

# **CREDO MUTWA**

## **BIOGRAPHY 01: INTRODUCTION**

**I was born in Zululand on the 21st July 1921 according to my father.  
When my father met my  
mother, he had just lost his wife and a number of children in a terrible  
influenza epidemic, which  
had spread through Southern Africa, killing thousands of people in the  
years 1918 and 1919. Thus  
my father was a widower with three surviving children. When my  
parents met it was in the year  
1920, and my father was a builder and a Christian, and my mother  
was a young Zulu girl who  
practiced the ancient religion of the Zulu people. I am told that my  
parents were deeply in love**

with each other and wanted to get married, but the white missionaries forbade my father from

marrying my mother until she became a Christian.

My mother's father was a crusty old warrior who had taken part in the bitter wars that the

Zulus had fought against the English, and he coldly refused to allow his daughter to come under

the yoke of what he called the "religion of our enemies." "I cannot allow my child to become a

Christian," my grandfather was said to have said, "These Christians are a race of thieves, of liars,

and murderers, who stole our country from us at sword point and at gunpoint. I would rather die

than see a Christ worshipping Christian within the stockade of my village. Never!"

Caught between Catholic missionaries on one hand, and a stubborn old Zulu warrior on the other,

my mother and father had no choice but to separate. Although my father already suspected that

my mother was pregnant. A great scandal broke out in my grandfather's village when my

mother's pregnancy was discovered. My grandfather chased my mother out of his homestead

and she was taken by one of her aunts to her own village and there she gave birth to me, an illegitimate child, a child of shame. In those days there was no greater shame among the Zulus than for a girl to give birth out of wedlock. A great stigma was attached to this thing. After a time however, my grandfather allowed my mother -whom he loved dearly to return, back to his village and he insisted that she was not to see my father again. It so happened that when I was about a year old, a younger brother of my fathers, who had heard about my birth come up from the Natal South Coast to my mothers village and asked my grandfathers permission to take me away, permission that my grandfather angrily granted. "Remove this disgrace from my home, Christian fellow!" he said to my fathers brother, "And tell your brother that if I ever set eyes on him, I will make him suffer bitterly for what he did to my daughter. I will seize him and kill him very slowly indeed. Tell him that." I was taken to my father's home in the South of Natal, on the northern bank of the Umkumazi River, and there I

grew up. And it was while growing up that it was discovered that I was something of a visionary and a prophet. A talent, which together with an artistic inclination, to draw and to sculpt, the woman who now brought me up, my fathers new wife, did her uttermost to suppress.

I did not attend school until I was well within my 14th year of life. And because my family now kept on travelling, as a result of my fathers building profession, which took him from town to town, we became a family of travellers, who never stayed long in one place.

In 1935, my father found a job, a major building job, in the Transvaal and he brought us all from Natal to join him where he was building. I attended school on and off in different schools, and then, in 1937 I went through great shock and trauma, when I was seized and sodomized by a gang of mineworkers outside a mine compound. This caused me to be ill for a long time.

And although I was taken to white doctors, I could find no help until my fathers brother, the same one who had taken me away from my maternal grandfather decided to take me back to my

mothers village in the hope that I would find help there. And I did. My grandfather, a man whom my father despised as a heathen and a demon worshipper helped me and brought me back to health, where Christian doctors had failed. I, still a Christian and a confessing catholic, had not believed at all that my grandfather would be able to help me. And I was greatly surprised when he did, and I began to wonder were not the missionaries wrong when they called people such as my grandfather ungodly heathens. If my grandfather had been a stupid heathen savage, as white missionaries loved to call people like him, how is it that he had been able to help me?

It was here that I began to question many things that I never questioned before. Where our ancestors really the savages that quiet missionaries would have us believe they were? Were we Africans really a race of primitives who possessed no knowledge at all before the white man came to Africa? These and many, many other questions began to haunt my mind. And then one day when he was sure that I was fully returned to health, my grandfather told me that the illness that

had been troubling me for so long, had actually been a sacred illness  
which required that I had to  
become a shaman, a healer. And when the old man said this to me, I  
readily agreed to undergo  
initiation at the hands of one of my grandfather's daughters, a  
young sangoma named Myrna.

When they heard that I had become a sangoma, both my father and  
my stepmother, told my  
maternal uncle that I was never to set foot in their home again. And  
so I found myself on my own,

a youth without a home, without family and so I began travelling.  
First I went to Swaziland and  
then the land of the Basotho, and I developed a wanderlust that was  
to be with me until today. I

was not travelling for enjoyment, however I was travelling for  
knowledge, in search of clarity of  
mind and in search of the truth about my people.

Sometimes I would find jobs for a few months and then move on.  
Sometimes I found myself  
travelling with missionaries, the very people in whom I no longer  
believed. Sometimes I found  
myself travelling with miners, returning home from the Johannesburg  
gold mines. I came into

**contact with men and women of countries that I had not known about before. I learned things that**

**I had not known about before. I experienced things, which only those that walk the path of the healer in Africa experience.**

**If a strange thing was happening in the place that I happened to be, I became one of those who**

**were summoned to that place to help using Africa's ancient wisdom and knowledge in that**

**situation. I found myself amongst amazing and strange people. I found myself amongst men and**

**women, possessing knowledge that was already ancient when the man Jesus Christ was born. I**

**heard stories from the lips of storytellers that went back to the remotest of the remote times.**

**Stories that very few had ever heard before.**

**As the years past, I became filled with a fanatical obsession; I realized how rapidly Africa was**

**changing. I realized to my shock and sorrow that the culture of my people, a culture that I had**

**thought immortal, was actually dying. Very, very soon the Africa that I knew would become a**

forgotten thing. A thing of the past and I decided to try and preserve somehow, what I could of my people's culture. How was I to do that? Friends advised me to write books. One friend advised me to build living museums in which I would preserve the dying culture of my people, and I struggled very hard to bring these things about. I wrote books, and I tried to borrow money from banks and organizations supposedly established to help black people who wanted to establish businesses.

Again and again, I was disappointed until, after long years of struggle. In 1975 I succeeded in obtaining permission and funds to build the first living museum, for the preservation of my people's knowledge, religion and culture, in the centre of Soweto. Many black people misunderstood the purpose of my having built this living museum. They falsely accused me of cooperating with the apartheid regime and of quote-"glamorising the Soweto ghetto."

But I did not see myself as a politician, I saw myself as a healer, whose duty it was to preserve



**the greatness of his people, regardless of which government happened to be in power in South Africa. I saw myself as a healer whose purpose it was to create job opportunities for my starving people in Soweto, regardless of whether we were ruled by the apartheid regime or the A.N.C government. I believed firmly that knowledge was about politics and that a race that did not know its true greatness, will never obtain full freedom. And I was saddened by the fact that our people were making huge sacrifices, fighting for freedom when they did not know their full greatness. I said to my now late wife, Cecilia, and myself that if our people gain freedom under these circumstances, that freedom would be an illusion and a fraud. Years of careful investigation had taught me the European powers that had colonized Africa had done more than just beat our people into submission with artillery and rifles. They had done more than simply sown confusion amongst our people by introducing many conflicting versions of the Christian religion amongst the people. They had deliberately so brain washed our people, that**

**Africans had lost all self-knowledge, self-love, self-respect, self-pride and self-dependency. If you**

**rob a people of all these things you turn them into a race of robots, forever dependent upon you.**

**And even if you stood up and walked away from these people, and said to them that you were giving them back their freedom, they would stand up and follow you wherever you are going for their minds were still your slaves even though their bodies were now free of your chains.**

**I believed then as I believe now, that the African has never really gained freedom and independence. Which is why our people have not been able to achieve what nations such as India and the tiger Nations of South East Asia, which were once also colonized by the white people as we were, have today achieved. For example today India is a nuclear power feared and respected by all nations on earth. India is admired for its great culture and its ancient religious philosophies as well as its other philosophies. While Africa is a downtrodden casualty of history forever dependent like a whipped slave upon her former oppressors.**

**This breaks my heart as a black man, I who, over many years of travelling through my motherland, have discovered that there was a time when we, the black people now held in contempt by many races were once masters of the world. When we, now derided as a nation of savages incapable of ruling itself were once the tutors of the early world, I feel great bitterness, when I see how far we have been made to fall. We whose sons and daughters once walked tall in the Americas, not as slaves but rather as civilizes and rulers. I wept when I found out that we were once the founders of some of the world's oldest civilizations. We were there in Sumeria, we were there in India, we founded great kingdoms in Cambodia, and the first man to be saluted as emperor of China was one of us, a son of Africa, a black man. Buddha was a black man from Africa, his earliest statues confirm this. Krishna was a black warrior. The goddess Kali, is depicted as an African woman. Even the bible states that Nimrod was a great man in the eyes of the Lord and he was the father of Cush, who founded the great cushite nation. I weep even now when I see**

**Africans slaughter each other in the streets of South Africa, now  
supposedly a free nation. I weep  
even now when my people hunger and suffer in the veld in South  
Africa. I weep even now when  
Euro centric education is being fed to our children. Fed in order to  
make them Afrofobes, creatures  
that hate and despise their motherland, which look down in contempt  
upon their own people,  
because this is what all European educated black people do. They  
despise Africa and all she stands  
for. And they are in contempt of the culture of her people. They are  
still even now doing the  
colonialists dirty work for them, because if you want to destroy the  
culture of a nation, you must  
brainwash the youth of that nation and make them do your dirty  
work for you.**

**There is not a single university in Africa, even now which teaches our  
people the truth about  
themselves. There is not a single school in South Africa even now  
which teaches our people about  
what it means to be an African. Our children who will stone a  
Sangoma to death, who will burn an  
Inyanga to death with a petrol soaked car tire even now, do not know,  
and were never taught that**

**Africans were once kings of the Americas. They were founders of the amazing Olmec Civilization,**

**whose breath taking relics craved in eternal stone still amaze visitors in museums to this day.**

**Our children who would gladly spit at the face of a sangoma, who hate the traditional dress of their people, would gladly put on a highland kilt, not knowing that amongst the founders of the Scottish nation were black men and woman and that the surnames of some of these Scotsmen, confirm**

**this. Sholto-Douglas, what does this word mean? What does this Surname mean? Sholto- Douglas.**

**It means Behold the black man. Black knights once fought for the kings of Scotland, and the Danish people who are fraudulently represented in the history books as blond and pink skinned**

**Nordics, had large numbers of black men in their ranks. When Alfred slaughtered the Danes, in**

**England so many years ago, amongst the warriors that he slew were dark skinned men, whose**

**ancestors had come to Denmark from Africa thousands of years before. All these truths are hidden**

**from our children.**

**Our political leaders, fail to create United Nations in Africa. Our political leaders live on a razors edge in Africa everywhere. They sit on shaky thrones from which they can get kicked off by any armed thug carrying the rank of colonel or general. Why? Because you can never build a viable nation on the cesspit of self-ignorance and self-despite. I have seen many African leaders at first sight, I have spoken to some of these men and all of them have one thing in common, they are simply white men in black skins. And this is why they fail again and again to create a peaceful, progressing and prosperous Africa. They are still slaves of their long departed colonial masters.**

**Look at what is happening in South Africa now. Look at the confusion and the crime, the disunity and the epidemic political killings. What do all these things tell you? That our people lack self-pride and self-knowledge and therefore can never be politically united ever.**

**I have suffered in the cause of my battle against shadows. When you are fighting against ignorance you suffer just as much as you if you were on a battlefield under gun fire. I have lost**

people I love; I have lost a woman I love years ago in 1960 to the guns  
of the white man. To the

guns of the oppressive regime I was falsely accused of being a  
supporter of. I lost a son, my

first-born son, Innocent, to the knives of black activists, murdering  
people under the banner of the

mass democratic movement. I came close to losing another son to the  
spears of the Inkatha

freedom party, God have mercy upon us! I have been cheated by  
whites who took advantage of

my ignorance and stupidity and who robbed me of millions of rands of  
money I made out of my

books. Even as I am talking to you now there is a white woman, who  
deceived me into signing

away everything that I wrote, everything that I painted, and  
everything that I sculpted. I have

suffered, and am still suffering. Even now there are white men that  
have set my own children, my

sons against me. A born again Christian preacher of lies brain washed  
my daughters mind and

stole her away from me, saying, you must not talk to your father , he  
is a devil worshipper.

I am not seeking anybodies sympathy when I am telling you this; I just  
want you all to know who

and what Credo Mutwa is. I am one of the scums of this earth, a creature dejected and ridiculed by university professors. Professors who later came sneaking into my home seeking the very information that they ridiculed me for revealing. I am a black man who has every reason to be bitter and angry. But somehow I cannot get myself to be angry. You cannot be angry at the ignorant. You cannot but pity the self-destructive.

