



*Faith, Love & Sex...*

*Journey  
of a  
Sister*

**Cezanne Taharqa**

**...But the Greatest of these is LOVE!**

# *Journey of a Sister*

## **A Self-help Novel**

Featuring Artwork and Poetry by the Author

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### PUBLISHER'S NOTE:

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***'Promoting LOVE through Creativity!'***

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'Sesa Wo Suban'

The West African Adinkra Symbol for 'Transformation'

## Introduction

*“Who am I?”*

*“What is my purpose?”*

If you've never asked your Self these questions, you have not yet begun your journey of Self discovery!

Have you been wandering through life aimlessly? Do you know your soul purpose? Do you get the feeling there's 'more to life' than what you've been led to believe? This is how I felt back in 2007; I was a practicing Christian but had reached a point where I could no longer continue walking in 'blind faith'. I lacked Self-identity, had low self-esteem, and suffered from depression. I had a 'slave mentality', and constantly sabotaged my own success in relationships, my career, and finances. I had been subconsciously programmed for failure, and unless something drastic changed, I was destined for a life of misery, with a faint hope of making it into heaven when I die.

Fortunately, despite my human failures I was able to develop a close relationship with my Creator through prayer, fasting, reading my bible, and spending time in the Silence waiting to hear back from 'Him'. At the time, I only thought of God as my spiritual Father because that's what I'd been taught to believe... Yet I had reached a point in my spiritual journey where I could no longer continue walking in blind faith, I had so many unanswered questions! Because I had a close relationship with this Source of Love, I gained the confidence to ask all the questions the church couldn't answer in a fearless letter, which I ended by asking for "the Truth!"

***Your quest for 'the Truth' begins when you ask the right questions!***

I was given a huge task to complete. I had to go through the whole bible and select all the scriptures that;

- 1) Made me **feel good**
- 2) **Empowered me especially as a woman**, and
- 3) **Set me free.**

During the process, John 8:32 played on repeat in my mind:

**'You will know the Truth and the Truth will set you FREE!'**

When I had finished compiling these scriptures, I was then led to speak them over my life daily, and thus began my first use of Positive Affirmations!

***“An affirmation is a strong, POSITIVE statement that something is ALREADY so.”***

~ Shakti Gawain

An example would be;

*“I am like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that brings forth its fruit in due season; my leaf does not wither, and whatever I put my hands to PROSPERS!”*

(Psalm 1).

I wanted to share everything I’ve discovered since asking God for ‘the Truth!’ and chose to do it in the form of a sensational love-story!

The aim of this book isn’t to negate religion, but to use it to build greater spiritual awareness upon. I’m grateful for my Christian upbringing, which laid a solid foundation upon which I stand now. Whether you are in ‘the faith’ or not, and whether you’re a woman or a man, you’ll be able to relate to this story. It’s ‘our’ story.

This book is only *part* autobiographical; I ‘channeled’ 46,000 words which formed the most beautiful storyline. Some of the scenes came to me in dreams and visions; some were written in the middle of the night, and I didn’t remember writing them the following morning.

The way the two main characters meet in Year One is *exactly* the way I met my Twin Soul; it was such a profound experience, I had to write it into the story! I also used this story to stretch my imagination to its limit – and then I discovered it didn’t have any!

You’ll notice that sometimes I capitalize the word ‘Self’. This is when I’m referring to our Higher Self. If you’re a believer, you probably call this inner guidance the Holy Spirit (same initials). We all have an inner teacher, but for some reason we were never taught how to be guided by our ‘in-tuition’ at school. Yet that still, small voice within is the part of us that’s directly connected to our Source. This is what I’m referring to when I capitalize ‘Self’.

I designed the front cover in Photoshop using three different images. My interpretation is that the woman is coming out of a dark place and stepping into ‘enlightenment’. The face looking down from above represents guidance from her

Higher Self; it could also be the personification of *Wisdom*, who according to Proverbs 8, is a woman. It could also represent Mother Nature.

The image is not making the statement 'God is a woman' (which would be no better than saying 'God is a man'), I am simply bringing *balance*, and acknowledging the Feminine Aspect of God.

My aim in writing this book is to plant *Seeds of Love*, in the hope that you'll ask your Self "*Could this be true?*" and go do your own research. We live in the age of Information and Technology, make use of it while you can!

While I was writing this story I realized some of my paintings and poems could be used to illustrate it; you can listen to the poems featured in Journey of a Sister at [www.journeyofasister.com/poetry](http://www.journeyofasister.com/poetry) and you can download my art featured at [www.journeyofasister.com/art](http://www.journeyofasister.com/art).

You can also listen to my letter to God featured in Year One, and 'God's Reply' at [www.journeyofasister.com](http://www.journeyofasister.com).

Start the journey!



**Cezanne Taharqa aka Cezanne Poetess**

## Year One: "The Truth!"

"Who am I?" I ask my Self as I lie here in deep contemplation.

"Why am I here?"

I'm a deep thinker. I always try to get to the bottom of things, instead of looking at them from a surface level.

I was born in England of Jamaican parentage, and raised in the Christian faith. Ever since I was told there was a God who loved me, my deepest desire has always been to get to know him personally, and to discover the reason he created me – my 'destiny'. So as an adult, I continue to attend church, read my bible, pray, and deny myself life's pleasures, to the best of my abilities.

The problem is, I could be described as a 'non-conformist free spirit', which makes it difficult for me to abide by all the church's rules and regulations. My biggest weakness is 'fornication'. I sincerely desire to serve God 'in spirit and in truth', but my *natural* desires do, every now and again, get in the way of my vow to abstain from 'sexual sin'. I could have married when I was younger but I wasn't ready, so I passed on the opportunity. The idea of 'marriage before children' was never instilled into me by my (unmarried) mother, despite my Christian upbringing.

I remember the turmoil I went through when I found out I was pregnant with my first son; what should I do? What will church members *think* of me? Now everyone will know I've had sex! Distraught, I confided in a church sister who advised me to terminate the pregnancy: "Loads of girls do it" she said. But that seemed worse than having the baby! According to the bible '(all) children are a heritage from the Lord'. Apparently, lots of church sisters were sexually active but if they got pregnant, they would just abort the baby so they stood a better chance of getting married.

If I didn't have a personal relationship with my Creator, I might have listened to her. Instead, I went to God in prayer:

"What kind of a life will this child have?" I asked sorrowfully, "I'm not married, I'll have to give up my job, I have nothing to offer a baby!"

But God spoke to me so clearly, I remember his reply like it was yesterday:

**"The same way you were born 'in sin' and I have a plan for your life,  
is the same way I have a plan for your SON's life."**



Now up until that point I was filled with fear and anxiety about my pregnancy, but it was all erased in that moment. I'd heard from God, and he wasn't angry with me. In fact, he'd even told me I was having a son, which was later confirmed at my first scan! From that moment on, I remained at peace with God and myself. I continued to attend church until my pregnancy began to show, returning to a new, local church after my son's birth.

When I fell pregnant with my *second* son, oh my God, I really thought I'd blown it this time! But again, he showed me how much he still loved and cared for me by blessing me with a brand new council house. He also gave me a promise concerning my sons based on his Word;

***'...One will say "I belong to the Lord", still another will write on his hand  
'the Lord's'***

Micah and Elijah are now six and eight. My relationship with their father broke down when they were only three and five. It's taken me three years to heal emotionally from the break-up. But to be honest, we were never really a proper couple; when I told him I was pregnant with our first son, he did a disappearing act for months, only re-emerging when I was due to have the baby. Suddenly, he wanted to play the proud father, but the novelty of the new baby soon wore off, and he was off again. I didn't rely on him for anything. I bought everything I needed for the baby myself. Then just as I was getting my life back on track he came back, wanting to start over. At the time I had a part-time Admin job and our year-old son attended a private nursery. Before I knew it, I was pregnant again. This time around he did try to stay, but it wasn't long before he started playing away. And this time, it was over for good.



### **Meditation Masturbation**

It's a warm Spring evening in London, 2009.

The boys are at their father's for the weekend.

Suzanne is feeling more sensual than usual.

Lying on the sofa with her eyes closed, she slides her hand up her skirt, down into her panties, and begins masturbating. She wonders why God created the clitoris; 'is it there for me to pleasure myself, or for my 'husband' to satisfy me?'

According to Suzanne's church, it's even a sin to masturbate, since the mind is likely to start conjuring up images of a sexual nature. If you so much as *think* about having sex, it's just as bad as *doing* the act. 'But how many men know how to stimulate a woman's clitoris well enough to bring her to orgasm?' she ponders.

With all these thoughts running through her mind, Suzanne can't help re-creating her imaginary lover, who visits her whenever she needs a release. She visualizes him silently riding her back and forth, increasing the pressure and speed of her finger, while simulating sex on the sofa. With every withdrawal she lets out a sigh, and with every penetration, a deep moan. Before long she comes to climax...and he slips away before she even opens her eyes.

Suzanne feels like she's *always* sinning – she just can't seem to stay on the straight and narrow path! This leaves her in a perpetual state of unworthiness; her *spirit* is willing, but her *flesh* is weak. She doesn't understand why God would give her sexual desires then tell her to ignore them until she gets married! What if she ends up being one of the women in the church who never *get* married, since there aren't enough men to go around? Suzanne wonders why God didn't just program her to only desire sex *after* she's married! But whenever she asks Him about this, He always remains silent. So despite her weakness Suzanne continues going to church, paying her tithes, studying her bible, and seeking to discover her soul purpose. She normally wakes up by 6am to do her morning devotion, and to exercise before the boys get up at 7.30am.

