

# Journey *of a* Sister



Featuring Artwork & Poetry by the Author

CEZANNE POETESS

# *Journey of a Sister*

**A self-help book told in a NOVEL way!**

Featuring Artwork & Poetry by the Author



*Touching the Heart...through Art!*

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**This is the Third (and final!) Edition of Cezanne's previously published novel  
'Single, Spiritual...AND Sexual!' (2012)**

## **Dedication**

To my three 'sons' Zaviere, Sanchez and Azagba,

To honour my ancestors,  
and for the Love of my people.

Hosea 4:6

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## Introduction

Born in the UK of Jamaican parentage, I was raised in the Christian faith. By my mid-thirties, I'd developed a close relationship with my Creator, to the point where I was inspired to write loving messages from 'the Poet in the sky'. One of them, "*Look to Me!*" features in Year One of this story.

However, I began to question what I'd been taught to believe; in 2001 I was inspired to write a fearless letter to God, which also features in *Year One*. I ended the letter by asking for "The Truth!"

**Your QUEST for "The Truth!" begins when you ask  
the right QUESTions!**

This marked a turning-point in life; my poetry and art became creative expressions of everything I was discovering along the way.

While this book is loosely based on my own herstory, it's *not* my autobiography (the story behind the story is coming!) 46,000 words were *channelled*, meaning they came *through* me rather than *from* me – and it's *packed* with ancestral wisdom!

Between 2007-2009 I learned how to meditate intensively; during the process I unblocked as an artist and subsequently painted my first collection '*Nature's Art*'.

## Introduction

I was inspired to use my artwork and poetry to illustrate this story; I used my painting '*Black Butterfly*' to illustrate the front cover because it's symbolic of 'Transformation of the Mind'. I also used the Adinkra symbol for Transformation at the end of each chapter to reMIND you to look out for transformation in the following areas: her mind, self-identity, her hair journey, religion to spirituality, lustful sex to sacred sex, their individual personal development, and the transformation of their relationship.

This book is intended to take you on your own journey of Self-discovery!

You may notice that sometimes I capitalise the word 'Self'. This is when I'm referring to our Higher Self. If you're a believer you may call it the Holy Spirit; if you're non-religious you may refer to it as your in-tuition; that still, small voice within...

You may find it beneficial to listen to the audiobooks while reading, so you can see and *hear* how my poetry and art are beautifully woven into the story!

**Listen to the Audiobooks, FREE!**  

The audiobooks of **Journey of a Sister** are narrated by myself, with break music created by my youngest son, Azzy. Listen to the series [FREE on the Journey of a Sister YouTube channel!](#)

There's also a playlist where you can listen to all my poems and poem-songs featured in this story in full length, titled [Poems that Feature in Journey of a Sister](#).

## Introduction

If you benefit from listening to each audiobook, *leave me your feedback* in the Comments, 'like' my videos, *share* them, and *subscribe to my channel!*

So without further ado, start your journey of Self-discovery!  
In your service,



Cezanne Poetess

Author | Visual & Spoken Word Artist | Vlogger | Ascending Souls Tribe  
Leader

**P.S. If you click on any of the links in this e-book and get an 'Advanced Threat Protection' message, skip verification, my websites are 100% safe! Alternatively, type the links into your browser.**



*'Sesa Wo Suban'*

The West African (Ghanaian) Adinkra Symbol for 'Transformation'



## Year One: "The Truth!"

### Self-reflection

It's a warm Spring evening in 2001. After tucking her boys in for the night, Suzanne climbs into her own bed and settles down to write in her journal:

*'It's been three years since I broke up with Mark. Being on my own has given me plenty of time to think about what went wrong; now I can see that I had low self-esteem, and he was only reflecting back to me my own lack of self worth and insecurities – not to mention projecting his own!*

*Now he's left me to raise our sons alone; how did I end up like this? I should've married Robbie when he proposed, he was the best thing that ever happened to me. But back then, I couldn't accept his love for me because I didn't love myself – I didn't feel 'good enough' for him. So instead, I allowed Mark to treat me the way I subconsciously believed I deserved to be treated. How would my life have been different with a handful of different choices? From now on, before I make any life-changing decisions, I'm going to seek counsel from someone who's had more experience in life than I have. I wish I could have relied on mum for that, but she's never offered any kind of advice other than bible scriptures – and that's not always practical when emotions (and hormones) are involved...'*

She pauses to smile wryly.

As she thinks about where she is in life right now, Suzanne writes; *'I feel like a caterpillar crawling through life – but even a caterpillar still has the HEART of a butterfly, and still aspires to fly...'*

As she writes freehand, a beautiful poem emerges about the process of metamorphosis; she likens the stages a caterpillar goes through to transform into a butterfly, with the process *she* must go through to transform her life. She titles her poem *'The Black Butterfly Effect'*.

Writing poetry is Suzanne's way of expressing her deepest emotions. Occasionally, she's inspired to write a poem which comes as a 'download', where she doesn't have to think about what she's writing; it comes *through* her rather than *from* her.

Over the past few years, Suzanne has done the inner work to uncover the root cause of her issues, and had put herself through a series of self-development programs to raise her self-esteem and build self-confidence. She now carries herself better, has a more positive self-image, and loves and accepts herself unconditionally.

But her religious programming isn't about to be erased so easily; raised in the Faith, she still believes her sexual thoughts and feelings are sinful, which keeps her in a perpetual state of 'unworthiness' every time she thinks or acts out her natural desires. Being a young Scorpio woman, sexual sin is her weakness...her *spirit* is willing, but her *flesh* is weak. She's been celibate since her breakup but now, the thought of having a man around again is tempting.

Wanting to set a better example for her sons, Suzanne feels confident that she can now attract a man who will reflect her own raised self-esteem.

*'...I'm in a much better place now, and I feel ready to try love again. What type of man would suit me best?'*

While India Arie's '*Ready for Love*' plays softly in the background, she writes a list of all the qualities she desires her 'dream man' to have, before closing her journal and falling into a deep, peaceful sleep, smiling to her Self.



## **Self Love**

The boys are at their dad'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 pleasuring herself. She wonders why God created the clitoris; 'is it there for me to please 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.

With all these thoughts running through her mind, she can't help re-creating her imaginary lover, who visits whenever she needs a release. As she imagines him riding her silently back and forth, she increases the pressure and speed of her finger, while simulating sex on the sofa.

With every withdrawal she lets out a sigh, and with each 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! She doesn't understand why God would give her sexual desires then tell her to ignore them until she's married! What if she ends up being one of the women in the church who remains single, since there aren't enough men to go around?

The thought of never having sex again doesn't appeal to Suzanne! Why make her body desire sex if she's not allowed to have it until after marriage? No-one in church has been able to answer this satisfactorily, and whenever she asks her Heavenly Father directly, He always remains silent. So despite her 'weakness', Suzanne continues going to church, paying her tithes, studying her bible, and getting to know God personally so she can discover the reason He created her – her destiny.

It was only after having children of her own that Suzanne began to 'innerstand' God's Unconditional Love for her; she could do nothing wrong to make Him stop loving her. As her spiritual Father, 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 they developed their relationship; His strength really was made perfect through her weakness!



## The Rebellion

After a stressful day at work, collecting the boys from after school club, cooking dinner, and spending Quality Time with them before bed, Suzanne is finally able to sit down and relax. She switches on the TV to images of starving children in Africa, the latest report of another 'Black on Black' murder, and the state of the country's economy. Fear and anxiety begin to creep in. Suzanne wonders what is her reason for living; is it to live a meaningless existence, get saved, then spend the rest of her life looking forward to going to heaven?

"There's got to be more to life than this!" she thinks.

As a 'child of the King', Suzanne believes she's entitled to the best of everything, but instead, she's struggling to make ends meet. *'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof'*, so what's stopping her from claiming her piece of the pie? The devil. That's what the bible says; *'The devil comes to kill, steal and destroy'* anything good that is due to her. The only way to stop him from stealing her good is to fight him every day. *'Put on the whole armour of God, so that you can withstand the fiery darts of the devil'*. That's what she had been taught, but Suzanne is tired of fighting.

*'All I want is to get my life to work! What's the point of being a Christian if my life here on earth isn't better than a non-Christian? Why do I have to wait until I die and go to heaven?'*

That evening, feeling brave, Suzanne decides to write God a fearless letter asking all the questions her church couldn't answer.

As His child, she *should* be able to approach Him openly, since He could see what's in her heart and thoughts anyway. She's going to 'tell it as it is', and assuming there are others who would love to ask these *same questions* but are too scared for fear of His wrath, she stands in proxy for them.

She begins with 'The Fall of Lucifer' story, as this seems to be the root cause of all the world's problems. She re-tells it as *she* 'innerstands' 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 explains how Lucifer managed to get a third of the angels to join him in rebelling against God, which resulted in Him kicking them out of heaven. She asks why God hadn't banished them to one of the far distant planets in the galaxy and put some kind of force-field around it, so they couldn't reach His new creation on Earth? Instead, they had come and corrupted His 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 even accuses God of showing favouritism!

She proceeds to analyze 'The Fall of Adam and Eve' story, again trying to get to the *root cause* of all the world's (and her) problems.

After all, if it wasn't for Adam and Eve being tempted by the devil, we would all still be living in 'heaven on earth', as was originally intended. She reminds God that He made them 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'.

She points out that Lucifer also had free access to the Garden of Eden, and transforming into a serpent, successfully tempted Eve into eating of the forbidden fruit, and she in turn tempted Adam. Instead of God taking responsibility for leaving them unprotected, He *cursed* Adam and Eve, *evicted* them from their home, then sent them out into the Big Wide World, only to be tempted and corrupted by the devil even more!

It was only after banishing them that God placed an 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). Without access to the Tree of Life, Adam and Eve were doomed to death.

None of this makes any sense to Suzanne; she asks if the Tree of Life was more important to God than the human race?

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

Suzanne suggests that even if the serpent hadn't come along, *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 told my children "Don't eat those sweets!" and just left them there for weeks and weeks, I guarantee that it would only be a matter of time before those sweets started disappearing down their throats!'*

She argues 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 said 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?'*

Standing in Adam and Eve's defense, Suzanne claims they were naïve, inexperienced, and gullible. They didn't stand a chance against the guile of His enemy, and the punishment served on them far outweighed their actions.

Instead of making them feel as if it was *their* fault Satan came to tempt them, she thinks God should have *apologized* to Adam and Eve for putting them in such jeopardy in the first place! 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 the 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 here; 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 continues more boldly.

Referring to another scripture, she asks *why* God had instructed her not to react to people who act wickedly towards her? Instead, she was expected to see 'past the flesh' and deal with it from 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'm not sure I even believe this story, 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, turning the sky a beautiful hazy blue-red. But returning to her journal, her questions instantly resurface.

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, 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?'*

Pausing to reflect on what she has just written, Suzanne 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? She challenges God to look at His own faults;

*'How many mistakes have you made in YOUR lifetime? I'd say putting Your adversary on the same planet as Your new creation has to be the BIGGEST MISTAKE OF ALL TIME! 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?'*

Desperately seeking to know God's thinking behind His decisions, she implores; *'...I know Your ways are not my ways so please, help me to understand...'*

Suzanne asks why God wasn't supplying all her needs as promised in His word; *'...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 had 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...'*

Suzanne 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 and desires to serve Him 'in spirit and in truth', but the truth is, she's finding it hard 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 has experienced God as being Pure, Unconditional Love, Suzanne is confident that she can approach Him in this way. She had been finding it difficult to match the 'Jekyll and Hyde' character in the bible with the God *she* has developed a relationship with, and her letter is a test to see whether He'll now switch on her. She concludes her letter by stating that although Lucifer took a third of the angels with him, there are still *two thirds* left in heaven with God! She tells Him that she believes He's mightier than the devil, and since He has twice as many angels, where's the battle, really? She writes her last lines; *'...You know, the more I think about all of this, the more I realize 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 has 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. Picking up her journal and pen occupying the space of her 'dream man' on the bed, she turns over a fresh page:

### **"Look to Me!"**

**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.**

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The 'Poet in the sky' replies promptly, and in a language she can relate to – poetry! As she's writing, she can feel His 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.



## **Synchronicity**

The following week, Suzanne is at a community event test-marketing her new Inspirational Posters. A Councillor from the local Chamber of Commerce visits her table.

“Hi, these are nice, did you design them?”

“Yes, I wrote the poetry too; I thought I'd print a few to see how well they'll sell.”

“Good idea! The International Caribbean Trade Expo would be a great place to do that, but you'll need to print a lot more! It's taking place in the Docklands next weekend, I'll give you a number to call to book a stand if you like?”

“Yes please!”

He writes a number on the back of his business card and hands it to her.

“Mention my name, they might give you a discount.”

“Thank you, I will!”

“Good luck!”

He smiles, waves, and walks off.

Suzanne calls her sister Janice to ask if she wants to go halves on the stand; Janice travels to places like Egypt, Africa and the Caribbean to buy things of black interest to sell.



## **The Caribbean Expo**

Thousands of people flock to the venue in the Docklands over the two-day event. There's a buzz of excitement in the auditorium as hundreds of stall-holders, including Suzanne talk excitedly with their prospective buyers. Fashion shows, workshops, hair care demonstrations, performances and inspirational talks take place at designated times, including a keynote speech from the Jamaican High Commissioner. All these divert the crowd's attention from time to time, yet still, Suzanne makes over three times as much money as she had invested in her half of the stand and printing her posters. This is a great launch to her business, but that's not the only reason this event will go down in her-story...

She notices him first from across the room; he seems to stand out in the crowd like a neon light, appearing head and shoulders above everyone else. As he approaches, Suzanne begins to feel all hot and flustered; butterflies flutter around in her stomach, her heart starts pounding, palms are sweating ...does she even *know* this guy?

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 he's not heading towards *her* stand, but the 100 Black Men of London opposite! She calls out to him impulsively;

"EXCUSE ME!"

He turns, sees her waving at him, and begins walking towards her. She suddenly feels nervous; '*What am I doing? I'm not in the habit of pursuing men – plus, I'm meant to be working!*'

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. She flicks her hair.

"Hi, I thought you might be interested in my posters!" she quips over-enthusiastically.

"Hmmm....they're nice, are these *your* poems?"

"Yes."

He stands silently, reading one.

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

Suzanne laughs.

"Would you like one?" she asks.

"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 gratefully.

"What made you come here today?"

She tries to prolong his stay by rolling the posters up slowly, before putting an elastic band around them. Neat, heavy eyebrows adorn his sparkling dark brown eyes. He's dressed smart-casual in a pair of jeans, shirt and polished shoes.



As she hands him the tube he smiles with full, luscious lips, revealing perfect white teeth against his dark chocolate skin. 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 100 Black Men of London 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...

(She clicks her number counter)

...twenty-eighth customer!”

“Congratulations! What were you doing before this?”

“I used to work in Admin, but I recently left my job so I could focus on starting my own business.”

“Wow, sounds pretty much like me...”

As he proceeds to tell her *his* story, Suzanne suddenly notices that the whole room has become silent, as if they're the only two people in the room, and she can only hear *their* conversation! Everything around them has become like a blurred whirlwind, as if they're caught in some kind of time warp. In the few moments that they converse, they share information about themselves as if they had known each other for ages.

“...I have to go – do you have a card?”

He bursts the imaginary bubble, and the room returns to normal. Suzanne picks up one of her home-made laminated business cards

from the table 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; they shake hands quite formally, but there's a lingering in the time they should have let go.

"I'm Suzanne."

As he walks across to meet his friend, Janice asks "Who was THAT?!"



## He Calls

Two days later, true to his word, Charles calls. Suzanne is in the living room watching The Oprah Winfrey Show while her boys, Micah and Elijah play on the floor noisily. A number pops up on her mobile phone which she doesn't recognize, and she instinctively knows it's him. The boys hadn't come up in their conversation at the Expo; she jumps up to leave the room, calling out to them on the way;

"BE QUIET!"

She puts on her business voice.

"Hello, Suzanne speaking?"

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

"Oh hi Charles, of *course* I remember, how could I forget? Nice to hear from you!"

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

"I couldn't wait to call, but I thought I'd give you a couple of days to rest after your busy weekend, how was it?"

