

**Chapter 1 : Maskiri - Ambuya mp3 download (Audio Premiere) - Zwhits**

*Ambuya Mlambo TV Personality, Deceased Person, Person. Ambuya Mlambo was a revolutionary Zimbabwean children's broadcaster, broadcasting radio and television programs for children before and after Zimbabwe's independence in*

She lives in Massachusetts with her husband and four children. This is her second story to appear in Munyori Literary Journal. Her death shattered so many things, many parts of me, it has taken a while to make it all out into something coherent, an explanation of sorts for those who say, hurry, hurry now, wipe those tears, close those holes, and walk on. I have two memories that send chilly waves through my arms each time they push to the front of my mind. I breathe unsteadily as I remember. The first comes to me so vividly and yet it is the most distant. He wanted money, for the child. No way she can ride free. I had just turned three, wearing the floral georgette dress she had brought me from her last trip to South Africa. But it is not the madness of my grandmother refusing to pay, or the determination with which she argued with the conductor that is most peculiar about the incident. It is the distinctiveness of that remembered moment, my earliest memory, not with my mother, not with my father, but with my grandmother. The second also lives at the tip of my mind reinventing and readjusting its own edges, marking and remaking its own meaning. A memory so powerful it comes with flavors, texture, and color. Almost precise, it haunts! I had woken for a drink of water, something I never did, when I stopped at the narrow doorway leading into her compact, airless room, and gasped at the sight of her limp body rested almost precariously on stacked pillows and blankets. She lay there with her head thrown to the back of the heap, like an emptied potato sack, her mouth slightly parted, a light trickle of drool running down her left cheek, an almost disrespectful sight. Mamma sat on a red, wobbly wood chair, pressed next to the bed, a wet towel in her hand, and a wide enamel bowl filled with hot water placed at her feet. With each pressing Ambuya whimpered quietly, as though a set of pliers pinched on her cords, and what escaped became an awkward shrill, curbed like the low-toned howl of a stabbed fox. I had never heard the sound of pain before, nor seen it worn so openly. I wanted to stuff a soft sponge of cotton into her mouth, to suck out all her agony. Ambuya has hardly slept. Something has snapped in her back and her body burns. I said nothing, but did not ignore the slight weight in her breath, in between the words. He must come immediately. Mpanduki, our Section Leader, and primary school headmaster, led all things churchly in Section 9. They said his back was made of steel, unbendable. He had not missed communion in thirteen years, not for illness, not a single Sunday. If he came to pray for healing, Ambuya would be freed of discomfort and pain. Mamma seemed sure of that. Ambuya stuck out her tongue, her cheeks unmoving, and barely wet her lips. Never had I seen her this defeated. That house in Marondera boasted one of the most beautiful front-yard gardens. For many months, she had obsessed with carrying heavy boulders of all kinds and dimensions from a nearby forest, and building a beautiful oversized mosaic of stone ridges twirling around carefully trimmed patches of green grass and flowers. We pulled out our rosaries from inside our nightdresses, off our chests, and we began with the beads. It was a prayer of patience, protracted, but one Mamma insisted on. And as I said the first Luminous Mystery, listening to my own voice, I became aware of the eerie stillness of that hour. The crickets had quieted down, slipped back into hiding holes. I suddenly felt nostalgic for the days Ambuya and I had hopped onto that train, going to Mutare for her physical check ups. We left early always, and walked towards the train station in pitch darkness, the earth damp with dew, and the air heavy with condensed, cold air, smelling of newness. The train left at a quarter after the hour. The night was escaping. But first, hand me a decent headscarf for Ambuya. Before the mirror fell on its face, Ambuya and I had started a weekend ritual. Each Saturday, we sat in front of the wardrobe and I plaited her hair as she told those stories of a long ago time, of her famed strength and cleverness in the suburban white homes she worked in, of the numerous cattle they lost when they were resettled from Zvipadze to the barren lands of Murehwa during the war, and of her family in Murehwa before magandanga killed her father. I listened intently, asked questions, and I began to feel I breathed the air, and felt the pain, of a time I had never known. And when I scratched her scalp for the itch she wanted gone, my dress filled with powdery flakes from her hair. The hair so brittle and thin, and yet