It was only through having children of her own that Suzanne really began to understand God's UNCONDITIONAL LOVE for her. There seemed to be nothing she could do to make God stop loving her. No matter what she did, He always did something to prove that He still loved her, much like a spiritual Father. As such, He would advise her on how to live her life, but if she chose to do her own thing and 'fell', He would simply pick her up, dust her off, and stand her back on her feet again. And that's how she built her relationship with God; His strength really *was* made perfect through her weakness!



## The Rebellion

As their relationship developed, Suzanne was inspired to write 'messages from God'. She didn't see them as *poems*, they were simply words of comfort which she had written down, based on His Word. But when she placed them on the walls around her home, anyone who visited were touched by them and wanted copies. Soon, she was printing and framing them for friends and family as gifts. Then she was inspired to design backdrops for them to sell as inspirational posters.

Yet the more Suzanne studied the bible, the more questions arose, which often left her feeling angry, upset or confused. She didn't recognize the god in the bible, compared to the One she had developed a relationship with. And now, she has so many questions that the church can't answer, so decides to go straight to her 'Heavenly Father' in a fearless letter. She presumes that as His child, she should be able to talk to Him openly, since He can see what's in her heart and thoughts anyway. She informs God that she's going to 'tell it as it is' regardless of the consequences. She assumes there are many others wanting to ask these *same questions* but are too afraid for fear of His wrath, so she stands in proxy for them too.

She conceives the idea that 'The Fall of Lucifer' story is at the *root cause* of all the world's problems. She re-tells the bible fable as *she* understands it; that Lucifer, God's 'Lead Worshipper' the most beautiful angel of them all, got a bit egotistical and decided that *he* was worthy of some of this praise too; "*He obviously didn't understand why You Alone should be worshipped, and why everyone else has to bow to you! This is where all the trouble started...*"

She continues narrating the story of how Lucifer managed to get a third of the angels to join him in rebelling against God, resulting in Him kicking them out of heaven. She asks why He didn't banish them to one of the far distant planets in the galaxy and put a force-field around it so they couldn't reach His creation on Earth? Instead, they had come to Earth and corrupted His new creation, as if He had no control over what Lucifer and his posse did!

She questions whether God really *can* kill Satan because if He could, surely He would have done it by now? "*...after all, You were quick to punish man when WE rebelled!*"

She proceeds with 'The Fall of Adam and Eve' story, again trying to get to the *root cause* of all of the world's (and her) problems. After all, if it wasn't for the devil

constantly attacking her, she would be living in 'Heaven on Earth', just as God had originally intended. She reminds God that He made Adam and Eve in His *very own image* and created a beautiful garden for them to inhabit. He gave them free access to all the fruit of the garden – except from the tree right in the *middle* of the garden; the '*Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil*'. But Lucifer *also* had access to the Garden of Eden, and transforming himself into a serpent, successfully tempted Adam and Eve into eating of the forbidden fruit. Instead of God taking responsibility for leaving them unprotected, He *curse*d Adam and Eve, *evicted* them from their home, then sent them out into the Big Wide World to be tempted and corrupted by the devil even more!

After He evicted them, God placed a Guardian Angel at the entrance of the garden to guard the *Tree of Life*, which was situated *right beside* the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. Adam and Eve were no longer allowed to eat from it, so they were doomed to death. None of this made any sense to Suzanne; she asks God if the Tree of Life was more important to him than the human race?

She then asks *why* God had placed the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil in the *center* of the garden, if they weren't supposed to eat of it. Had He deliberately set them up to fail?

Suzanne reasons that even if Adam and Eve *hadn't* been tempted by the serpent, *curiosity* would have got the better of them sooner or later anyway! She writes; "...As a mother, I know that if I place a handful of sweets in the middle of a table in the middle of the sitting room and then tell my children "Don't eat those sweets!" and just leave them there for weeks and weeks, I guarantee you that it would only be a matter of time before those sweets start disappearing down their throats!" Suzanne claims that *her* children would eventually take the risk of whatever punishment they would have to suffer later, just for that moment of pleasure. She continues '...Now what if I then say to my children "Right, because you ate those sweets I'm not going to give you any dinner for a week!" wouldn't you think I was being a bit – harsh?'

Suzanne stands in Adam and Eve's defense; they were naïve, inexperienced, and gullible; they didn't stand a chance against the guile of His enemy.

Instead of making them feel as if it was *their* fault Satan came to tempt them, she suggests that God should have *apologized* to Adam and Eve for putting them in such jeopardy in the first place! But instead, He cursed the whole of the human race, and now generations later, we are *still* suffering because 'Adam and Eve ate of the forbidden fruit'.

But does the punishment really fit the crime?

The intensity of her Scorpio energy flows unto the pages as she continues her critical examination of what she had learned from years of studying her bible. She points out that the world has been in a state of anarchy literally since the beginning of time; *"The bible has barely begun, when already there's disobedience, damnation, murder, incest, war, famine and woe! But who's really to blame; man, the devil, or dare I say it – YOU?"*

At this point she cringes as if waiting to be struck by a bolt of lightning.....when it doesn't happen, she carries on more boldly. It's only because of her close 'Father/Daughter' relationship why she feels she can confront Him like this!

Referring to another scripture, she asks God why He had instructed her not to react to people who act wickedly towards her. Instead, she was to see 'past the flesh' and deal with it in the spiritual realm, since they are just 'pawns in the devil's game'. She tells God she has a problem with that, since *He* had consistently throughout the bible reacted to flesh and blood people, destroying them when He could no longer stand their wicked ways! She reminds Him of Sodom and Gomorrah and The Flood, two occasions where God, in His anger, had wiped out whole populations:

*"...But you didn't kill SATAN, the ORIGINATOR of the corruption, so when the earth became re-populated, the whole cycle just started all over again!"*

Pausing to think about this, she writes;

*"I find these stories hard to accept as true, as I don't think You would be so naïve as to believe that by wiping out the whole of humankind without destroying the ROOT CAUSE, you would ERADICATE the problem? You are far too wise a God to not see that..."*

For a moment she seems to come back to her senses as she watches the sun set through her window. But returning to her journal, her questions instantly continue to flow; she questions why God had allowed Himself to be portrayed as a Jekyll and Hyde character, loving us one minute, then cursing us the next. She refers back to the Adam and Eve story;

*"What did you expect Satan to do? Leave us alone, knowing we were made in the image of the person he hated the most – You?"*

Suzanne feels the need to grasp God's thinking *behind* His decisions, so again pleads; *"...I know Your ways are not my ways so please, help me to understand..."*

After reminding God that the battle is in fact between *Him* and the *devil* and doesn't really have anything to do with *us*, His creation, she points out that the war is getting worse and worse:

*"People are being murdered, raped, tortured, beaten; children are starving, going missing, being abused, corrupted, killed! The earth is dying from pollution, there's famine, earthquakes, and polluted water and air everywhere, and there's a big hole in the ozone layer!*

*This isn't the world that You created for me to live in, I was meant to live in peace, and harmony, joy and happiness with You and my fellowmen...the fact that there's some devil making my life a living hell isn't my fault, I didn't create him, You did! So why don't You take responsibility, and protect me when You see him coming for me, like the Loving Father you're meant to be?"*

Suzanne pauses for a moment to reflect on what she has just written. She cringes at the thought of what would happen to her if she allowed *her* children to be abused by some crazy tyrant. Wouldn't she be held accountable? So why not God, the ultimate Heavenly Father?

*And why aren't You supplying all my needs like You promised in Your Word?*

She continues writing; *"We're expected to 'wait on You' and we have no way of knowing when You're going to come up with the goods! So many times I've waited on You, believing and praying for my miracle...and when it doesn't happen, we're expected to resort to the conclusion that it was just 'not God's timing'. You seem to play with us like we're a chess game, only moving when it suits YOU!"*

She again implores; *"I want to know and understand You more; I want to understand Your ways."*

She recalls the times she has walked closely with God, thinking they had been the most beautiful; *"...I mean, there's nothing like waking up in the morning and feeling Your presence all around me, or being inspired to write a piece of poetry... But I want more: I want a big house! I want nice clothes! I want to be able to go on holiday yearly with my family, buy myself a decent car, have plastic surgery to correct all those things You got wrong with me..."*

She acknowledges that it's probably due to her lack of the 'Fear of the Lord' why she's *not* walking in His blessings. Still, she wants to know *why* she's expected to do God's will without questioning His Word;

*"...What good is a 'free will' when you demand that I do things YOUR way?  
What kind of a free will is that, anyway?"*

She demands the answers to her questions through her sheer *will power*.

In all honesty, Suzanne loves the Lord. She really wants to serve Him 'in spirit and in truth', but the truth is, she's finding it difficult to put her trust in Him totally and follow His ways:

*"...I know Your Word; I've read it, spoken it, meditated upon it, memorized it, and I still have **so many needs!** Is it because I didn't BELIEVE enough, or perhaps I didn't PRAY enough, or maybe I just didn't have enough FAITH? ...All I want to do is live the life of my dreams, is that asking too much?*

*Why can't I just live in heaven – on EARTH?"*

Because she knows God and has experienced His pure, unconditional Love, Suzanne is finding it difficult to match the god in the bible with the One *she's* built a relationship with. She finally comes to a conclusion and decides that even though Lucifer took a third of the angels with him, there are still *two thirds* left in heaven with God! She tells God that she believes He's mightier than the devil, and since He has twice as many angels, where's the battle, really? So writing her last lines she ends her letter; *"...You know, the more I think about all of this, the more I realize that these stories just don't sound true, nor do they reflect the character of You, so now what I really want is...the TRUTH!"*

Feeling pleased with her Self, Suzanne titles her letter '*The Rebellion*'. Writing it had felt cathartic; she's put it 'out there', and now she will wait for his response...