"Great! I made a huge profit, 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, that's alright then – so I don't have any competition?"

She can see where this is heading;

"Could you do me a favour, can you call back after eight please? Once the boys are in 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 in a surprised tone. Judging from her slender figure, he'd figured she was childless.

"Six and eight" she answers cautiously.

"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 reading, finding out how their day at school was, and praying with them before putting them to bed, Suzanne returns to the living room and sits down to relax. She glances at the clock; 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. Are you okay to 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!

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

Charles isn't deterred;

"No, of course not...I'd just like to get to know you better, how do you feel about that?"

Suzanne relaxes and smiles.

"Yes, I'd like to get to know you better too!"

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

Suzanne laughs nervously.

"If you had called me beautiful a couple of years ago, I would have said you were lying!"

"Why?!"

"I grew up being called 'the ugly duckling of the family'. I had to do a lot of work with positive affirmations to change my inner programming."

"Well I wasn't lying...beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and I think you're gorgeous!"

"Thank you! What about you? Tell me more about *your* self – do *you* have any children?"

"No, not yet."

"Okay...how do you spend your free time?"

"Well, I go to the gym most mornings before work; I'm an Accountant by day, but I also like to study numbers in my spare time – Numerology to be exact. Numbers fascinate me."

"Ugh! Maths was my worst subject at school! What do you find so fascinating about *numbers*?"

"Well, everything in the Universe is based on mathematical precision. To understand life, you must understand numbers. For instance, knowing your Life Path Number can help you to discover and fulfil your soul purpose."

"What's a 'Life Path Number'?"

"It's the most important number relating to your birth."

"Oh...why?"

"Because it reveals the road map to your life; if you follow the Path, it can lead you to 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, just like a seed, waiting to grow."

"How can I find out *my* Life Path Number?"

"I can work it out now if you like? It won't take a minute."

"Okay then!"

"Great! What's your date of birth?"

"That's a sneaky way of trying to find out my age! 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 continue?"

"Only if we do yours as well."

"Deal!"

"Okay, my date of birth is 9th November 1979."

"Oh, you're 28 like me! 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?"

He refers to his book on Numerology;

*"You're 'a natural born leader, you demand freedom of thought and action; you have drive and determination; you don't let anything or anyone stand in your way once you are committed to your goal; you are exceptionally creative and original, and possess a touch of the unusual. Your approach to problems is unique; 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. More often than not, a person with a '1' Life Path Number will achieve much in life as long as the tenacity, creativity, originality, and pioneering spirit are fully employed.' Sounds like you're on track!"*

"That's amazing! It reminds me of my Natal Chart report; *I'm fascinated by Astrology.*"

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

"How did you work out my Life Path Number?"

"It's simple, all I did was add up all the numbers in your date of birth, then reduced them to a single digit...I'll show you how when we next meet."

"That sounds promising! Okay, now it's your turn; what's *your* date of birth and Life Path Number?"

"I was born on 24th of February 1979, 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 replies cheekily.

"Astrology! So tell me, do the numbers in Numerology match up, like Star Signs?"

"They do say some numbers are more compatible than others, but just like Astrology, you should only use them as a *guide* to help you understand yourself and others better, rather than making conclusions about a person based on their Life Path Number or Star Sign."

"I see...so are 1 and 7 compatible?"

"Well, they do add up to 8, which is the number for infinite abundance, but like I said, it doesn't always work that way...Suzanne, it's been really nice talking with you."

I'd love to carry on this conversation over dinner if you like...what are you doing on Saturday?"

"It's my weekend to have the boys, but I'm free *next* Saturday."

"Great, it's a date! Whereabouts do you live?"

"North London."

"I'm South of the river, I'm driving so it's not a problem – but don't think I won't be calling you every day until then!"

Suzanne laughs.

"Great, I'll look forward to it!"

"Me too. Goodnight Suzanne."

"Night Charles."

Their relationship was foretold in the Numbers and written in the Stars...so why didn't they see what was coming?



## First Date

The day of their date finally arrives. Charles had said he would pick Suzanne up at 6pm, and sure enough, his black Mercedes pulls up outside her house at almost six o'clock 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 summer evening; Suzanne is wearing a red figure-hugging sleeveless dress, which stops just above her knees. High-heeled red sandals, red 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; she knows how to buy clothes cheap, not buy cheap clothes.

As she steps outside and pulls her front door shut, Charles waits patiently by the passenger side of his 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, gets in the driver's seat and starts the engine.

"Bang on time!" she commends him.

"D'you know how much 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!"

A pained look crosses Charles' face. He takes a deep breath before replying;

"Suzanne, let me explain something to you; I've been waiting a long time to meet a lady like you, someone I can vibe with, connect with, hold a decent conversation with. I don't just see you as some woman 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."

He presses the play button on his stereo before driving off. 'Sweet Lady' by Tyrese starts playing.

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

"Yeah, I much prefer listening to indie artists and songs from the 80's and 90's; the frequencies sound much better to me."

"I agree!"

He takes her hand and places it on the gear stick of his car, and places his hand over hers 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 songs," he suggests.

"And I'll do one for you!"



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

Charles pulls up outside a rather posh-looking Thai restaurant in Muswell Hill. They follow the waitress to their pre-booked table; he pulls out a chair for Suzanne to sit down before excusing himself to use the men's. She admires the ambience of the place; it has a warm, cozy atmosphere with soft piano music playing in the background.

Charles returns, and the waitress brings the menus. As Suzanne looks through the meal options, he 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!"

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, Suzanne pops the question she had been waiting to ask face-to-face;

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

A bit taken aback, he pauses before replying;

"Well I used to, but I kinda grew out of it."

"What do you mean you 'grew out of it'?"

"I got to a point where I just couldn't keep ignoring the facts."

"What facts?"

"Are you sure you want to hear this?"

"Yes, go on!"

"Well, when I was a boy 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, and Kwame Nkrumah. 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 replies 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 matter what colour he was?" she asks defensively.

"Of course it does! This 'white saviour' image has caused major damage to our people's psyche – now it's like we can't do anything without the white man! Even our African leaders rely on him for things they should've been able to do for themselves. That's why Africa, our Motherland is in such a mess."

"Wait, how did we get talking about Africa when the question was 'why don't you go to church'?"

Charles takes a deep breath before replying;

"Suzanne, I'd rather not fall out with you over religion."

"I just want to know why you don't go to church, that's all."

He sighs deeply again.

"Okay. So I grew up with a Pan-Africanist father, and a Christian mother. I spent the first ten years of my life being raised in his village in Ghana. When he died, my mother returned to England where they first met. She carried on taking us to church, but I never forgot the stories my father told me, about how religion was used to steal the wealth of Africa."

Suzanne laughs sarcastically.

"How was *religion* used to steal the wealth of Africa?"

Charles re-tells the story his father had told him, of how European missionaries arrived in Africa in the early 1800's with thousands of bibles, claiming to 'spread the gospel'. In truth, their mission was to use religion to mentally enslave those natives who had escaped the Transatlantic Slave Trade.

They were forced to believe their African spirituality was evil, and that they needed to be saved. In the 1600's, Christianity had been whipped into enslaved Africans who didn't accept it willingly, but there were still plenty of Africans who practiced their own spirituality. In order for their plan to succeed, Europeans had to convince Africans that they needed a white saviour, and that they shouldn't desire earthly treasures. This would make it easy for them to usurp the wealth-creating resources of their land. By tricking Africans into believing that they should live a humble life on earth, and wait until they get to heaven to receive 'riches untold', they were able to walk away laughing with their gold, diamonds, oil, and other natural resources. Charles recalls 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 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, under the banner of Christianity.

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

“Maybe, but your ancestors suffered and died because of it. They were lynched on trees, and now *you're* expected to forget about them and worship a white saviour who hung on a wooden cross for you

instead! You were stripped of your identity and told 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-trader's* name. Your ancestor's names, language, culture, spirituality, 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 wistfully;

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

"Well, where exactly *is* 'West India'?" Charles asks, looking bemused.

"What's *your* surname?" she responds defiantly.

"Ankrah. My Ghanaian name is Kwame."

"Oh, I thought you were West Indian like me – you don't *look* African!"

"I'll take that as an insult...is it that I look West Indian, or that *you* look African?"

"Sorry, I didn't mean to offend you – you should be proud to be African."

"I *am* proud to be African! I can trace my ancestry as far back as ten generations on my father's side. But my mother who's from

Barbados, can only trace her lineage as far back as her great-great grandparents. Where are your parents from?"

"They're both from Jamaica."

"Do you know where they're from originally?"

"That's as far as I know."

"Maybe you could try and trace your ancestry?"

"I wouldn't even know where to start!"

"Well maybe you could start by visiting Ghana with me. Most of the enslaved Africans were transported from there. They're your ancestors."

Suzanne half-laughs.

"Me, go to Africa? I don't think so!"

"Why not?"

"Well for one, I don't like the idea of sleeping in a mud hut – and all those flies!"

"You watch too much 'tell-lie-vision', it's not like that in real life – they only show those images to put you off going back home, to your Motherland."

"Africa isn't my home, I'm Jamaican."

Charles sighs deeply. Placing his hand over hers on the table he says;

"It's a shame to see how disconnected the descendants of enslaved Africans are from their ancestral roots. If you want, I can help you find your way back home."



## Part Two: First Performance

After their meal, Charles drives them to another venue.

"What is this place?" Suzanne asks curiously.

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

"You did *WHAT??*"

"Suzanne, 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.

"Come on Sue, you'll be fine. 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 you wanted to start performing your poetry? That you wanted to step outside of your comfort zone?"

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

"You'll be fine; it's not a competition, and the crowd are only here to listen to poetry – they'll LOVE you!"

Suzanne pauses to think.

"Okay."

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

"Would you like a drink?" Charles asks.

"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, breathes deeply and repeats "I am calm" to herself. As she watches the other performers, she begins to feel more at ease; the crowd is supportive, clapping and cheering 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 all her wine down in one go.

"Hey, take it easy!" he warns, looking amused.

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

Charles chuckles.

"I wouldn't have brought you here if I didn't think you'd nail it."

Suzanne's name is called; she makes her way to the stage. The microphone is on a stand; she makes no attempt to hold it – that way, no-one will be able to see her hands shaking. She begins reciting the poem she had written based on four different types of Single Black Women, 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,*

Year One: "The Truth!"

*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...*

She raises her eyebrows suggestively; the crowd hoot, clap and  
applause, which raises her confidence levels.

Year One: "The Truth!"

*I need a man who won't be intimidated by me;  
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...*

Halfway through, Suzanne gains enough confidence to take the mic off the stand. She begins pacing to and fro across the stage, engaging more with the audience, who are clearly enjoying her performance;

*I need a man  
who knows how to take control in a situation  
without dominating (If you know what I mean),  
And I want a man who can handle me  
'cos I ain't easy;  
Yes I know I'm hard work, I admit it  
But the one who cracks the nut  
shall eat of the fruit in it...*

At the end of her performance Suzanne replaces the mic on its stand, and takes a bow to a resounding applause. She makes her way back to the table where Charles is clapping profusely.

"You were great, Sue! 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!"



### **Part Three: Love vs. Fear**

Charles pulls up outside Suzanne's house.

"Do you want to come in for a cup of tea?" she asks.

He smiles broadly.

"I'd love to!"

"Don't get any ideas!" she warns him.

"I already told you, I'm not that kinda guy."

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

They make their way inside and enter the living room.

"I'll put the kettle on, what tea would you like?"

"Do you have any peppermint?"

"Yes, that's my favourite."

"Mine too!"

Suzanne heads for the kitchen. Charles walks over to get a closer look at the framed pictures of Suzanne and her boys hung on the wall. She returns to the living room carrying a tray with a pot of peppermint tea, two cups, and a plate of biscuits.

"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 thank God (she knocks her wooden table), I have no complaints."

"Tell me, how do you get on with their dad now?"

"Oh, I only talk to him if I have to. He has the boys every other weekend, and we split the care during school holidays. We've both moved on, if that's what you mean."

Charles nods with a smug look on his face, pleased with her reply.

As they sit on the sofa drinking their tea, Suzanne again brings up the topic of why he doesn't go to church.

"So Charles, I understand what you said about Christianity being used to enslave our ancestors, 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 ponders the question before replying confidently;

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

Charles smiles, looking her straight in her eyes;

"Well I love God too...I see God in everybody; I see God in *you*."

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

Suzanne continues probing:

"Okay, so how do you know you're life is right with God?"

"Well, I do my best to live by the Laws 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 a better place."

"What are 'Universal Laws'?" she asks inquisitively. She'd never heard of them before.

"Universal Laws apply to everyone – not just Christians, Muslims, Jews, Buddhists or one group of people. When the Universe was created, certain Laws were put in place to keep everything in order. The Universe isn't 'out there' somewhere; we're *in* the Universe, and therefore subject to its Laws. They're also called 'Laws of Nature', or Spiritual Laws. If everyone was to live by *these* Laws instead of man-made laws, we'd all be able to create 'Heaven on Earth'. If you look around at nature, abundance is everywhere. The only time you see lack, is where man interferes with what nature does naturally."

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

"'You Reap What You Sow' is one of them; scientifically they call it 'Cause and Effect'. This 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.

"No wonder Jesus said to 'love your neighbour as yourself' – if everyone treats others the way *they'd* like to be treated, the world *would* be a better place!"

"Well without getting into the whole Jesus thing again, yes, it's a simple Law that could change the whole world if applied. The

problem is, most people *don't* love themselves. There's a lot of self-hate, especially in our community – and we've been taught to 'fear God', which in itself is an oxymoron. How can you fear God if God is Love? Fear is the complete *opposite* of Love!"

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

"People hate out of fear. For instance, the root cause of racism is fear. They hate us because they *fear* us. According to the Universal Law of Polarity, *fear* is the opposite of Love."

"Where can I learn more about these Laws?" Suzanne 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 Suzanne of a scripture 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; 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.

They spend the next hour talking and listening to music. Although Suzanne is a practicing Christian, her weakness is strong Black men; even though they're not touching, the chemistry between them is electrifying. It's been over three years since Suzanne last had sex, and while the attraction is strong, she knows she doesn't want to sleep with him on their first date.

By 1.30am it becomes apparent than he doesn't want to go, and she doesn't want him to leave either. She makes a suggestion;

"Charles, we've waited two weeks to meet, 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, how does that sound?"

"Sounds good to me!"

They move to her bedroom, and lying on top of her bed cuddling, 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 is in the habit of getting up early to do her morning devotion, exercise and get washed and dressed before the boys wake up at 7.30am.

Sometimes she's just inspired to write. Charles is an early riser too. He normally goes to the gym in the morning, so even though it's Sunday and they'd had a late night, they're both awake by 7am. Suzanne wakes up first, heads for the bathroom and does some stretches before taking a shower. In the meantime, Charles wakes up, sits up, and waits for her to return. As she emerges from the



bathroom tying her robe, he eyes her up from top to bottom. The magnetic pull towards each other is irresistible.

"Good morning! Did you sleep okay?" she asks as she makes her way towards him.

"Like a baby," He smiles at her boyishly.

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

"If you don't mind; I'm not in any particular 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 takes 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..."

She hands it to him.

The sight of him oiling his dark, moist skin inspires a few lines for a poem. Suzanne grabs her notepad 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 asks cheekily.

Suzanne averts 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 bed, hoping she'll join him. 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; he doesn't seem interested in any of them.

"I'd much rather watch *you*. Why don't you perform a poem for me – naked?"

"You must be joking! It might *feel* like we've known each other forever, but I'm *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 have a weakness for dark skin."

Charles lies back, interlocking his fingers behind his head.

"Go on, trust yourself – touch me."

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?" he murmurs seductively.

Without a word, Suzanne moves to lie on top of Charles and gives him his first full-blown kiss. He pulls her into him as they French-kiss passionately.

She can feel his hard-on pressed against her pubic bone, and kisses her way down to greet it. Her religious beliefs temporarily go out the window.

"Does it have a name?" she asks, knowing guys like to do this.

"Yeah, Pride."

