



BEFORE THE SHIP CAME

People always ask me, “Yaw, why do you keep talking about what Africa was before the ships came?” And I laugh. Because if you do not know what you were before the interruption, how will you ever know what was stolen?

Before the ship came, Mali had Mansa Musa, a man so wealthy that when he passed through Egypt, gold lost its value for ten years. Benin had walls so long they made the Great Wall of China look like a fence. Ethiopia was writing laws, minting coins, and defending faith while Europe was still discovering soap.

Before the ship came, Timbuktu had universities where scholars debated astronomy, mathematics, and law. They wrote thousands of manuscripts, many still hidden today because someone decided knowledge should only wear a European face. Long before Oxford and Cambridge, Africans were teaching the world how to think.

Before the ship came, women ruled empires. Queen Amina led armies. Makeda of Sheba negotiated with kings. Nzinga of Ndongo outsmarted the Portuguese for thirty years. They were not symbols; they were power.

So what happened?

The ship came, and history was rewritten. Libraries burned. Kingdoms fell. And suddenly, we were told we had no history, no science, no civilization. Imagine being the first mathematician, then being told to start counting from zero.

This is why it matters. Because if you forget that you once built empires, you will believe that you are lucky to have jobs. If you forget that your ancestors traded across oceans, you will think foreign aid is generosity. And if you forget that you once shaped the world, you will settle for surviving in it.

Look around you. Africa today exports what others shape. We sell raw gold but buy golden pens. We dig the cobalt for electric cars but walk home in darkness. We carry genius in our DNA yet live like we owe the world an apology.

So I ask again, why was our history erased? Why does every textbook still begin at slavery and not sovereignty? And who keeps writing the same lie, generation after generation?

Because if you control a man’s history, you control his imagination.

And if you kill his memory, you kill his power.

Africa was not discovered. It was interrupted.

And now, we are remembering.

Yaw Kissi - a Pan-African writer, strategist, and voice for justice in a world still healing from lies.

We are truly grateful for each traveler who trusted CST through the years. You are the heart of what we do.

Champion Services Travel is proud to continue to uncover the little and unknown African Diaspora Globally.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

“Traveling is learning” ~African Proverb

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