## **God's Reply**

The following morning as soon as Suzanne wakes up, she feels inspired to write. So picking up her journal and pen still lying on the bed beside her, she turns over to a fresh page:

*Year One: "The Truth!"*

*Think on My Love,  
Think on My goodness,  
Think on My grace,  
And all the things I've done for you.*

*When you think on these things,  
Your problems will become small  
Your mountains will become molehills  
And everything you aspire to WILL become reachable.*

*Don't look at your situation,  
Look to Me.  
You can do all things, through Me.  
I Am the Way that makes crooked paths straight  
I Am the Key that unlocks the doors  
I AM the Great I AM.*

*Do not fear when trials come your way  
Do not bend when temptation is at your door  
Always remember that in trials there are testimonies  
And no TESTimony without a TEST.  
So don't be discouraged,  
Don't feel downhearted,  
Be of good cheer  
And always remember that in Me  
There is victory.*

God responds to her promptly, and in a language she can relate to – poetry! As she is writing, she can feel God's presence surrounding her, as if comforting her. Tears roll down her cheeks as she writes a letter of apology back, for allowing herself to lose focus.





## Ready for Love

Suzanne is in bed writing in her journal again, while India Arie's '*Ready for Love*' plays softly in the background;

'It's been three years since I broke up with Mark, and I'm only just beginning to feel ready for another relationship. He treated me so badly, but now I realize, the way he abused me was only a reflection of how I felt about myself; I allowed him to reflect back to me my own lack of self-worth and insecurities.'

She pauses to reflect on what she has just written before continuing;

'Now that I've experienced what I *don't* want in a relationship, I'm much more clear about what I *do* want. I'm in a much better place, I've raised my self-esteem, and I'm sure I can attract someone better this time. What type of man would be best for me?'

While India Arie sings '*I will be patient, kind, faithful and true to a man who loves music, a man who loves art, respects the spirit world and thinks with his heart...*' she writes a list of qualities she wants her 'dream man' to have.

When she has finished, she closes her journal and falls into a deep, peaceful sleep, smiling to her Self.



## Synchronicity

Quite by chance, (or shall we call it *synchronicity*?) the following day Suzanne attends a community event where she meets a local Councilor from the Chamber of Commerce. She tells him about her new inspirational poster designs; he informs her about *The Caribbean Trade Expo* taking place the following weekend, and gives a number to call to find out if there are any stands left. He says to mention his name.

When she calls, she is told that they *were* fully booked but someone had just cancelled, so she can have their stand at the reduced rate of £50. She calls her sister Janice to ask if she wants to go halves; Janice travels to places like Egypt, West Africa and the Caribbean to buy things of black interest to sell.



## The Caribbean Expo

The event is much bigger than Suzanne had anticipated; thousands of people flock to the huge venue in the Docklands over the three days. Suzanne makes over three times as much money as she had invested in the stand and printing her posters, but it's the third day that is to change her life forever...She spots him in the distance; he stands out in the crowd like a neon light, appearing head and shoulders above everyone else. As he approaches, Suzanne begins to feel excited, hot and flustered, with butterflies in her stomach all at once; her heart is pounding, as if she's meeting an old lover again. Does she know him?

He's now just a few feet away, close enough for her to see that she *doesn't* recognize him, and at over six feet tall he really *is* head and shoulders above everyone else! She then realizes that he's not heading towards *her* stand, but the 100 Black Men of London opposite! She *has* to get his attention;

"EXCUSE ME!" she calls out to him impulsively.

He turns, and begins walking towards her. She suddenly feels nervous; 'What am I doing? I'm meant to be working, plus I'm not in the habit of pursuing men!' But as their eyes meet, she flashes him a huge, inviting smile. He accepts her invitation.

She thinks he's attractive, and he thinks she's attractive too.

As he reaches her stand she flicks her hair and says confidently;

"Hi, I thought you might be interested in my posters!"

"Hmmm....they're nice, did you design them?"

"Yes, I wrote the poetry too."

He stands silently, reading one.

"I can tell, you're deep," he comments when he's finished.

Suzanne laughs.

"Would you like one?"

"How much are they?"

"Well you can buy one for £4.50, two for £8.00 or three for £10"

He chooses three different designs and pays her the £10.

"My mum will appreciate these," he says.

Suzanne tries to prolong his stay by rolling the posters up slowly before putting an elastic band around them.

"What made you come here today?" she asks.

She admires his neat, heavy eyebrows which adorn his sparkling dark brown eyes. He's dressed casually but neatly in a pair of jeans, shirt and polished shoes.

As she hands him the posters he smiles with full, luscious lips revealing perfect white teeth. But it wasn't his *looks* that had attracted her to him in the first place – in fact, she couldn't quite place her finger on *what* it was.

"My friend invited me."

He points to another brother at the stand opposite.

"So how long have you been doing this?" he asks, indicating towards her poster display with his tube.

"I've only just started actually – you're my *eleventh* customer!"

She clicks her number counter.

"Congratulations! What were you doing before this?"

"I used to work in Admin, but I left my job two weeks ago so I could focus on starting my own business."

"Wow, sounds pretty much like me..."

Suzanne suddenly notices that the whole room has become silent, and she can only hear *their* conversation. Everything else around them is like a blurred whirlwind, as if they're caught in some kind of time warp. In a weird kind of way, time literally stands still. In that moment, nothing else exists but the two of them. For the two minutes or so that they converse, they both share personal information about themselves, as if they had known each other for ages.

"...I have to go – do you have a card?" he asks.

Suzanne picks up one of her home-made business cards and hands it to him. He smiles at her slogan; '*Touching the Heart...through Art!*'

"I'll call you," he says with promise in his eyes.

"I'll look forward to it!" she smiles encouragingly.

"My name's Charles, by the way."

He extends his hand; as they make contact, what feels like an electrical current passes through Suzanne's whole body; she wonders if he felt it too. They shake hands quite formally, but there was a lingering in the time they should have let go.

"I'm Suzanne."

As Charles walks across to meet his friend, Janice asks "Who was *THAT?*"



## He Calls

Two days later, true to his word, Charles calls. A number comes up that isn't stored in Suzanne's phone, and she instinctively knows it's him. Her boys hadn't come up in their conversation at the Expo, and they were playing in the living room, making quite a lot of noise.

"BE QUIET!" she calls out to them as she leaves the room.

"Hello, Suzanne speaking," she answers in her business voice.

"Hi Suzanne, it's Charles – remember we met at the Caribbean Expo?"

"Oh hi Charles, how could I forget – nice to hear from you!"

Charles senses the genuine appreciation in her voice and responds to it;

"I couldn't wait to call, but I thought I should give you a couple of days to rest after your busy weekend, how did it go?" he asks.

"It was great! I made loads of sales, and lots of new contacts too – including you!" She answers excitedly.

"How many other 'contacts' did you make?" he asks, as if defending his territory. Suzanne laughs.

"Not like that, I mean *business* contacts!"

"Oh, well that's alright then – so I don't have any competition?"

He pushes for confirmation. Suzanne can see where this was heading;

"Could you do me a favor; do you mind calling back after eight please? Once I've put the boys to bed I'll be able to talk with you properly, is that okay?"

"Oh! I didn't know you had children – how old are they?" he asks, surprised. Judging by her slender figure, he'd figured she was childless.

"Six and eight" she responds tentatively.

"Oh okay, I'll call back later then."

As Suzanne presses the 'end call' button, she wonders whether he *will* call back. He obviously hadn't banked on her having children.

After dinner, spending 'Quality Time' with the boys and tucking them into bed, she sits down to relax. It's 8.30pm. Just as she's about to think 'I *knew* he wouldn't call back' her mobile phone starts ringing. It's him!

"Hi Charles! Thanks for calling back – and sorry about earlier."

"Nothing to be sorry about. Can you talk now?"

"Sure, what would you like to talk about?"

"Well I'm not one to beat around the bush – are you single?"

She can hardly believe he's still interested even though she has two young ones!

"Yes, but I'm not about to jump into a relationship with you, if that's what you're thinking," she says though.

"No of course not, I just want to get to know you better. How do you feel about that?"

Suzanne relaxes and smiles.

"Yes, I'd like that too."

"So tell me more about yourself; I know you write poetry, you're just starting your own business, you have two young sons, and you're a beautiful, smart woman. What else do I need to know?"

Suzanne laughs nervously.

"I wouldn't call myself *beautiful*."

"Huh? Why not?" Charles asks in a shocked tone.

"I grew up being called the ugly duckling of my family."

"Why??"

"Because I was the darkest. My sisters are both fair-skinned."

"But you're not even that dark, what if you were as black as me?"

"I know... but light-skinned women always get the better deal."

"Well I love my dark-skinned sisters as much as my light-skinned ones; it goes much deeper than skin colour for me."

"That's good to know...but what about you? Tell me more about *your* Self."

"Well, I'm an Accountant by day, but I also like to study Numerology in my spare time. I go to the gym most mornings. I live a pretty simple life really."

"Sounds like a lot to me! Don't you have any children?"

"No, not yet."

"Oh! Well tell me more about this Numerology; what does it involve?"

"The first thing it helps you identify is your Life Path Number; this is the most important number relating to your birth."

"Why?"

*Year One: "The Truth!"*

"Because it reveals the road map to your life; if you follow the Path it can lead you to your destiny. It's easy to discover, do you want me to work out yours for you now?"

"Yes please!"

"Okay, what's your date of birth?"

"That's a sneaky way of trying to find out how old I am! Why didn't you just ask?"

"Oh, this will tell me much more than your age, you'll be like an open book before me! Do you still want me to go ahead?"

"Only if we do yours as well."

"Deal!"

"Okay, my date of birth is 7<sup>th</sup> November 1981"

"So you're 28; gimme a minute..."

Charles works out her Life Path Number in less than 60 seconds.

"Ah, I see! Suzanne, your Life Path Number is 1."