"*Pride?*"

She thinks that's a bit of an odd name for a dick, until he explains;

"You read the bible don't you? Doesn't it say 'Pride *comes* before a fall'?"

It takes a moment for Suzanne to get it, but when she does, she bursts out laughing.

"No it *doesn't* actually!"

Still, she thinks it's funny.

"Well, it also *stands* for 'Black Pride'" he adds, raising 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!"

Suzanne looks up at Charles as she introduces herself to Pride with her tongue. He lets out a deep-throated groan. She begins lubricating his shaft slowly and deliberately.

"Oh, DAMN!"

His face melts into pure bliss; he grabs her by the head to push her further unto Pride. Suzanne jerks her head away abruptly, giving him a look that lets him know 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're both aroused. Quincy Jones' *'Secret Garden'* plays on the stereo 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 all over her body, leaving a burning trail of hot kisses all over her face, neck, shoulders, arms, and chest. Pausing at her breasts, he cups each one in his hands, pushing them together. As he licks, sucks and teases each erect nipple, Suzanne moans and writhes underneath him...he continues his journey of exploration around the map of her body, kissing every new place he encounters; he burns kisses into her stomach, thighs, calves, legs,

and feet. He then traces a wet line with his tongue gently back up from her ankle to her inner thigh, stopping at her 'flower'.

Her flesh tingles in anticipation of what she knows is coming. Parting her labia, he reveals the juicy pink flesh underneath.

As the tip of his tongue makes contact with her 'happy bud', 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 moves 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 favourite meal. Suzanne moans with pleasure; holding his head between her hands, she guides him to make sure he's hitting the right spots. She raises her head from the pillow to see if he's enjoying this as much as she is; his focus is totally on the job in hand (or should I say 'tongue'?)

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

He raises his head briefly to look up at her and reply "I aim to please", before burying his head between her thighs again. As he continues working 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 pulls the whole of her mound deep into his mouth and concentrates his effort on her clitoris, licking with increased intensity.

"Charles, I'm comiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiing!"

Her 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 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 she climaxes, Charles gets ready to ride, first seeking permission with his eyes.

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

"Hold on..."

He reaches over to his jacket pocket and takes a condom out of his wallet. Suzanne looks at him suspiciously.

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

He gets into the missionary position, looking Suzanne deep in 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 in her ear.

"I love the way you made me come!"

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

"That feels so good!" she gasps.

Without warning, he drives Pride deep inside 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. As she crosses her feet behind his head, her back naturally rises off the bed. At this angle, he's able to penetrate even deeper. He kisses her feet and ankles as 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'.

"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 *into* her;

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

Suzanne moans in delight; this is sheer, unadulterated bliss! '*How can something so wrong feel so right?*' Her religious beliefs try to creep in again...she'll save the guilty conscience for later. She squeezes her vaginal muscles around his great obelisk.

"Oh, sh..IT! Do that again!" he groans in his deep, sexy voice. She squeezes again, harder this time, muscle-massaging him as he thrusts back and forth.

"Oh, F\*\*K!"

She's never heard him swear before! He directs her into the doggy position, and enters her front passage from behind. Suzanne buries her face in a pillow to muffle her cries of passion; she can feel Pride's banana-like bend massaging her g-spot, which sends small electrical currents rippling through her whole body, bringing her closer and closer to orgasm with each thrust. Charles reaches round to play with a breast before reaching 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. He grabs hold of her hips, and riding her like a black stallion, heads for the finish line...

When the ultimate moment 'comes', they both climax together loudly, before falling into a slippery heap of skin and sweat.

As they lie 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 as he falls asleep, and if it wasn't for the condom he's wearing, their body fluids would have mingled together, sealing their union.

She soon drifts off into a peaceful sleep too.....

*.....I'm like a Butterfly, fluttering from flower to flower – 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 fly until I become like one of the stars illuminating the night sky. It feels so free, to be able to rise so limitlessly; the night air brushes against my face as I'm*



*drawn to the light above me – suddenly I'm aware that I'm 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 is like that of an angel and I know, I just know I would be safe in his arms – but it's not my intention to fall from this grace, so I beckon him to fly up to join me.*

*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, flapping my red wings to help him stay focused, eager to experience the warmth of his embrace...finally he reaches me, and as I cross my arms across my chest he catches me, kissing my neck gently; the warmth of his breath.....*

.....Suzanne is awakened by Charles planting warm, gentle kisses on her face and neck, as she lies cradled in his arm.

"What time is it?" she asks dreamily.

"Almost twelve o'clock", he murmurs into her ear.

Suzanne suddenly awakens to the full realization of what has just happened...she had lost it all; track of time, her dignity – and her favourite wig! She jumps up frantically looking for it...finding it down the side of the bed, she grabs her bathrobe, puts it on, tucks the wig inside, and rushes to the bathroom. Five minutes later she returns to the bedroom composed, wig intact. Charles watches the whole scenario in amusement.

"Hun, you have 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 – men prefer long, straight hair."

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

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

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

"Well you brothers should *let* us know then!"

Changing the subject she adds;

"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 use almond milk, is that okay?"

"Perfect."

"I need to start dinner for when the boys get back as well."

"What time are they back?"

"Six o'clock."

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

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



Before leaving, Charles gives Suzanne a long...slow...kiss, making her go all weak at the knees.

"I'll call you later," he whispers into her ear.

As she closes the door behind him, she leans her back against it and slowly slides down to the floor, replaying the whole magical night and day in her mind, with a big smile on her face.

'He's definitely 'The One!' she thinks.

As fun as the sex was, there was something deeply spiritual about it. However, it doesn't take long for the guilty feelings to creep back in.

"Oh no, I've sinned again!" she cries out in despair.

With head in her hands, Suzanne realizes she's going to have to repent again. Yet the experience had felt so natural, so beautiful, so right – how could it have been wrong?

As she prays for forgiveness, Suzanne questions her Maker; "Why do You have such great expectations of me, when You've made me so *weak*?"



## **Lucid Dream # 2**

Suzanne never sets an alarm, preferring to let her body wake up naturally. As she had been on the phone with Charles until the early hours of the morning, she wakes up late, emerging from another vivid dream. She calls Charles right away to tell him about it: he was walking down the aisle towards her – they were 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. She describes what he was wearing; a purple suit with a red rose in its lapel, and brown shoes.

Charles chuckles.

"Me in a purple suit and brown shoes?"

He always wore dark colours; grey, black or blue.

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

Suzanne thinks to herself.

"I was thinking, since you don't have the boys next weekend, you can spend it at my place if you like," he suggests.

"Alright, I will!"

After their call she happily writes the dream and Charles's response into her journal, before praying that if he is indeed 'The One', to let him get saved.

Charles is a one-in-a-million kinda guy; tall, dark and handsome, intelligent, well-spoken, loving, spiritual, respectful, 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 he hasn't accepted Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour of his life, she would be 'unequally yoked to an unbeliever'. But Charles is perfect, she argues within herself; she's sure they had met by some kind of Divine Order – he's everything she'd 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 have a proper relationship, he has to get *saved*, and we're going to have to get *married*', she thinks to herself.



## Conversation with God

They pull into the driveway of Charles' three bed end-of-terrace house. This is Suzanne's first time spending the weekend at his place. He carries her weekend bag inside for her.

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

It's neat; there are only a few books piled on the coffee table. His taste in decor is similar to hers; wooden floors, plain walls, and minimal furniture. She notices his library which takes up one whole wall. The saying...

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

...certainly doesn't apply to him! She remembers his offer to lend her some books on Universal Laws, so walks over and scans the rows of Self-development, African History, and novels on the shelves. However, one particular book '*Conversations with God Book One*' catches her eye. She picks it out and opens it at a random page:

*'...Words are merely utterances; noises that stand for feelings, thoughts, and experiences. 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 talking to her Himself, she recognizes His words of Love immediately.

"Can I borrow this book?" she turns to ask Charles.

He walks over to see which one she has chosen.

"Sure...why that one in particular?"

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

"What was the letter about?"

"Oh, I was just venting, asking all the questions the church couldn't answer. I ended it by asking for 'the Truth'."

"Did you find the Truth?"

"I'm still on the quest."

"Well maybe we can go on the journey together."



## **The Bible and Sex**

Suzanne attends church with her 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 announces.

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 enthusiastically.

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

"It's okay!" they say.

"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 (pronounced 'Fadda') – and they crucified him!"

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

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

"We promise!"

He 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 neighbour and say 'Your Father sees you!'"

The congregation do as Pastor Mensah says.

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

There's murmuring and laughter as the congregation obey.

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

The congregation laugh as they do his bidding.

"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 instructions. Pastor Mensah waits for everyone to settle down again. He wipes his brow with a handkerchief.

"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 Mensah calls out.

"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 echoes;

"The Lord looks down from heaven and sees ALL the sons *and daughters* of men! And Sister Suzanna, 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 Suzanna, because some of you were not paying attention!"

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

Pastor Mensah expounds 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, brodas and sistas? It means the Lord is telling you that He not only has *good* vision, He doesn't need reading glasses like your Pastor (peering over the rim of 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 round at the crowd, wondering where Pastor is going with his sermon. 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 gasps and murmurs at his revelation, while Suzanne breathes a sigh of relief.

"Yes! You are not satisfied with Marks & Spencer's anymore, you are not happy with Primark anymore, *now* you are going to Ann Summers, *now* you are going to Victoria's Secret, but I'm telling you, there are NO SECRETS FROM THE LORD!"

Suzanne begins to feel agitated.

"I can't even *afford* Victoria's Secret!' she thinks.

Pastor Mensah continues:

"Now I ask you ladies, 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 sistas, you are leading your brodas 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 sistas? Do you want to send your brodas to HELL?"

He continues admonishing the women 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.

Her mind wanders to the chicken she had left on a slow cook in the oven. The peas are already cooked and when she gets home, she'll add the rice to them 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 her boys. As they get in the car, she 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' reservedly as they get in the car. Suzanne gives Charles a light peck on the cheek.

"How was the service?" he asks.

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

"Why, what was it about?"

(She lip-syncs 'sex') "before marriage."

Charles huffs before replying;

"That's why I don't follow religions, they're fear-based."

"We'll have *this* conversation later!"

She turns to the boys.

"How was the children's service?"

"Good." (Micah)

"Good." (Elijah)

"What did you learn?" she probes.

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

"I learned that I'm a poor, wretched sinner, but through Jesus' blood, I can be saved," says 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!"



## **Mother/Father?**

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

"Boys, can you lay the table please?" she calls out in Mum Mode.

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

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

"Is there anything I can help with?" Charles offers.

"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 begins bringing out the rice and peas, stewed chicken, macaroni cheese, sautéed potatoes, salad, and home-made coleslaw. They all sit down to eat.

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

"Yes please!"

They all bow their heads and close their eyes.

"Mother-Father Creator, thank you for provision today; bless the hands that grew the food, bless 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 questions, picking up her knife and fork.

"Yeah... some years ago 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."

"I'm gonna have to read that again!"

The boys aren't sure when their mum started seeing Charles, but it's obvious that by the time she introduces him to them, they'd known each other for quite a while already. They show him respect, because they can see that he loves their mum and treats *her* with respect. As long as *she's* happy, they're happy.



Suzanne and Charles are cuddled on the sofa; the boys are in bed.

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

"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'?"

"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.

"Hmmm...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 known as the wisest man to ever

live, had sex outside of his marriage – not to mention all his concubines," he states.

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

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

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

"I *am* committed to you Sue, you don't need a piece of paper to tell you that, do you?"

She begins to feel agitated.

"Well I can't continue having 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 my Self 'What is *God's* idea of marriage; is it a physical or a *spiritual* union?' Then I un-indoctrinated 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 sex is the best gift God gave us. Actually I learned this from that book you borrowed."

"Well it sounds good in *theory* Charles, but we both know the bible says it's a sin to have sex before marriage."

"Did you know that every time the bible says a man 'knew' his wife, it means they had sex? There was no going to church to get married, or a registry office for that matter."

"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.

"Hun, I'm not saying 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 right now, some are even Christian. I don't want to end up like that."

"Nor 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.





## Year Two: Undoing the Indoctrination

Suzanne learns from ‘*Conversations with God Book One*’ that in order to undo the indoctrination she had received around sex and money, she had to *reverse* the thought-word-deed process. In other words, she had to *do* the act, then have a new *thought* about it. So now whenever she makes love with Charles, she thinks about how wonderful the experience is, and how it’s the best gift God gave. Instead of thinking she’s doing something ‘wrong’, she now thinks about how *right* it feels.

On one occasion she spontaneously exclaimed “I...LOVE...SEX!” during their love-making.

“You don’t have to tell *me* that!” Charles groaned as he chastised her with his ‘rod of correction’.

Over time, she began to feel better about having sex with the man she loves, and the feelings of guilt and condemnation passed away.

She did the same thing around money; whereas she had been taught to believe that *‘it’s easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven’*, she now goes by her *own experience* of having money; the more she has, the better she feels. When she doesn’t have enough money she feels anxious, worried and stressed. So she develops new thoughts and habits; whenever she receives money, no matter how small or large, instead of putting 10% of her income in the offering bowl, she now saves it; since she is made in the image and likeness of the Great I AM, she figures she should give

to herself first, as God doesn't need her money. She enjoys watching her money seeds grow bigger and bigger in her savings account, which makes her *feel good*. She also sows money seeds, as according to the Law of Sowing and Reaping, in order to receive a harvest she must first plant a seed.

She also teaches her boys how to save so *they* won't develop a poverty mentality. Even though the love of money is supposedly the root of all evil, from Suzanne's experience, it's the *lack* of money that's the root of all evil...



## Open Invitation

The house phone rings; it's Charles.

"Hi babes, how are you?" he greets Suzanne cheerfully.

"I'm good thanks, how are you?" she responds happily.

"I'm great! I was just wondering, what are you doing tomorrow evening?"

"Oh, I'm attending a networking event with a friend."

"Is that a *male* friend, or female?" he asks suspiciously.

"Female, why?"

"Oh, I thought you might be free that's all – what about Wednesday?"

"Let me check my diary..."

Suzanne pauses for a moment, knowing full well she has nothing planned.

“Looks like I’ll be free, what did you have in mind?”

“Oh, I thought I might just come over to chill and relax, you know?”

*‘He seems to be getting into a comfortable routine, with still no commitment from him; I’m not even 100% sure I’m the only woman he’s seeing! I do enjoy his company though...’*

“Sure, why not?” she agrees.

*‘I’m gonna give him a night to remember; dinner, a Tyler Perry DVD, and then sex!’*



## **The Preparation**

After Suzanne showers and creams her skin, she dabs a line of her favourite Goddess Oil *‘Lovers Attraction’* in dots from behind her ear down to her groin area, hoping Charles will join them up. As she prepares for his arrival, she dances to Shalamar’s *‘A Night to Remember’* playing on her stereo.

He arrives at 8.15pm looking drained, but carrying a bunch of orchids and a bottle of red wine. Suzanne shows her appreciation with a kiss as he hands them to her.

“Thank you!”

“Sorry I’m late, I had to finish some Tax Returns.”

“Are you hungry?”

“Starving! I haven’t eaten since lunchtime; what did you cook?”

Suzanne heads towards the kitchen with Charles in tow.

“Lentil soup with sweet potatoes, yam, pumpkin, kale...”

“No meat?”

“No, I’m cutting down on the amount of meat I eat.”

“How do the boys feel about that? A man like me can’t live on rabbit food you know, I need my protein!”

He flexes his arm muscles. Suzanne laughs.

“You don’t only get protein from meat, you know! Animals get *their* protein from the plants they eat.”

Charles looks in the pot as she stirs the soup.

“Mmmmm...looks good though.”

“How was your day?” she asks as she stirs.

“Don’t ask – terrible, I don’t want to bore you with it though, I’d rather just forget about it all for a while...”

As he hugs her from behind, she can feel Pride rising. She moves her body out of Pride’s reach.

“It’s ready! Come and sit down...”

She empties the warm soup into a bowl and places it on the table. Charles sits down to eat.