Many years ago I was fortunate enough to find a woman who loved me, a woman who became my wife and the mother of my seven children. This woman was a strong and godly woman whose quietness, hid a person of steel, this woman gave up drinking, gave up dependence on alcohol out of the love of her children, and of love of fool and the cretin that she married. Today I stand alone, a man rejected by the world. A widower who lost his wife a few months ago under extremely sinister circumstances. My wife went to hospital supposedly suffering from cancer of the uterus, while I was away, and x-rays showed a strange metal device inside her womb. Nobody knows



what this device was. Nobody knows how it had got into my wife's  
uterus, but before my wife  
passed away, I received a threatening letter warning me not to talk to  
a man named David Icke or  
else my wife would die. I did not take that warning seriously, and my  
wife died within two weeks  
after I had received it. I have every reason to be angry with the frot  
that is called western  
civilization. I have every reason to be angry with the various foreign  
religions that enslave our  
peoples minds and blinker their vision. I have every reason to be  
angry with education systems  
that rob our people of their true worth, of the truth about  
themselves. This my friends is Credo

**Mutwa.**

I am a sculptor, who has created large sculptures in various parts of  
South Africa. I am a painter  
who has painted pictures that were afterwards stolen from him, by  
exploiters. I am the writer of  
books, whose books fill the pockets of others with money, and nit his  
own. That is Credo Mutwa. I

have used the knowledge that I acquired over many years of  
investigation and travel, I have used

that knowledge to create job opportunities for my starving people.  
The villages that I built in  
Soweto, and which were destroyed by misguided youths. The villages  
that I built in Mafekeng, and  
the village and the statues that I built in the Eastern Cape, placed  
bread in the hands of my  
starving fellow South Africans. I made jobs where there are none. I  
made livings for my people  
where there had been none. I believe that a truly democratic country,  
is a country that uses the  
spiritual talents and the heritage of its people to feed the hungry and  
clothe the naked. But what  
has been my reward? I have been scorned; demonise lied about by  
conspirators, who delight in  
setting black against black, by gullible blacks that swallow any  
garbage white newspapers feed  
them. If you speak about the international conspires, that is the  
government behind many  
countries governments, people laugh at you for a fourteen carrot  
lunatic, but there is such a thing  
and it is ruining my people even now. The Aids epidemic which will  
soon wipe out great tribes,  
such as the Zulus, my people, is no accident, neither is the flood of  
drugs that is sweeping over

**this once beautiful country. The soaring crime wave is no accident.  
The epidemic of political killings  
which are almost a daily occurrence in some parts of South Africa is  
no accident either. All these  
things are planned by someone and carried out by someone on behalf  
of that someone.**

**They tell us that the high incidence of rape in South Africa is a macho  
thing. Rubbish! It is  
deliberate, it is planned, and most of the woman that is raped in  
South Africa is raped for black  
magical purposes. Children who disappear; where do they disappear  
to? In South Africa today,  
criminals have got more rights than law-abiding citizens. A criminal  
will kill your father, in the  
morning, be arrested in the afternoon and be released on bail on the  
following morning to come  
back and kill you who helped the police to put him behind bars. Today  
in South Africa, as in  
Prohibition era, America, the distinction between the police and the  
criminals is getting dimmer  
and dimmer by the day. And all this is no accident.**

**37 Comments so far**

**1. Kanti on January 24th, 2007**

**Why is the history of our people of Africa such a voodoo that no one is  
willing to talk**

**about. I urge that you keep up and let the people know about the  
great works of our**

**ancestors and people like Elder Credo**

**2. GingerBronze on April 22nd, 2007**

**First, it is an honor and privilege to read about Mr. Credo Mutwa. He  
has given me**

**validation/confirmation in my experiences and existence as an African  
American in the**

**U.S. We are aware that we have/are continually being brainwashed.  
The global social**

**scientists continue to do amazing things. I've always known that this  
wasn't by**

**accident. It is contrived and by design. I also know that I carry the  
black gene, a copy**

**of the original carbon seed, that flourished the first human families on  
this planet. That**

**speaks volumes to who we are. I do not take that for granted nor do I  
have illusions of**

**grandeur about ancient civilizations in the past. It is what it is. I  
cannot and will not**

**deny what connects me physically, mentally and spiritually to the  
indigenous peoples of  
this planet.**

**Thank you, Mr. Ramon Thomas, for sharing this website with us.**

**3. Ash-Leigh on August 1st, 2007**

**Feeding. Im grateful a man of his calibre exists in this time & age. His  
purpose precedes**

**his coming, & we appreciate his life, & the change he triggers for the  
positive. LIFE**

**SOUND & KALA ALIVE in all. as we read, learn, grow & flourish**

**4. mitch on May 24th, 2008**

**Mr. Mutwa has made some astonishing claims. Is there any evidence  
for what he says,**

**for example, about the establishment of Scottish civilization by Black  
Africans?**

**5. Sareena Jones on May 27th, 2008**

**Peace Elder! Im so honored to have found information on you. Elder, I  
have been**

**having for**

**a long time dreams of life forms or aliens. I dreamed that I was being  
held by aliens**

and and have walked underwater with them. Underwater, I witnessed  
a spaceship  
passing by me, with bright lights shining through the windows. Sir I  
dream aall the  
time. I wish there was somehow, that you could help me. I fill like  
there something  
going tto happen soon, that would ultimately change  
people in the world. If you or someone with information could  
contact me. I would  
appreciate it. MY dreams are very vivid.

Peace Elder,

Sareena

#### 6. Ron Bates on July 28th, 2008

From the first time I heard of Credo Mutwa, he validated my thoughts  
about the

blantant lies I was taught, but quietly rejected, about not only  
American History, but

World History. I always knew there was something very strange about  
a history that

excludes basically one race. I wondered why? What were they  
hidding? Why are they

so afraid to be truthful? As the North American Indians used to say,  
“Nothing stays

**buring forever.” I hope you are around for the year, 2012. Take care!**

**7. aradia on August 2nd, 2008**

**baba we are blessed that you walked the hills and valleys of africa and  
thank you for  
teaching me to be a better healer...may you be blessed for all eternity.**

**8. thulani on August 13th, 2008**

**im greatefull to read such a life time story it also touches me because i  
was in tourisim**

**and one day one lady from overseas told me he if its possible for me  
to take her to**

**your museum in soweto as a result it was also my firstime going there  
but yet i have**

**leaved in soweto for many years .i would like to hear from you.stay  
good and wise**

**9. Ananda on August 13th, 2008**

**CREDO MUTWA**

**MY NAME IS ANANDA, I LIVE IN THE ISLAND OF BERMUDA AND I AM  
MOVED BY THE**

**INFORMATION THAT YOU AND DAVID ICKE INTRODUCE TO THE  
PEOPLE. I YEARN**

**DEEPLY TO TRAVEL BACK TO AFRICA AND LEARN ABOUT THE  
SANGOMA AND TO MEET**

**WITH YOU FOR DISCUSSION. I THANK YOU VERY MUCH, PEOPLE SUCH  
AS YOU**

**INSPIRE YOUNG MEN SUCH AS MYSELF TO EITHER CHANGE THIS  
PLANET FOR THE  
BETTER OR DIE TRYING.**

**10. Xolani on August 26th, 2008**

**Baba thank ur insight, it is an honor to have you around. I just hope i-  
youth, especially**

**yase South Africa, can take heed of your teachings, warnings,  
observations that “if you**

**want to destroy the culture of a nation, you must brainwash the  
youth of that nation**

**and make them do your dirty work for you”. That whether we like it  
or not we come**

**from the bloodline of Kings and Queens, and as such, this carries a lot  
of**

**responsibilities. Thank you for being a father, a healer, a voice of  
wisdom and high**

**moral ground, we sure do need that during our lifetime**

**11. thandotngi on August 28th, 2008**

**Cosmic knowledge is reverberating in the souls of humans in an  
extremely vibrant way**



these days i have felt it and as much as we are challenged by these  
outer forces of the  
inner self. We have become a great threat to these Power seeking  
Beings as few as we  
are, but we must be more vigilant and dedicated to our course. Baba  
you are a pillar of  
Knowledge and wisdom to us youth who must pass on this torch of  
hope to forth  
coming generations. Your sufferings bares witness to the greatness of  
your works..All  
those who read and understand this i say "THE TRUE WORK HAS JUST  
BEGUN>>>>WITHIN"

**12. Sydney on September 24th, 2008**

Dearest, dearest, beautiful soul, Credo, please know you are not alone  
and that you are  
so loved and respected. I only have three words, from my heart and  
soul to say to you,  
I LOVE YOU!

**13. Booyesen on September 24th, 2008**

Credo, can you shed some light as to weather Mbeki is involved in the  
death of CHRIS  
Hani?

**14. horus on September 27th, 2008**

**blessing and elevation to your ancestor who guide you baba  
 credo.iam sad to say what  
 you say is the sadest of all sadest but the truth.i hear hower ancestor  
 crying for hower  
 return to them we as a people are cut off from them because we have  
 been taught to  
 reject them .even i have been rejected by alot of family memeber and  
 friends because  
 of my belief ,but iam not stupid i will not give up the old ways to give  
 the old ways up  
 would be giving up who iam .we all know the time is coming where  
 the big change is  
 coming ,and there trying to cut us off to the knowledge of who we are  
 so we wont be  
 aware and take iam postion back ...but the light is to strong, the light  
 created all of us .i**

**love your soul keep up the good work**

**15. Dinnie on October 1st, 2008**

**I wish that I could be of some help to you. Your story is one of true  
 bravery and  
 courage. If only humans could join together as one people. However,  
 governments**

**strive to keep us apart. I have only just begun my training as a natural  
healer here. I**

**have only just been introduced to the forces at work here. It is a great  
mystery and**

**very secret here - so much so that I cannot speak of it. Just know that  
my spirit is with**

**you. Even if we don't share the same blood, we do share the same  
spirit. We are all**

**part of the same spiritual family. Blessings to you.**

**16. Bhekithemba Dlamini on October 4th, 2008**

**Makhosi**

**Ngivumele, ngisebenzise ulimi lwabo ukuze nami bangizwe. Nkudala  
ngibuza abantu**

**ukuthi ngempela umlando wakithi oshomaphi, sawubulala kangaka  
kwenzenjani? Its**

**time to talk about the past, our beautiful African culture and the gifts  
we have.**

**Mangibonge**

**Makhosi**

**17. ThunderBird on October 6th, 2008**

**Thank You for returning to assist those who are in search.**

**Please contact me if you have the the time.**

**18. Noni on October 8th, 2008**

**This biography was a great read.**

**I always wondered why it was and still is so difficult to find  
information on our own  
people.**

**It is difficult for one to find African books, written by Africans for  
Africans. I would love  
to get to know my mother tongue, don't get me wrong, I can speak it,  
I can read it, I  
can write it. Our languages are more than the 3rd language class of  
language that we  
were taught at school.**

**I would love to be able to recite poetry in my mother tongue. I would  
love to explore  
where our people come from and not just get the history from an un-  
ethnic person,  
who tells what your history is. Thank you very much for instilling faith  
in the black  
beautiful being.**

**Our quest should be this: How do we reverse the mindset that was  
engraved in our  
people and make them see the quality, humility and love that they  
possess, not just**

**towards another being, but towards themselves?**

**19. MPHONGA on October 17th, 2008**

**ntate MUTWA, a badimo ba afrika ba nne le wena, otsweletse tiro e  
ntle e o e dirang. CAN**

**YOU PLEASE HELP ME FORSEE MY FUTURE.**

**20. Dr Otsile Ntsoane on October 20th, 2008**

**May the incredible Credo Mutwa be the legacy that will be uncovered  
when poet has  
stopped writing. How do I praise this hyena that traversed the lands  
and live a hermit  
life in the land of plenty. I salute all who are opening up to be part of  
the great  
knowledge that Baba has for the past 50 years tried to make available  
to us. May all  
those who will read his works open up to the world beyond galaxies  
and know that we  
are not the only people on earth and our planet is just one with a  
growing civilization,  
out there lives people with great ideas, they want to help us. But we  
are too  
preoccupied with our own stupidity based on western education and  
own ignorance of**

**the self. Let Baba's words be carried by truth lovers. i did since 1989  
and I am grateful.**

**Pula Vusamazulu Pula.**

**21. Goitsewang Mahlangu on October 21st, 2008**

**Baba u Mutwa, what an incredible person you are and to have read  
about you has  
made me question what we call our religion some call it culture and  
all that. You have  
insight to a lot of wisdom and you call us blessed to have had two  
great men in our  
history that you match up to Moses and Aaron " A Moses – Mandela –  
has brought us to  
the promised land. Its now up to Aaron – Mbeki – to lead us forward.  
That's all I am  
prepared to say " Drum 1 July 1999 page 12 and 13 But in actual fact  
your are the  
great man to have leaved in our times too and have had an impact on  
the way we see  
things.**

**In these time that we are facing in our country to know that  
somebody predicted this  
years back is so scary, I really wish you could impact your wisdom and  
show us the**