"Okay...what does that mean?"

Charles refers to his book on Numerology.

"You're a 'natural born leader. You have the courage to wander from off the beaten path. You perform best when left to your own devices. Ideally you should run your own business and be your own boss.' Sounds like you're on track!"

"That's amazing! It reminds me of my Birth Chart reading."

"Yes, Numerology and Astrology are similar sciences; Astrology deals with how the planets were aligned when you were born, and Numerology deals with the numbers in your birth date."

"Which is the best one to use?"

"Both can reveal your full potential; I prefer Numerology because I like working with numbers. Following your Life Path Number can help you fulfil your destiny."

"But is our destiny pre-ordained, or can we create it?"

"Good question Suzanne, I can see I'm going to enjoy our conversations! You're right, we all have the freedom to live our life as we choose; we can either reach our full potential, or make some smaller version of our

Self – but our *true purpose* is contained within from the moment we are born."

"That's really interesting...how did you work out my Life Path Number?"

"Well, the easiest way is to add up all the numbers in your birthdate, then reduce them down to a single digit. I'll show you when we meet; what are you doing this Saturday?"

"It's my weekend to have the boys; I'm free *next* Saturday though. What about yours; what's *your* date of birth and Life Path Number?"

"I was born on the 7<sup>th</sup> March 1977, and my Life Path Number is 7."

"Oh, you're a *Pisces*, that's supposed to be one of my best matches!"

"Says who?" he asks cheekily.

"Astrology; my church says it's wrong to follow such things, but I found it so accurate, especially when I got my personal Birth Chart reading."

"There are lots of things the church tries to hide from us. That's why I had to leave and find my own path in life," he informs her.

"I wrote a letter to God asking all the questions the church couldn't answer, I ended it by asking for 'the Truth'," she tells him.

"And did you get the Truth?"

"I'm still on the quest."

"Maybe we can travel together; I wouldn't mind reading the letter if you still have it?"

"It's in one of my journals, I'll show it to you whenever we next get to meet."

"Well don't make it sound so far away; you said you're free next Saturday, right?"

"Yes."

"Great, it's a date! But don't think I won't be calling you every day up until then!"

Suzanne laughs.

"Yes, it's been lovely talking with you, I'll look forward to it!"

"Goodnight then."

"Goodnight Charles."



## First Date

The day of their date finally arrives. Charles had said he would pick her up at 6.30pm, and sure enough, his black Mercedes pulls up outside at almost six-thirty on the dot. Suzanne looks excitedly in the mirror one last time to make sure her hair and make-up are intact. It's a warm July evening; she's wearing a red sleeveless dress that hugs her slim figure, dropping in folds just above her knees. High-heeled red sandals, lipstick and nail varnish finish off the look, coupled with diamanté earrings. She's carrying a light jacket in case it gets cold later. Her clothes aren't expensive, but she looks and feels like a million dollars.

As she steps outside and pulls her front door shut, Charles stands by her side of the car with the door open. She kisses him lightly on the cheek before getting in. After making sure her dress doesn't get caught, he shuts the door firmly. 'A real gentleman!' she thinks.

"Bang on time!" she commends him.

"Do you know how long I've been looking forward to today?"

"Me too! So where are we going?"

"First I'm taking you to dinner, and then I have a surprise for you."

"As long as it doesn't involve ending up at your place!"

"Suzanne let me make something clear; I've been waiting a long time to meet a woman like you, someone I can vibe with, connect with, hold a decent conversation with. I don't just see you as someone I picked up randomly, okay?"

"Okay – sorry if I offended you."

"No offence taken, I just wanted you to know, you mean more to me than that."

Charles presses the play button on his stereo; '*Sweet Lady*' by Tyrese starts playing.

"Oh, I love this song! You like soul and R&B as well?"

"Soul, R&B, Rare Grooves, I much prefer listening to indie artists and songs from the 80's and 90's; the frequencies sound better to me."

"I agree!"

Charles takes Suzanne's hand and places it on the gear stick of his car so she can help him change gears. They smile at each other.

"I tell you what; I'll make up a compilation CD for you with all my



favourite tunes."

"And I'll do one for you!"



### **First Date: Part One**

They pull up outside a Thai restaurant in Muswell Hill. He had pre-booked a table, so they didn't have to wait to be seated. They follow the waitress to their table and sit down. Charles excuses himself to use the men's. The restaurant is nice; not overly posh, but pleasant surroundings with a warm atmosphere and a live jazz band playing softly in the background.

When Charles returns, the waitress brings their menus. As Suzanne looks through, Charles makes his recommendations;

"Do you want to try the mixed platter? I always have it when I come here, I like the variety."

"Alright then, I'll try it!"

She likes a man who knows how to take control in a situation without dominating, if you know what I mean.

"What would you like to drink?" he asks.

"Water for now."

"Me too."

Charles calls the waitress over and orders their meal and a bottle of spring water. While they're waiting for their food to arrive, he asks Suzanne if she remembered to bring the letter.

"No, it's written in my journal, I'll show it to you later..."

She finally gets to pop the question she'd been waiting to ask him face to face;

"So tell me Charles, why don't you go to church?"

Charles takes a deep breath before replying;

"Well, I was brought up in a strong African-centred home; my father was my greatest influence. He made sure I learned about all the black heroes who had dedicated their lives to liberating Black people from white oppression, like Malcolm X, Marcus Garvey, Kwame Nkruma, and Olaudah Equiano. Having strong Black male figures in my life meant I didn't have to look to a white man to save me."

"I don't look to a white man to save me either!" Suzanne butts in.

"Are you sure? When you think of Jesus, what colour is he?"

"I don't see any colour," she responds flippantly.

Charles asks Suzanne to close her eyes, before saying the name 'Jesus'.

"Now tell me, what do you see?"

Suzanne opens her eyes and stares at him blankly.

"Hey, I'm not saying I don't believe in Jesus," Charles assures her;

"It's just that I have a problem with the white image they portray."

"Does it really matter what colour he was?" she asks defensively.

"If it didn't matter, why did they *change* the image from Black to white?"

Of course it matters! Especially when you're promoting a white saviour to people of African origin."

"Why, what difference does it make if he's black or white?"

"Think about it; if you've been told your saviour is white, you'll eventually see all white people as your saviour. You have no idea how damaging this white Jesus image has been to us psychologically."

"How?" Suzanne argues the issue.

"Let me give you an example; if a white dude was to grow a beard, grow his hair to shoulder length and say he's the Messiah, Black people would flock to him in the thousands. But if a brother grew a beard and locs and said he was the Messiah, his own people would despise him, reject him and call him an imposter!"

"Yes, but he obviously *would* be an imposter!"

"See what I mean?" Charles says exasperatedly. "It's what I call the 'white saviour syndrome'."

He looks for a way to bring an end to this topic;

"Suzanne, God lives *inside* of me, that's why I don't feel I need to go to church to find Him...I used to go to church, but I grew out of it. I hope that answers your question."

"It does...to a point, but what about when you die? Aren't you afraid of going to hell?"

Charles chuckles.

"See that's the problem with religion, it's fear-based. Would you still be a Christian if you weren't afraid of going to hell?"

Suzanne considers the question before replying;

"Yes, I would. I'm a Christian because God loves me, and I love Him."

Charles puts his hand over hers on the table and looks her straight in the eyes;

"Well I love God too, so we both have something in common."

Just then, the waitress returns with their food. As she's serving, they sit smiling at each other from across the table. When she leaves, Suzanne continues probing:

"Okay you don't go to church, so how do you know you're life is right with God?"

"Well, I do my best to live by the Laws God set out when He created the Heavens and the Earth; Universal Laws. I reckon if everyone was to live by these Laws, the world would be in peace and harmony."

"What are 'Universal Laws'?" she asks inquisitively.

She'd never heard of them before.

"Universal Laws are spiritual laws which apply to *everybody* – not just Christians, Jews, Muslims, Buddhists or any one group of people. When God created the universe, certain Laws were put in place to keep everything in order. The universe isn't 'out there' somewhere; we are *in* the universe, and therefore subject to its Laws. Gravity is one most people understand. They're also called 'Laws of Nature'. When you know these Laws and live by them, you'll be able to live in 'heaven on earth' – an *abundant* life. If you look around at nature, abundance is everywhere. The only time you see lack, is where man has interfered with what nature does naturally."

"Hmmm...That's really interesting; can you name some more of these Laws?"

Suzanne's thirst for knowledge grew.

"'You Reap What You Sow' is another one," he added;

"Scientifically they call it 'Cause and Effect'. That means for every *action* you take, there must be a *re-action*. Everything you do produces an outcome, or a *harvest*. So if you do good deeds (or sow good seeds) you'll reap a good harvest. If you sow bad seeds, you'll reap the results of your actions."

Suzanne can now see why Charles always seems to be calculating his movements. She thinks deeply about what he has just said before responding;

"No wonder Jesus said to '*love your neighbor as your Self*'. If everyone treated others the way they like to be treated, this world *would* be a better place!

Charles responds;

"The problem is, most people *don't* love themselves. We were taught to love others and to put others first, but we were never taught to love *ourselves*."

"You're right, there's a lot of self-hate, especially in our community."

"Yes, and on top of that we were taught to *fear God*; how can you fear God when God is LOVE, and fear is the *opposite* of Love?"

"I thought *hate* was the opposite of Love?" Suzanne looks puzzled.

"Fear is the root of all negative thoughts and emotions; people hate out of fear. For instance, racism started out of fear, not hate. According to the Universal Law of Polarity, *fear* is the opposite of Love."

"Where can I learn more about these Laws?" she asks.

"Just go online and do a search for 'Universal Laws' or something – but don't take everything you read as gospel, make sure you have at least two or three of the same answer before you take it as fact."