While he’s slurping, Suzanne gets an idea; she heads to the bathroom and begins running a bath, adding some Epsom salts, with lavender and chamomile essential oils. The sound of the running water starts her inspiration flowing. She gets her notebook and pen and writes;

*‘As you walk in, I can feel your passion...rising  
But you’re not ready for me,  
See, you’re still carrying the negative energy*

*you picked up along the way during your day,*

*So let me run you a bath*

*and help you wash all your troubles away.*

*Leave behind all the pressures of life,*

*The worries and strife*

*The drama, the bills*

*And enter, if you will, into my Queendom...*

The words flow as easily unto the page as the water into the bath. By the time it's filled, Suzanne finishes writing her poem. She titles it '*The Preparation*'. She lights some candles and places them around the bath which creates a warm, ambient glow, to help relax his mind and body. Finally, she starts the CD which she had compiled earlier. With the relaxing music playing and the bath ready, she returns to the living room. Charles has finished his soup.

"Thanks, that was lovely – not too filling either!"

She takes him by the hand and leads him to the bathroom; he smiles at the scene she has created.

"Get naked," she commands in a soft-spoken voice.

He only needs to be told once; before you can say "Jack Robinson" Charles is starkers. She watches as he eases himself into the bath, then turns to leave.

"Aren't you joining me?" he calls out.

"Not yet, you relax first."

Charles leans back and closes his eyes. The sound of Erykah Badu singing ‘*Orange Moon*’ soothes his psyche. He relaxes into the aromatherapy.

Fifteen minutes later, Suzanne returns with a sarong tied around her; she loosens it and hangs it up behind the door. Charles opens his eyes and sits up; she gets in the bath sitting behind him so he can rest his head on her chest.

“How are you feeling now?”

“Much better thanks; you really know how to make a man feel like a King!”

“Well, you're *my* King...”

She slowly washes his body down before pulling the plug. While the water drains, she proceeds to shower him down to get rid of any residual negative energy, dirt and soap. Finally, she rubs his body down with a soft, clean towel. Letting his manhood lead the way like a divining rod, Charles follows Suzanne into her ‘Queendom’.

She takes another large towel and places it on the bed, before instructing him to lie on his front. Charles obeys willingly. With his head resting to one side and his eyes closed, he waits in eager anticipation. Suzanne straddles him and pours some *Afrodiziac Love Potion Massage Oil* into one hand, before rubbing them both together. She uses her thumbs to get into the deep tissue muscle between his shoulders to get rid of all the knots. Charles encourages her to go deeper; he can feel the tension easing as she applies

pressure to the area between his shoulder blades, as if she's kneading dough to make bread.

To bring his energies back into balance she gives him a Spinal Flush; first she loosens his back muscles by massaging down both sides of his spine, applying her body weight to get pressure. Then using her thumbs again, she massages between the notches of his vertebrae from the base of his neck all the way down to his sacrum. Staying on each point for a few seconds, she massages his skin in circular motions, pressing each point with firm pressure. When she reaches the bottom of his spine she goes back to the top and repeats the process to ensure she has released all the congestion which was blocking the flow of his vital energies. To complete the final flush, Suzanne brushes her open palms down the length of his back in a sweeping motion, admiring the way his mahogany skin glistens from the oil she's administering. She then massages the back of his neck, arms, buttocks and legs, before helping him roll onto his back. Charles opens his eyes.

"Your turn," he offers.

"I haven't finished yet – I'm probably enjoying this as much as you!"

Rubbing some more oil in her hands, she gently massages his temples, face, head, and neck. She then proceeds down to his shoulders, chest, arms, and hands, giving each finger a gentle pull. As she continues down his torso, she admires his six-pack and the defined lines in his groin which turns her on even more, but she's determined to finish the job in hand. She massages his thighs, calves

and feet, finishing off by applying pressure to the points in the soles of his feet.

“You’ve missed something,” he murmurs.

“What?” she asks naïvely.

She knows what he means, but pretends she doesn’t.

He takes Pride in his hand and wiggles it at her.

“He’s feeling left out.”

Suzanne laughs, addressing Pride playfully;

“Oh, are you feeling neglected? Let me see what I can do about that then...”

She takes Pride in her oiled hand and gently begins sliding her fingers up and down its shaft, while using a twisting action. Charles lets out a grateful moan. He had long since taught Suzanne how to handle his ‘family jewels’; she grips and pulls his balls back gently with one hand, stretching the skin which he’d told her creates even greater sensitivity. She then continues to massage his tightened shaft using slow, then fast wrist-action, with the other hand.

“Oh damn, that feels so...*good!*” he moans.

She quickens her pace, alternating between squeezing and stroking. His breathing becomes erratic.

“Sh....IT!” he cries out.

By now, he’s writhing as if in agony, unable to control himself. Suzanne can tell he’s about to come, so she presses a finger on the large vein on the underside of Pride near the scrotum, and squeezes



his shaft at its base. When Charles has regained control, she mounts him.

“Ah yeaah!”

She begins riding him. When the entire length of his shaft is all up inside her, she pauses. Charles raises his head to see why she has stopped. Leaning forward with her hands either side of his head on the bed, she looks him in the eyes;

“Are you enjoying this?”

“Why do you even think you need to ask? Of course I am!”

“Good, because I aim to please!”

She begins riding him again, sliding up and down with ease. Charles watches her breasts bounce up and down like two gazelles; he cups them with his hands, offering them support. The look on her face as she lets herself go says it all; she’s in complete ecstasy...Suddenly in one quick movement he takes control and flips her over onto all fours; grabbing her hips, proceeds to give it to her hot and cool, fast and slow, wicked and wild, one moment pushing and grinding urgently, the next, more soft, slow, tender and deep. Between her soft sighs and his heavy breathing, their love-making matches the R&B tracks filling the room; Jill Scott’s ‘*Crown Royal*’ is now playing;

*Your hands on my hips pull me right back to you*

*I catch that thrust, give it right back to you*

*You’re in so deep I’m breathing for you*

*You grab my braids off my back, high for you*

*Your hands and your lips and your tongue tricks,*

*And you're so big, and you're so  
Crown Royal on ice...*

“Make me come!” she demands passionately, forcing him to drive even faster and deeper. As she surrenders her body to him fully, the exhilarating elixir she’s radiating fills his nostrils, completely consuming him;

“F\*\*\*ING HELL!” he cries out as he climaxes.

“I’d rather f\*\*\* in heaven,” she giggles.

They collapse into a heap of oily skin and sweat.

Charles feels totally rejuvenated.



### **Another Level?**

They awake in a warm, sticky embrace.

“Good morning, my Queen!”

Charles whispers in her ear as she stretches, opening her eyes.

“Good morning...you’ve never called me *that* before!”

“Well if I’m your King, that makes you my Queen, doesn’t it?”

“I guess so...”

“Boy, last night was phenomenal – you blew my mind!”

Suzanne laughs.

“It takes two, you know!”

She decides to see if she can get him to commit while he’s in a good mood;

“Babe, we’ve been dating for over a year now, where do you see us going from here?”

“What do you mean?”

“Where do you see this *relationship* going?”

She makes herself clear.

“Let’s just go with the flow and see where it takes us, shall we?”

He responds calmly, but she's beginning to feel impatient; ‘*When is he finally going to be ready to commit?*’ she asks herself.

He kisses her gently on the forehead, giving her breast a squeeze before getting up to use the bathroom. As she watches him stride across the room naked, a random line for a poem pops into her head – she quickly jots it down;

*Your legs are like two pillars, strong and muscular  
And when you walk,  
You remind me of a black panther!*

Charles has unwittingly become her muse; Suzanne always has a notebook to hand, ready for when those moments of inspiration strike, like lightening. If she doesn’t write it down straight away, she can’t guarantee she will always remember it later.

She can hear Charles in the shower, singing away to himself. She jumps up from the bed, quick-steps towards the bathroom, and taps on the shower screen door.

“May I join you?”

He squints through the soap around his eyes and smiles broadly.

“Be my guest!”

Suzanne pulls a plastic cap over her weave and steps in with her back to him; Charles welcomes her by wrapping his arms around her from behind, and begins soaping her body to match his. Using both hands he soaps her back, shoulders, breasts, stomach, arms and thighs, before slipping a hand between her legs. Suzanne lets out a soft moan. He removes the shower head from its holder and kneeling in front of her, carefully parts her labia and begins watering her flower, watching as her clitoris hardens. Aroused, he leans forward and begins to lick and suck it. Suzanne moans and writhes as she struggles to hold onto the bathroom tiles to prevent herself from slipping. Her knees begin to give way; just as she's about to collapse, Charles stands up, places the shower head back on its holder, and lifts her onto his erection. She begins gyrating on Pride, while Charles supports her weight with his muscular legs. It isn't long before he gives a deep-throated groan of gratitude as he comes, while she gives a kind of sigh of relief...

As they leave the shower together, Charles makes a suggestion;

“What do you want to do today? We can either stay in and chill, or go shopping.”

“Shopping? For what?”

“Well, what do you need?”

Suzanne thinks he's joking, so decides to play along.

“That depends on my budget!”

“Would £250 be enough?”

Suzanne is shocked; no man she's ever dated has spent that much money on her before!

“Are you serious? £250?”

“Yep, today is all about you babe. Whatever you need, we'll go get it – as long as you stick within the budget!”

“I take it that doesn't include a ring then!”

“You don't *need* a ring hun, you *want* one.”

“What's wrong with that?”

Suzanne wraps a towel round herself, while Charles towels himself down and walks back to the bedroom naked.

“Nothing I guess; everything in divine timing... Oh, pack a bag, we're going out tonight, you might as well stay over at my place.”

Suzanne looks up at him gratefully.

“I love you, you know.”

“Yeah, I love you too...now let's get moving!”

He slaps her playfully on the bum.



They arrive at Charles' house laden with bags of shopping.

He has bought Suzanne a new outfit to wear that night, and even treated her to some new underwear – Victoria's Secret!

She opens one of the bags, takes out her new dress, and holds it up against her body.

“So where are we going tonight?”

“To watch ‘*Why Did I Get Married*’, you said you wanted to see it, didn't you?”

“Oh, you booked it! What time's the screening?”

“Eight o'clock.”

She glances at the time.

“We'd better get a move on, it's already after six!”

Suzanne has her shower first. While Charles is having his, she brushes her weave and applies her make-up. He has a habit of leaving the shower glistening wet, with just a small towel wrapped around his waist. Admiring his physique, a few lines pop into Suzanne's mind;

*‘Look at you, standing tall and strong!*

*Brilliantly black, sun-kissed skin*

*with beautiful eyes for looking in,*

*Sweet lips for kissing,*

*Your lips, oh my King*

*drip words so nourishing!’*

“What are you writing?” he asks.

“Oh, nothing...just an idea for a poem...”

She scribbles shadily into her notebook. He looks at her suspiciously.

“Is it about me?”

“No!”

“Then let me see...”

He tries to take a peek.

“NO!”

He makes a grab for her notebook.

“I know it's about me, I wanna see!”

They grapple around playfully as he tries to tackle it out of her hands.

“Okay, okay, I'll show you – stop, you're messing up my hair!”

She allows him to take it; he reads the verse and smiles. Suzanne feels embarrassed.

“I wish I hadn't shown it to you now,” she mumbles.

“Why not? It's a great verse, it shows how deep you think.”

He hands the notebook back to her.

“Do you think I should use it in a poem?”

“It's not what I think that matters, it's what *you* think – follow your spirit. I'm just glad I could inspire you.”

He turns and starts oiling his skin.

*'You don't know how much!'* she thinks, smiling to herself.



## **Awakening His Inner Child**

Charles is an Accountant, but secretly he wishes he'd followed his dream of being an artist. He had been very good at drawing and painting at school, but his father had advised him to study for a 'proper job' if he wanted to be able to support a family in the future.

Since he was also good at Maths, he had decided Accounting was a safer bet, and would provide a good, steady income.

Charles is excellent at his job, and this is reflected in his pay-packet – but still, he feels unfulfilled. His inner child is crying out to be heard; he wants to draw and paint, but he just doesn't seem to be able to find the time – or is it that he doesn't *make* the time? He admires Suzanne for holding on to her dreams, and not giving in to the 'rat race'. She refuses to go down the 9-5 route, and even though money is tight, she certainly seems more fulfilled than him. She believes there's 'more to life' and is determined to 'follow her bliss' at whatever cost. Something has to give, and Suzanne has decided to make whatever sacrifices necessary to achieve her goal of making a living doing what she loves – writing, and performing her poetry. Charles can see that despite her low income, she is ambitiously striving towards her goals.

She inspires him in more ways than one...



## **Lace Seduction**

Charles and Suzanne are enjoying a relaxing free weekend together. As they recline on the sofa, Charles admires her strong African-Caribbean features in the dim light.

“Can I paint you?” he asks, seemingly out of the blue.

Suzanne is taken aback, since he'd never shared his secret passion for art with her before.

“*Paint* me?”



“Well, I could start by drawing you – just for fun.”

She looks at him in surprise;

“I didn’t know you could draw!”

“Well I haven’t done anything in years, but I’m thinking of getting back into it again, and what better way than to start by drawing my favourite lady!”

She pauses, smiles, and shrugs her shoulders.

“Okay, when?”

“No time like the present!”

“Alright then! What are you going to draw on?”

Charles reaches for his briefcase and takes out a drawing pad, pencil and rubber.

“Oh, so you had this all planned!”

“Well I was hoping you'd say yes, and I just thought I should be prepared.”

“Okay, then let me change into something a bit more...*interesting!*”

She heads towards her Queendom.

“Er, before you go, can you...lose the wig? I’d prefer to draw you in all your *natural* beauty.”

“Sure...” she replies hesitantly, not feeling sure at all.

She doesn’t see why Charles would want to draw her with her ‘nappy’ hair, whereas *he* doesn’t understand why she insists on wearing the wigs and weaves when she has a perfectly good head of natural hair underneath!

Fifteen minutes later, Suzanne returns wearing the Victoria's Secret bodice and thong set he had bought her, coupled with black patent high heels. Because her hair had been in plaits under her wig, it's now a mass of wild curls. Charles eyes her up from top to bottom; her 'fro is striking in all its natural, untamed glory; the red and black satin and lace bodice pushes her breasts up, enhancing her cleavage, while the matching thong barely covers her yoni. The whole ensemble drives him crazy – he can feel Pride rising, but now's not the right time – down boy!

“Damn, how am I supposed to concentrate with you in *that*?”

“Come on, be professional about this!”

Suzanne teases him, strutting sexily over to the couch;

“How do you want me?”

She continues to seduce him as she perches herself provocatively on the edge of the sofa, crossing her legs.

*'This woman!'* Charles thinks, smiling to himself.

“Okay, why don't you kind of lie back, rest on your elbows, and drop your head back a bit?” he suggests.

She gets into the position requested, bending one knee.

“How long do I have to stay like this?”

“I'm not sure; do you think you can hold that position?”

“I don't think so, not for long anyway.”

“Okay, you get yourself into a comfortable position, and I'll be happy with it.”

Suzanne rolls onto her right side, props her head up with her right hand, and looking at him seductively, rests her left knee in front on the couch.

“Perfect!” Charles calls out, as if directing a film.

A sudden surge of panic hits him;

*‘I haven’t drawn anything in years, what if I make a mess of it? What if she doesn’t like it and thinks I’m insulting her looks? What if.....’*

He has to stop these thoughts from crippling his creativity before he even gets started!

*‘I can do this. I’m a good artist. I know she’ll like it...’*

With pencil in hand ready to begin, Charles decides to protect his interests for later that night;

“Babe, before I start, can I just say that you’re a beautiful work of art yourself, and no matter how this turns out, I couldn’t possibly improve on what God has already done naturally.”

“Oh, that’s so *sweet!*”

Suzanne leaves her position on the sofa and starts making her way towards him; Charles drops his artist’s pad and pencil on the floor ready to receive her. Straddling his lap, she French-kisses him full on the lips, wrapping her arms around his neck and her tongue around his tongue. He grabs each of her bum cheeks, pressing her against his hard-on.

Suddenly she breaks away.

“Okay, let’s get back to business! You’ve got a drawing to do, remember?”

As she slowly meanders her way back to the sofa, Suzanne takes a fresh red rose from the bouquet on the table, and getting back into the pose, positions the rose strategically under her nose.