**way on how to deal with these problems we are faced with. I think  
your wisdom would  
be greet right about now.**

**I really put my hat down and salute you Baba Mutwa**

**22. Fanyana Maseko on October 31st, 2008**

**Hi**

**I greet you with great respect and hope that you will able to help me  
with the history of**

**Swazi monarchy cause we believe that Maseko people are the rightful  
kings of**

**Swaziland not Sobhuza(Dlamini).**

**contact numbers 0729990439**

**Regards,**

**Fanyana Maseko**

**23. Dino Paris, Portland OR on November 3rd, 2008**

**I met with you Credo Mutwa on my birthday in February of 1994. Our  
meeting changed**

**my life. You taught me many things about releasing troubles. You  
laughed and called**

**my worries my "Blue Funk." These words helped me release bad  
feelings that had been**

**bothering me a very long time. You channeled Hebrew prayers the  
moment I entered  
your hut. You and two female Sangomas chanted the sacred prayer,  
Kadish which  
praises G-d at the time of the death of a loved on in the Jewish  
Tradition. I had not told  
you a word about my ancestors. You simply sensed them.  
I told you nothing about my profession as a counselor yet you told me  
that my wife and  
I were destined to heal trauma, the trauma of people and families  
that had arisen from  
abuse. abuse within families that stemmed from the abuse of nations  
upon people. You  
advised me to build a red round room underground, and to use it for  
the purpose of  
healing. This advice I have not yet followed, but I have studied many  
methods of  
releasing trauma including EMDR: Eye Movement Desensitization  
Reprocessing. This  
method has helped me clear the deepest traumas in people almost  
instantly, and I see  
it as a consciousness raising gift to humanity. It helps people clear  
traum, enjoy their**



**lives, and follow their true paths on the planet.**

**I honor you Credo Mutwa, your life, your contribution, and all the  
gifts you bestowed**

**upon me and my wife in our meeting.**

**Your love and wisdom have impacted me greatly and I thank you.**

**With love and light,**

**May the love we share heal us all.**

**Dino Paris MA**

**Licensed Marriage and Family Therapist**

**Portland OR**

**503 528 4441**

**dinoparis@comcast.net**

**24. xola on November 11th, 2008**

**Ndithi andinamazwi ngaphandle kokuthi enkosi ngokusityilela.**

**25. roshea havel on November 21st, 2008**

**Never stop talking out dear friend you are a light in the darkness . I  
am so blessed to**

**have known your beliefs I am partially disabled but am planning a  
journey to see you,**

**if I am blessed enough.**

**SHINE YOU LIGHT TALK YOUR TRUTH TELL THE WORLD**

**LONG MAY YOU LIVE**

**26. Wiseman Mkhawana on December 4th, 2008**

**Where can I find or buy your books? I would love to learn more from  
you. Please**

**contact me via e-mail wiseman@arcinc.co.za.**

**27. nomsa on December 17th, 2008**

**Baba Mutwa**

**I salute and respect you, we are a lost nation - africans without an  
identity, i need**

**help i seem not to have a direction regarding my initiation, i had a call  
but i dont know**

**what to do**

**Nomsa**

**28. Kheswa on December 21st, 2008**

**Where can i find or buy yo books Baba Mutwa? I real need them im in  
jo'burg my email**

**2107@webmail.co.za oh! Baba Mutwa u were born on 21 july? I was  
also born on that**

**date.**

**29. mpho litha on December 26th, 2008**

**Makhosi!**

**Words can't begin to express my sincere gratitude for your  
life,passion,undying love  
and energy to shed light and knowlegde to a people that have no idea  
of the significant  
power you possess!Thank you for taking the time to compile this eye  
opening,confidence boosting biography.Get well! I am interested in  
starting an African  
language "heritage" academy that will teach children about our  
roots.I believe the  
knowledge that you have should be shared.how can I reach  
you?Mpho Litha**

**30. Mojaki on December 30th, 2008**

**Ntate It is not less than an honour and priviledge to read about your  
autobiography..I**

**like to sing an old song ithi..ingane ya malome ithi a ikwazi ku  
khuluma yi khuluma**

**isilungu phela ngabe ezale kwa balungi na? sorry about the spelling,  
ke motswana..Ke**

**ya leboga.**

**31. Motheo on January 16th, 2009**

**I love u father, i wish that u can leave forever.**

**32. arja on January 21st, 2009**

Recently I returned from West-Africa, it was my third visit. Staying  
amongst my black  
friends we had long conversations. I said them: Seems to me Africa  
gets crossed on  
every field. There might be forces in this world forbidding you to  
develop because they  
are afraid of your collective knowledge. I wondered: why? and how  
come....?

The answer is given by this very brave man Credo Mutwa. Reading his  
testimonials

makes me cry because it is the recognition of my soul of The Truth.

Dear Mr Credo, Braveheart, I will spread your messages in respect.

Be blessed, Arja

33. Skhona Khumalo on January 22nd, 2009

Bab' Mutwa

Ngyethemb' ukuthi lomyalezo uzokhinta. Kade ngangfis' ukhlangana  
nomunt'

onjengawe, onolwaz olvelele ngezimpande zosiko lwabatntu.

Ngibheka phansi

naphezulu imniningwane yakho, khona sizohlala sixoxe. Ngyaz' ukuthi  
uwumunt'

obaluleke kakhulu ezimpilweni zethu, eskhula eskhathini samanje,  
sokuxakeka

**ingqondo. Ngifisa ukwazi ngoksuka komzilikazi, omashobane,  
omntungwa... omawela**

**abawela izambezi ngezikhali.. abahlubuk' edlunkulu yakwa zulu,  
benyuka nezwe...**

**kthiwa inkosi ayiqedwa... ngicela uphendule baba, imningwane  
ngiyishiyile... ngyabonga**

**34. toywasi on January 24th, 2009**

**Credo Mutwa got bummed. I think he liked it.**

**Bummer**

**35. munashisa on January 27th, 2009**

**Credo the Chitauri that you and Icke speak of , i know of these ppl but  
not on the**

**physical level .when i was younger i had vivid dreams and experiences  
with these**

**chitauri ,but in my dreams and inbetween dream states they were a  
yellowish white in**

**colour with elongated cruel faces . these experiences started when i  
used to practise**

**the black arts when i was young arrogant and foolish .Pls contact if u  
are interested in**

**my account - hope you are well**

**36. ZODIDI NGWANE on February 4th, 2009**

**Baba Credo you are a respected man what u have is a gift to the nation.You have predicted so many things that come into pass,i believe that you can make a difference to the life of the confused youngstar like me,i have so many unsolved questions about my future and u can be the answer.**

**Been searching for answerers none i have ever get from anyone,  
PLEASE JUST SAVE**

**MY LIFE LET ME KNOW MY TOMMORROW COZ I`M CONFUSED-FREE  
TO CONTACT ME**

**ngwanezodidi@yahoo.com**

**37. Siagalulu on February 5th, 2009**

**May The Power of Love & Goodness invade the hearts of MAN, that he may know the**

**TRUE Knowledge of his PAST. May you, VUSAMAZULU, THE HEALER  
AND KEEPER OF**

**THE KNOWLEDGE be forever protected from the EVIL of MAN...for  
MAN has sowen his**

**seed of EVIL and the time of the REAPING is near.**

**Stay strong Credo Mutwa we need your guidance....**

# **Biography 02:**

# **Africa My**

# **People**

**There are many shameful things that are being done to Africa and her people by Western nations**

**these days. These shameful things are also being done to African people by Western researchers**

**as well as ordinary writers, who deliberately by pass my Motherland, driving her into isolation, and**

**treating her as though she was not part and parcel of humankind.**

**These writers and these**

**researchers deliberately over look many important facts about our people, and some time go out**

**of their way to deliberately merely skim the surface of African knowledge, over looking the rest,**

and passing on to nations and races which they favour. There was a time when I wondered, why this was being done? But now I know, too late, the cold blooded satanic purpose behind all this.

The black man of South Africa must be denied his identity to make it easier for people with sinister agenda's to turn him into a puppet, spiritually and physically dependent on the west and its rapacious and exploitive ways. The black man must be made to look down upon himself and the other nations too, must be made to look down upon him in contempt. I know as a keeper of my peoples oldest traditions, that sometimes when an animal, be it a goat or an ox, is about to be sacrificed to the ancestral spirits, it must be driven into isolation, kept apart from the other animals, before it is slaughtered. And Africa today is being slaughtered. The wars that are tearing her apart, the thing that is called Aids, that is raging like wild fire though the plains and valleys though my motherland, are all part of the arsenal of murder that is being employed by certain organizations and nations, in order to bring about Africa's destruction as a race. When I say



**this, I am not paranoid; I am a man who has studied a number of  
terrible facts that are to be seen  
in Africa for some years now. Africa is being destroyed. There are  
those in whose interests it is  
that this, the Mother Continent of humankind must be depopulated  
though war famine and disease  
and sent into oblivion along with the great knowledge that itâ€™s  
people possessed. I have taken  
an oath that even if Africa is ultimately destroyed, as the great  
prophets once for saw that it would  
be, the shiny fruits of its childrenâ€™s mind would not perish.  
Hundreds of books and magazines  
have been written and published about Native American people and  
their undeniably great cultures  
that they once possessed. Hundreds of books have been written and  
published in the west about  
the Hindu people of India, their religion, their sciences and their great  
philosophies. But nobody  
ever wants to write anything worthwhile and in depth about Africa.  
For example it is a well-known fact that Native American people in  
Central and South America  
possessed deep knowledge about the universe, about the  
constellations, about solar as well as**

**lunar eclipses. It is also well known that these people possessed great calendars of great sophistication and great accuracy. But the fact that African people of various tribes of Eastern, Central, Western, and Southern Africa possess the same knowledge has been overlooked. One particularly atrocious crime for which I cannot forgive people of Europe is that whenever they write about the people of Africa they deliberately separate them. They treat the ones they talk about as if they were not part and parcel of the African continent at all. Nowhere is this more evident than when European scientists talk about Egypt. They deal with the Egyptians as if Egyptians were a totally separate race from the rest of Africa, and yet anyone that knows Africa well will tell you that Africa is interconnected. That the various people of our Mother land are inter connected as are the gears and flywheels of a clock, and to see the people of Egypt apart from the rest of Africa is a fraud, a delusion, a crime. The people of Egypt were an African people, not at all removed from those in Nubia, in Ethiopia and in those African regions far to the South of Egypt.**

**For example anyone that knows Africa well will tell you that the many half-human, and half-animal gods that the Egyptians worshipped had their origins deep in Central as well as Southern Africa and that these gods are still being worshipped by the people of Africa even now. Here is yet another example of how the western investigator deliberately distort facts about Africa. There are writer that write about the khoi San people in Southern Africa- the Bushman people. These writers deliberately view the Khoi san as if they were an entity completely isolated from the rest of the African people, and yet I can tell you, I who have Khoi san blood in me, that the cultures of many black nations in Southern Africa were intimately interconnected with the Khoi san cultures. The same thing is done when writers write about people such as the pygmies in Central Africa, the Wat-wu. One writer even went as far as to say that the Wat-wa were not an African race and I ask myself, where the thundering hell this white fool thinks the Wat-wa comes from? On which far island does he find them? Anyone that knows the culture and the language of the Wat-wa will tell**

**you that this culture and language are interconnected with the cultures of other people in that part of Africa, where the Wat-wa, or Twa are to be found. This deliberate separation of Africa, the creation of some of the separate races and tribes has resulted in great disaster for the people of Africa as a whole.**

**For example, for many years, the Belgians committed the crime of dividing up the people of the Burundi and Rwanda into two separate races. The Watutsi were believed to belong to the Nileotics, and the Bahutu were seen to be Bantu. But anyone who knows the history of these people will tell you that the Watutsi and the Bahutu are not so separate a people, they are simply two divisions of exactly the same people, and these two divisions had lived in peace for hundreds of years until animosity was stirred up between them by the Belgium colonists to suit their own sinister agenda. Before Africa vanishes under the clouds of endemic civil wars, before my motherland disappears under the fog of Aids and other man made diseases, designed for the**

**extermination of my people, I Credo Mutwa, want to correct these  
blatant injustices. I Credo**

**Mutwa want to expose these crimes, shameful crimes of the intellect.**

**And as a first step towards**

**correcting this injustice, I want to tell you that it was not only the  
Mayas, the Incas, the Aztecs**

**and other people of Central and South America who possessed  
amazing knowledge about the**

**mysteries of the Universe. It was not only these people that  
possessed knowledge about solar as**

**well as lunar eclipses, as well as the Earth's movement through  
space. Our people of many**

**tribes in Southern, Eastern and Central Africa possessed this  
knowledge. And they passed it on**

**from generation to generation in various ways, but mostly orally.**

**4 Comments so far**

**1. cedric harris on July 12th, 2007**

**Wow! My search seems to be coming to an end. They say he who  
seeks will find,**

**and I've been on the hunt for the truth about my people. All my life I  
was told things**

**that would make a person less than human, I was told we did not  
have a history we**

were dumb kind hearted fools. I knew they were wrong, but not  
having anyone to say  
that we are somebody we are human . This is real painful to go through  
life and being  
told a lie

## 2. Babi Karim on July 30th, 2007

Babi

I will only just add my voice to Cedric that Baba is  
just incredible. He is a power-house hence the so called “the powers  
that be” has done  
and is still doing everything in their power to silent Him. But as the  
saying goes: “they  
can silent some of us but not all of us.” And as we’ve all seen, and are  
still witnessing,  
the Universe has It’s own way of organizing things in our favour and  
kept Baba living  
long enough to survive the electronic-media and therefore passing  
along these valuable  
information to us through the electronic media.. We thank Providence  
and we must  
practice emmitting love to all Humankind, even to the Human-agents  
of the chitauri.