Again, this reminds her of a scripture in the bible which says '*in the mouth of two or three witnesses a matter shall be established*'. It feels as if God is speaking to her through Charles; his words nourish her soul.

"I can lend you some books as well", he adds; "You're welcome to come over to my place sometime and pick a few if you like."

"I might just take you up on that!" she replies, smiling gratefully.

Charles goes on to explain that he is half Ghanaian and half Barbadian; he had spent the first 10 years of his life raised in his father's village in Ghana, so was deeply connected to his ancestral roots. His Caribbean mother had often taken him and his two sisters to church with her, but religion had not played a key role in their household. Charles shares an African proverb his father used to say:

**"THEY had the bible and WE had the land,**

## Now WE have the bible and THEY have the land!"

He explains to Suzanne that European missionaries arrived in Africa with thousands of bibles (and guns), and used religion to pacify the natives so that they would willingly hand over the wealth-creating resources of their land. As a Christian, you're not supposed to covet material things, you're supposed to live a meek, humble life on earth, and wait until you get to heaven to receive 'riches untold'. By tricking Africans into believing this lie, they were able to walk away laughing with their gold, diamonds, oil, and other money-making natural resources.

Charles went on to explain how the economies of the Dutch, Portugese, French, British and the United States of America were all built on the backs of enslaved Africans and by raping his Motherland. During the Transatlantic Slave Trade, Christianity was whipped into captives who didn't accept it willingly. Many died rather than give up their own spirituality.

"Surely Christianity isn't *that* bad, lots of people benefit from having something to believe in," Suzanne defended her faith.

"Maybe, but your ancestors *suffered* because of it. They don't tell you to honour your ancestors who they *lynched* from trees, but they tell you to worship a white saviour who hung on a cross for you? Then they strip you of your identity and tell you that you have a new identity 'in Christ'. Where did your surname come from?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well it's not African, so how did you get it?"

"It's my family name."

"No, it's a *slave-master's* name. Your ancestor's names, language, culture, spirituality, heritage, their very *identity* was stripped from them. They were branded, bought and sold like cattle. You should learn your history Suzanne. You're a displaced African, you should find your roots."

Suzanne sighs deeply;

"I saw the film 'Roots' when I was younger, but I never identified with any of those people as being my *ancestors*...my mother never talked about coming from Africa, she's a proud 'West Indian'."

"Well...where exactly is 'West India'?" Charles asks, amused.

"Go and study Nanny of the Maroons, that would be a good place for you to begin..."

They continue to discuss the concept of 'God', what it means to 'have faith', and why there are so many different religions. Suzanne has a tendency to get on the defensive whenever her faith is challenged, as anything outside of this belief system creates inner conflict for her. Charles has a way of diffusing her argumentative attitude whenever it surfaces, especially when he reveals that within the word 'Belief' is the word 'LIE'.

Even though they're talking about church and God, they are both aware of the underlying current; they are inches away from each other across the table, and the heat they both seemed to be generating is beginning to set sparks flying.

Charles is very wise and knowledgeable, and has *standards*, Suzanne ponders. He's a one-in-a-million kinda guy; good-looking, well-mannered, well-spoken, loving, spiritual, respectful, intelligent, financially savvy, and...Black! What more could she ask for?

### **"HE MUST BE BORN AGAIN!"**

She can already hear the voice of her Pastor booming from the pulpit.

If a brother hasn't accepted Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior of his life, she would be 'unequally yoked to an unbeliever'. But Charles is *perfect*, she argues within herself; she's sure that they met by some kind of Divine Order – he's everything she had hoped and prayed for, God's best promise; Faith, Hope and Love all rolled into one. There's only one problem...he's not a *Christian*. Does it matter? Her indoctrination won't allow her to say 'no'. 'If we're going to carry on this relationship, he's going to have to get *saved*, and we're going to have to get *married*', she thinks to herself.



#### **First Date: Part Two**

After their meal, Charles drives to another venue.

"What is this place?" Suzanne asks, perturbed.

"It's called The Hideaway. They have a Poetry night on tonight; I signed you up to perform."

"You did WHAT??"

"Suzie, your poetry's brilliant, you can do the one you recited to me over the phone the other night..."

"No I can't, I get all nervous in front of crowds!"

She turns to leave, but Charles stops her.

"You can do this Suzanne, I'll be right there in the front; you can focus on me if you like."

"Why would you DO this??"

"Because you told me that you wanted to start performing your poetry, that you wanted to be pushed outside of your comfort zone?"

"I didn't mean on our first date!"

"Come on Suzanne, you got this. It's not a competition, and the crowd are only here to hear poetry, they'll LOVE you!"

Suzanne pauses to think;

"Okay."

They enter the venue. Charles tells the door-person that Suzanne should be on the list to perform; she ticks her name off. They enter the packed room and find somewhere to sit. The atmosphere is electrifying.

"Would you like a drink?" Charles asks.

"Yes, red wine please – I need to calm my nerves!"

"Just take some deep breathes and tell yourself 'I am calm'. I'll go get your wine."

While Charles is at the bar, Suzanne closes her eyes and repeats "I am calm" to herself. As she watches the other performers, she begins to feel more at ease; the crowd claps supportively after each act. Charles returns with the drinks.

"How do you feel now?" he asks.

"Better, thanks."

"So you ready to perform?"

"Ready as I'll ever be."

Suzanne gulps her wine down in one go. Charles is amused.

"Hey, take it easy!"

"That s\*\*t needs to get into my system, quick!"

"You're gonna be *fine* Suzanne, I wouldn't have brought you here if I didn't think you'd nail it."

*Year One: "The Truth!"*

Suzanne's name is called; she makes her way to the stage. The mic is on a stand, and she makes no attempt to hold it – that way, no-one will be able to see her hands shaking. She closes her eyes and begins reciting the poem she had written based on five different types of single sisters, starting with the 'Career Woman':

*I am a Strong, Black Woman  
Beautiful, Independent, Confident, Affluent  
But distinctly, alone.  
I've got the nice house,  
I've got the flash car,  
I've got all the money in the bank I need,  
I can buy the clothes I like,  
I travel whenever I can,  
The only thing I DON'T have is....*

She raises her hands to get a response from the crowd, who say it with her;

**A MAN!**

She continues;

*I'm tired of going out with the girls,  
And driving myself back home  
Opening the door to an empty house,  
Crawling into my empty KING-sized bed  
Instead of having someone to come home to,  
Or better still, come home with!  
But instead, I live in solitary confinement  
A prisoner of my own success...*

*I need a MAN!  
Not just any old man,  
But a Strong Black Man,  
Someone I can relate to  
Culturally, intellectually, spiritually,  
and of course, physically...*

The crowd hoot and applause. Suzanne gains confidence;



*I DON'T need a man who needs me more than I need him,  
But I DO need a man who's patient, loyal and loving.  
I need a man who knows how to take control in a situation  
without dominating, if you know what I mean...*

Halfway through, Suzanne takes the mic off the stand and begins pacing to and fro across the stage, engaging more with the audience, who are clearly enjoying her performance. When she finishes, she puts the mic back on the stand and takes a bow to a resounding applause. She makes her way to rejoin Charles at the table.

"You were great Suzie! See I told you they'd love you!"

"Well, thanks for giving me the push I needed, I really enjoyed that!"

"My pleasure! When did you write that poem?"

"About a year ago, why?"

"I thought you were talking about me!"

"Maybe I was!"



### **First Date: Part Three (Love & Fear)**

Charles pulls up outside Suzanne's house.

"Do you want to come in and read that letter?" she asks.

He smiles broadly.

"I'd love to!"

"Don't get any ideas!"

"Hey, I already told you, I'm not that kind of guy."

"Yes you did, sorry. Come on in..."

They make their way into her house, and enter the living room.

"Hold on, I'll just go and get it..."

Suzanne goes to her bedroom. Charles walks over to the wall where she has framed pictures of herself and her boys. She returns to the living room with her journal in hand.

"Your boys are cute," he compliments.

"Thanks, they're my little angels."

"So they don't give you any trouble?"

"Well boys will be boys, but so far I have no complaints...would you like a cup of tea?"

"Yes please, do you have any peppermint tea?"

"Yes, that's my favourite!"

"Mine too!"

"You can read the letter while I make the tea, but don't read anything else!"

"Okay," Charles agrees, laughing.

Suzanne finds the place in her journal.

"I'll warn you though; it's 20 pages long!"

"Wow..."

Charles sits on the sofa to start reading, while Suzanne makes her way to the kitchen. When she returns with the tea, Charles has a shocked look on his face.

"Gosh Suzanne, weren't you afraid God was gonna strike you down dead or something?"

"Not really; I felt I was in a position to ask those questions, based on my personal relationship with Him."

"How long did it take you to write all this?"

"I don't even remember; I think I was writing subconsciously – I wasn't really thinking about what I was writing."

Charles' eyes widen as he continues reading. He points to a part in the letter.

"I've asked God those *same questions!*"

"Did you get an answer?"

"Like you, I'm still on the quest. But learning the Laws of Nature is really helping. The hard part is, uprooting everything you've been taught that no longer serves you, in order to plant *new* ideas. When I was growing up in church, we were taught to give God the glory for the *good* things that happened, and to blame the devil for anything *bad*. Now I'm learning to take responsibility for the good *and* the bad, because they're both a product of *my* thoughts, words and actions.

Suzanne finds this hard to believe.

"So you don't think the devil has any power over you?"

"Only as much as I give him; what you focus your attention on is where

your energy goes. And since everything's made up of energy – even the devil, you're giving him your energy, and more power. Why not focus on the goodness of God instead? You know, most Christians actually worship the devil more than they worship God."

"No they don't!"