“Mmmm...nice touch!” Charles says out loud. But secretly, he’s beginning to wish he'd never asked to draw her;

*‘Look at her! All ready for a good sex session and now I have to spend God knows how long drawing her instead! Mind you, she wouldn’t be dressed up like this if I hadn’t asked to draw her in the first place...’*

All these thoughts are running through his mind as he sits there staring at her, pencil in hand, ready to begin. Then his imagination begins to run wild as he pictures himself taking her from behind, watching her ass jiggle as he drives Pride in and out of her wet vagina with the thong still on, pulling it to one side...

“Have you started yet?” Suzanne bursts his bubble.

“Uh? Oh...yes, I’m just starting now...”

Charles puts pencil to paper.

*‘Where do I begin; with her eyes? Her body? Her hair?’*

Before feelings of doubt can set in, his inner child takes over and begins to play by putting bold strokes onto the paper. He allows his inner child the freedom to create – this is fun! Charles feels something inside coming alive as he sets him Self free. He does his best to capture not only her outer beauty, but her *inner* beauty and

femininity as well. He emphasizes the fullness of her lips, the sensual curve of her hips, and the ancient seductive look in her eyes. He enjoys drawing her cleavage accentuated by the tight bodice, and takes time to include the lace detail on the top of her stockings. He then smudges the paper with his finger to get the shine in the black patent shoes she's wearing.

*'Why has she given me all this extra work to do with the rose?'* he wonders as he copies each petal carefully.

*'It does add to the composition, though.'*

As he's drawing the thorns on the stem, he thinks about how much a rose is like a woman; beautiful to look at, but hurtful if not handled correctly.

Suzanne watches as he focuses entirely upon his work. It's as if he no longer sees her as his woman, but as an *object* to be studied. She watches him go into his 'zone' and respects it, as she has often been there with her writing. He stares intently at different parts of her body; drawing, rubbing out, and drawing again.

She decides to use this opportunity to think about the business empire she's planning on building...

Some forty-five minutes later, Charles announces that he has finished. Suzanne can't wait to see it; she jumps up from the sofa and wiggles over to where he's sitting. As she sits on his lap, she catches sight it, and taking the drawing from him, gasps;

"Oh Charles, it's...*beautiful* – I had no idea you were *this* good at drawing!"

"I'm glad you like it," he breathes a sigh of relief.

“Can I keep it?” she asks.

He had poured his heart and soul into that drawing, and now she wants to *keep* it!

“I...suppose so,” he replies reluctantly.

Suzanne notices that Charles has titled the drawing ‘*Lace Seduction*’.

“Mmmm...nice title!”

She smiles at him encouragingly.

“You have real talent here Charles, you should take your art more seriously!”

“Thanks.”

Noticing he hasn’t signed it yet, she asks for his paw-print. He signs and dates it, and hands it back to her half-heartedly.

Placing the drawing on the table, Suzanne wraps her arms around his neck again, and kissing him passionately, gives him what he had been dreaming about all along...



## **‘Trust’**

Suzanne loves spending time with Charles. Their relationship is intense and passionate, and their arguments equally so. Sometimes they would have a disagreement and not speak for weeks. Despite this, it’s as if the Forces of Nature keep pulling them back together again. But is it love, obsession, or just a natural reaction to each other’s chemistry?

On this occasion they had just spent a lovely weekend together, and now Suzanne hasn't heard from Charles in *two days*. She calls his mobile; no answer. She calls his landline; no answer.

*'Where is he? What's keeping him so busy that he can't even be bothered to call me? He could be out dating other women for all I know!'*

She wants to call his mobile again, but her inner voice is telling her to chillax. The lower 'jealous and possessive' side of her Scorpio trait wants to rule, so to alleviate the tension she's feeling, she pens a poem-song:

*When we come together  
We're like a river flowing effortlessly,  
Safe in your arms  
Your embrace is the only protection I need.  
But we both need time to grow, baby  
To develop ourselves individually  
So I'm giving you the space that you need  
With no expectations from me...*

She feels much better when she has finished. Her in-tuition is always telling her to have no expectations of Charles, that 'expectations inhibit the flow of love' and that 'the least expectations you have of someone, the more likely they are to surpass them'. But having no expectations of him is proving to be difficult. How can she *not* want more from the relationship, when things are going so well?

Why *shouldn't* she expect him to want to take things to the next level? Commitment! That's what she wants. Is that asking too much?

'*Stuff that – next time he calls I'm gonna give him a piece of my mind!*' she thinks stubbornly.

Later that evening, Charles calls.

"Hi babes, how are you?" he asks cheerfully.

"Could be better," she replies, off-key.

"Why, what's wrong?" he responds, genuinely concerned.

"I don't think you appreciate me!" she blurts out.

"What makes you say that?!" he asks, surprised.

"Well look, we just spent a lovely weekend together, and then you don't even call me for *two days!*"

"Babe, I've been busy, you know my work schedule."

"What, too busy to even pick up the phone?!"

Silence.

Charles is tired; he only called to hear her voice, and now she's *attacking* him with it!

"Charles? Are you there?"

Silence.

"I know you're listening – don't ignore me when I'm talking to you!"

"What do you want me to say?" he asks wearily.

"Well you could at least have the decency to answer me when I'm talking to you!"

Silence.



If Suzanne had taken the time to listen to her inner voice, she would have known to stop right there. Maybe if it wasn't her time of the month she might have handled the situation differently, but no, she keeps on going;

“How do I even know you're not sleeping with other women? For all I know you could have a dozen other women out there besides me!”

Charles feels offended.

“Babe, you know I'm a one-woman man.”

“So where are you when you're not with me, then?”

Charles wants to remind her that apart from working full time, he also studies Numerology in his spare time, and is also learning how to apply Universal Laws. He had set Suzanne on *her* Path of Truth, but he still has his *own* journey to make as well. So some evenings after work he'll have a shower, eat dinner, then study for a couple of hours before going to bed. If he was to call her, they would end up on the phone for hours. Texting doesn't work either; after receiving one message from him, she would then try to hold a whole conversation by text! So he would rather wait until he has the time to talk with her properly – but he doesn't tell her that.

“Sue, I really have to go, I have another long day ahead of me tomorrow.”

“Charles, if you hang up on me, we're through!”

“We'll discuss this at the weekend, okay?”

“I'm serious Charles, if you hang up on me, it's over!”

Charles hangs up.

In a blind fit of rage, Suzanne deletes his number from her phone.

But out of the chaos and confusion, something beautiful is growing, like a rose growing out of the crack in a concrete pavement.



*'It is not taboo to go back and fetch what you have forgotten'*

### **Her Story (not his-story)**

Suzanne enrolls onto a Black History course to learn all about her African ancestry.

Her mother had never mentioned anything about originating from Africa, nor did she ever talk about her ancestors, or how they ended up in Jamaica. The descendants of enslaved Africans who were taken to America had at least identified themselves as 'African-American'. There was no such term as 'African-British' or 'African-Jamaican'. Even those who remained in the Caribbean didn't call themselves 'African-Caribbean'. They seemed to want nothing to do with their African origins.

Suzanne is determined to find out what took place during her ancestors 400 years of enslavement, which had caused their descendants to become so totally disconnected from their roots. She arrives for her first class.

The African History teacher is in his mid-fifties, dressed in full African garms.

“Thank you for enrolling unto my course. My name is Dr. Walker, and I’ll be taking you on a journey through our history, to see how we arrived where we are today. Because as the great Marcus Garvey said, *‘A people who do not know their history are like a tree without roots’*.”

He starts his first slide; a symbol of a bird facing backwards with the slogan *‘It is not taboo to go back and fetch what you have forgotten’* underneath. He asks;

“Does anybody know what this symbol is?”

A young man raises his hand.

“A Sankofa bird; It’s an Adinkra symbol from Ghana, West Africa.”

Dr. Walker commends him;

“Very good, Stephan! Now this will be the symbol you’ll see me use throughout the course as a constant reminder that *‘it’s not taboo to go back and fetch what you have forgotten’*. Next week we will watch the film *‘Sankofa’*. Some of you might find it disturbing, but it’s the foundation upon which I’ve built this course. Does anyone have any questions?”

Suzanne raises her hand.

“Yes... Suzanne?”

“I was just wondering, is it necessary to watch the film if it's disturbing?”

“I wouldn't have included it if it wasn't. In order for you to understand *why* you're the way you are today, you need to get to the *root cause* of your issues. Many of us are still carrying trauma from our ancestors in our DNA, passed down to us genetically. Remember, you're only *watching* it, they *lived* it. Now, has any of you read *The Willie Lynch Letter*?”

A few people raise their hands.

“Those of you who haven't, that will be your homework before the next lesson.”

A young woman raises her hand.

“Where can we get it from?”

“You should be able to download it from the internet as a free PDF, or I can email it to you.”

“Great, thank you!”

Suzanne makes a note of it as well. Dr. Walker continues;

“Now, even though the letter was actually written by a Black Psychologist, it gives an accurate description of how white enslavers developed a brutal system to physically *and* psychologically traumatize our ancestors to break them down mentally, in order to reprogram their minds to believe that *they* were the inferior race. Religion was their main weapon, along with barbaric acts such as whippings, rape, amputations, castrations and of course, lynchings.

Throughout this course, we're going to look at how this system is still being used today in a more covert way. Unless we can see that we're still in mental slavery, we won't be able to free our minds. We'll be studying The Willie Lynch letter as part of this course.

The young woman, Grace, raises her hand again.

“Are you saying Christianity was created by slave traders?”

“No, but they used the bible to keep our ancestors submissive to them. They didn't allow their captives to read and write, and only quoted scriptures that benefitted themselves, such as ‘slaves, obey your earthly masters with respect, fear and sincerity of heart’, while deliberately leaving out the following verse which told slave masters to treat their captives the same way. But we're jumping ahead of ourselves, we'll be covering this in Lesson Three. For now, all you need to know is that our ancestors 400 years of enslavement is still affecting the lives of their descendants today; trauma like that doesn't just disappear because slavery was abolished.”



*“If you show me your religion,  
I will show you your conqueror”*

~ Molefi Kete Asante

## **Stolen His-story**

In her African History classes, Suzanne learns how the economies of the British and other European countries were built using the

blood, sweat and tears of her ancestors, and the natural resources of her Motherland.

As the descendant of an enslaved African, she had been robbed of her heritage, true identity, inheritance, land, and spirituality. In their place, she had been given a white man's name, a council property, and a religion that held her in mental bondage. She had forgotten who she is as a Black Woman, and therefore had nothing to pass down to future generations. But now, she's discovering her rich history *before* slavery.

Suzanne learns that her ancient ancestors were from Kemet, which means 'land of the Blacks'. It had been renamed 'Egypt' after it was invaded in the 11<sup>th</sup> Dynasty, 332 BC. Dr. Walker clearly explains how the Ancient Kemetians had been very advanced in their knowledge of the Sciences including Philosophy, Physics, Chemistry, Astronomy, Mathematics, Architecture, and the Healing Arts. They developed the first writings known as hieroglyphs, the first paper known as papyrus, constructed complex buildings such as the pyramids, understood how the universe works, how frequencies in music can heal the mind and body, and how the soul journeys after death. The mistake they made was to share this knowledge with anyone who travelled there in search of enlightenment. Thousands of Europeans flocked to Kemet to study in their Mystery Schools, long before Jesus walked the earth.

Imhotep, "the world's first recorded multi-genius" lived in the 4th dynasty to around 2648 BC. He was revered for his superior skills in

architecture, physics, pharmacy, astronomy, poetry, mathematics and spiritual wisdom. Soon after his death, he became venerated as the god of medicine and wisdom.

Greek scholars such as Socrates, Aristotle, Plato and Herodotus all accredited their Kemetic education as the source of their wisdom. Socrates went down in Greek history as 'a founding father of western philosophy', yet it's a known fact that he spent 15 years studying in Kemet before returning to Greece and rising to fame, as a result of his new-found knowledge. Not only did Socrates plagiarize work from Imhotep, he also admitted to plagiarizing the work of the Ethiopian philosopher, Aesop (560 BC).

A whole new range of ideas emerged as European schools of thought, including the Socratic Method, Pythagoras Theorem, the Hippocratic Oath, and Thales Axiom. These were all plagiarized from Ancient Kemetic educational and philosophical systems. They tried to re-write history and claim that the ancient Egyptians looked like them. Fortunately, legendary scholars like Dr. Cheikh Anta Diop went to great lengths to demonstrate that the Ancient Kemetians looked no different from any other black Africans, south of the Sahara. He also used linguistics, anthropology and history to demonstrate that the ancient Egyptians were in fact Black. Ironically, as early as 300 BC, Aristotle and many of the other early Greek scholars had themselves described the Kemetians as having "black skin with woolly hair".

Alexander the Greek was another European enlightened by the priests of Kemet. He pretended to be a devoted worshipper of African deities, but after learning all he could from the priests, he burned down their Universities, stole their manuscripts, and took them back to Greece where he set up his own library. For this, he called himself 'Great'. He also stole several artefacts and spiritual artworks from the ancient tombs during his conquest, such as the 'Black Madonna and Child' Auset and Heru, the original Mother and Son, which he renamed 'Isis and Horus'.

Soon after Alexander the Greek's death, the Roman Empire began to emerge as a political powerhouse. The Romans were heavily influenced by their predecessors, inheriting many of the philosophies and religious practices from the Greeks, who had taken many of *their* concepts from ancient Kemet. Alexander's worship of the African Goddess 'Isis' spread into much of Rome, under the guise of the 'Alexandrian Mysteries of Isis'. This religious group went on to gain much power and influence in the Vatican as well as many other institutions throughout Europe. The worship of Isis and Horus (known as the 'Son of God') was very popular in ancient Rome. When Roman Catholicism became the dominant religion, these statues were renamed 'Mary' and 'Jesus' and many were whitewashed into the image and likeness of Europeans. However, some of the original statues of a Black Isis holding her Black son Horus survived, and can still be found in Italy, France, Spain, and other European countries, depicting the very dark-skinned 'Black Madonna and Christ'. Dr. Walker explained that



being the most authentic and sacred artefacts of early Roman Catholic culture, the continued worship of these artefacts by prominent catholic priests and members of the global Catholic Church speaks volumes about the importance and origins of these deities:



“Why would they tell us to worship a white male, then worship the Black Madonna themselves?” Suzanne asks in one of her classes.

“Ah, *now* you're asking the right QUESTions!” Dr. Walker replies.



## **The History of Christianity**

Suzanne learns about the ancient Kemetic religion which was based on the principles of Ma'at: Truth, Balance, Order, Harmony, Law, Morality and Justice. The ancient Egyptians had no need for police, courts, armies, or a criminal justice system; they lived by

Universal Laws. By living in accordance with these Laws, they lived in peace, love, harmony, and abundance.

After the 11<sup>th</sup> Dynasty invasion, things were never the same again. Ancient Kemet slowly declined into a remnant of its former glory.

The esoteric knowledge taught by the priests was stolen and kept within a 'select few'. They formed secret societies where they put what they learned into practice, which enabled them to gain vast wealth for themselves. With this occult (hidden) knowledge they became very powerful, but it wasn't enough. They wanted to become all-powerful, like God.

So they created *new* religions and 'holy books' using knowledge plagiarized from the stolen manuscripts, but omitted any information that would empower the masses to be able to create 'heaven on earth'. This new religion had a few aims and objectives:

- Remove the Divine Feminine
- Blame Eve for the fall of humanity
- Make women subservient to men
- Give men more power and authority
- Divide and Conquer the Black race
- Suppress their sexual energy, their *power*

Dr. Walker said the purpose of these new religions was to enslave the minds of the masses, and become even more rich and

powerful than the ancient Kemetians. They were particularly aimed at Africans and their descendants to make them forget who they are (a form of mind control), to suppress their sexuality (a form of population control), and to cripple their finances (economic control). They had learned about the creative power of thoughts and that the unconscious mind responds best to *images*. They knew that in order to gain world domination, they would need to use the minds of the Collective Consciousness, and get *the masses* to create their 'New World Order'. By writing certain 'prophecies' into their 'holy books' and promoting them far and wide, **believers** would actually play a big part in causing the events to happen.