**What I will suggest is that, if Baba could put such valuable infos together (in his own authority like the article above) in a compilation, in print to keep the records straight, reverse these Western lies about the true history of Afrika, it's Culture, Traditions and People,( like how the late Cheik Anta Diop did, by dismantling the arguements by Western writers that the civilization of ancient Egypt was not African, in his clasic "The Afrcan Origin of Civilization- Myth or Reality") it will benefit our generation and our coming ones tremendously. These valuable infos and knowledge coming from an authentic source, from Baba in Person, could be our sacred Book like the Bible is to some religious believers.It will especially help in raizing our self-esteem, pride and confidence as African-Chidren. And if my suggestion gets the ears of other like-thinking Africans, we can arrange and contribute financially towards helping Baba do that, my suggestion above.May Sacred Devine Oneness Bless you, Baba.**

### **3. peacewalker on September 23rd, 2007**

**It has been shown to me that the African and the Native American  
Indian Hopi need to  
network.**

**Africa is all our motherland, did we not come thru the water to get  
here. Thank God for**

**Credo Mutwa and for David Icke to bring this great man to our ears. I  
for one have**

**passed Credo Mutwa video tapes on the native american indian.**

**Yes great africa yes the tribes are all one and if they hold the water  
for the world then**

**we need to bless this nation every day and see thru these so called  
Helpers and see if**

**they are hurting the people.**

**The people of Burundi need our prayers for protection.**

**I went to the tree of life and gave a small blood offering for a miracle  
to cure**

**aids(Sundance 2001)**

**we are africa we are all connected i do not want anyone hurting my  
brothers and**

**sisters in africa. i support World Vision byt who are they and do they  
hurt the children**



#### **4. peacewalker on September 23rd, 2007**

**It has been shown to me that the African and the Native American  
Indian Hopi need to  
network.**

**Africa is all our motherland, did we not come thru the water to get  
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**aids(Sundance 2001)**

**we are Africa we are all connected i do not want anyone hurting my  
brothers and**

**sisters in Africa. i support World Vision by who are they and do they  
hurt the children**

# **Biography 03: Mysteries of Africa**

**Before human beings were created on this planet, there had existed a  
very wise race of people**

**known as the Imanyukela. These people had come from the  
constellation known to white people**

**as Orion, and they had inhabited our earth for thousands and  
thousands of years. And that before**

**they had left our earth to return once more to the sacred Spider  
constellation, they made a great**

evacuation under the earth, beneath the Ruwensory Mountains- the Mountains of the Moon. and deep in the bowels of Mother Earth, the Imanyukela built a city of copper buildings. A city with a wall of silver all around it. A city built at the huge mountain of pure crystal. The mountain of knowledge. The mountain from which all knowledge on earth comes. And a mountain to which all knowledge on earth ultimately returns. This old woman told me that her grandmother had told her this story while she was still a virgin of some fifteen years or so and under going initiation into the mysteries and the culture of the Bahutu people. The old woman went on to tell me that many generations ago, there came to the land of the Bahutu, a group of little yellow skinned men, who wore colourful robes and strange brightly coloured hats. These men she said had come in search of the great city of knowledge which they had heard many, many years ago, stands in the earth under the Mountains of the Moon- the Ruwensory Mountains. This story remained in my mind and was one of the many, many strange stories that I had heard

during my long, long travels through Africa. And then much to my amazement, in the year 1975 there arrived at my home in Soweto, a friendly bright priest from Tibet. The priest's name was Akyong Rin Poche, whom ever today I still regard as a great friend of mine, is a man who sparkles like a glass of precious champagne. He is a man, unlike most Tibetan monks whom I have met in my life, who looks at life through the mask of humour. He is a man who ever smiling. A man whose ever word is perfumed with humour. A man who laughs readily. A lovely and lively fellow human being. was honoured to talk to this man in one of the huts that formed the museum village that I had built in Soweto, and Akyong Rin Poche nearly knocked me over by asking me a question that caught me totally by surprise, and which brought back memories of bygone years in a green and half forgotten Central African country. "Do you know anything," he asked," About the city of copper, which is said to be somewhere in Central Africa?" For a few moments I was stricken dumb by astonishment. And the I replied," Yes, honourable Rin Poche. In the days I was travelling

through the land of the Watutsi and the Bahutu, the land that was then known as Rwanda Urundi,  
I heard a story about this mysterious city, and I also heard that this city lies deep under ground-  
under the Mountains of the Moon.” Akyong Rin Poche threw another surprise at my feet. He told  
me how in olden days a great Lama led a group of fellow monks on an expedition into Central  
Africa in search of this mysterious city, and that Lama and his followers were never heard from  
again. I was stunned, here was an African story being confirmed by a man from Tibet. I was totally  
flabbergasted, and I thanked God that many years ago I had set myself the task of recovering that  
I had learned through my long journeys through Africa. Today Rwanda and Burundi are countries  
in grip of death. Tens of thousands of people have been slaughtered. Scores of tribes have been  
decimated and scattered, never to be reformed again. And great quantities of knowledge have  
been lost forever. This is the agony of Africa. This is the shame of my motherland.

5 Comments so far

**1. francis kateganyi on July 13th, 2007**

**sir, may the lord almighty give you good health. Why dont you visit colleges and universities around Africa so as to share this knowlege with us? the fact that some one from Tibet endeavored to travell all that distance to meet with you, there was some thing of great concern to him and perharps his group of people? Perharps your phisical presence in these institutions of learning will encourage at least one student to deliver this and more knowledge to the rest of africans**

**I thank you very much.**

**2. Babi Karim on July 26th, 2007**

**Wow Baba,**

**You are just amazing, a Heaven sent precious gift for Mother Africa that our ignorant so**

**called leaders still refuse to aknowledge.**

**May Devine Sacred Oneness vitalize you with Devine Energy and heal you and give you**

**Eternal Health.**

**With my sincere respect, honorable One, thank you so much for your authentic wisdom and knowledge that you are sharing with us the younger generation. May Devine Sacred Oneness Bless you with Love. Love, Love from me too and...**

**I thank you sooo much for all these valuable infos.**

**3. Xolani Simleane on August 8th, 2007**

**So few are the keepers of knowledge for the age.**

**I pray for more to be released by our purpose. Spirit is bigger and far greater than the body.**

**May we live to see it by the youth of South Africa raising to their highest state.**

**God bless**

**4. Hlompho on September 12th, 2007**

**I am still kicking my self, when I think that Rre MuTwa use to stay in our village**

**Magogoe village, actually one of his yongest son's Langa used to date my cousin sister**

**Nomsa. We used not to taking him serious and actually redicule him as President**

**Mangope's sangoma, Today I have this intense need to see him and  
his not there, I am  
made to believe that he is not longer in Gauteng, He some where in  
Durban. This is  
great man ever to rise in Africa and because his wisdoms challenges  
orthodox western  
teachings, he is being silenced and worst of all, We Africans are  
demonizing our own  
prophets.**

**5. Buddha on October 28th, 2008**

**I'm so lost for words or whatsoever; Credo Mutwa is one of the most  
idolised amongst  
those who are forever seeking knowledge on indigenous based  
outlook / perspective,  
cause clearly looking at how the world structure are built, only this  
man is able to  
speak more clearer than the conventional way of putting a bible  
between a man and his  
life. This is the man who speaks directly to ones own background and  
the information  
that come thereof, is so much of great potential to people.  
Information that help one**



realise the world properly from the view that they can understand  
better and more  
comprehensively.

# **Biography 04: The Origins of the Gods**

In many western countries, when an old person dies it is simply the  
death of an old human being  
who has gone through life and whose days on earth now come to an  
end. But in Africa, the death

of an elder- an old man or an old woman, becomes a supreme disaster because in the mind of that elder often carries knowledge passed down from parent to child. Knowledge that is not only valuable to Africa and her children, but to human kind as a whole. No matter where you go in Africa, no matter how deep into the interior of the dark continent you tread, you will find very ancient stories which are incredibly similar. You will find African tribes and races who will tell you that they are descendants from gods who came out of the skies thousands of years ago. Some however say that these gods came to them from the sea in magical boats made out of reeds or wood or copper or even gold. In some cases these gods and goddesses are described as beautiful human beings whose skins were either bright blue or green or even silver. But most of the time you will find it being said these great gods, especially the ones that came out of the sky were non human, scaly creatures, which lived most of the time in mud or in water. Creatures of an extremely frightening and hideously ugly appearance. Some say that these creatures were like

**crocodiles, with crocodile like teeth and jaws, but with very large round heads. Some say that these creatures are very tall beings with snake like heads, set on long thin necks, very long arms and very long legs. There are those that tell us that these gods who came from the skies travelled through the land in magical boats made of bright metal, silver, copper or gold. Boats which had the ability to sail over water or even to fly through the sky like birds. It is further said that some of these sky gods carried their souls in little bags which hung from their belts. These souls being in the form spheres of crystals clear material. Spheres which could float about in the air, and which emitted a dazzling light. A light which could illuminate an entire village at night. We are told that some very brave African chiefs used to hold these great gods hostage simply by snatching their little shiny soul globes away from them and hiding them in holes deep in the ground. Throughout Africa we are told that these mysterious beings taught human beings many things.**

**They taught human beings how to have laws, knowledge of herbal  
medicine, knowledge of arts  
and knowledge of the mysteries of creation and the cosmos as a  
whole. We are told that some of  
these gods had the ability to change their shapes at will. They had the  
ability to assume the shape  
and the appearance of any creature that there is on earth whenever  
they had good reason to do  
so. A sky god could even turn itself into a rhinoceros and elephant or  
even a stork, a sky god could  
even turn turn itself into a rock or even a tree.  
We are told that some of the gods used to travel through the sky in  
swings made out of brightly  
coloured lengths of rope. The Wutwa people of the forests of the  
Congo told me about one such  
god, who swung through the sky on a swing whose ends were  
attached to the clouds in the sky  
and who could go anywhere, no matter how far away, and come back  
before sunset on his magical  
swing.**

**In Africa these mysterious gods are known by various names, in West  
Africa, in the land of the**

**Bumbara people these amphibian or reptilian sky gods are known as Zishwezi. The word zishwezi**

**means either the swimmers or the divers or the gliders. It was said that these sky gods could dive**

**from above the clouds down to the top of a mountain whenever they felt like it, they could also**

**take deep dives into the bottom of the ocean and from there fetch magical objects and then bring**

**them to the shore, placing them at the feet of the astonished black people.**

**In West Africa again, these creatures are called the Asa, which means the mighty ones of magic. It**

**is from this word asa, a word that speaks great magical power that comes the name Asanti, which**

**means a king, but literally means, the child of asa and as you know Asanti gave birth to the word,**

**Ashanti.**

**In the land of the Dogon people we find the famous Nommo, a race of reptilian or amphibian**

**beings who were said to have come from the Sirius star to give knowledge and religion to the**

**black people of Dogon. Incidentally, scientists have never explained the meaning of Dogon; it**

means God Almighty and the Dogon people know themselves as the children of the God Almighty.

There are tribes in various parts of Africa which regard themselves as God's chosen people. These

tribes call themselves by a name which means god. In South Africa there is a tribe that calls itself

the Tonga, and another very large group which calls itself the Tsonga.

And in Zimbabwe there are

two tribes, one of which is called the Batonga, and another that is called the Tongaila. The name

Tonga, Tsonga or Donga means people of god and you will find these people living in some of the

holiest and most spiritual places in Africa. For example, the Matonga people of Northern Zululand

live in the area of the sacred St Lucia Lake which is believed by the Zulu people and other tribes in

Natal to be the place where, hundreds of years ago, the great earth mother arrived in a boat of

reeds, accompanied by her son and his two wives.

And she came to give laws, culture, religion as well as healing arts, and other mysteries to human

beings. It is said that the great earth mother was a huge woman, very, very fat with bright green

skin and so was her son and his two wives. There once existed in Zimbabwe a very sacred place called Kariba Gorge, which is now covered by a huge lake as a result of the damming of the Zambezi River at this place. In Kariba Gorge there lived two remarkable tribes, the Batonga, which means people of God, and the more remarkable tribe whose name is the Tongaila. Tonga as you know means God, but the word Ila also means god, thus the Tongaila people are called the people of the God Ila- the wise old god, who according to some stories created the earth and everything in it. The Tonga and the Tongaila used to tell me that not only are the chosen people sent by God to guard the Kariba Gorge, but they are also in yearly touch with the great gods who come from the stars, whom they call the Bananaila, the children of Ila. Now let us go to West Africa for a while, in the land of the Dogon, there, one is told that when the Nommo arrived from the sky in their fantastic sky ship, there were several of them, thirteen or fourteen of them. And they created a lake around their sky ship and every morning they used to swim from their sky ship to the

shores of the lake and there preach to the people who assembled in large numbers around the lake. It is said that before the Nommo departed, returning with a great noise back to their home star, they first chose one of their number, killed it and cut its body up into little pieces and then gave these pieces to the assembled people to eat in the first sacrificial ritual of its kind on earth.