"Yes they do – they talk about the devil *more* than they talk about God! And even when they *are* talking about God, they hardly ever preach that God is LOVE, it's always fear-based. Since fear is the *opposite* of Love, they're actually giving glory to the devil, not to God."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, according to the Law of Polarity, everything has to have its opposite. If there was no 'bad', you wouldn't be able to experience *good*, because there'd be nothing to compare it with. If there was no *fear*, you wouldn't be able to experience Love. How can you FEAR God, when God *is* Love? In Truth, Love is all there is; there's no greater force than the power of Love."

"That's really beautiful Charles, but then why is there so much suffering in the world?"

"Because the majority of people allow their minds to be manipulated into focusing on fear. We haven't been taught Universal Laws."

"I'd like to learn more about them; I've experienced God's unconditional Love. You're right; half the time I don't recognize the god in the bible, compared to the One I developed *my* relationship with."

"Then let's go on the journey together – just don't pressure me with this church thing, okay?"

Suzanne laughs.

"I'll try!"

They spend the next hour talking, drinking herbal tea and listening to music. Although Suzanne is a practicing Christian, her weakness is strong Black men. It's been over three years since she last had sex, but she knows she doesn't want to sleep with Charles, especially not on their first date.

By 2.00am it becomes apparent than he doesn't want to leave, and she doesn't want him to go either.

"Charles, we've waited two weeks to see each other, and it might be another two before we get to see each other again. Why don't we make the most of it? We both have will-power, we can just lie on the bed and talk until we fall asleep. Then you can drive home in the morning, what do you think?"

"Sounds good to me!"

They move to her bedroom, and lying cuddled on top of her bed, they talk and talk into the early hours of the morning, finally falling asleep in each other's arms, fully clothed.



### **The Following Morning...**

It's Sunday. No work for Charles, and the boys will be at their dad's until the evening, so Charles and Suzanne have the day to themselves. Suzanne adopted the habit of getting up early from when the boys were babies, and it has stuck with her ever since. No matter what time she goes to bed, she's normally up by 6am the latest. She likes to get up early to pray, read her bible, exercise, shower and dress before the boys get up at 7.30am. Sometimes she may just be inspired to write. Charles is an early riser too. He habitually goes to the gym before going to work; his routine is to get there by 7am, do an hour's workout, shower, and head straight to the office. So even though it's Sunday and they'd had a late night, they are both wide awake by 7am. Suzanne wakes up first, heads for the bathroom and does some stretches before having her shower. While she's showering, Charles wakes up and sits up waiting for her. Suzanne leaves the bathroom tying her dressing gown. He eyes her up from top to bottom.

The magnetic pull towards each other is irresistible.

"Good morning! Did you sleep okay?" she asks.

"Like a baby!"

"Me too; do you need to freshen up?"

"If you don't mind; I'm not in any rush to get home."

"That's what I was hoping! What would you like for breakfast?"

"It's too early for breakfast – just relax, it's Sunday!"

"Okay, well there are clean towels on the shelf in the bathroom, and you can find a spare toothbrush in the cupboard."

"Great, thanks."

While Charles is taking his shower, Suzanne straightens her bedsheets. He returns with just a small white towel wrapped around his waist.

"Do you have any cream?"

"Here's some coconut oil..."

The sight of him oiling his dark, moist skin inspires a few lines for a poem. Suzanne grabs her journal and pen off the bedside table and writes:

*Your physique is unique,  
Natural muscle definition under your skin  
With rich tones of melanin!  
Your body is like carved mahogany,  
Dark and shiny...*

Charles notices her gawking.

"See something you like?" he says cheekily.

Suzanne adverts her eyes.

"I'm not looking."

"Okay, well do you have a robe for me as well?"

"No I don't; get in the bed, I'll get some DVD's for us to watch."

Suzanne leaves the room, and Charles gets in the bed. She returns with a few DVD's, removes her robe and gets in the bed as well. She's wearing a matching vest and shorts set.

"What do you want to watch?"

She shows him the selection.

"I'd much rather watch *you*. Why don't you put on a performance for me – naked?"

"You must be joking! It might *feel* like we've known each other forever, but I am NOT prancing around in front of you naked!"

"Why not? I thought we wanted to get to know each other better? We've explored each other's *minds*, shouldn't we explore each other's bodies as well? It doesn't have to lead to sex, you know! Like you said, we both have will-power."

"I'm not that strong – I'm struggling as it is! I have a weakness for dark skin, it seems to spark off some sort of chemical reaction in me... I might not be able to control myself."

Charles lies back and folds his hands behind his head.

"Go on, trust yourself...touch me," he murmurs seductively.

Suzanne is like an addict, offered the thing she's been trying to give up. At first, she touches him tentatively, stroking his chest, shoulders, arms and face. Seeing the lump in his genital area, she throws the covers off him completely, and is met face-to-face with his manhood.

"What do you want to do now?"

Without a word, Suzanne moves to lie on top of Charles, and gives him his first full-blown kiss. Charles pulls her into him as they French-kiss passionately. She can feel his hard-on against her pubic bone; she kisses her way down to greet it.

"Does it have a name?"

"Yeah, Pride."

"*Pride?*"

She thought this was a bit of an odd name for a dick, until Charles explained;

"You know, like 'Pride *comes* before a fall'."

It took a second for Suzanne to get it, but when she did, she burst out laughing.

"Oh my god, that's so sacrilegious!"

"Well, it also *stands* for 'Black Pride'."

Charles raises his hand in a fist. Suzanne turns her attention back to the job in (her) hand. It's a piece of art; her fingers can hardly meet around its girth, and as it stands erect, all nine-and-a-half inches lean to one side. A large vein runs down its underside, and with the skin pulled back, its head stands out loud and proud. This is her smooth dark chocolate-coloured dream!

"Hello, Pride!"

Charles closes his eyes and lets out a deep-throated groan. His face melts into pure bliss as Suzanne introduces herself to Pride with her tongue.

"Oh, *DAMN!*"

He grabs her head and pushes it down unto Pride even further. Suzanne jerks her head away abruptly, giving him a look that lets him know that the only place out of bounds to him is her hair. He raises his hands in surrender.

"Okay, okay, I get it!"

He pulls her up to lie next to him; they are both aroused. Quincy Jones' 'Secret Garden' plays on the CD in the background. They press against each other hungrily, exploring each other's bodies; kissing, touching, discovering, learning, bonding.

Straddling her on all fours like an animal that has just caught its prey, Charles brands his mark on every place he encounters, leaving a burning trail of hot kisses on her face, neck, arms, and stomach. Pausing at her breasts, he cups each one in his hands, pushing them together. He sucks on one erect nipple, then the other, paying each one individual attention. Suzanne's nipples are sensitive; she moans and writhes underneath him as he licks, sucks and teases them gently. When he has finished, he continues his journey of exploration around the map of her body, kissing her thighs, legs and feet. He then traces a wet line with his tongue back up from her ankle to her inner thigh, stopping at her garden.

Her flesh tingles in anticipation of what she knows is coming.

Parting her labia, he reveals the juicy pink flesh underneath.

He thinks it resembles a flower.

As the tip of his tongue makes contact with her sweet spot, an electrical current runs through Suzanne's whole body, causing her to jerk sporadically; she lets out a soft gasp. Tasting her sweet nectar, he begins moving his tongue slowly backwards and forwards, then in circular motions; Suzanne's back arches involuntarily with each cycle, as he increases the speed. Soon his tongue is darting up and down, back and forth, making her clitoris go as hard as his own erection. He eats her like it's his favorite meal. Suzanne moans with pleasure; holding his bald head between her hands, she guides him to make sure he's hitting exactly the right spots. She raises her head from the pillow to see if he's enjoying it as much as she is; his focus is totally on the job in hand (or should I say in 'tongue'?)

"Oh Charles, that feels *sooooo goooooood!*" she whispers to him.

He raises his head briefly to look at her and say "I aim to please", before burying his head between her legs again. As he continues to work his magic, she can feel the waves of orgasm approaching;

"Oh my god, I'm coming!"

Suzanne gasps as her eyes roll to the back of her head. The thought of her coming in his mouth excites him; he concentrates his effort on her clitoris, licking with increased intensity.

"Charles, I'm comiiiiiiiiiiiiing!"

Suzanne's body jerks uncontrollably as the waves of orgasm hit, sending an electrical current travelling from her clitoris, up her torso, down her arms and legs to every other nerve in her body, ending in the tips of her fingers, toes, and the top of her head.

He drinks every last drop of her sweet juices.

After Suzanne climaxes, Charles gets ready to ride, seeking permission first with his eyes.

"I don't have any condoms, do you?" she asks.

"Hold on..."

Charles reaches over for his jacket and takes a condom out of his wallet. Suzanne looks at him suspiciously.

"Don't look at me like that, my ma told me to always be prepared."

He gets into the missionary position, looking Suzanne deep into her eyes as he inserts Pride slowly, inch by inch. She sighs deeply as he delves deeper and deeper into her hot tunnel. He's a perfect fit, as if they were made for each other, like Adam and Eve.

"I love the way you said my name when you came," he murmurs.

"I love the way you made me come!"

Charles builds up a rhythm, increasing the intensity and speed of his thrusts. Suzanne holds on for the ride.

"That feels so good!" she sighs.

Without warning, Charles drives Pride deep into her; she cries out in pleasure and pain. He watches her breasts rise and fall beneath him as she breathes heavily, holding on to his shoulders for support. He does it again; one hard, then one soft. Each time he drives in hard, she cries out, turning him on even more.

"Give it to me baby!"

"I'm giving it to you!"

He grabs hold of her ankles and places them on his shoulders; she crosses her feet behind his head, which rises her back off the bed naturally. At this angle, he's able to penetrate even deeper. He drives Pride in and out of her wet vagina, which makes a soft slurping noise with each thrust as if saying 'thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you'.