The original creation story taught by the ancient Kemetians included a Father (Ausar), a Mother (Auset), and a Son (Heru), who the Greeks renamed Osiris, Isis and Horus. The Masculine and Feminine were equally balanced, which gave birth to new life. But while devising their new 'holy books', European scholars *removed* the Divine Mother from the Creation story, and blamed the woman for the fall of humanity, which led to women throughout these 'holy books' being treated like second-class citizens. Jesus and the apostle Paul didn't marry, and encouraged their disciples to do the same. Women had no rights, were bought like property, and were even told they were 'unclean' during their monthly cycle. Instead of sexuality being celebrated, converts were told to abstain from sex. This had led to a suppression of sexual energy, a dynamic *creative force*.

Suzanne had herself noticed countless instances of male-chauvinism in the bible, and now it was becoming apparent that there was a covert war against the Divine Feminine...but why?

Dr. Walker, rather than giving his students all the answers, invited them to do their own research so they could discuss it in the next lesson.

Suzanne discovers that King James (who commissioned the King James version of the bible) was a known homosexual. Even though he married a woman, he openly had male lovers, and had even had his wife killed.

Those who had constructed the Christian faith had stolen, killed, enslaved, raped, and murdered, with no conscience. Did they know something she didn't?

Suzanne realizes that even though she loves God, it's her *fear* of going to hell that has kept her in the faith.



## **Know Thy Self!**

Modern European ideologies make no mention of African's contributions to western civilisations. They had been whitewashed out of his-story, unless it had to do with slavery – that's the one part of his-story they wished to keep alive. European scholars had gone out of their way to conceal the overwhelming evidence of Ancient Black Civilisations, including claiming Egypt isn't in Africa, and

whitewashing all the Pharaohs and Queens! Europeans simply couldn't fathom the idea that the people they had so successfully conquered and enslaved could possibly have had anything to do with Europe's rise to intellectual and economical greatness. It was an inconvenient truth which didn't advance their plan of white supremacy.

In order to get Africans to forget their greatness, Europeans had devised a long term plan through the processes of slavery and colonialism, which would ensure that they gained the upper hand. Africans had their own part to play in their demise; they were too trusting, and too willing to share their knowledge with outsiders.

Dr. Walker broke down the process of slavery and colonialism to show how they had systematically been used to break down the psyche of Africans to believe they were inferior, in order to put Europeans in a position of power. The first thing they did was to try and destroy all evidence that Blacks were the true contributors of civilization. Then they introduced the image of a white saviour, knowing that the subconscious mind will accept that image as fact. He explained that Asians, Chinese, and White people all had deities in their own likeness, and that Black people were the only ones who were forced to accept a white saviour. When Grace had asked why, Dr. Walker explained that it was a way of subconsciously programming Black people to see the *white man* as their saviour. Grace, a born-again Christian, wanted to know if Jesus was ever a

real person? Dr. Walker had simply told her to research 'The Council of Nicea'.

Europeans also used *imagery* to glamorize Victorian England as a 'high society' through films such as *Jane Eyre* and *Pride and Prejudice*. In reality, England was riddled with disease such as the bubonic plague, brought on by a lack of hygiene. Europeans would only wash once a week, share bath water, and throw their toilet waste out of the window, as they had no sewage systems. This caused an infestation of rats, which caused all manner of diseases. Africans taught Europeans the importance of keeping clean, and also helped them develop a sewage system, as they had mastered this from way back in Ancient Kemet.

Women in Victorian times had no rights, and were treated like property. They were financially dependent on their husbands, and were perhaps unaware of how they accumulated their vast wealth; many had invested in the slave trade, and in buying enslaved Africans. Those poor women had no idea what their men were getting up to while away on voyages for months on end, or the amount of Mulatto children they fathered as a result of the frequent rapings of enslaved African women.

When the white man arrived in Africa and witnessed the high status women held in their community, they sought to break that down. They saw that the woman was the core of the family, and the family was the core of the community. If they could break down the psyche of the *woman*, they could break down the whole *community*.

This would make it easier to steal the natural resources of the land, which is what they were really after.

Other strategies used were 'Assimilation' (the process of 'civilizing' Africans to become more like Europeans) and 'Divide and Conquer' – setting the men and women against each other, light-skinned against dark-skinned, young against old etc. Enslaved Africans were taught to believe that 'the lighter, or *whiter* you are, the more superior'.

In Module Four, Dr. Walker taught his students all about the Black Heroes and Sheroes, scientists and inventors and conscious Black Leaders who had sought to remind their people of Who they Really Are, including Malcom X, Marcus Mosiah Garvey, Khalid Muhammed, and Kwame Nkrumah. These were the real Black 'saviours' who had sacrificed their lives to save their people from white oppression.

He also taught a lesson on *chemistry*; the study of Melanin and its components, and how it relates to the number 666. (Protons, Electrons, Neurons).

“Remember, they try to demonize anything to do with Blackness, but when you know who you are, no-one can make you feel inferior to them.”



## Year Two: Undoing the Indoctrination

Suzanne also does her own research; she discovers that Europeans were hell bent on re-writing African history and replacing it with their own.

An example would be when the British first visited Ghana in the early 1800's; when they saw the Ashanti King's palace, out of jealousy they plotted to bring down his empire. From their own account, the palace was described as *'...an immense building of a variety of oblong courts and regular squares with...exuberantly adorned bold fan and trellis work of **Egyptian** character. They have a suit of rooms over them, with small windows of wooden lattice, of intricate but regular carved work, and some have frames cased with thin gold. The squares have a large apartment on each side, open in front, with two supporting pillars...they are lofty and regular, and the cornices of a very bold cane-work in alto relievo. A drop-curtain of curiously plaited cane is suspended in front, and in each we observed chairs and stools embossed with gold, and beds of silk, with scattered regalia.'*



The original palace of the Ashanti King before it was burnt down and ransacked by the British in 1875



## Year Two: Undoing the Indoctrination



The Ashanti King's current residence, presented to him by the British upon his return from exile  
In the Seychelles in 1925 (source: Wikipedia)

Learning about her rich history *before* slavery helps Suzanne develop self esteem and racial pride. If she had continued to only study European literature and watch their ‘programs’ about Africa on ‘tell-lie-vision’, she would have carried on believing that all indigenous Africans were starving and lived in mud huts.

If Suzanne hadn't attended her classes, the only African history she would know about was slavery. The descendants of enslavers loved keeping that part of his-story alive through films like *Roots* and *Goodbye Uncle Tom*, to show how they had conquered the African nation. But would they fund a film that *empowers* Black people?



“Our history didn't begin with slavery, slavery *interrupted* our history.”

~ Mutabaruka

## Reparations of the MIND

Suzanne can now see how her people had been brainwashed. They had been taught to 'fear God', who had been presented as a white man. This caused them to develop what Dr. Walker called the 'White Saviour Syndrome', which made them believe they couldn't do anything without white intervention. They had also been taught to hate their dark skin, and renounce anything to do with their culture, whilst embracing European culture.

Despite their wealth of natural resources, the majority of Africans are still living in poverty because they don't value *themselves*, which allows others to take advantage of them. What they need, is to develop love for themselves *individually*, and as a *commUNITY*.

**'To have love for yourself and your race doesn't mean hating anyone else, it simply means getting your priorities right'**

Suzanne is soon able to identify the descendants of enslaved Africans (those who still have the 'slave mentality') and the descendants of enslavers (those who still have the slave *trader* mentality). She notes that not *all* Africans and their descendants have a slave mentality, and not *all* Europeans have a slave trader mentality. Still, she recognizes the slave mentality within *herself* and begins the process of self-healing.

After reading *the Willie Lynch letter*, she realizes that she is still carrying the trauma of her ancestors, passed down to her genetically.

She can now identify where her strong 'Independent Black Woman' attitude came from, after learning how European enslavers devised a plan to systematically 'break in' their captives:

They would take the strongest male, tar him up, whip him in front of the whole community, tie each of his legs to a horse, then whip the horses so they would bolt, ripping him in two. The women were forced to watch; seeing their strongest men ripped in two sent them into an *emotional state of shock* – the image of the Black Man whom she had looked up to was completely destroyed. She could no longer depend on him to protect and provide for her. She was then given a new leader, the white man, her oppressor. The women were raped by their captors in front of their men who were powerless to do anything to stop it, otherwise they were likely to lose their own lives, or a limb, or to be whipped until the skin on their backs was raw. The strongest men were used as studs to 'breed' the women to provide more 'stock', like animals. They were not allowed to marry in their prime, and because they never knew when their children were going to be taken away and sold, they formed no emotional bonds with them. They beat their children mercilessly as *they* were beaten, to teach them how to comply – if *they* didn't do it, the slave traders would. The Mulatto children, products of the frequent rapings, were treated better than the Black children, because they supposedly had 'better quality blood'. Enslaved Africans were taught to believe that

‘the lighter or *whiter* you are, the more superior you are’. The women were trained to look up to the white man as their provider, and to raise their boys to grow physically strong, but mentally weak. Male captives had their warrior spirit whipped out of them, and were reduced to nothing more than slave labour and baby-making machines. Within this system, enslaved Africans whole way of life, culture, spiritual practices, names, language and heritage were stripped from them – but some still managed to carry them across the waters, and practice in secret.

The Slave Trade was run with brutal force, yet religion played a major part of it. In fact, churches were built right on top of the dungeons where captives were held before being shipped off the Continent. While church services were going on, Africans were being held in squalid conditions right underneath.



Europeans, through their religions, had managed to get Blacks to **believe** that without a (white) saviour they were powerless to save themselves, and to believe that earthly riches shouldn't be coveted.

They used subconscious programming to embed **beliefs** such as:

“It's easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God”.

This made it easy for them to extract the wealth of Africa with little resistance, and to program Black people to remain in poverty. Any African leader who resisted colonization was either killed or exiled.

Worst still, none of these wealthy Europeans were practicing Christians; they were living the life they had told Africans to wait to get in heaven!

Many *descendants* of enslavers today are still living off the profits from the Transatlantic Slave Trade, which had enabled them to build generational wealth. When slavery was 'abolished', their ancestors were paid huge sums by the government in compensation for the loss of their 'stock', while freed Africans received nothing. As a result, many ended up having to continue working for their former enslavers for a minimum wage.

This reminds Suzanne of Britain's bribe to her parent's generation; they were promised well-paying jobs to leave the Caribbean and relocate to Britain during the 1940's, after the Second World War. The most educated people were targeted but when they arrived, they were only offered low-paying jobs that the British didn't want to do, such as nursing, cleaning, factory work, and bus driving. Suzanne's own mother had been a qualified Accountant before arriving in England, but when she couldn't find work in that field, she was forced to re-train as a nurse. They had invested all their savings into relocating, sold their land and property, and had no money left to return to Jamaica. The 'Windrush Generation' had been duped into believing that Britain had 'streets paved with gold'.

How could she be sure that the holy books compiled by Europeans using stolen ancient manuscripts hadn't been tampered

with? What if it wasn't all 'God's Word?' What if they had also lied about *heaven* having streets paved with gold?



## **It's all in the Skin!**

In Module Five, Suzanne learns what gives Black people their colour:

MELANIN.

This complex biochemical pigment, she discovers, is actually a *blessing*, not a curse!

Brown to black in colour, Melanin can be found in the skin, hair, eyes, brain and organs. It plays an important role in the function of the brain and nervous system, and is concentrated in highly functional areas of the body, such as the genitals.

When operating at it's peak, Melanin provides a natural barrier from cancer-causing UV rays, reducing the risk of skin cancer. It also maintains moisture in the outer layers of the skin, slowing down signs of ageing. It absorbs and neutralizes free-radicals, and protects against radiation.

Melanin is also found in nature, and in the dark matter that permeates the universe, and is what makes Melanin-dominated people more *attuned* to nature.

The darker you are, the more Melanin you have.

Suzanne learns that Melanin is secreted from a small gland in the middle of the brain called the Pineal Gland, also known as the 'black dot' or 'third eye'. The Pineal Gland is a known link between the *physical* and *spiritual* worlds, and provides the connection to higher consciousness, creativity, spiritual awareness and being able to manifest in the physical world.

Healthy Melanin has the ability to *absorb* all kinds of energy including ultraviolet rays and electromagnetic waves, which it then turns into *energy* for the body to use. Melanin is also stimulated by sunlight, sound, and colors. The thought amuses Suzanne, as she supposes that's why her people like to play their music so loud!

However unhealthy Melanin affects the psyche negatively, causing the person to act in ways contrary to their true nature. Cocaine, pharmaceutical drugs, LSD and other toxic chemicals change the structure of Melanin which can cause cancer and psychological dis-eases.

Melanin is boosted by the sun's rays, fruit and vegetables, dopamine-rich foods such as turkey, plantain, eggs, almonds, walnuts and cacao chocolate. Anything that is applied on the skin goes directly into the bloodstream, affecting all the other organs. Suzanne stops using skin-lightening creams, as she's not sure what effect they're having on her mind and body; she is introduced to shea butter products by another lady in the class who imports it from Africa.

Dr. Walker encourages everyone to get a copy of Dr. Laila Afrika's book *'Melanin: What Makes Black People Black'*; it explains that Vitamin B helps keep Melanin clean, and that a natural diet for a Melanin-dominant person is the food that Mother Nature provides; fruit, vegetables, herbs, water, nuts, seeds, beans, sprouts etc. He encourages his students to cut out meat if possible, or to make it a small part of their food intake.

Up to this point, Suzanne would occasionally 'treat' the boys to takeaways, but now she's becoming more aware of the effects of food on the brain, she decides to cut out unhealthy foods like burgers, sausages, fried chicken and chips, and incorporates more natural food in her cooking. She tries her best to reduce the amount of 'fake food' from her shopping list, such as biscuits and crisps. Trying to get the boys to eat greens or seeds straight off the plate is difficult, but by blending them into the sauces or gravy, they hardly notice.

She begins to feel more focused, more energetic, and notices a positive change in the boys attention and focus as well.

With everything she has learned in her African History classes, Suzanne wonders how it had been possible to get Melanated (melanin dominated) people to believe that they are the inferior race?

She recalls how Europeans had treated Africans like less than animals during the African Holocaust. They justified their actions by saying that Negroes had 'no soul'. They had in fact demonstrated



their *own* lack of spirituality, by treating their fellow hue-man beings in such a barbaric way. And what makes a person spiritual?

### **‘Spirit-ritual’**

In other words, to be ‘spiritual’ is to perform *ritual with Spirit*, an African tradition which these same Europeans had branded as ‘evil’, before replacing it with their religions.

Africans were made to **believe** that their traditions of paying homage to their ancestors and African deities were wrong, and were given a *new* religion which honours and makes offerings to a white god.

Suzanne wonders how her ancestors would be feeling if they were looking down, watching their descendants. Would those who had sacrificed their lives for their people's freedom be happy to see them *physically* free, but still in *mental* slavery? And worse still, they didn't even realize it!

### **‘The worst type of slave is the slave who believes he is free’**

Suzanne makes a conscious decision to trace her roots as far back as possible, and to change her name to an African name to honor her ancestors. She believes that as long as the descendants of enslaved Africans *keep* their slave master's names, they still have a spiritual hold over them.

It must have taken hundreds, if not *thousands* of years to turn everything upside down; Suzanne wonders '*how long will it take to turn everything the right way up again?*'



### **Think 'Kink'**

Suzanne also learns that a person can be identified by a single strand of their hair, even thousands of years after they have died. This means that whenever she buys 'human hair' and puts it on her head, she's taking on someone else's 'ID-entity'.

This causes her to think more seriously about buying '100% human hair'. Not only was she suppressing her *own* DNA, but she was taking on the identity of someone she didn't even know!

Whose hair was it? Was the person *alive* or *dead*? Apparently, it had been said that they were cutting hair from corpses to fill the demand for the huge wig and weave industry.

They were even taking hair from the temples in Asia that people had shaved off, to offer as sacrifices to their gods. Before, she had taken pride in saying the hair she bought was '100% human', but now, she only buys synthetic wigs – she's not ready to give up her wigs and weaves just yet. They'd had a big discussion in class about this; some of the brothers were saying the sisters were 'lost', and suffering from a 'self-identity crisis', while the sisters defended their actions by blaming the men for going off with women who had long, straight hair.

