

# **EYES OF SACRIFICE**

*(The Massacre of Africa)*

*Jack Essim*

*Eyes of Sacrifice (The Massacre of Africa)*

Originally published in 2014.

Independent family edition published in 2026.

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*To Africa:*

*“Imagine what tomorrow would bring if we all sing  
one song;  
One song of love and unison  
One and indivisible, invincible Africa!”*

*“... Wealth and the pursuit of happiness are not about  
the health of our bank accounts — nor about our  
possessions; but all about the frame of our brains!”*

## A Foreword from the Family

When my father, Jack Essim, finished writing this book, he believed Africa was on the cusp of writing its own history. That belief is woven through every page that follows. He wrote with the conviction of someone who had watched, for decades, what he called “*the vilest loot that ever disfigured the history of human conscience*” — and who refused to accept that the loot would have the final word.

This edition exists because that conviction did not pass with him.

In the years after his passing, the book quietly slipped out of print. For a writer who had poured so much of himself into these pages — including, as he would tell you, many long afternoons at a Starbucks in Falls Church, Virginia — that silence felt wrong. So our family has reclaimed the rights, and this edition is the result.

This is a Pan-African political and economic argument. It is also a deeply personal one. My father wrote about the Democratic Republic of the Congo because he loved my mother, Godelive Tsheila Essim, born Tshinayi, who was Congolese — and because the war in her country, which he refused to let the world's cameras forget, was the wound at the center of everything he had to say about the continent's “favors of nature” and the men who plundered them. He wrote with the urgency of a man whose family was Africa's family, and whose Africa was not a project but a homeland.

My mother passed in May 2023. This edition belongs to both of them.

I remember him at our dining room table, surrounded by the books and newspapers and articles he had collected from across the continent, and his enormous dictionary. I watched him write these pages out in his own hand, hour after hour, day after day. He wrote this book for the younger generations of African descent — so they would understand why Africa has become what it has, who has been

responsible for what, and most of all, that Africa is the sleeping giant, and the sleeping giant will rise.

He also wrote with faith. His arguments draw on Lumumba and Martin Luther King and Bishop David Oyedepo and the Psalms, sometimes in the same breath, because for him the political, the economic, and the spiritual could not be argued apart. Some readers will recognize their own framework in this. Others will find it unfamiliar. Both are welcome. The book asks only that you take the argument seriously.

A note on this edition: the text is exactly as my father published it. His structure, his phrasing, his choices — preserved as he meant them to be read. Twelve years on, the case he makes about resource extraction, African leadership, and what unity could look like has not aged. If anything, the events of the past decade have made it more urgent.

To the readers who have been asking for this book: thank you. You are the reason it is no longer out of print. To readers meeting my father's voice for the first time: I am glad he gets to meet you.

*“Africa will write its own history;  
and in the north and the south, that history  
will be seen to be one of glory and righteousness.”*

— Patrice Emery Lumumba, quoted by Jack Essim  
in the closing pages of this book.

— *Natacha Essim, for the family*  
2026