"Tell me what it feels like, inside of me," Suzanne moans.

"Oh man, it feels like...it feels like..."



He can hardly get the words out, he's so intoxicated!

"...It feels like I'm entering the centre of your yoni-verse; the deeper I go, the hotter it gets!" he finally explains, quite eloquently.

Suzanne moans in delight. This is sheer, unadulterated happiness! 'How can something so wrong feel so right?' Her religious beliefs try to creep in and spoil her fun...she'll save the guilty conscience for later.

Suddenly he flips her into the doggy position, entering her front passage from behind. She buries her face in a pillow to muffle her cries of passion; she can feel the bend in Pride massaging her g-spot, bringing her closer and closer to orgasm. Reaching round, Charles plays with her breasts, then reaches down to stimulate her clitoris while still pounding her from behind. With all her erogenous zones being catered for, Suzanne can feel herself coming again. Charles grabs hold of her hips and riding her like a black stallion, heads for the finish line...

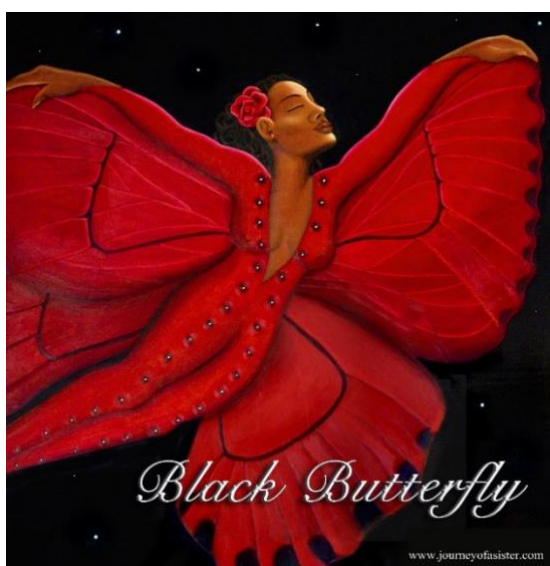
They climax together before falling into a heap of skin and sweat.

Lying spooned in bed together, Charles wraps his arm around Suzanne's waist from behind, making her feel like a captured prey.

She has no desire to be freed.

She can still feel him throbbing inside her; if it wasn't for the condom he's wearing, their body fluids would have mingled together, sealing their union.

They drift off into a peaceful sleep together.....



.....I'm like a Butterfly, fluttering amongst the flowers – but then I realize I have the power to go higher, so upwards I fly until I see the treetops way below me. Still higher I flutter until I become like one of the stars illuminating the night sky,

*It feels so free, to be able to rise limitlessly; the night air brushes against my face as I'm drawn to the light above me.....Suddenly I'm aware that I am not alone and looking down, I see a man with Wings of an Eagle flying just below me; his arms are outstretched as if waiting to catch me. The look on his face resembles that of an angel and I know, I just know I would be safe in his embrace – but it is not my intention to fall from this grace, so I beckon him to come up and join me, and even though the space between us is only that of a ladder, he struggles to reach me, as if some invisible force is holding him back. I wait patiently, fluttering my red wings to help him focus, eager to experience the warmth of his embrace... Finally he's just below me; and as I cross my arms across my chest he catches me, kissing me gently on my neck. The warmth of his breath.....*

.....Suzanne is awakened from her dream by Charles planting warm, gentle kisses on her neck, as she lies cradled in his arm. She suddenly feels bare, as she realizes her wig has come off. She jumps up looking for it; finding it down the side of the bed, she rushes to the bathroom...She returns to the bedroom composed, wig intact. Charles watches the whole scenario in amusement.

"Suzanne, you've got a beautiful head of natural hair, why do you hide it under that wig?"

"It's just easier for me to manage, that's all – my hair is so *thick!*"

"Well I think your own hair suits you much better."

"I know you're just saying that to make me feel better – I know men prefer long, straight hair."

"Not me – unless of course it's *naturally* straight and long."

"That's what I mean, you're all going off with white women, Asian women, Latino women – anything but you *own* women!"

"Not *all*, Suzanne. Some of us still prefer a sister with her natural hair, you know."

"Well you all should let us know then...Anyway, you must be starving by now, what would you like for breakfast?"

"What do you have?"

"I can make us an omelette?"

"As long as you don't use cow's milk – I'm lactose intolerant."

"So am I! I need to start dinner before the boys get back as well."

"What time are they back?"

"Five o'clock."

"Oh I'll be long gone by then – but first..."

He grabs Suzanne around the waist as she goes to leave the bedroom, pulling her back onto the bed, and removing her wig...



## Lucid Dream # 2

Suzanne has woken up late, from being on the phone with Charles until 1am. She calls Charles to tell him about her dream.

In it, Charles is walking towards her in a purple suit and tan-colored shoes. The suit has a red rose in its lapel...they're getting married! She recalls the way his broad shoulders shifted from side to side as he walked, and the big smile on his face as he sauntered towards her. It didn't last long, but she remembers it vividly.

"Me in a purple suit and brown shoes?" he laughs.

Charles always wore dark colors; grey, black or blue.

'Well at least he wasn't laughing at the idea of us getting *married!*'

She happily writes the dream, and Charles' response into her journal, before praying to God that if he is indeed her husband, let him get saved.



## Conversation with God

They pull into the driveway of Charles's three-bed end-of-terrace house. This is Suzanne's first time spending the weekend. He takes her bag from off the back seat and carries it indoors for her.

It's a typical bachelor's pad; the living room is spacious with large brown soft leather sofas, a plasma screen TV on the wall, and a Playstation 2 plugged into it.

It's neat, with only a few newspapers and books out of place on the coffee table. She likes his taste in decor, it's similar to hers; wooden floors, plain walls, and minimal furniture. She looks over at one wall lined neatly from ceiling to floor with shelves of books. The saying...

**'If you want to hide something from a Black man,  
Put it in a book!'**

...certainly didn't apply to him! Remembering Charles's offer to lend her some books on Universal Laws, she walks over to his library and scans the rows of Self-development, African History books and novels on his shelves. One particular book 'Conversations with God Book One' stands out. She selects it and opens it at a random passage:

*'...Words are merely utterances: noises that stand for feelings, thoughts, and experience. They are symbols. Signs. Insignias. They are not Truth. They are not the real thing.*

*Words may help you to understand something. Experience allows you to KNOW. Yet there are some things you cannot experience. So I have given you other tools of knowing. And these are called FEELINGS...Now the supreme irony here is that you have all placed so much importance on the Word of God, and so little on experience. In fact, you place so little value on experience that when what you experience of God differs from what you've heard of God, you automatically discard the experience and own the words, when it should be the other way around...Many words have been uttered by others, in My name. Many thoughts and many feelings have been sponsored by causes not of My direct creation. Many experiences result from these. The challenge is one of discernment. The difficulty is knowing the difference between messages from God and data from other sources. Discrimination is a simple matter with the application of a basic rule: Mine is always your Highest Thought, your Clearest Word, your Grandest Feeling. Anything less is from another source.'*

Tears well up in Suzanne's eyes; it's as if God is standing right there speaking to her Himself; she recognizes His words immediately.

"Can I borrow this book?" she turns and asks Charles.

He walks over to see which one she has chosen.

"Good choice...why that one in particular?"

"It reminds me of the letter I wrote to God – it's as if He's replying in this book!"

"Yes, it's been a while since I read it but I remember now, that's what started me on my path of learning about Universal Laws."



## The Bible and Sex

Suzanne attends church with the boys. After a powerful Praise & Worship with the choir, the congregation settle down to hear the sermon. Pastor Mensah begins in his strong, West-African accent;

"I have a message this morning for certain members of the church (pronounced 'choch').

He scans the congregation as if looking for who the sermon might be for.

"As I relay this message that the Lord has given me, I'm sure those for whom it is intended will recognize themselves. Are you listening to me somebody?"

"Yes!" the congregation respond.

"Is it okay if I pass on the message that the Lord has given me today?"

"It's okay!"

"Do you promise not to shoot the messenger?"

"We promise!"

"Oh, you say you will not shoot the messenger, but Jesus had a message of Love from the Father – and they crucified him!"

Dramatic music plays from the band. There's uproar from the congregation. Pastor does a Holy Ghost dance.

"Do you promise not to crucify your Pastor this morning?"

"We promise!"

Pastor Mensah pauses to wipe his brow before continuing:

"The message the Lord wants me to share with you today is – HE SEES YOU! Somebody turn to your neighbor and say 'Your Father sees you!'"

The congregation obey.

"Now turn to your other neighbor and say 'My Father, He sees you!'"

There's murmuring and laughter as the congregation do his bidding.

"Now tap the person in front of you and say 'My Father, He sees you!'"

The congregation laugh and do as they are told.

"Now point to the late-comers right at the back and say 'My Father, He sees you!'"

There's more laughter as they carry out his instruction. Pastor waits for everyone to settle down again. He wipes his brow.

"Now open your bibles to Hebrews 4:13. Sister Sonia, will you read what the Lord has to say?"

A young, attractive woman in her early twenties stands up and reads in a steady, confident voice;

"Nothing in all creation is hidden from God. Everything is naked and exposed before His eyes, and He is the one to whom we are accountable."

"To whom we are *what?*" Pastor echoes.

"Accountable!" the congregation respond.

"Now turn your bibles to Psalm 33:13. Sister Letishia, will you read what King David had to say; beloved children of God, are you listening? The Lord is waiting for you to heed His word so you might be saved – Sister Letishia, read!"

Another young, attractive woman stands:

"The Lord looks down from heaven and sees all the sons of men."

