



JEWELS OF

DIAMONDS OF

GOLD

WARD 8 LEGACY COLLABORATIVE

***A SENIOR PUBLICATION
FEBRUARY 2017***



“SHAKE IT BUT DON'T BREAK IT!”

Did you know that the African Nation of Ghana was considered by the Arabs in the eighth century as 'The Land of Gold'? It was Ghana's gold that attracted the European Nations like flies hovering over a pile of manure. In addition to the gold, slaves and you guessed it, salt were the three most important commodities being traded along the Trans-Saharan Trade Routes. Salt was the most important preservative for all types of foods, and still is. But go into any supermarket today and you will discover that table salt is so cheap it's as if they were giving it

TIT: No, seriously, if there's enough excess weight piled up on one side of the building it could slide right off.

TAT: Hmmm, you know that makes sense, but we at the Overlook don't have to worry about that.

TIT: Don't be too sure about that, we've had the Edgewood party, the Emmaus Christmas dinner, The Kwanzaa celebration, and the New Years day brunch, now come on let's be real, have you seen all the food our neighbors been packing away, I'm talking about gorging like there's no tomorrow, they keep that up and we gonna slide right off this hill.

TAT: Well, what are you going to do?

TIT: A parachute man, I'm gonna get me a parachute.

Well for real for real we ain't going to stop eating, and we certainly ain't going to stop celebrating, it's in the DNA baby, it's in that Anacostia air flowing over the hill, and yes! Our seniors are frisky and full of life, age ain't but a number sugar!



Hey you! Yeah you! Turn that hearse around, yeah, at the intersection make a u-turn, we got no need of you man, too much life up in here, what?...If we want a ride we call Metro for access,...What?...We got Uber man, you ever hear of Uber?

"Behold, I shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" (1 Corinthians 15:51-55)



"A SLICE OF HISTORY"



**Alexander Pushkin
(1700-1837)**

Alexander Pushkin, Russia's greatest poet was born Aleksandr Sergeyevich Pushkin in Moscow into a noble family shortly after the reign of Peter the Great, Czar of Russia. Pushkin's mother's grandfather was Abram Hannibal, A black general in Peter the Great's Army. As a student in a school for young noblemen, the young Pushkin showed early promise as a poet. After what is described as three years of riotous living in St. Petersburg society, Pushkin was exiled to Southern Russia in 1820 for unacceptable ideas he expressed in his "Ode to Liberty," and for ridiculing the royal court in some of his satirical verse. During his exile Pushkin was strongly moved by the beauty of Crimea and the Caucasus. The poems "The Prisoner of the Caucasus," and the "Fountain of Bakhchisarai" describe his response to this beauty. In the poem "The Gypsies" Pushkin expresses his yearning for freedom. In 1824 he was ordered to his family estate where he remained under the supervision of the Emperor until he was pardoned in 1826.

Pushkin is credited with establishing the modern poetic language of Russia, using Russian history for the basis of many of his works. Pushkin's complete collection of poems, his prose writings, and his masterpiece "Eugene Onegin" are available in English translation. The poet Aleksandr Blok in a speech delivered at the 84th anniversary of Pushkin's death honored the great poet with these words:...From early childhood we have had one cheering name in our minds: Pushkin. This sound, this name has filled many of the days of our lives. There are the gloomy names of emperors, generals, inventors of instruments of death, torturers and martyrs. And beside these stands one bright name: Pushkin. Pushkin died as a result of a duel with a young French Emigre nobleman who was accused in anonymous letters to the poet of being the lover of Pushkin's flirtatious young wife. Pushkin was buried secretly by government officials. And that my friends, is a slice of history.