still told an amazing once upon tale with its length. I was once firm child. And beautiful, like you! That hair you bear, it is all me. Your mother has no hair to talk of. But after fixing the hair into crisscross or straight-to-the-back yarn plaits, she insisted I cover it. I was with her, like a last child she had had in old age, lived in her armpit, scratching her scalp with combs, taking small turns in her knitting, and burning my tongue with wooden cooking sticks as I tasted her dried mushroom sauces. I started living with Ambuya when Mamma returned to Teaching School, suckled me for two months, and she had to go back. She mumbled things from sleep and I shook her till she opened her eyes, mad with sleep and confusion. We must go kwaMpanduki. Ambuya can no longer talk. She pulled on a sweater, wiped off the crustiness around her eyes, and we headed out to get aMpanduki. It was the last hour of quietness, before the frenzied rush of morning. Only street vendors with reed baskets grasped between the elbow and underarm, hastened towards Dombotombo Market for the freshest produce. Our neighbors would never have asked why we cut through their yards. She would soon throw all the garments she sewed each day into her verandah shed, and visit Ambuya, perhaps after feeding her boys breakfast porridge. We found aMpanduki up already, saying his morning prayers with his wife. We knocked, knocked, and on the third knock he opened. Mai Mpanduki was still rising, with one knee still on the ground, but she was first to speak. What brings you here before the sun has done anything? We did not waste time asking after their health, as we normally did. We told them about Ambuya, and how Mamma had prayed all night, waiting for daybreak. He rose, wore his jacket, picked up his briefcase, and bible, and wooden rosary, and led the way out. Mai Mpanduki would follow, after taking her diabetic medicines. We walked back home quietly, landing our feet softly behind aMpanduki, his half balding head not an object of humor that day. And as we pushed open the gate to our house, the sun eventually decided to show its face, rushing like one who bore great news. We walked into unusual early morning cleanliness, and the earthy fragrance of brewing Tanganda tea. My brother, Chengetai, waved the feather duster back and forth between the radio and the old green sofas, whose faux leather covers seemed to invite more dust than the whirlwinds of August. That is why we are here, Amai Thandi. I feared a stroke. I have tried to manage. Where does it hurt? It is all right. That is why we are here. We will speak for you before the Almighty healer. Even at the precipice of death, Ambuya would breathe well again, I thought. An early breakfast of milk-less tea and yellow cornbread was ready in no time. I ate nothing and sipped on my tea with a distant mind. Mai Mpanduki had sent word for him. It was not midmorning even, and Ambuya had eaten the bread of life. They feared she would become too ill to even receive it. Mamma summoned us again, to rush to get Mai Rafi. We ran to call Mai Rafi. We ran to call Mai Vito. We ran to call Mai Gande. We ran to call Baba Timmy, the one who had the only car across seven streets. We ran for more bread. We ran, and ran. And Ambuya continued to fade. Some time before midday, Mai Mpanduki, Mai Muza, Mai Gande, and a few other ladies donned in church regalia arrived, whispering sorrowfully, indistinct things I am sure no one took to heart. The rest scattered on the floor anywhere there was breathing space, like grains of maize during harvest season. They sang quietly in prayer, gently shaking maranka gourd rattles in tune with the toned-down sickly mood in the room. They also offered well-measured, half-muffled suggestions:

**Chapter 2 : "Ambuya" Shona Verdite Art Sculpture ~calendrierdelascience.com Zimbabwe!**

*What's the meaning of the Shona word ambuya? Here's a list of words you may be looking for.*