Dr. Walker had explained the benefits of wearing natural hair; he said all energy travels in *spirals*, which means that curly hair acts as

a natural *antenna* for the messages constantly being transmitted from Mother Nature and the Universe. He also said that the fabled 'Medusa' was based on a Black Woman with locs.

Suzanne begins experimenting more with natural hair styles. It takes a little longer for her to get ready in the mornings; instead of just putting a wig or weave on top, she now has to spray, comb and style it. Before, she used the excuse that it was quicker and easier to just put a wig on, and that it was just a fashion accessory, like wearing jewelry. But now, she feels more confident about wearing her own hair out; it gives her a new sense of pride and identity. She isn't trying to look Indian or Brazilian anymore. Her hair is naturally kinky, and she's going to love and care for it as it is. The more she gets used to it, the more she comes to love its versatility. Walking down the street, she notices the 'woke' brothers giving her approving looks; one even commented that there needs to be more sisters like her. Once a week she goes to the gym to steam her hair with loads of conditioner, which helped make it easier to manage. Whenever she wants to treat herself or has somewhere special to go, she goes to the hairdresser to get it styled in a Bespoke hairstyle. It could last a couple of weeks if she wears a silk head-tie to bed.

She realizes that she looks just as good, if not better, with her own natural hair, and begins to embrace herself in all her natural beauty.



## Who Am I?

Suzanne realizes she has a false identity; a mask. Living in the UK, following a religion that had been whipped into her ancestors, no Mother Tongue, cultural practices forgotten, inheritance stolen, she was so far away from home: Africa, her Motherland, the womb of civilization. *This* is her roots. *This* is the beginning of her-story, *this* is her heritage! All nations were birthed out of Africa, her mother, father, grandparents, great-grandparents, ancestors. She wonders how she could have strayed so far as to have lost sight of her own Self.

When it first dawned on Suzanne that her roots were in Africa *not* the 'West Indies', it had come as a big shock to her.

*'How am I going to find my way back home?'*

Moved by everything she's learning, Suzanne is led to write a poem:

*Who am I?*

*I am a remnant of my ancestors,  
Torn from my Motherland  
By the rape of slave traders.*

*Who am I?*

*I am a watered-down version of an African Queen;  
My blood is diluted, so mixed, that it's now in-between;  
My skin is no longer its original color;  
Rich, dark, like black gold;  
The colour of...tar.*

*Yet still,  
I have Royal Blood flowing through my veins,  
For my ancestors were kings, queens, rulers,  
Inventors, scientists, leaders  
I am the descendant of a Kemetic Dynasty  
And I radiate my inner divinity...*

She commits to using her gift of writing poetry to help free her people from mental slavery.



### **The Burning Ritual**

Suzanne downloads an image of ‘white Jesus’ from the internet and prints it off. Before starting her ritual, she gets a glass of water and pours libation into a plant, invoking the spirits of her ancestors for protection, as she had seen Dr. Walker do. She gets a lighter and starting at the corner, burns the image to *subconsciously separate herself from the white savior programming* that had been encoded into her DNA. As the image goes up in flames she says “Thank you ancestors, I am free at last. Please guide and protect me on the rest of my journey.”



## Year Three: Mind...the Gap!

For nine months, Suzanne has no contact with Charles. She misses him terribly, but refuses to be the one to make contact first. The first few weeks were like being on an emotional roller-coaster; she didn't know if she could take much more of it...she felt sick.

But instead of wallowing in self-pity, she had thrown herself into her African History classes, and writing, recording and performing her poetry.

Recently, a friend had introduced her to '*Inner Space*' which offers free meditation classes, as she had said she wanted to learn how to control her negative thinking patterns. In the first class, she is told to simply *observe* her thoughts, and not try to do anything about them. She watches as they run through her mind wildly, like naughty children in a playground; screaming, shouting, and behaving unruly. Suzanne learns that all thoughts are not her own, and that she can *choose* which thoughts she wants to entertain. If she doesn't like a thought, she can simply choose another one. If she decides to *entertain* a thought, another thought like it will follow, then another, and another, until a whole train of similar thoughts are running through her mind! If they are *good* thoughts, she can remain in a positive state of bliss, but if they are *negative*, they can lead to sadness, stress, anxiety, or even depression.

**'Depression' is just a fancy name for 'negative thinking patterns'** ~ Anthony Robbins

Suzanne learns that according to the Universal Law of Sowing and Reaping, her mind is a *garden*, and her thoughts are the *seeds*. Her job is to keep the garden of her mind well cultivated by uprooting *negative* thoughts and replacing them with *positive* ones. If she doesn't 'nip her negative thoughts in the bud' they will grow fast and spread, like weeds.

She thinks about how this metaphor is like a *real* garden; weeds grow much faster than flowers, and if they're allowed to grow wildly, will outgrow the flowers, stunt their growth, or kill them before they reach full blossom.

As the gardener of her *mind*, Suzanne learns how to cultivate positive thought-seeds so they can blossom into flowers, and to uproot negative thought-*weeds* before they take root and grow out of control.

Whenever a negative thought (weed) springs up, instead of watering (dwelling on) it, and letting it grow into *more* negative thoughts, she begins to uproot them and replace them with positive thought-*seeds*:

Weed: "I'm so broke!"

Seed: "No I'm not, I am getting richer and richer every day!"

Weed: "I feel sick."

Seed: "No I don't, I am in perfect health; mind, spirit and body!"

Weed: "I'm tired of being single!"

Seed: "My perfect match is out there somewhere, and I'm attracting him into physical MANifestation!"

Suzanne learns that all thoughts are either rooted in *Love* or *fear*; a positive thought is rooted in *Love*, and a negative thought is rooted in *fear* – by planting seeds of *Love*, she can remain in a positive state of bliss. Learning how to meditate helps Suzanne to control her thoughts, which in turn helps to control her *feelings*.

## **THOUGHTS Create FEELINGS**



In her meditation class, Suzanne discovers that her *solar plexus* or 'sun centre' located at the back of her stomach, will let her know whether she is thinking positively or negatively.

'*Good thoughts create good feelings, bad thoughts create bad feelings*' her meditation teacher had simply put it. If she's feeling good, she will radiate *positive* energy. If she's feeling bad, she will radiate *negative* energy. Depending on the frequencies she's putting out, will depend on the types of people, situations and opportunities she will attract.

Her *thoughts* are creating her *feelings*, but her feelings are the *fuel* which make what she's thinking about happen that much faster, so her *emotions* are the real attractor factor!



## **Emotions = Energy in Motion**

Back at home, Suzanne thinks back to the day she broke up with Charles; she had allowed her negative thinking to spiral out of control. From now on, she would make a conscious effort to maintain a good vibe; the way to keep herself feeling happy is simply to think good thoughts. This reminds her of a scripture:

**‘Whatever things are true, whatever things are honest,  
whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever  
things are lovely, whatever things are of good report; if there  
be any virtue,  
and if there is anything praiseworthy,  
MEDITATE ON THESE THINGS’**

*(Philippians 4:8)*

She begins being guided by her feelings instead of being *controlled* by them. If she’s feeling bad, she now knows it’s because she’s *thinking* something bad. Instead of allowing her emotions to be controlled by outside forces, she stops going to church, stops watching the news, and makes a point of ignoring anything on social media that will trigger a negative reaction.

## **Thoughts FORM!**

Suzanne is now aware of how the media is being used to control the thoughts and emotions of the masses. If hundreds, or even thousands of people **believe** what they’ve been told (even if it’s a **lie**),

their constant thinking about it will cause it to become real. This is how the 'select few' had been controlling the masses for years, getting them to create what *they* want, which is a slave nation working for them, instead of creating 'heaven on earth'.



### **Meditate to Create**

Suzanne sits upright with her eyes closed. Whenever the boys are at their dad's for the weekend, after cleaning and clearing the house of any negative energy, she spends hours in a meditative state.

Before, she would feel lonely if she was in the house by herself but now, she looks forward to spending time alone. *Loneliness* and *being alone* are two different things; being alone gives her time to connect with her inner Self.

On the odd free weekend, she will go out with her girlfriends or invite them over for a meal and to watch a DVD – preferably a comedy or something light-hearted. But she has decided to spend this evening alone, without the noise of anything external to interrupt her thoughts.

She sits in poised with her eyes closed, breathing consciously, aware of her abdomen expanding and retracting. She keeps absolutely still as she creates a space between each thought, making the gaps larger and larger, until her thoughts have slowed right down, enough for her to enter into the Silence... Sitting in the Silence for

relatively long periods of time helps Suzanne take control over her physical body, and to hear the voice of her Higher Self more clearly.

Some time later, she opens her eyes feeling refreshed and rejuvenated, as if she has just returned from a relaxing short break. Sitting in 'the Silence' has become her favorite pastime – when she's not writing poetry. Sometimes, being in the Silence allows room for inspiration to flow in, so she always has her notebook and pen to hand.

Getting up to run a bath, Suzanne feels positively powerful; she had received an idea for how to turn her gift into a more profitable money-making business; she was going to produce a book of poetry and an accompanying CD. Since she had already started recording some of her poems, the idea was perfect! She would be able to sell them whenever she went out to perform – which she needed to start doing more often. As the bath fills, she adds some bubble bath, Epsom salts and lavender essential oil. As she relaxes neck-deep in the water, words come floating to her. She reaches for her notebook and pen, and trying not to get the paper too wet, writes:

*I am fertile soil!*

*When I plant Seeds of Love in the garden of my mind*

*They're gonna blossom...*

*Think of every thought you have as a SEED*

*The thoughts you sow, you will reap;*

*Thoughts rooted in LOVE will grow into beautiful flowers*

*Year Three: Mind...the Gap!*

*While thoughts rooted in FEAR  
will grow into fast-growing weeds!*

*Every day is a SEED to your future happiness,  
success and well-being, so plant the seeds TODAY  
for the future you want to see BLOSSOM!  
Just remember, you reap what you sow...*



### **Train up a Child...**

Suzanne is spending 'Quality Time' with her boys.

After dinner, they shower and get ready for bed.

"How was school today?" she asks, tucking them into bed.

"Boring," Micah replies.

"Why, what lessons did you have?"

"History, Science and Maths."

"But you're *good* at Maths! What did you learn in History?"

"How Napoleon discovered the West Indies."

"Oh, really! Did he tell you that without the Moors helping with navigation, Napoleon would have got lost at sea?"

"Huh?"

"I thought not. On Saturday, we'll do our own history lesson, okay?"

"Okay."

"What about you Elijah, how was *your* day?"

"Not good."

"Why, what happened?"

“I was sent out of class, and got a detention.”

“What?? For what?!”

“Well I was doing my work, and Tommy whispered to me to ask if he could borrow my ruler. When I gave it to him, Sir called me out and said I was disrupting the class, and told me to leave.”

“Are you sure that's what happened?”

“I promise mum, I didn't do anything wrong.”

“Right, I'm going to make an appointment to see that Mr. White tomorrow!”

“Mum,” Micah pitches in, “Why did you stop us from going to the 100 Black Men of London classes? ”

Suzanne had stopped taking them after she split up with Charles because he was one of the mentors.

“It's complicated,” she tries to brush him off.

“But I really liked it, and we learned a lot of stuff they don't teach us in school!”

“Well / can teach you now...anyway it's time for bed, give me a kiss and say your prayers...”



Suzanne returns to her bedroom, wondering what Charles is doing right now, and whether he ever thinks about *her*. She wonders whether it's possible to love someone without being emotionally attached to them; she still has strong *feelings* for him, but is that what Love is? Just a *feeling*? What happens when the feelings fade, do

you just move on to the next person? But her feelings for Charles *hadn't* faded. She still loves him, but doesn't feel as *needy* as before.

"Why did I delete his number? I'm no good at memorizing numbers since I got this smartphone!" Just as she's wishing she could call him, it starts ringing – it's him!

"Hi Suzanne..."

"I don't believe it, I was just thinking about you!"

"I must have sensed it," he replies calmly;

"You've been on my mind too. It's been a while...how are you?"

"I'm okay."

She wants to tell him how much she's been missing him, but the words just won't come out.

"Just okay?"

"Well no, I'm *great* actually. What about you, what have *you* been doing with your Self?"

"You're not going to believe this – I've been *painting!*"

Charles explains that the drawing he'd done of her got his creative juices flowing, and he had been painting every weekend since they broke up.

"Can I come and see them?" she asks.

"Sure you can!"

"When?"

"When are you free?"

"Tomorrow evening?"

"...Okay, great!"

That would give him time to tidy up a bit, and put clean sheets on the bed.



Suzanne arrives at Charles' in a short skirt, heels and a tight-fitting lycra top, with a light overcoat.

As soon as he shuts the door behind her, he hugs and kisses her passionately. He doesn't tell her how much he has missed her, but his actions speak louder than any words ever could.

Then taking her by the hand, he leads her into his spacious living room.

On every wall hung a new oil painting, signed and dated by him Self. Suzanne walks around slowly, examining the symbolism in each painting. She could see where all his sexual energy had gone these past eight months. Just by looking at them, she could tell something deep had been going on in his subconscious.

"They're *beautiful*...but then I wouldn't have expected anything less, coming from you."

"Thank you. Choose one."

She thought she heard him wrong;

"Did you say *choose one*?"

"Yes, as my way of apologizing for not calling you sooner."

Suzanne knows straight away which one she wants.

"Can I have *that* one?" she points to the woman emerging from a red tulip. It **reminds** her of everything she had been learning in her meditation classes:



“*Self Love*? Sure, it reminds me of you actually.”

“Maybe you should keep it then!”

“It’s okay, I’m thinking of putting them into print anyway.”

“The colours are so vibrant!”

“Yes, I incorporated *Colour Therapy*; just by looking at them, the colours will have a positive effect on the mind and body.”



“Well I’m glad to see you’re finally taking your art seriously!”

“Thanks to you,” he pulls her close to him in a small gesture of appreciation. As they stand hugging and kissing, Charles inhales deeply into her neck, taking in the aroma of his favorite perfume. It brings back fond memories. He turns her away from him and from behind, reaches under her top to fondle a breast with one hand, while slowly lifting her skirt with the other. To his delight, she isn’t wearing any underwear. He reaches between her thighs to feel her soft, moist opening. Suzanne lets out a gasp as his warm fingers begin massaging her down there. She can feel the urgency of Pride’s passion from behind, which intensifies her own carnal desire for him. Suddenly she turns around and begins tearing at his clothes, which gives him permission to do the same to her. Kissing passionately, they strip each other down, leaving a trail of clothes strewn across the living room floor leading to the sofa, while keeping their lips locked and their tongues sensually wrestling. As they pass the dimmer switch, Charles masterfully reaches over and turns down the lights to a soft glow. He lands on the leather sofa first, with Suzanne straddling him.

“At last!” he comments.

“At last what?”

(She thinks he means at last they're together again).

“You’re in all your natural beauty!” he compliments.

“Oh, you noticed!”

Suzanne had removed her synthetic wig, taken her hair out of cornrows, and smoothed it back into one just before she left home, knowing he prefers the *au natural* look.

“Can I take your hair out?” he asks, while removing her hair band. She doesn’t stop him; as soon as he has released her hair, it turns into a mass of wild curls. Suzanne tries to smooth it down, thinking it looks too messy.

“Leave it, it looks fine,” he assures her. She looks erotic, wild, and exciting in the dim light, while his painting ‘*Black Butterfly*’ forms a calming backdrop on the wall behind her:



He can't wait any longer.

"I wanna feel me inside of you," he murmurs into her ear, searching for her opening. Suzanne raises herself unto her knees to make it easier for him insert Pride. As she sits on him slowly, they both let out a sigh of relief.

Suzanne holds on for dear life as they begin moving together rhythmically, slowly at first, then building up into a frenzy. She rides Pride as if she's riding a horse; it surely helps whip her into shape, anyway!

They talk to each other playfully and laughing, change into all their favorite positions.