When the people had eaten the sacred flesh of the star creature and drunk its blood mixed with water, the Nommo took the lower jaw of their creature and by some incredible fact of magic brought the whole creature back to life again. We are told that this is the way that the Nommo taught our people that there is no death and that behind every death there shall be a resurrection.

And also that an individual must sometimes sacrifice himself or herself for the good of the community. It is the Nommo, we are told that taught the people of Africa about the mysteries of reincarnation, about the belief that, that which goes away, gone off on the wings of death, will always come back again on the fragrant wings of life. In the land of Nigeria, we hear of how the



great mother goddess, Mawi gave birth to human beings after having created the world, and that

after a number of centuries, people on earth became filled with selfishness and other forms of negative behaviour and the great mother who was now in the land of the gods, sent down her

daughter, Gabato, to earth to once more place human beings upon the path of righteous. It is said

that Gabato arrived on earth in the mouth of a great serpent with all the colours of the rainbow,

And this serpent, crawled all over the earth, and such was its size and so great was its weight that

wherever it went it created gorges and valleys and canyons. What I found was very astonishing,

was that in many countries of the world, amongst the aborigines of Australia, and amongst the

native people of the Americas, as in Africa, you find belief in the rainbow serpent. And you also

find belief in the feathered serpent.

In the Americas, in South and Central America mostly, the feathered serpent is called

Quetzalcoatl, and amongst my people, the Zulus, we find belief in a serpent called Yndlondlo. The

**Yndlondlo is said to be a huge mamba or a huge python, whose neck  
is covered in greyish blue**

**feathers, like the feathers of a blue crane, and at the top of the  
serpents head grow three**

**feathers. One green one, one red one and a white one which look like  
huge ostrich tail feathers.**

**The Yndlondlo, like the (South) American Quetzalcoatl, is associated  
with God the Son.**

**6 Comments so far**

**1. Tee on January 15th, 2007**

**Thank you for making this information available. I've always known  
something wasn't**

**quite right with the world in which we live. This inner knowing has led  
and keeps**

**leading me to information that gives answers as to what is wrong.**

**Thanks again for**

**keeping this insight with integrity.**

**2. Rajase on February 22nd, 2007**

**Thank you for our knowledge Baba Mutwa. It is not only insightful but  
fills the very depth**

**of my soul and spirit. I met you once at your house in Credock with  
Basie Modise (my**

**brother) who is also a traditional healer. Things are not going well for  
him please help**

**him as you wanted to years ago. My number is 0720857337 if you  
need more**

**information. Thank you once more Baba!**

**3. neo 0825063650 on September 1st, 2007**

**may God bless you . i know that one sweet day i will meet you one on  
one by Gods**

**grace. may peace and all the blessings all mighty rest upon you for the  
rest of your life .**

**you are my teacher in so many things i believe its time you meet your  
student. lots of love**

**to your family.**

**4. Mthuthuzeli on July 21st, 2008**

**Angazi nokuthi ngiqale kuphi, kodwa yonke into uyikhulumayo ngiya  
yikholwa**

**nginganabo ubufakazi. Qhubeka ufundisa isizwe esimnyama ukuthi  
kwakunjani**

**ngesikhathi amatshe esancwebeka!**

**5. Thulani Mkhize on October 1st, 2008**

**This is very insightful thank you for keeping and sharing this  
information with the**

**world. I will have better stories to pass on to my children.**

**6. Buddha on October 28th, 2008**

**There's always a story to tell; but this is far from just your day to day  
folk-lore we are**

**so glued- TV, celebrity lives all the irrelevant things. But I believe  
there's so much more**

**that people could get to learn about, especially with you as the  
teacher. You're worth**

**more than accolades and all the great look we can have for you.**

**Africans these are**

**your roots, pay attention and stop being critical and dismiss  
information that holds**

**value for you as one of those that the world and the US are feeding  
you. Let's start**

**reading, have the will to find information for ourselves and stop being  
fed information-**

**Credo is your man, guru and all that the great teacher of humankind  
are to life.**

**Pula, rre Mutwa, Pula...**

# **Biography 05:**

# **Mysterious Africa**

**the History of the Cross**

**A mystery that has fascinated African's for thousands of years. Seen in  
cross section, this rather**

**dull looking crystal shows a cross like pattern in it. It shows a pattern  
of the kind that our people**

**of olden days used to call the perfect cross, or the cross of the sun.**

**Before I tell you more, I wish you to know that the thing known as a  
cross was not brought to**

**Africa by missionaries, knowledge of the cross in its many forms, was  
here in South Africa from**

**the remotest of remote times. It was already known to the mystics of  
Africa long, long before the**

**Christian religion was established in Europe, and further more, the  
various types of cross were**

used by African healers and mystics for either good purposes, or evil ones. Africans believed that the cross, either made of wood, ivory or metal was a powerful object, possessed of great magic, capable of unleashing powers of healing, or renewing or powers of destruction and killing. There were three types of cross that Africans used for healing, there was the T-shaped cross known in Western mysticism as the tau cross, then there was the proper cross of the kind we are told Jesus was crucified upon. A cross with a long stem and short arms. Then there was the unsaid cross, known to white people as the Ankh, which many western thinkers wrongly assume to have been only known to the ancient Egyptians. This ankh was actually known by our people as the knot of eternity, or the knot of eternal life, and it was used even by Khoi San people, for purposes of healing.

The greatest users of the ankh, were the almost extinct Khoi Khoi or Hottentot people. The Khoi

Khoi said that the unsaid cross represented their great sun god, Heitsie-Ibib. The zulus, Xhosas

and the Swazis and other Ngoni speaking peoples of South Africa also believed in a sun god, who died each evening to be reborn again each morning. Who died each winter and was reborn again each spring. They believed that this beautiful son of God the Father and God the Mother whom they knew by various names, had lost his left leg in a savage fight against a terrible dragon, some say a gigantic crocodile which walked on its hind legs, its rear legs much, much longer than its fore legs. The symbol of this handsome God of the sun, this hero God and bringer of peace, was also the unsaid cross, Which the Zulus called Mlenze-munye. The Swazis knew him as Mlente-munye. The name Mlenze-munye or Mlente-mmunye mean the one legged one. The one with one leg. And incidentally, when Africans saw the cross which missionaries often hung around their necks, they immediately recognized it as the symbol of the eternal God with one leg who dies and is born again forever and ever. And they respected missionaries as messengers from this God. Which is why in some part of Africa missionaries were called a name which is also one of the many names

of the African sun god, namely Muruti, which means the great teacher, a name by which Twana speaking, Owambo speaking and Sotho speaking people still call missionaries to this day.

Our people believed also in what they called the perfect cross, the most powerful cross of all. This was a cross that had all its four wings of exactly equal length. The cross of the kind that white people call the Celtic cross. A cross which is often imprisoned within a circle, with all its wings of exactly equal length, our people used this cross, drawing it in its many forms, healing some of the most horribly diseases to which the body is prone. Before a person was treated for cancer, the herbs, the powdered herbs which were to be used in this treatment, were first laid out on a piece of clean springbok skin on the likeness of the perfect cross, then spoon after spoon, they were taken and poured into a clay pot which had been blessed several times. There were forms of the cross, which unlike these which I have briefly described which were used for healing, were used for extremely destructive purposes and one of these is what the white people call the Saint Andrews



cross. The X-shaped cross which even today we find teachers in mission schools using to mark a wrong answer written by a pupil in his or her exercise book. Africans believed that the X-shaped cross possessed great powers of evil, and they used it to put curses upon people. It may be of interest to you to learn that when a Xhosa person from the Eastern Cape, says that you are crazy, you are mad he says, "Uphameene." And the literal meaning of this word is, "You have a cross put upon you," across which has made you cross witted, mad. In ancient times and even modern times, when a African artist, woodcarver or decorator of any kind draws a cross, he or she must take great care to only draw one of those crosses that heal and not to render in beads, one of the evil crosses, because Africans say that the first person that gets affected by a negative engraving or a negative drawing is the artist himself. And the first person to be affected by a positive drawing or a positive engraving is the artist himself or herself.

3 Comments so far

**1. Babi Karim on July 26th, 2007**

**Baba,**

**I'm so grateful and thankful for coming accross this web site to be  
able to express my**

**gratitude to this information about "crosses" especially the Ankh.**

**I've researched a bit and bought a book about the "Ankh" from an  
African-American**

**author to quench my curiosity and interest concerning this symbol.**

**I'm from West Africa and my African name in "Katzina-Language" is  
Barmee - the**

**language spoken in the area between Upper-West Ghana and Burkina  
- which literally**

**means " a long life-man or a man with a long life". It can also mean a  
poited nose man.**

**So I 'm so excited to the fact that I always have been attracted to this  
symbol since my**

**childhood and I was happy to see Baba's photo wearing a silver Ankh  
on the DVD cover**

**of David Icke's interview.**

**Thank you so much for answering my questions and may Devine  
Sacred Oneness bless**

**you and increase your health.**

**Thank you so very much too, Mr. Web-Master**

**2. Marcus Guy on June 7th, 2008**

**Dumela Moruti,**

**Peace and blessings from the United States. My name is Marcus  
however during my**

**two recent trips to South Africa, I have been given the name Bongani  
Monwabisi.**

**Interestingly, I received my first name while visiting the Afrikaaner  
monument in**

**Pretoria by a Zulu woman. It's quite a long story that I will have to  
share with you**

**some day. I recieved my second name "monwabisi" which is Xhosa  
while attending a**

**church service in Saint James church in Witsands community in  
Capetown.**

**I have a brother who has been living in South Africa for 13 years  
developing**

**sustainable communities (energy efficient housing, solar stoves,) and  
training the**

**community members on how to build there own houses in Capetown,  
Kimberly, and**

**Johannesburg.**

**I wanted to write to you to thank you for this important information  
about the Cross. I**

**have been studying the African origin of the religion which is today  
called Christianity**

**and I am fascinated and very proud to know that the signs, symbols,  
eschatology, and**

**doctrines that make up Christianity had its origin in the breadbasket  
of Humanity**

**among the Koi Koi and the Twa people. It is my understanding that  
this knowledge was**

**then passed down into Ancient Kemet (Egypt) then to the rest of the  
world.**

**3. Themba Mthembu on June 26th, 2008**

**Ngithanda ukuzwakalisa intokozo, nokubonga, ngezifundo engizithola  
kule website**

**yakho mkhulu. Ngifisa ngathi abantu abaningi nabo bangathola ithuba  
lokuthi bayifunde**

**ukuze ulwazi lwethu lungashabalali.**

# **Biography 06:**

# Children of Mars

Africa is a land full of surprises, and they who travel through her  
forests and upon the banks of her  
great rivers, and over her eternal plains must always be prepared to  
meet surprises. One day I  
was travelling along the Zambezi river, when I came to a home stead  
which people in villages that  
I had passed had told me about. I had been told that in this small  
village I would find some of the  
wisest people in the land, people who claim ancestry from creatures  
who are said to have come  
from the red star know as Liitolafisi, the red star whose name means  
the eye of the brown hyena  
is the star, or rather the planet that white people call Mars. I wanted  
to meet these wise people,  
and when I came to the home stead, a collection of grass and wooden  
huts, protected by a

wooden fence, I saw a number of women and children standing inside the fence near the gate.

These people were smiling at me and their smiles grew even wider as I drew near the gate, the

woman standing nearest to the gate, moved slightly to her left, coming to stand right in the centre

of the open gate. My eyes went to her feet, and all courage left me, and like the coward that I

often am, I turned around and ran away, followed by loud peals of feminine laughter. I had

dropped all my property, my bag and my walking stick upon the dusty path that led to the gate,

and there I was running away like a fat ape seeking the safety of the green bush. The women

laughed and laughed again, and when I threw a glance over my shoulder, I saw them come out

and pick up my property and take it into the village. I had never seen anything like what I saw on

that day, the thing that caused me to run away like an idiot fleeing a bush fire. The woman who

had stood in the centre of the gate facing me had only two large toes on either of her feet. It was

as if I was staring at the feet of not a human being, but of a monstrous bird from the valleys of

folklore and legend. Shame faced I walked towards a tree and stood  
under it trembling with fear

and as I stood there a group of men came out of the village and  
walked laughing and smiling

towards me. Nearly all of them had only two toes on each foot. They  
wore no shoes, and in the

African dust their feet really looked frightening. They came around  
me and surrounded me and

said, Do not be afraid of us, we are people just like you. What is it  
about us that frightens you?

Unable to answer, my face hot with shame and embarrassment, I  
glanced toward their feet and

then they roared with laughter. This is how I met a tribe of people  
know as the Bantwana, which

means children. A tribe of people who claim that their remote  
ancestors were bird like people who

came from the stars and who mated with earthly woman and  
produced these two toed human

beings. The Bantwana people welcomed me into their small village  
and for three months at the

feet of two of their elders, I learned about things that left me numb  
with amazement. The

Bantwana are shy people who in ancient times suffered persecution  
at the hands of people of other

tribes, but when they like you and trust you, and feel pity for you,  
they tell you things that fill you  
with great amazement. They tell you that there are twenty four  
inhabited planets within the area  
of space in â€¦

4 Comments so far

1. Kay Buring on January 11th, 2007

The story of The children from Mars ends abruptly. Does it continue  
somewhere?