Pastor Mensah repeats;

"The Lord looks down from heaven and sees all the sons, *AND DAUGHTERS* of men! And Sister Suzanne, will you be so kind as to read Proverbs 15 verse 3?"

Suzanne quickly finds the scripture and stands to read;

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

"Ah-HA! Please read that again Sister Suzanne, because some of you were not paying attention!"

Suzanne reads it again, this time slower, steadier and louder.

Pastor expounds upon the scriptures;

"So you see my dear people, this essential quality of our God as an *all-seeing God* is found throughout Holy Scripture! Do you know what this means, brothers and sisters? It means that the Lord is telling you that He not only has GOOD vision, He doesn't need reading glasses like your Pastor (peering over his glasses), He has MORE than 20-20 vision – the

Lord is telling you that He has X-RAY VISION! ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME SOMEBODY?

Suzanne looks around at the crowd, wondering where Pastor is going with this. He elaborates:

"This means that there are NO SECRETS from the Lord, you cannot hide from Him, but the Lord has revealed to me that some of His children are attempting to keep secrets from Him!"

Suzanne begins to feel nervous; has God revealed her secret sex with Charles to Pastor? She holds her breath.

"Yes! Some of you are not married, yet you are sitting in His Holy House in unholy undergarments – VIC-TORIA'S SECRETS!"

The congregation gasp and murmur at this revelation, while Suzanne breathes a sigh of relief.

"Yes! You are not satisfied with Marks & Spencer's anymore, you are not happy with BHS anymore, now you are going to Ann Summers, now you are going to Victoria's Secrets, but there are NO SECRETS FROM THE LORD!"

Suzanne starts to feel agitated. She can't even *afford* Victoria's Secret lingerie!

Pastor Mensah continues:

"Now I ask you sistars, do you think it's *appropriate* to wear this kind of clothing to choch? Hmm? I will now read from 1 Timothy 2 verse 9: '*Likewise also that women should adorn themselves in modest apparel with shamefacedness and Self-control*'. In other words sistars, you are leading your brothars into temptation, because it is written in Matthew 5 verse 28 '*that whoever looks on a woman with lustful intent has ALREADY committed adultery with her in his heart*'. Is this your intention sistars? Do you want to send your brothars to HELL?"

Pastor Mensah continues admonishing the young women in the church about wearing underwear that accentuates their sexuality.

'Here we go again – I came here to be edified, not bombarded with misquoted scriptures!' Suzanne thinks to herself.

She begins to lose interest in the sermon; her mind begins to wander to the chicken she had left on a slow cook in the oven. The peas are already cooked, and

when she gets back home, she'll add the rice and boil it down, and make the macaroni cheese. She doesn't want to spend too long in the kitchen today, as Charles will be meeting her boys for the first time.

When Pastor Mensah quotes Lauren Hill's *that was the sin that did Jezebel in* Suzanne begins to imagine herself wearing expensive sexy lingerie for Charles.



### Right Time to Meet

Charles is double-parked outside the church, waiting to pick up Suzanne and the boys. As they get in the car, Suzanne introduces them;

"Boys, meet Charles; Charles, this is Micah, and this is Elijah."

She points them out respectively.

"Hi Micah, hi Elijah, jump in!" Charles greets them.

The boys say 'hi' as they get in the car. Suzanne and Charles refrain from kissing.

"How was the service?" he asks her.

"The Praise & Worship was lovely, but the sermon was fire and brimstone – I felt so condemned!"

"Why, what was it about?"

She whispers ('sex') before marriage.

"Oh... well that's why I don't follow religion – they're all fear-based."

"We'll have this conversation later!"

She turns to the boys.

"How was the children's service?"

Micah: "Good."

Elijah: "Good."

"What did you learn?" she probes.

"That Jesus died so I could be washed white as snow," replied Micah.

"I learned that I'm a poor, wretched sinner, but through Jesus' blood, I can be saved," said Elijah.

Charles gives Suzanne a 'told you so' look.

"You better find some other spiritual system to teach them before you damage their young minds!"





Back at Suzanne's, the boys and Charles have bonded over the Playstation 2. While they're playing games, she finishes preparing dinner in the kitchen.

"Boys, can you lay the table please?" she calls out to them.

"Hold on mum, we just need to finish this game!" Elijah calls back.

"Well hurry up, I'm bringing the food out in five minutes – don't let me have to tell you again!"

"Is there anything I can help with?" Charles asks her.

"Yes, help them lay the table please."

They finish the game and put the plates, knives and forks on the table mats. Charles folds the napkins. Suzanne starts bringing out the rice and peas, stew chicken, macaroni cheese, sautéed potatoes, and home-made coleslaw. They all sit at the table.

"Mmmm... looks delicious! Shall I say grace?" Charles offers.

"Yes please!"

They all bow their heads and close their eyes.

"Mother-Father Creator of all things, thank you for provision today; bless the hands that grew the food, the hands that made the food, and may it sustain all our bodily functions, amen."

Suzanne and the boys say amen.

"*Mother-Father Creator?*" she queries.

"Yes; when I was still a church-goer I asked God 'How can there be a Father and a Son, but no mention of a Mother?' I was directed to Proverbs 8, where Wisdom is personified as a woman. It says that Wisdom was with God in the beginning, and that without Wisdom, nothing was created."

"Oh, I'm going to have to read scripture that again!"



Suzanne and Charles are cuddled on the sofa. The boys have gone to bed.

"So tell me more about the sermon," he says.

"Oh my god Charles, talk about condemnation! I felt so guilty about having sex before marriage!"

"Well, what *is* marriage?"

"What do you mean, 'what is marriage'?"

"Just that; is it the 'white wedding'? Exchanging rings? Signing a register? The wedding reception and honeymoon? All those things are creations of man, not 'of God'."

Suzanne pauses to think before replying.

"I see what you mean, but the bible clearly states that sex before marriage is wrong."

"There are plenty of instances in the bible where people had pre-marital sex; even King Solomon, who was supposed to have been the wisest man to ever live, had sex outside of marriage," he states.

"True, but those were all in the *Old Testament*."

"So did Jesus come to set us free, or put us in further bondage?"

"I see what you're trying to do here Charles, you just don't want to commit, do you?"

"I *am* committed to you Suzie, you don't need a piece of paper to tell you that."

Suzanne begins to feel agitated.

"Well I can't continue to have sex with you indefinitely outside of my beliefs. Fornication is a sin."

"Then maybe you should change your beliefs."

"How do I do that? I've been told this all my life!"

"Okay, well here's what I did to change mine; first I asked myself 'What is *God's* idea of marriage; is it a *physical* or *spiritual* union?' Then I unindoctrinated myself by saying "I LOVE SEX!" whenever I was in the act. Instead of thinking I was doing something wrong, I started to think about how *right* it felt, and how it's the best gift God gave us. I learned this from that book you borrowed, '*Conversations with God Book One*'."

"Well it all sounds good in *theory* Charles, but what about the fact that it's a sin to have sex before marriage? I want to serve God in spirit and in truth."

"Well to me, marriage is a *spiritual* union, and I serve God every day by serving my fellow human beings. I see God in every body – I see God in *you*."

"So what are you saying, that we're already married?"

"In a way, yeah."

Suzanne crosses her arms, turns away and sulks. Charles moves closer and puts his arm around her.

"Suzie, I'm not saying that I'd never sign papers, but it's not the be-all-and-end-all. I know lots of people who are going through *hell* in their marriages, some of them are even Christian. I don't want to end up like that."

"Neither do I, but I do want to live a life that's pleasing in God's sight."

"Don't you think you are? Look how He brought us together. When the time's right, we *will* marry, but not because we're pressured into it by any outside forces, it will be *our* choice."

He pulls her into a warm embrace.



**Listen to Cezanne's letter to God, and 'God's Reply' at:**

[www.journeyofasister.com](http://www.journeyofasister.com)

Download Cezanne's artwork '**Black Butterfly**' featured in Year One at

[www.journeyofasister.com/art](http://www.journeyofasister.com/art)

[Watch Cezanne perform "I Need a MAN!"](#)

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Year One: "The Truth!"

**In Year Two:**

### ***Journey of a Sister***



***Year Two: Who Am I?***

- **Suzanne discovers her African ancestry**
- **Inspires Charles to start his art again**
- **Decides to use her gift of writing poetry to help her people break free from mental slavery**

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## About the Author



**Cezanne Taharqa** aka '**Cezanne Poetess**' is an award-winning Visual & Spoken Word Artist, Author, Blogger, Workshop Facilitator and Mentor, guided by her in-tuition. Her books, poetry and art are creative expressions of her personal journey and spiritual development.

Cezanne was born in the UK of Jamaican parentage, but her roots are in Africa. She is in the process of breaking free from the psychological trauma passed down to her genetically, and has a passion to help others heal too;

***"As I heal my Self I heal others, and as I help others, I help myself."***

Cezanne can often be found walking in the park at 6am 'breathing in the trees', dancing between the world where dreams are made, and the world where thoughts are manifested, swaying her hips to the sounds of nature, smelling of jasmine oil. She lives for risk and adventure and wakes each morning excited and grateful for what each new day will bring. She considers herself a 'modern day Moses', sent to lead her people out of mental slavery, but her **soul purpose** is to '**Spread LOVE through Creativity**'.

### Is the Charles character based on a real person?

This is a question I get asked a lot!

*Journey of a Sister* is part-autobiographical; I drew from some of my most profound experiences to help shape the story. For instance, the way Suzanne and Charles met is *exactly* the way I met my 'Twin Soul/Twin Flame'. I didn't know anything about the 'Twin Soul Phenomenon' at the time, but I later found out that the purpose of them meeting in each lifetime is to help raise the consciousness of the planet.

[Download my FREE e-book 'The Twin Soul Phenomenon'](#) to learn more!

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*Year One: "The Truth!"*

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