

Forever Grateful

Days go, nights come, and you're no longer here
I couldn't gaze into your brown eyes
And ask what you have in mind
I couldn't sneak around to read the open books left
Or the notes you scribbled

You are not here to share my happiness,
Or comfort me when things go wrong
My decisions in life unwitnessed,
Some good, some not
But that is alright

I see your glimpse in Ke' Admas Bashager,
Talking to me through Abera and Hailmenaiam
You are encouraging me to act against the ordinary
In doing so,
To spread the light of hope when days are gloomy

I hear you challenging me through Haddis
To dream big but start small
Have the courage to endure for better or worse
Rising up after every fall

I hear you reminding me through Sirak
To not wonder aimlessly
But to find my own purpose and hold it dearly
Work on it until it prospers,
Like a novel, scribe my own individual story

I am appreciative of all your ladies
The icons of all women
Lulit, Aynalem, Fiameta...
The moons you brought down to earth
They are not shy of the day light
But their true beauty glows
When the day turns to night

You are gone like the wind
Without a trace
But I am forever grateful for the novels you left
behind
Full of exceptional people with flaws
They keep your presence alive
Reminding me you are still optimistic
Hoping for better tomorrow
For me, for others, for all humankind

Meskerem Baalu



Baalu Girma: Career Timeline and Family Tribute

Message from the Foundation:

February 14, 2015 marked the 31st year since Baalu Girma was kidnapped and was last seen by his family. Even as the years have passed, one thing has remained evident: Baalu Girma is still admired for his literary and journalistic contribution he left behind.

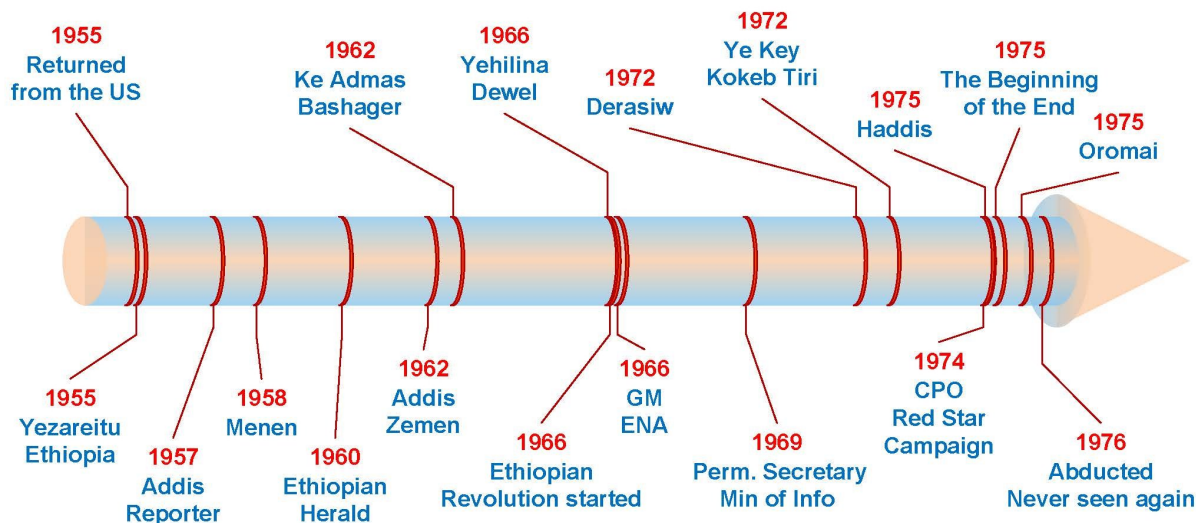
As we celebrate his life and legacy in the piece titled "Baalu Girma: Career Timeline and Family Tribute", we would like to extend a very special thank you to all his readers and supporters. It is because of your dedicated love for his work that Baalu is still remembered – and continues to be discovered - by the new generation of Ethiopian readers who undoubtedly will shape our future. Thank you for being loyal fans and for helping us continue Baalu's legacy.

We hope you will enjoy reading this edition.

www.baalugirmafoundation.org

Baalu Girma – Timeline of his Career

(All dates are based on Ethiopian Calendar)



- All dates are in Ethiopian Calendar
- Top of the Timeline Bar is for his novels
- Bottom of the Timeline Bar is for:
 - The magazines and newspapers he was the Editor-in-Chief
 - The positions he held as a government employee
- During this time he also served as guest lecturer at the AA University

Created by Mesfin Felleke for the Baalu Girma Foundation

Permission from the BG Foundation required before any reproduction of this is made



BAALU GIRMA
Foundation

Mailing Address
P.O. Box 530892
Livonia, MI 48153

www.baalugirmafoundation.org

Rising In Its Wake

A Thursday night's fortune
With a gift that keeps on giving
In the wonderment of what could have been...

A gentle soul plucked amid confusion
As the early morning mist
Vanishing with no trace
A father, a husband, a son, a brother, a compatriot
Adorned in all colors of the rainbow
Seized by masked horsemen
In the still of the night

Fledgling father teenager ties recklessly broken
Moments in time still frozen
The unfinished tale struggling to unfold...
Father daughter wedding dance forever owed

Time galloping past decades
Imposing its chasm
But distant memories renewing, never fading
The heart still wondering

A loving wife still yearning for her Robin
With thoughts of a warm embrace
Still looking for clues
Wounded but not defeated
Clutching to the broken pieces
Of a castle once graced with rose colored glasses

Now aquatinted with the bitter taste of a loss
Never abandoning her love
Still carrying her cross
Serene and wiser
Faithful to her knight in shining armor

A young sparrow on that fateful night
Vulnerable to the unfolding plight
The youngest of siblings
Tottering in sweet innocence
Dazed by the cruel drama
Of the missing gentle soul
Now grown
And rising in its wake

Some hide well in our midst
In the mystery of the final hour never revealed

So we forge ahead valiantly...
Saluting the gentle soul
For there is a story beckoning
In the life of those still living

Zelalem Baalu