me "at least she gotta leave here an go home - who in the fuck would wanna be here experiencing this hell? She lucky she got called to go home, a lot of muthafuckers wish they could go home, but they can't."

Then the other elder, the medicine man said, 'not until she's finished dealing with them can we help her, as long as you are with her in their institutions, remember they running everything. Don't tell them nothing. Agree with them, do not disagree with them. She needs to get from under them then we can put her on a program.'

Every time I traveled with her to the Nazi Hospital, armed with Afrikan philosophy. I'd ask my mama's permission to 'smash', or rather, ask questions. The doctors and nurses were intimidated by Afrikan principles and would concede to any of our requests when we were there but would go back to their Nazi business when we left.

It seems as if I could not locate any assistance, almost as if the hood prepared me as much as they could, The major responsibilities lay upon me and my sister, mama knew this was the reality way before we did.

So then the hood looked worse than Afghanistan, Sudan, Palestine, etc. I walked into the swap meet, put on my indigo scrubs(to block out the haters), got my voodoo medical bag and entered a set-trip, gang bang military world of doctors, nurses, home health, hospice, white holistic health and alternative, nigga health and alternative, etc. All I was armed with was Afrikan philosophy, mama's wit and, of course, love from the hood.

But some of most of the strongest, hardest, disciplined and loyal Afrikans I ever knew in life, I saw for the first time, weakened and humbled by the medical mafia runnin health care, in the hood! Even my mama (I was warned it would happen and it did).

There were a few times we could have gotten mama to run away from the medical plantation:

"Fuck them, let's go back to the Ozarks and get right!!"

"No... I'm scared, I'm not sure it will work, plus I don't wanna leave the Hood...."

But in the end; after round three of chemo therapy, when those Nazi doctors told her there's nothing else we can do; that's when they tried to force my mama to accept defeat. It was an Afrikan victory kind of defeat; because she had secret knowledge, she was the only reason why I would 'fall back', no one else really could tell me to do something and I would actually do it. When she left this world, she knowingly unleashed my sister and I into the world with free reign.

Well my uncles still got power of life and death over me, my grandparents (all one million of them) still guide me with patience. And my sister, well she has all her aunts guiding her as well.

All the while we, my sister and I, become our mother, especially during times when critical decisions on behalf of the future of the community are made.

This year was hard, we lost a lot of elders to fake ass disease that the white man made, we know better, but sometimes we don't do better. We did however witness a lot a births to healthy beautiful Afrikan babies, who will no doubt be raised in Maat.

It Don't Stop