2. Grainger on February 14th, 2007

Yes it does. This link seems to be the full story. I haven't read it all yet.  
But it looks

quite interesting. If you like this sort of thing I can recomend a good  
book. "The slave

species of god." by Michael Tellinger. It's quite hard reading at the  
start but when you

get to the last couple of chapters it all makes for a lot of food for  
thought.

[http://www.bibliotecapleyades.net/esp\\_credomutwa04.htm#Part%](http://www.bibliotecapleyades.net/esp_credomutwa04.htm#Part%206:%20Children)  
[206:%20Children](http://www.bibliotecapleyades.net/esp_credomutwa04.htm#Part%206:%20Children)

[%20of%20Mars](http://www.bibliotecapleyades.net/esp_credomutwa04.htm#Part%206:%20Children)

Hope this helps.



**3. mntruthseeker on July 4th, 2008**

**I am shocked and ready to go to the next page. I will follow the link to  
finish the story**

**Thanks so much for posting these for us to read. I just cant afford to  
buy all the books**

**Thanks again.**

**4. Masimba Musodza on December 14th, 2008**

**These people are also known as VaDoma, and are a very small,  
isolated community. I**

**have heard allusions to their supposed extra-terrestrial origins. A  
documentary was**

**done about them years back, but they are usually off the national  
radar even during**

**the days when the rest of Zimbabwe did not have other things to  
worry about.**

# **Biography 07:**

# **More info on**

# Credo Mutwa

Although South Africa possesses a huge, highly organized tourist industry, that tourist industry, however, has not scratched the surface let alone dented it of the colossal potential as a tourist Mecca and destination that our country possesses. South Africa could attract four or five times the number of tourists that she is at this moment attracting if only those, whose duty it is to attract those tourists, knew more about their country - about South Africa and knew just how huge is the potential that this country possesses as a Mecca for tourists. It is one of the most shameful truths in our country that those who live within our country's borders know little or nothing about the country in which they live. There may be those who resent my words but this is a fact and I want to state again that the tourist potential of the Republic of South Africa is grossly under-utilized by those whose duty is to tap into it and to activate it for the benefit of the peoples of this land. If

**those in authority could know more about South Africa's tourist potential, unemployment in our country would be cut down by a large percent and we would find hundreds of black people, especially, successfully involved in the tourist industry of our country. I speak as someone who has travelled to many parts of the world, when I say that in some countries you find thousands of people gainfully engaged in their particularly country's tourist industry whereas in South Africa only a small percentage of people are engaged in this. What is utterly shameful is that, in South Africa, tourism is mostly a white-owned and white-run business and black people, even now, are left out in the cold or if they are engaged in the tourist industry at all, they are engaged simply as employees and paid servants. I have been to countries such as Japan where that country's tourist industry involves thousands of people. I have been to countries such as South America, especially, where you find hundreds of native Americans gainfully involved in their country's huge tourist industry. Furthermore, when tourists arrive in South Africa they are shown many things only from**

**the perspective of the European people and not from the African perspective. For example, they are shown South Africa's wild life and they are shown this wild life from the viewpoint of white scientists only - from the viewpoint of white settlers only and they are denied the rich folklore that black people - Koi Koi and Koi San people - knew and still know about wild animals. Tourists are shown, for example the South African wildebeest but they are not told what Africans think about this animal and thought about it - that the wildebeest was one of the holiest animals in Africa. It was believed by the various tribes to possess powers of expelling negative spirits and other evil influences from the land and the tail of the wildebeest is used even now by shamans and sangomas as an instrument for exorcising evil spirits from people and from places. Tourists are shown the zebra, they are told that this is a Burchells Zebra or whoever's zebra and then they are given the Latin name for this African animal. They are never told that to African people the zebra was an animal sacred to the great Earth Mother, an animal whose spoor possessed a power to**

take away infertility and other female illnesses from black women. I  
can say, bluntly, that a tourist  
gets cheated in South Africa in that he or she is denied the great  
beauty of the fold-lore that our  
people held and still hold regarding animals. I believe that this gross  
injustice must be remedied  
and remedied at once. Zoologist and other scientists have been in  
Africa for just over four hundred  
years but Africans have lived side by side with wild animals, birds and  
insects for millennia and  
over the years they built mythologies around these creatures,  
mythologies that should not be  
denied to those who visit our country's shores. There are even places  
in South Africa, places of  
great interest about which tourists know nothing because those who  
live within our country's  
shores know nothing and care to know nothing about those things. I  
say again that South Africa is  
a paradise, a potential paradise for overseas visitors if only those in  
authority could allow  
traditional Africans to have their say and to talk to overseas visitors  
openly just as trained tour-guides do. South Africa does not consist  
only of scientists. South Africa does not consist only of

white settlers. She consists of ancient tribes and communities, which were here long before the first Portuguese ship sailed around the Cape of Good Hope. I am going to talk to you about two places. Two places whose potential as tourist destinations we are going to unveil. The first of these two places is a piece of land called Vulindaba, whose name means open the story or start the story. Vulindaba is at the foot of a range of mountains of the Magaliesberg Mountain system. It lies along a road named Lazy River Road. Vulindaba is going to be opened as a wilderness trail to young people, overseas visitors as well as school children. Vulindaba is a piece of unspoilt countryside. It is a piece of wild bush and grassland. It is a piece of snarling rocks and a steep mountain slope. It is a piece of land on which there still grow some of the ancient flora, which one finds or used to find in this place. There will be accommodation at Vulindaba for young people to spend the night under the South African stars, to listen to stories and to listen to dancing and drum beating - to be one with the spirit of the wilderness and to be one with the spirit of the

ancient Mountains of Magadi. This was a land once ruled by  
matriarchs - a land of hard-working  
people who were engaged in trade with seafarers far to the east of  
South Africa. There are many  
stories in this land. There are many songs, which one can still hear  
being sung by old men and old  
women in this area. It is here that one must, once more, reconnect  
oneself with the bygone days  
of this country. There is mystery among the Magaliesberg Mountains.  
There are ancient things that  
you find here which have never been written about in any tourist  
brochure. There are historical  
structures, which still stand on farms in this area. There are ancient  
mines, which go deep into the  
entrails of the mountains. Mines, which were dug by people we do  
not know. People who were  
mining for something we do not know. There are places amongst the  
Magaliesberg Mountains,  
which have been regarded as sacred by black people for hundreds if  
not thousands of years. Let  
me tell you about one such place. There is a farm along the Lazy River  
Road and on the edge of  
this farm there is a spring of pure water. Water that bubbles out of  
the earth, travels for a few

yards or so and then disappears back into the earth again. Our people called this spring the Spring of Marutwani, who is said to have been a great female healer and prophetess who lived nearly two hundred years ago. For many generations now sick black people, as well as traditional healers, have been coming to the Spring of Marutwani to get its pure healing water and in these two or three decades most the people who have been coming to this place have been members of the powerful Zion Catholic Church, the most powerful free church in South Africa, who have been coming here with plastic containers to get the water of Marutwani's spring. Now let me show you a blatant injustice - an injustice born of ignorance. There are in England a number of sacred wells and springs whose waters are said to possess healing powers and in my travels to the far away British Isles I came across several such sacred wells and springs and one of them is called Chalice Well. The rusty coloured water that comes out of Chalice Well has been believed by the English people to possess healing powers for thousands of years and the waters of this spring are bottled



and exported to distant parts of the world by the English people. But here in South Africa we have got springs like the Spring of Marutwani about which the world knows nothing and the water of Marutwani has got just as powerful healing powers as Chalice Well, Lourdes and other famous places like that in Europe and in England possess. Everybody knows about Chalice Well but nobody knows about the Sacred Spring of Marutwani and the powers - real powers of healing that it possesses. Another thing. In the same area that Vulindaba is, about a few miles away from it, there stands a little hill, a small mountain, which for thousands of years has been viewed by black people as a mountain just as sacred as Mount Zion is to the people of Israel. This mountain is called Intaba kaNgwenya. This mountain stands out above the landscape and is visible from almost anywhere. Black people, especially the Mandebele people, have held the belief that gods from the stars descend upon this mountain on a regular basis and ascend up this mountain also on a regular basis for reasons that we human beings do not know. Hundreds of Ndebele men and

women over the decades have claimed to have seen strange creatures whose skins are chalk-white. Creatures with the heads of crocodiles and the bodies of human beings, descending out of the sky and then returning back to the sky from the top of this mountain. Many years ago, when I was a sangoma novice, I heard stories about these strange crocodile gods near the cooking fires of wise men and wise women who had their homes around this amazing little mountain. The farmers upon whose land this mountain stands do not realize what a sacred or an important thing it is and they do not realize how it can be used to attract visitors from far away across the wide belly of Mother Earth. We have got treasures that the gods gave us, but these treasures are unknown to us. This is the tragedy of South Africa. When people visit Vulindaba they shall hear about all this and much more.

Not far away from Vulindaba, across the tarred road that leads to Hartebeespoort, you shall find another place, another farm which, like Vulindaba sits at the feet of the mighty Magaliesberg Mountains, but this farm is unique in that there is a river, the mighty Crocodile River, which flows

through the land at the foot of a huge mountain, which old people used to call Nkwe Mountain.

This mountain is a huge, massive thing and seen from a certain angle it looks like a gigantic,

sleeping leopard with its head resting upon its paws and what is amazing is that there is a visible

feature on the slope of this mountain which looks like the open, snarling mouth of the leopard.

There are two semi-circular features, which look like the mouth of a beast. The Sleeping Leopard

Mountain is joined by a smaller mountain with a sharp point which the old women who used to

have their kraals in this place many years ago used to call the Iswele, the Woman's Breast

Mountain, and between the Leopard Mountain and the Woman's Breast Mountain there is a gap

and from behind this gap rises the sun and it goes over the farm to set in the West. We are told

that ancient tribal astrologers used to observe the sun and the moon rising from behind these two

mountains and they could tell which season it was by which part of the gap between the two

mountains was the sun rising at any given time. This farm that I am talking about is now owned

by the London based, Women for Peace, the brave women who go into places such as Bosnia and Sarajevo to comfort traumatized refugees and to care for the injured and upon this farm it is our intention to create unique attractions, which visitors will see. One of these attractions will be a healing village where actual healing of people will take place. Traditional healers will be available here to tend to those who require their skills. Also in this place there will be a place for visitors to spend nights and days and there will also be a Garden of Mysteries, with standing stones erected according to traditional African ways. There will also be statues of various African gods, which will be seen in this place. This place, which did not have a name before, has been given the beautiful African name Naledi that means a star or the giver of enlightenment. Here visitors will take part in traditional astronomy and astrology and here stories will be told and visitors will also be shown healing herbs grown in the Garden of Mysteries. They will be shown that and much, much more. Works of art and other beautiful traditional artefacts will be here for sale for those who wish to buy

**them. It will be a place of Life, a place of Light and a place of Beauty.**

**3 Comments so far**

**1. Tine van der Maas on March 19th, 2007**

**Can you please supply me with Credo Mutwa's telephone number. I would like to make**

**an appointment with him. I now have the money to prove that HIV is not what it is. I**

**have my "struggle credentials". Whenever the minister talks about lemons, garlic and**

**olive oil, thats about our program. Please give me his telephone number so we can**

**contact him. We actually made a DVD where we show people on their deathbeds - 3**

**months later as healthy as you and me - it is also called "Power to the people". I want**

**to go with a small group to visit him for various reasons: 1 is a Zulu doctor (Dr Cyril**

**Khanyile, who knows our program works and implements it, does not believe in HIV,**

**but wants to learn more in every sphere. 2 is a a person who is rolling out the most**

**beautiful organic gardens you have ever seen and documenting everything, realising**

that health is going back to basics. 3 Moosa, who recently went through a cleansing ceremony at the Zionist church and has become disturbed since then.

A white clairvoyant told him she can not cleanse him as it has to be done by a real shaman,

and . 4 Me, Tine, who wants to learn how I can open up more to the spiritual world as I

know I have healing hands, but there are so many more aspects to it.

Please email me his tel number

Thanks

Tine

Thanks

Tine van der Maas

40 Carlswald Glen

Midrand

082 579 1569

Tine van der Maas

2. Aaron Mathe on June 4th, 2008

Hi I need Dr. Mutwa's contact details, i read his books Indaba & zulu Shaman, and

would like to get help to renounce christianity and be part of African Religion.

3. Cornelius on September 25th, 2008

Would like to know where Dr. Mutwa stay.