I had always known her as Ambuya since the late s. Her grandchildren were my age mates. One of them, Petros, I remember for teaching us how to trap birds using home-made glue. He also recited to us Shona stories from upper primary school grades. He was my original source of the Zizi naNhengure story. I laughed uncontrollably when he finished. Much later I came across the stories in books and realised I had been too generous to credit him with literary creativity. Great aroma, enticing colour, but not so great a taste, I felt then. Today I love this sadza. I want to think this dog naming was beyond her. Eating at her place was not considered kukwata forbidden eating for us. Forty three years ago she lost her husband, Sekuru Nduna. This was to be the first funeral in the village that I had opportunity, as an infant, to spy on. Ambuya, or Murehwa, as we now called her, was by my calculation over years though a national registry clerk had put her age closer to mine. Today she reminds me of the passing of an era. Right-thinking villagers were justifiably riled when a team of Tsikamutanda fraudsters conned her of her beast a few years ago. I still feel, as a community, we did not do enough to protect our elder in her time of vulnerability. As I lament this village loss my mind keeps straying into Unyetu of the s. Mbuya Nduna, my parents and my own grandmother, for several months, covered every square mile within a 50 kilometre radius of home searching for the lost cattle. Together the team also sought the intervention of diviners, but without success. Eventually they gave up. Yet when one would expect relations to be dented by the incident, the two families grew closer. And as fate would have it one of the beasts turned up a couple of years later. The occasion was jointly celebrated. The s village also reverberated to mbira sounds. There were daylight sessions on Unyetu Hill and night encounters kwaErisha. Erisha was a renowned spirit medium of the Njanja. He would get possessed with the spirits of Muroro Njanja and Chirwa Hungwe. Erisha had an able assistant in Masiyambi. The village had other gwenyambiras of note like Bhereni, Munaro and my classmates Wonder and Paradzayi. We soon learnt the party would have gone to Magangara for a sacred mbira performance Magangara is the ancestral home for the Njanja and Hungwe people. Relations with new settlers became frosty and mbira sounds left Magangara. The war came and Erisha and Masiyambi were swallowed by it. Mbira sounds left Magangara and the village for good. The recent land reform has left the injustice intact. On a recent visit to the village, I found young men from the village at sixes and sevens trying to find a solution for a firewood crisis threatening the upcoming kurova guva ceremony for our late Sabhuku. The titled owners of Magangara will not relax their ban on firewood collecting by the villagers. Departed Sinyoros are witnesses to this abomination. I also recall how, towards the end of winter, village elders arranged for the collection of gifts to give to the delegation that went on the annual Matonjeni pilgrimage. The gifts consisted of cash and small grains cereals. The delegations returned with Matonjeni water which was distributed and used in brewing of beer at various mutoro. The beer was used in the subsequent mikwerera rainmaking ceremonies. Not long after rains fell signaling the start of the cropping season. To the sounds of Methodist hymns Mbuya Nduna has bid her farewell. She leaves behind a village struggling to right its pasts and identify its spiritual identity. Mbuya Nduna was a rare icon from Unyetu.

**Chapter 3 : Ambuya Development Centre - Home Page**

*Check out Ambuya by Stella Chiweshe on Amazon Music. Stream ad-free or purchase CD's and MP3s now on [calendrierdelascience.com](http://calendrierdelascience.com)*

**Chapter 4 : Ambuya - Meaning And Origin Of The Name Ambuya | [calendrierdelascience.com](http://calendrierdelascience.com)**

*I had always known her as Ambuya since the late s. Her grandchildren were my age mates. One of them, Petros, I remember for teaching us how to trap birds using home-made glue.*

### Chapter 5 : A Certain Time Ago, by Rumbi Munochiveyi | Munyori Literary Journal

*Buy Mom Is an Honor Being Ambuya Is Priceless Mothers Day Love Family Gift T Shirt and other Knits & Tees at [calendrierdelascience.com](http://calendrierdelascience.com) Our wide selection is eligible for free shipping and free returns.*

### Chapter 6 : Ambuya? - Stella Chiweshe | Songs, Reviews, Credits | AllMusic

*Ambuya translates to Grandmother in Shona and is a term of endearment and respect. Ambuya's image has become an icon in African culture. This could make a great gift for someone or could also look great placed on a pedestal or on a large bookshelf maybe.*

### Chapter 7 : Ambuya in English, translation, Shona-English Dictionary

*You searched for: ambuya! Discover the unique items that ambuya creates. At Etsy, we pride ourselves on our global community of sellers. Each Etsy seller helps contribute to a global marketplace of creative goods.*

### Chapter 8 : Gold Coins: Buy Gold & Silver Coins online at best prices in India - [calendrierdelascience.com](http://calendrierdelascience.com)

*Our Donors Dr & Mrs. Madziakapita decides to use the rentals of their house in town to donate to Ambuya Development Centre in addition to other donations. Ambuya Development Centre started serious operations in November after the launch.*

### Chapter 9 : Stella Chiweshe

*Ambuya Development Center Microenterprise - Blantyre, Malawi. Jesus calls us to love one another just as He loves us. Your generous gift today to help support the Ambuya Development Center Microenterprise program in Malawi will provide more than material help and support for our poorest brothers and sisters.*