

TRIBUTE TO MR MOSES KHUMALO, MAYOR OF DIEPMEADOW

By Mangosuthu G. Buthelezi
Chief Minister of KwaZulu
and President Inkatha Freedom Party

(Read on His Behalf By The Honourable L.P.H.M. Mtshali M.L.A.
Member of the Central Committee of the Inkatha Freedom Party
and KwaZulu Minister of Education and Culture)

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Mr. Master of Ceremonies; Mrs. Khumalo, members of your family; the Khumalo family; members of the Executive Committee of the Transvaal Province; Mayors from different towns; leaders of Inkatha Freedom Party and members of Inkatha Freedom Party present; ladies and gentlemen,

I have been delegated by my leader, Prince Mangosuthu Buthelezi, President of Inkatha Freedom Party and Chief Minister of KwaZulu, to read the following tribute to our late Brother - Moses Julius Khumalo, former Mayor of Diepmeadow, and a staunch member of the IFP from its inception..

All beneath the heavens and all upon the earth agonise about Black South African responses to suffering and to destitution and to death by black brother at the hand of black brother, by black sister at the hand of black sister and even, God forgive us, by the black hand of child against parent. All history cries out no to the squandering of precious life in hideously wrong distortions of what patriotism and justice and duty to mankind mean.

There lis a great crying out from all mankind's ancestors and from all the angels in heaven calling for a halt to internecine Black-on-Black violence which is returning the sons and daughters of Africa to the soil before they have done their job to bring peace and prosperity and stability to suffering Africa.

There lis no one tragic death of a black brother or a black sister who is slaughtered for political purposes which is more tragic than the next. Every death / is -undque. in its ~horror : andvi'in 318 violation of the human right to live and the dignity to die as God

intended one to die and not as the Devil incarnate causes one to die,

I can only say that my brother and comrade and friend, Moses Julius Khumalo, did not deserve to die the way he died in a hail of bullets in an ambush calculatingly planned and executed. He was a good man and noble in his commitment to serve his people.

Only very recently when I was addressing a mass gathering in Soweto at Jabulani Amphitheatre on the 23rd February, my friend and my brother in the struggle, Moses Khumalo, was telling us how he was committed to the high moral standards and to the principles of Inkatha Freedom Party. He was saying, tragically saying, that he would remain committed to these high principles that Inkatha Freedom Party served, even if it meant dying for them.

Who of us on that day would have known that he was talking prophetically about his own death, shortly to be brought about by the enemies of the principles for which we stand. It is a heinous crime which was committed in murdering him. It was a senseless crime that was committed in murdering him. It was an angry-making crime and a crime not only against brother Moses Khumalo. It was a crime against black brotherhood. It was a crime against black comradeship. It was a crime against black humanity and all humanity.

In the world over it is now recognised that the infringement of the civil rights of anyone anywhere is an offence against all mankind. The murder of my brother and friend and comrade, Moses Khumalo, was a crime against all mankind. It is the kind of crime which the great nations of the world condemn. It is the kind of crime against which the United Nations, the Organisation of African Unity, the Non-Aligned Countries of the world and Commonwealth Countries, would condemn without hesitation.

We all should be shocked and shaken by the report of any death of any man or any woman who was slaughtered for political reasons. Kill is not the right word - slaughter is the very word that should be used. We should all be shocked at human slaughter as though human beings could be slaughtered at the altar of political expediency.

Our brother Moses Khumalo joined Inkatha in 1975 and he has been a loyal member every week of every month of every year between then and his tragic death: His is truly the blood of the martyr that spills on Mother Africa to shame her of her children.

There will one day be a great garden of remembrance where the mortal remains of brother and sister can lie in eternal peace because they have been brought there by a reconciled South Africa which has caused even enemies to lay beneath the soil together in communion after death about the great South Africa that their deaths brought about.

There will one day be a South African history and a black vehement rejection of the kind of killing politics which so shames Black society today. There will one day be a democracy where we hold commemorative services and remember our departed comrades each in our own organisation and we remember them together as organisations coming to weep about the past and to learn never again to do what Black South Africans are now doing.

All who are here to mourn and to weep and to lament our dear brother's departure from our midst, will know that courts of law have not yet pronounced upon his death. We all know, however, that all reasonable people will be justified in thinking that only the campaign against Black Town Councillors and black civic leaders could have led to his death.

We have no proof of course, but each of us in our broken emotions and private agony at the death of yet another brother whom we knew so well, will remain convinced that he was actually lured to his death, that he was actually ambushed and that he was gunned down by those who had planned and plotted his death.

It is now time for Black South Africans to say no, no, no a million times no to death on our street corners as part of political campaigns. We must all scream no to the rising of emotions and to the setting up of targets for civic action and for violent onslaught. We must call a halt to the political campaigns which involve setting up Black Town Councillors and Town Councils themselves as legitimate targets for violent onslaughts.

It is very tragic that people are killed and that people kill people and each group laments its own dead in its own way with the same agony that all death brings forth out of human beings. Surely now we must learn to weep together because we have learnt to dance together. Surely now we must learn that the death of any one man affects all.,

A brother like Moses Khumalo leaves behind him family and friends who will remain shattered for the rest of their lives by his ungodly death. There is no recovery from some deaths for those who mourn. There are some things which time never heals and the death of our brother and friend and comrade, Moses Khumalo, is I believe such a death. It is so senseless and so stupid that his death will stand constantly as a monument of condemnation to his perpetrators.

My deepest condolences and all the agony of my soul goes out to my brother Moses Khumalo's bereaved family and his bereaved friends. May God lift up family and friends and in His miraculous way, may God justify our brother's life and death in the inspiration God inspires in us all to make a South Africa that will not tolerate this kind of thing.

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