# **Biography 08: Hope for South Africa**

**Hope for South Africa. No matter how dark the night may seem to be,  
No matter how angry the  
thunder storm, there is always a ray of light that can pierce those  
thunder clouds and that can  
make the night turn into day. No one can deny there is AIDS  
devouring our people like a dragon in**

**this land. There are the people who say that AIDS does not exist and that it is not the fearful thing that we take it to be. I would like to ask these people most respectfully what? is that what is killing our people out there in the countryside; I have held many AIDS victims in my arms some of them have died in my hands. I know that there is some thing out there killing our people. I know that this thing is as real as you and I. There is an African saying that says the poor woman who refuses to see the rapist, and who shut her eyes to his ugly presents will not however escape his presents and we can not fight AIDS by saying it is not there. It is there. We cannot, we dare not, the reality of this disease, which has such a serious impact on our society, which has a disastrous impact on our families. Although this disease is so evil it can be defeated. Just as other diseases in the past was eventually defeated. May people who do not realize that what we are seeing is actually a repercussion of history. In my younger days diseases such as gonerea/syfeler and TB were as terrible and incurable as AIDS is today and they were eventually defeated. People today complain**



**about anti-aids drugs and in the past I heard people complaining  
about anti-venereal diseases  
medicines in the 1930. There was a time when an African with TB all  
he had to do is go home and  
die exactly as the case with AIDS today. But people must never forget  
that the greatest disease  
people have is there minds and that if we put our minds together we  
can defeat this ailment. In  
the darkness today that is South Africa, in the darkness, as death and  
misery there is however a  
faint green ray of Hope in a plant called Suterlandia Furtencens. This  
plant was known for  
hundred's of years by the Khoi-Khoi and Khoi Sun as well as African  
people. It was the plant in  
older days was the weapon against diseases such as cancer to TB and  
other diseases. It was also a  
sedative and a tonic amongst the untold story of Africa.**

# **Biography 09: AIDS in South Africa**

**There was someone whose name, if I remember correctly, was Santana or Santanaya (George Santayana) - a person of great wisdom indeed. This Santana or Santanaya spoke the following words: "If people fail to learn from history they will always repeat history's mistakes." Upon this planet all living entities - be they birds or animals or even human beings - are given an important ability by the Creator, which is to learn from experience and on learning, to survive the angry night and the roaring storms of existence upon this world. But many of us, supposedly civilized**

human beings, appear to be losing this very important God-given talent. We no longer appear to have the capacity to learn. We take it for granted that we are intelligent beings. We take it for granted that we know many things - but the fact is that we know nothing or next to nothing and that we seldom learn, we human beings, from experience. When things happen we tend to forget them and because of our having forgotten them we tend to make mistakes - mistakes that cost us our lives mistakes that cost us our happiness, mistakes that even threaten the existence of the very earth, which has nurtured and cherished us for so many millions of years.

Today a hideous pandemic known as Aids is sweeping through South Africa today we are told that four million people, our brothers and sisters, our neighbours, our fellow tribesmen and tribeswomen are already contaminated by Aids and are living with it. Hundreds of people have died since Aids appeared in South Africa some 20 or 21 years ago. The bony hand of Aids has snuffed out hundreds of our brightest stars, our young intellectuals, our young leaders, and the

number of deaths is increasing fast. For some reason Aids, which was said to be a slow killer has become even more vicious than before and is killing our people with amazing speed. Today every person who dies of an illness is immediately suspected of having died of an Aids related illness. But that is not all. The name Aids carries with it a stigma a brand of shame so dark and terrible and intense I can only liken it to the kind of stigma that societies in Africa and in ancient Israel placed upon the shoulders of those unfortunate people that suffered from leprosy. A lot of empty lip service is being paid in Sa today to the fact that everybody should fight to remove the stigma that is attached to Aids. But actually very little is being done to bring this about and the entities that caused this terrible stigma namely the newspapers and other news media are doing next to nothing to de-stigmatise Aids. They started it all and they should put it right. When Aids first appeared it was said to be a disease of drug-takers and homosexuals. People who are looked down upon by holier-than-thou sections of our society. Suddenly we were told that Aids was a

heterosexual disease, apart from being a homosexual one, and that it  
attacked even those people  
who thought that they were leading clean and God-fearing lives. It is  
the news media that should  
correct this dreadful mistake for they were the instruments of it  
spreading when this disease first  
came to existence. It is spoken by our people in this proverb that he  
who has farted inside the  
chieftain's great house should find perfumed herbs to burn in the  
fireplace and take away the smell  
- and this proverb I throw at the feet of newspapers, not only in this  
South Africa, but in other  
parts of the world as well. You started this rot, you farted in the  
chief's house - now please find  
perfumed herbs and burn them to take away your stench. I am an old  
man, closely approaching  
my eightieth year and over my head the angry years have passed like  
water over the wall of a  
dam. I have seen many things and I can tell you from my e as well.  
You started this rot, you  
farted in the chief's house - now please find perfumed herbs and burn  
them to take away your  
stench. I am an old man, closely approaching my eightieth year and  
over my head the angry years

have passed like water over the wall of a dam. I have seen many things and I can tell you from my experience that what we are seeing in South Africa is really something new but rather a repetition of history brought about by people who have failed to learn history's lessons. Today in South Africa we talk about the disease called Aids, which we are told there, is no cure for. We are further told about how expensive are the medicines for combating Aids are and lastly, we are told about Aids orphans - Oh, I have seen them - the pathetic little waifs, the scatterlings left upon the cruel road of history by a disease that knows no pity. I have seen children already marked by the claws of Aids -children who will not see their fifty years of life. Children who will be torn away from the arms of our motherland by Aids and hurled into the dark night of death without every having known what life really is and what life is about. I have seen wasted little children, many of them hardly more than skeletons - children whose mothers and fathers have already died of Aids. I have seen this and much more. I have seen the horrible impact that Aids is having on our people's

family life. I have seen how Aids is separating men from wives, child  
from parent. I have seen that  
and much, much more, but within my swollen heart bloated with old  
age a voice, a grave voice  
from yesterday keeps on saying to me. "Mutwa, you have seen all this  
before. Your country and  
your people have gone through much of this before. Much of what we  
see happening in South  
Africa today is not new but has happened before and the people of  
our country failed miserably to  
learn from that."

What am I talking about? There was once a time in the 1920's, 1930's  
and 1940's when

Tuberculosis was just as deadly a killer of our people as Aids is today -  
in those days Tuberculosis  
was known as Consumption and any black person who was told by  
doctors that he or she had

Consumption reacted exactly as black people who are told that they  
have got Aids do today. The

person knew in those days before streptomycin and other magic anti-  
Tuberculosis drugs that a

sentence of death had been passed by some angry god over him or  
her and that he or she must

silently and with as much courage as possible await the dark Angel of Death's coming. There was once a time in my country's history when diseases such Gonorrhoea, Syphilis and other sexually transmitted diseases, which had been brought into Africa by people from Europe, were as deadly and incurable as Aids is today. If Aids today has created thousands of Aids orphans then, my friends, so did Gonorrhoea, Syphilis and Tuberculosis. Those people who are complaining about how expensive anti-Aids drugs are should listen to what I have to tell them now. In olden days there were crude medicines, which were used against Syphilis, Gonorrhoea and such like diseases.

Most of these medicines were in the form of pills - ugly, round black coloured things, which were made of mercury. I remember them well. These pills were priced right out of the lives of grass-route level Africans. I remember that some unscrupulous white doctors of those times used to demand two cows for a tinful of these mercury pills. Pills, which eventually drove the user mad - pills which tanned the teeth of those who used them over a time as black as those of goats. Very



few of our people could afford these mercury tablets. Even more expensive, were much later preparations created for the combating of venereal disease. I remember one such preparation known as 606 or Salvasan. These tablets were out of reach of our people and many, many people died horrible deaths, hideously disfigured by Syphilis, hideously mutilated by Gonorrhoea because they could not afford those silver bullets of those times. In those days, as is the case today, people were filled with a massive hysteria regarding diseases such as Tuberculosis and sexually transmitted diseases. It is one of the most brutal facts of our country's history that in those days, if a farmer learned that one of his black labourers had contracted either Gonorrhoea, Syphilis or even Tuberculosis that while farmer became frightened that these diseases would, somehow be transmitted to members of his own family and he used to take the black man or woman away from his farm on the pretext of taking him or her to "a good doctor" in a nearby town and when the farmer and his worker reached an isolated spot the farmer used to order the worker to get off the

wagon and to walk the rest of the distance - giving him a meaningless letter supposedly to be taken to the great doctor in the town and the farmer would stop his wagon and let the black person climb off and then he would wait for him or her to walk some distance away towards the imaginary source of help and when the person was still within rifle range the farmer used to draw his gun and shoot the worker dead, drag him or her into a clump of bushes and return home. On so many occasions was this thing done almost all over South Africa, especially in Natal and in the Eastern Cape and the Northern Transvaal that our people began to develop a cold distrust of going to seek the help of doctors when they found themselves the victim or either Tuberculosis or venereal disease. It became a tradition for our people to believe and, rightly so, that if he or she sought the help of a doctor, he or she would not return alive but would be finished off somewhere along the road. Today, there are still thousands of Zulu people, Xhosa people and people of other tribes who firmly believe that if they go to a clinic or seek the help of a doctor when they have got

either Tuberculosis or venereal disease that they will be finished off. I have met hundred of such people and this belief which is still as strong now as it was over sixty years ago or more is one of the things that are making our battle against Aids a hundred times more difficult than it otherwise would have been. In the olden days, there was something, which our people used to call ingane kaNodndwa, which means the child of a prostitute. This child of a prostitute was often the offspring of a woman who had suffered for years from Gonorrhoea and who then died after giving birth to this child. Usually such children were born blind, which was a strange characteristic I observed of children whose mothers suffered from this scourge. The child was born weak in body and in mind and was sometimes covered with sores and when having reached the age of walking, unable to walk properly. In those days it was quite common for a woman, while walking along the street to be approached by a strange woman, a prostitute, and given a child wrapped in blankets, "here" would say the prostitute, "I give you this child, please bring it up in memory of me". In those days

our people still believed very firmly in their sacred traditions and their belief in the traditional black religion had not yet been destroyed by the foreign creed known as Christianity. In those days our people regarded children as very sacred beings indeed - so much so that in no African tribe or community did you find an orphan. All orphaned children were immediately adopted, handed over to relatives and brought up with dignity and love by people who still believed that the greatest duty of all human beings was to cherish, protect and nurture children. In those days things such as sexual abuse of children were totally unknown. In those days were believed that there was no greater luck that could befall a person but for that person to be given a living breathing child by a total stranger. I know many sangomas who, in their younger days, had been given children by prostitutes in Johannesburg and who brought up these children as their very own. One of the greatest sangomas, who once lived in Johannesburg, was a Sangoma known as Dorcas Danisa.

Dorcas Danisa was a true psychic like Mr. Uri Geller she could bend spoons and other metal

objects and one day when she was still a young woman way back in  
the 1940's Dorcas had been  
approached by a destitute woman who had made a living out of  
selling her body and who was now  
riddled with syphilis and no longer able to earn a living. This woman  
approached Dorcas Danisa  
which a boy child who was deformed. The boy was crippled, paralyzed  
from the waist down and  
Dorcas brought up this boy as her own child - saw to it that he had  
proper schooling and when  
Dorcas died, this boy now grown into full manhood inherited Dorcas's  
estate. Very, very few  
people knew that he was not her natural son, but a son by adoption -  
given to Dorcas by a strange  
a woman well over thirty years before. When a child was born  
deformed, when a child was born  
blind, the offspring of a prostitute our people used to cherish that  
child, bring it up as their own,  
and see to it that it grew into a mature, happy and respected human  
being. But today, with our  
traditions destroyed and our religion shattered, black people have  
become utterly cruel and selfish  
and vicious towards those they should be assisting. Today our people  
run away from those of their

**countrymen and women who have been traumatized by Aids and  
Tuberculosis. Children orphaned  
by Aids are treated worse than beasts. In Westernized and  
Christianized communities of today  
children suffering from Aids, weakened by HIV are beaten, ostracized,  
ill treated and forced to  
scavenge for scraps of food in dirty dustbins. I have seen it many  
times and I have wondered why  
our people have changed so much within one man's lifetime. We have  
become a nation of  
extremely cruel people towards our own kith and kin and the reason  
for this is that we have  
thrown away our culture and our religion like so much rubbish and  
accepted falsehoods shouted at  
us from the pulpits of deceivers and the altars of liars. Today, if you  
want to adopt a suffering  
child, you have got to go through a whole hell of bureaucracy - you  
got to answer a thousand  
questions - you have got to travel many miles from this office to than  
one. Things are not being  
made at all easy for us African people to do what we feel is our godly  
duty towards those of us  
who are suffering. Sometimes in the darkness of the night when I lie  
unsleeping, lost in thought, I**

despair for the future of the black people. I despair for the future of my country. But at the same time, man is a winged creature, a creature given spiritual wings by the gods and these wings have one name and that name is Hope. No matter how dark the night or how angry the storm a human being must keep his wings of Hope unfurled and strong otherwise he shall fall out of the skies as Icarus and perish upon the rocks far below. It is true that there is darkness over South Africa, it is true that there is despair in the land at this moment but what we are facing is a disease like any other - a disease made worse by the high rate of unemployment in our country. A disease made worse by the fact that our people are starving. You can never fight a deadly disease like Aids if you are torn apart by hunger - if you are torn apart by unemployment, but there is hope, a very faint hope for the people of South Africa. We must believe in that Hope otherwise we are a nation of dead things. There is a Hope that Aids can be defeated - there is a hope that the economic situation of our country can get better. One of the most amazing things that I have found in my

long and bitter life is this - that it appears as if God prepared this world for the coming of animals and human beings and for the meeting of any emergency that may arise - that there isn't a disease on this planet that has a cure and man has but to look around carefully and find it. There is a plant growing in the veld in South Africa, especially in the Cape. This is a plant with rather a strong smell - a beautiful plant that looks like a delicate fern - a plant with bright red, strange looking flowers, flowers that taste almost like honey when you eat them. This plants name is Sutherlandia Fructesence - a plant that was known for thousands of years for its healing powers by Bushmen, Koi San and Koi Koi, Hottentots as well as Bantu people. This medicine was one of seven medicines that our traditional healers called xxxxxxxx, the final medicines, medicines which must only be used when the entire nation is in danger as it is now. This medicine, Sutherlandia, is safe to take and has been used by our people for thousands of years.

4 Comments so far

1. BARDERIA on February 9th, 2007



**oh my oh my**

**this is very interested i am not half done and wow... MR. MUTWA ...**

**AND THE FOUNDER**

**OF THIS WEB SITE THIS IS WELL NEEDED AND I WILL PASS IT ON...**

**THANKS TO ONE**

**OF MY BEST FRIENDS**

**MR. DEMOND HARRISON**

**2. Dawn on April 11th, 2007**

**Where does one get the Sutherlandia? Do we buy the tabs offered by  
pharamaceutical companies? Or is someone making a liquid tonic  
from the real plant?**

**3. Shelley French on August 18th, 2007**

**I have an old connection with Baba Credo Mutwa. Glad to see his  
amazing depth of**

**information is being shared. Love to Baba.**

**On sutherlandia and other plant material...Check out fevertree.co.za  
for a source to**

**sustainably aquired traditional medicine plant material.**

**4. Darryl Smith on October 30th, 2008**

**This is an example of ignored education black people are denied. If it  
is ignored in**

**Africa, then you can imagine how the diaspora fare. I am truly  
inspired and changed by**

**this man. I will make sure to pass this on here in America.**

**Peace**

# **Biography 10:**

## **Animal**

## **Prophecies**

# **THE ELEPHANT**

**Amongst Africans the elephant is known by a name which means the  
same thing no matter which**

language one happens to speak; the Zulus call this great beast  
INDLOVU, while the Tsonga and  
Shangane people call it NJOVU and the Venda know it as NDOU, and  
all these ancient words mean  
the same thing...THE FORCEFUL ONE. Our people used to believe that  
elephants were not merely  
animals but were rather supernatural beings or gods and that ivory as  
well as the bones of the  
elephant were the purest substances known. Out of ivory our people  
used to carve their holiest  
images.. busts of gods and goddesses as well as those of god-kings  
and queens, and it is still  
believed even now that ornaments made of ivory possess great  
magical powers and they enable  
the possessor of them to enjoy heavenly protection at all times. Kings  
and chieftains used to wear  
such ornaments especially in times of war so as to be protected  
against assassins and poisons.  
There were those amongst our people who believed that an elephant  
was a reincarnation of a dead  
god who had been killed by other gods in heaven, and in the years  
before the Second World War  
there roamed, in a part of western TANGANYIKA a large elephant that  
the tribes people knew by

the strange name of "ISHE" which is the African corruption of the Islamic name for JESUS which is ISSA. One day a gang of poachers was seen trailing this great beast and a force of warriors went for the poachers and attacked them, to protect the beast they believed was sacred, and in the ensuing skirmish all the poachers and four of the warriors were killed...ISHE lived to die of old age.

So deep is the reverence in which the elephant is held in some parts of Africa that for example if a member of the MAASAI people in Kenya finds a placenta of an elephant in the bush he immediately erects a wooden enclosure with four entrances around it to protect it. An elephant's placenta is held to be an extremely sacred object, which brings great good luck to the finder. It is said that when the end of the world comes the last elephant in Africa will engage the last rhinoceros in mortal combat and both animals would die, pleading with god to use their blood to create new animals once more. Out of their blood God would create new animals and out of their skulls and jaws and leg bones a new and much more beautiful world.

## **THE LION**

**Amongst the peoples of Europe the Lion was believed to be the King of Beasts but in Africa this**

**was not so because the people there knew animals which were many times more powerful and**

**fearsome than the lion, animals such as the hippo, the elephant and the rhinoceros for example.**

**However Africans revered the lion as the JUDGE of animals, a judge who weeded out weak**

**antelopes by eating them and mad hyena's by killing them. When Africans use proverbs to say**

**that justice will always overtake the wrongdoer they will use this one for instance: - "The mad**

**hyena who causes other animals to weep will feel the heavy paw of the Heavenly lion fall upon**

**him". Although most tribes in Africa revered and admired the lion there were a few which viewed**

**this noble beast as the very personification of evil and these were tribes, which kept large herds of**

**cattle - the favourite food of lions. The lion is called "the beast of a thousand omens" by African**

**shamans and healers; if a man travelling through the bush sees a lion crossing his path from left**

to right it is regarded as an omen that the man will acquire wealth at his journey's end, and if he comes across mating lions it is held to mean that he will marry a princess or a wealthy woman.

Bad is the omen when a man comes across a lion, which then chases him up a tree... this is said to

mean that the man will get into trouble with the tribal king. Zulu people call the lion "IBHUBESI"

which means "the deciding ruler" or judge while other Zulu-speakers call this beast "INGONYAMA"

or "INGWENYAMA" and this name is born of the belief that these people hold, namely, that the lion

is two animals in one, a meat-eating beast, INGO or INGWE and a grass-eating beast which is

NYAMA or meat. What makes them think this about the lion? The answer is because of the

appearance of the animal, which has a tufted tail like that of a bull at the back and the head, eyes

and teeth of a meat-eating beast in front. It is this strange appearance that made African to

believe that a lion unites the world of flesh-eating beasts with that of grass-eating animals. The

dried dung of a lion as well as the hairball regurgitated by a lion are two of the most powerful

charms in African sorcery...lion-dung is used to dominate a tyrannical superior and the hairball is used as a luck-bringer in gambling and in affairs of the heart. Like all cats and other catlike animals the living lion is believed by Africans to possess powers to protect the Earth from demonic entities ... it is said that certain kinds of vicious extraterrestrial beings are mortally afraid of lions and that once lions are killed off in certain parts of Africa those parts become overrun by these creatures. African kings used to sleep on lion skins to protect themselves from MANTINDANE (Grey Aliens).

### THE BUFFALO

Africans call the Cape Buffalo by an extremely interesting name, a name, which shows the depth of knowledge that, they possessed regarding this animal. The Zulu-speakers call this animal INYATHI while the Tswana and Sotho-speakers call it NARI and in both Zulu and Tswana the word has to do with FERTILITY and NUTRITION. There was once a time long ago when buffaloes in their

**thousands and their cousins the wildebeests in their tens of thousands criss-crossed the Southern African landscape in endless migration exactly as they still do in the Masai-Mara plains of Kenya and Africans observed in those long-gone years how the dung of these huge animals brought fertility to the land, and they named the Buffalo by the name it still carries to this day; - “THE ONE WHO FERTILIZES THE LAND AND GIVES US GOOD EATING”. The Zulu word for Buffalo, INYATHI, comes from the verb NYATHA or NATA which means to eat or to ingest something, be it solid food or water, and there is a very colourful tribe in South Africa, an offshoot of the Zulus, a tribe whose members were, and still are, employed in large numbers in the cleaning and waste-disposal establishment of South Africa mines and municipalities who have transferred the word “INYATHI” or “INYATSI” from the buffalo to human waste, and when members of this tribe use long rakes to spread and dry human waste in city sewerage works they call it “UKUGWATA INYATSI” that is, “Stabbing the Buffalo”. It is because human waste fertilizes the land and is often used as an**



organic fertilizer that the Bacas call it by the name by which their forebears called the now long-vanished buffalo. Zulus and people of other tribes used to hunt buffaloes for their meat in times of famine, and when the meat was shared out the person whom the hunters did not like was given

the extremely hard, muscular and totally uncookable lower legs and hooves of the beast. Even

today, when people come together and conspire to get another person into trouble Zulus say; -

“They tied a buffalo’s lower legs in a bundle for him”.

The fat of a buffalo, its dried eyes, testicles and penis are much valued by African shamans, and

tough township gamblers will sometimes put their ill-gotten winnings in the tanned scrotums of

Cape buffaloes, it being the belief that the scrotum of a buffalo attracts money and prevents it from

departing too quickly. Dreams about buffaloes; - It is said that if you are in trouble and you dream

of a buffalo standing and facing you and chewing grass it means that you will meet a powerful

friend who will help you out of trouble. The worst dream that one can dream about a buffalo is that

of being chased by one ... which means that you will be attacked and defeated by a very powerful

**enemy. Zulus have a saying; - “He who has dreamt of an angry buffalo  
lost wake up and run  
away”.**

**Some years ago a man I knew, who ran a fleet of taxis in Soweto, was  
engaged in a lawsuit  
against another man and was about to win it when he twice had a  
dream of being chased up a tree  
by a very big buffalo, and he lost the case when his enemy acquired  
the services of a powerful  
advocate who ran rings around his attorneys.**

**5 Comments so far**

**1. Ralph Lundgren on May 26th, 2008**

**I think that you do this for the money. You dont really care about  
anybody or anything.**

**You are not less nor more than the Roman Catholic Pontiff or a Sri  
Sathya Sai Baba or a**

**Jose Luis de Jesus Medina. Youre all making profits out of your  
religious businesses.**

**2. Jason on June 27th, 2008**

**This is a wise man and you would do well to listen to him. If you have  
doubts ask the**

**creator he will tell you the truth always. oh mr. narrow minded idiot  
you can't talk to god.**

**Then maybe you should shut your mouth. besides this man is not rich  
in money and does  
healings for free very often. good man good info. Hey ralph lundgren  
maybe you should  
not make snap judgements when you do not know. People like you  
should be cleansed  
from the gene pool !!!!!!!!!!!!!!! What a dickhead .grow up dummy  
!!!!!!!!!!!!1**

### **3. Jason on August 17th, 2008**

**I love credo mutwa he has overcome tremendous difficulties that  
would make lesser men  
cower and weep. But no he continues the path of a warrior and a true  
human being. An  
attack on his village left him stabbed dozens of times and his wife  
gang raped and still he  
did not falter. His son was killed as well. and his wife died as a result  
of the dark forces  
that plague men and woman who dare to defy evil in its many forms.  
Nearly everyone this  
man has loved has been raped or murdered and he still manages to  
hold hope and help his  
fellow human beings. This is courage on a level that few ever reach in  
their life. I deeply**

**love this shining example of the triumph of the human spirit.  
Grandfather credo you are  
so loved and respected by people who's lives you have touched. I  
myself will never turn  
my back on god and his many miracles such as yourself. The  
inspiration and influence you  
have had on my life gives me the courage to face anything, anyone, any  
situation like a  
warrior. Because of your example I fear nothing and walk as a free  
man. Thank you for  
forging a path that few dare to tread. If I walk this path. It is because  
you shone a light for  
me to follow !!!!! Jason " Rainbow warrior "**

#### **4. Jason on August 17th, 2008**

**Their is a legend of a people that will rise up in the times ahead of us.  
a people who will  
conquer impossible odds against them. and the message they bring  
is a message  
founded in love. They will show us the way. The way we have  
forgotten. because they will  
share the sacred knowledge. This tribe is now upon us and creating a  
new reality. Weaving**

**a new and beautiful dream that all can be apart of. These are the warriors of the rainbow.**

**They carry not weapons of war. But a wisdom that can stand against anything.**

**Kindness,compassion and love will be all that they are armed with.**

**This is the destiny of all**

**on this planet. To live as one. For we are one. We are you. and you are we. God is within**

**all. Wait not for a savior. for the savior lies within you. You. all of you. that read this. you**

**are the “warriors of the rainbow”**

**5. tiny on October 5th, 2008**

**I do not know where does this ralph comes from,may be he is one of the aliens that are on**

**this earth to destroy us.Baba Mutwa to me you are a great man.when I was lost,trying to**

**know who I was,i red your Indaba my children.This book gave me a new foundation of**

**where we are comming from.it made sense to me because it was explaining many things**

**that our so called learned parent could not explain.It kills me when people are**

**badmouthing our culture,as premitive and barbaric.We were created  
by our God like that.It**

**will take us some time for us to understand our core being.Wise  
people like you Baba are**

**the ones who bring us light and insite,before we lose our souls.Today i  
wake up wanting to**

**search for your,wisdom in an difficult time in my life.My ancestors are  
calling for my**

**duities as a TWASA.This makes me very confused,because there is  
now one who can give**

**me more insight on this issue.But when I look at your atices and  
redings,i now can**

**understand the meaning of this,i know i must wait for more messeges  
from my ancestors.I**

**admere you so much.I wish they media can make more television  
documentaries about**

**your work.I live in the Eastern Cape,and I once had an opportunity as  
a child to see you**

**when you were in Shamwari Game Reserve.**