"This is *real* Poetry in Motion!" Charles jokes as he gently pushes her into the doggie position. He takes her hips in his hands and kisses each of her bum-cheeks, before inserting Pride into her yoni. He begins gyrating his hips as he moves back and forth.

Suzanne can feel the bend in Pride massaging her g-spot; the sensation drives him wild too.....as he gallops towards the finish line, he can feel the heat as he reaches the centre of her yoni-verse;

"WHO AM I?" she demands passionately as he drives deep inside her.

He doesn't hesitate to remind her;

"You're my Queeeeeeeeeeeeeeeen..." he groans as he comes.



## **Better, not Bitter**

Hours later, his cock is still hard as a rock.

But Suzanne can't take any more. As they lay entwined around each other's bodies, Charles traces a line with his finger over the scar above her left eye, as if he's only just noticing it.

"How did you get this scar?" he asks.

"Belt buckle."

"What! From who?"

"My mother, bless her."

"How can you say 'bless her'? She's scarred you for life!"

Suzanne sighs.

"She was only enacting her genetic coding."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, as the descendant of an enslaved African, she was still carrying the trauma of her ancestors in her DNA."

"How does that explain away the scar?"

"On the plantations, mothers were forced to beat their children mercilessly in order to break them down mentally, ready for programming. If they refused to do it, the enslavers would. Plus, they didn't know when their children were going to be taken away and sold, so they formed no emotional bonds with them. My mother never hugged or kissed me, I think that was down to her genetic programming; beating her children was something that had been passed down through her DNA."

"That makes sense. I remember learning about the imprint period; anything a child is told repeatedly between the ages of 0-7 goes into their subconscious and becomes the program they run on for the rest of their life."

“That's right, so according to the Willie Lynch Letter, the system enslavers developed *guaranteed* that they wouldn't have to keep breaking in new slaves being born, because the *mothers* would automatically do it for them. It would just keep getting passed down from one generation to the next.”

“So how can we break it?”

“Well apparently, the 400 years is almost up! That's how long the system was guaranteed to work for. After that, it's down to the *mothers* to prevent it from being passed down any further, because they're mainly the ones who are raising the children.”

“How do they break the cycle?”

“First, they have to stop taking their children to church. Once that religious indoctrination gets into the psyche it acts like a *virus*, only it's not that easy to remove. It's the cause of a lot of our problems as a community, especially our finances, self-identity issues, and sexual frustration.”

“I'm glad you brought that up, do you remember what you were like when we first met?”

Suzanne laughs.

“Yes, but luckily for me, I wasn't afraid to ask questions, and that's what led to the path I'm on now. Learning my history – or should I say *herstory* – has helped me begin to correct some of the behaviors I **inherited**.”

“How do you feel about your mum now? I can tell you're not that close.”

“I would *like* to have been, but she’s not emotionally available. She couldn't give me what I needed because she hasn't healed from her own trauma. I forgave her for *my* sake, not hers. I just hope I haven't passed any trauma down to *my* children.”

“Did you beat them?”

Suzanne looks embarrassed.

“Not *mercilessly* like I was beaten – and I balanced it out with lots of hugs and kisses and telling them I love them, something *I* didn't get as a child.”

“That must have really affected you – but you know how to give good hugs and kisses now!”

Charles gives her a hug; she reciprocates.

“I practiced on my boys; I didn't know how to give *or* receive love, or how to express my true feelings. I’ve done a lot of work on myself to get where I am now, and I’m still working on it.”

“Well that explains your outburst just before we broke up!”

They both laugh.

“I'm just glad we're back together again. I love you.”

“I love you too.”

“Do you remember asking me about visiting Ghana with you?”

“Yes, you said you didn't want to go.”

“Well I’ve changed my mind. I want to visit my Motherland.”

“Great! We should plan a trip for next year, I'd love to take you to my father's village. Will you be bringing the boys?”

“I’m not sure, I’ll have to see if the money will stretch.”

“Ok, well I’ll pay for your ticket, so let me know if you want to bring them and I’ll look into flights...”

Suzanne has to get back home; she has a class at 12pm. Charles offers to run the shower for her, but she prefers to keep the lingering scent of their love-making clinging to her body as a secret subtle reminder for as long as she can. She finds her now crinkled skirt and top amongst the clothes strewn across the floor in the living room. After zipping up her skirt, with arms up, she squeezes back into her top. Charles watches her breasts disappear like a curtain at the end of an award-winning play.

As she heads out the door, she kisses him gently on the lips, before heading towards her car.

As Charles re-enters his bedroom, he can still smell her essence lingering in the air, on the bed sheets, and on his skin.

“This is gonna be a long day,” he thinks, as he gets ready to go to the gym.

He then decides against the gym as he’s already had a good workout, opting to have a nap before getting ready for the 100 Black Men of London mentoring session.



That evening, Charles calls – he isn’t going to make the mistake of not calling again!

“Can I come over?”

“I’d love you to – but I’ve got some writing I need to do,” Suzanne responds warmly. It’s now Autumn, and her body clock has changed;

she now goes to bed at 8pm so she can wake up around 4am to write. If Charles was to come over, she would end up going to sleep late and wouldn't get her writing done.

Plus, she's still a bit sore from the night before.

Charles agrees reluctantly. He had tasted her sweet nectar again, and now he wants more.

"What about tomorrow?" he suggests.

She pauses before replying;

"...Okay".

As much as she enjoys his company, Suzanne feels as if she's on a mission, being driven to accomplish something. He says he can still smell her scent on his sheets, and informs her of all the different positions he's going to put her in next time he sees her. While he gives a detailed description they both pleasure themselves, talking each other into a heated frenzy, until they both climax loudly down the phone.



## **Salt Fish**

Charles had asked Suzanne what she wanted to do on their next weekend together, and she had suggested they go for a sauna and steam.

They arrive at 9am.

Suzanne heads towards the women's changing rooms;

"Meet you in the lounge area in 10 minutes, okay?"

"Sure."



Charles flip-flops over to meet her in his blue swimming trunks. She's wearing a white bikini, with her hair wrapped in a towel.

“Fancy coming for a swim?” he asks.

“No thanks, my hair doesn't like the chlorine.”

She heads towards the Jacuzzi.

“Okay... I'll join you after my laps.”

Suzanne lowers herself into the bubbles while Charles puts on his goggles, dives into the pool and begins powerfully swimming to the other side. She watches him complete ten laps before leaving the pool to shower and join her.

“You're a great swimmer!”

“I used to be on the school team.”

“You've still got it in you!”

They relax in the Jacuzzi for another twenty minutes, hardly talking, just enjoying each other's company.

Afterwards, they head for the showers where they scrub each other's backs and wash down before entering the steam room. Suzanne had already washed her hair and loaded it with conditioner. She opens her home-made sea-salt, olive oil and essential oil mixture, and sitting on the warm tiles, begins scrubbing her arms and legs, feet, hands, torso and buttocks. She offers some to Charles, who scrubs his arms, legs and chest. She scoops a small amount into her hand and scrubs his back. He does hers. They allow time for the steam to help the mixture penetrate their skin before leaving the steam room.

Suzanne untwists her plaits so she can rinse her hair; it's almost shoulder length in its natural kinky state. Charles offers to help. After showering down again, they relax on the lounge chairs where she sprays her hair with a leave-in conditioner and re-twists it in four big sections.

"Excuse me, you can't do your hair in this area, it's a public place," one of the staff says, quite rudely.

Suzanne rolls her eyes before wrapping her head in a towel.

"I wish I had a steam room at home!"

"Well *that's* something to work towards," Charles says with a smile as he reclines with his eyes closed; he's just imagining the fun they would have...

They leave the gym around 12pm and arrive back at his place; he can't wait to get her naked and explore her silky-smooth body. As he throws her onto his sofa and spreads her legs, he jokes "There's nothing I like better than freshly-steamed fish!"

Today he's having *salt*-fish...



## **A Great Idea!**

In committing to be more attentive to Suzanne, Charles decides to devote more time doing things with her *and* her boys. So now he goes to her house straight from work twice a week so they can all have dinner together, and so he can take part in 'Quality Time' with the boys. When it's Suzanne's weekend to have the boys, Charles takes them with him to the 100 Black Men of London mentoring

sessions. When she doesn't have the boys, she spends the weekend at his place.

So this weekend they're at Charles' place; he's busy painting, while Suzanne is on her laptop writing.

"What are you working on?" he asks mid-flow with his brush in the air.

"A poem called '*Black...Scorpio...Woman!*' It's based on my Natal Chart report."

"Sounds interesting! How's it going?"

"It's harder than the ones that come as a 'download'."

"Are you winning?"

"I'm getting there – yes!"

"What are you planning on doing with all your poems?"

"I'm putting together my first poetry collection, remember?"

"Oh yes...well I just had an idea."

Suzanne is momentarily distracted.

"What?" she asks in an interested tone.

"Why don't we go into *business* together – *my* artwork and *your* poetry – we could start a new range of inspirational Black greeting cards and prints!"

"Sounds great – the only problem is, most of my poems are far too long to fit inside a greeting card!"

"I'm sure you can edit some down to fit?" he suggests.

"That's not a bad idea!"

Suzanne looks at Charles' paintings again; she can see how some of her poems *would* fit in with the themes of his artwork.

“YES!” she shouts excitedly.

They stop what they're doing, link hands and start jumping up and down, laughing as if they had just won the lottery, at the thought of how much money they're going to make.



## Year Four: Finding Her Self

### The Proposal

Charles and Suzanne are lying on the grass in the park, while Micah and Elijah play with some other children. Charles is lying on his back with the soles of his feet planted firmly in the grass for grounding, while Suzanne has one arm across him, head resting on his chest.

“Where do you see yourself in five years time?” she looks up to ask.

Charles smiles with his eyes still closed.

“With you of course.”

“Okay...where do you see *us*?”

“I see us...still happy together; I can't imagine being with anyone but you Sue, you make me feel so relaxed and special, I want us to be together forever – why don't we try for a baby? I'd love you to be the mother of my child,” he turns and looks her deep the eyes.

That was a bolt out of the blue!

“Haven't you *missed* something?’ she asks.

“What?” he asks with a confused expression.

“You just jumped straight over the *marriage* part to having a baby!”

“Oh...I just thought it would be nice for us to have one of our own, I feel ready for one now.”

“What, ready for a baby but not ready for marriage?”

“I told you, I don't believe in the white wedding – but we could do a traditional wedding in Ghana if you like.”

Suzanne pauses to think about his proposal.

“Is that even *recognized* by UK law?” she asks sarcastically.

“Does it matter?”

“Of course it does! It's a nice thought Charles, but not one I can entertain right now.”

Stroking his face lovingly she adds;

“What about this business we're supposed to be setting up? *That* can be our baby!”

“Fair comment – but don't you want any more?”

“I wouldn't mind having another one, I have no doubt you'll make a great father, but the timing has to be right – I don't want to end up a single mother to *three* children!”

“Babe, no matter what happens between us, I'll always be here for you.”

His words echo those of her sons' father; he too had promised to 'always be there for her and the boys'. But where was he now? She tries her best not to project her disappointment with her ex onto Charles, but it's difficult.

“Like I said, I want *marriage* before having any more children – I'm trying to break my slave mentality, remember?”

“Then give up the idea that you need to have a ‘white wedding’ to be married.”



## Your Own Universe (YOU)

Charles has noticed that since getting back together, Suzanne doesn't seem as 'needy' as she was before; she seems to enjoy her own company a lot more. She had explained to him that unless she spends time in 'The Silence', she isn't able to draw from her 'inner well'.

She would seize every opportunity to be alone. On the weekends that they had the boys, Charles would often take them to the 100 Black Men of London sessions, to the cinema, or back to his place where they would spend hours on the Play-station together, leaving Suzanne at home with her Self. She trusts Charles with her sons; he's a good role model and completely dependable. Whenever they return, Suzanne always looks refreshed, and would have cooked a nice meal for them all. But she seems to be becoming more and more of a recluse; it's as if her *soul* purpose has become her writing. Charles has noticed that she hardly ever goes out with her friends anymore, and rarely wants to go out on dates either. She appears to be cutting her Self off from the outside world – she doesn't even seem to need *him* anymore. Rather, she prefers to spend time alone in her 'inner world' – he's never met a woman who enjoys her own company as much as Suzanne.

Charles prefers to paint by natural daylight, so come evening time, he's free to spend time with Suzanne, but this is when *she* wants to retreat into her own little world. Not even *he* can follow her there. She has a habit of going to bed early during the winter months so she can get up in the middle of the night, to write. As soon as they finish spending Quality Time with the boys, she goes to bed herself. Just when Charles is ready to 'get his freak on', Suzanne is ready to go to sleep.

On this occasion, Charles has decided to call it a night too. It's only 8.05pm, but Suzanne is already dozing off. He snuggles next to her under the thick duvet, pulling her close to him. Too late, she's already sleeping. As Pride rises, he slips it gently between her thighs from behind, searching for her opening. Suzanne groans as if not wanting to be disturbed, but positions her body to make it easier for Pride to enter. As he slowly and gratefully begins moving back and forth, he can feel her getting wet, lubricating his shaft. She still appears to be asleep though. As he builds up a rhythm, he reaches round to play with her breasts, kissing her gently on the back. She again lets out a slight moan, as if not wanting her sleep interrupted. He pauses for a moment, waiting to see if she will wake up and become responsive to his needs. No chance. Slowly, carefully, he carries on taking her from behind, until he finally lets out a deep groan as he comes, falling asleep still inside her.





## The Signs

It's eight o'clock on a Friday evening. Charles would normally be over by this time to spend the weekend, but Suzanne hasn't heard from him yet. She calls his landline; it rings for a while before he answers.

"Hi love, what time are you coming over?"

"Oh...I can't make it this weekend, I'm tired – plus I have some work I have to catch up on," he answers in a hushed tone.

"Shall I come over to yours then?"

"NO! I mean, I think I'd just like to be on my own, you know, get in touch with my inner Self and all that."

There's a touch of sarcasm in his voice which Suzanne doesn't pick up on.

"Oh, *good!*" she commends him; "Well have a great weekend – give me a call when you're free!"

"I will," he rep-plies vaguely.



It's now Sunday, and Suzanne still hasn't heard from him. She calls his landline; the phone rings and rings before the answering machine kicks in. She hangs up and calls his mobile. His deep, sexy voice answers:

*"Hi, this is Charles. Sorry I can't take your call right now, but if you'd like to leave a message..."*

She hangs up.

‘Why isn’t he answering any of his phones?’ she wonders.

She calls his landline again. It rings and rings. This time she leaves a message asking him to call her back as soon as he receives it. She sits there, wondering where he could be. Maybe he's at the gym? No, he always goes early in the morning. What if he's ill? Maybe she should go round there. She decides to try calling one more time. The phone rings and rings. Just as she's about to hang up, Charles answers, sounding a bit annoyed.

“Oh! Hi babe, are you okay?” she asks hesitantly.

“I’m fine – but I can’t talk right now, I’m kinda busy.”

“Doing what?” she asks.

Suzanne hears what sounds like a woman trying to stifle a cough in the background.

“What was that? Who’s there?” she questions him, trying not to panic.

“It’s just a friend...listen, I have to go, I’ll call you tomorrow, okay?”

He hangs up the phone.

Suzanne sits there in shock.

‘He has a *woman* there? I thought he said he wanted to be *alone*? When did *this* happen?’

She had been so focused on her Self that she hadn’t even noticed Charles’ was feeling neglected.

“Bastard! He’s gone and done exactly what I *thought* he would do! How *could* he?”

Should she go round there and have it out with the woman, explaining that *she* is his girlfriend?

‘No’, her inner voice advises.

So she sends Charles a text asking him to call her as soon as he gets her message.



### **Is This...Love?**

The next few weeks are like a living hell. Suzanne can’t focus on anything; she can’t eat, she can’t sleep, she can hardly *think* straight. Charles still hasn’t called. ‘*Probably too busy having fun with his new girlfriend*’ she cries in despair.

She tries her best not to imagine him with his new woman. But she can’t help seeing him walking down the street holding hands with her, driving in his car with her, relaxing on his sofa with her, making love to her, just as he had done with *her*. The pain is unbearable; as if someone had taken a knife and stuck it straight through her heart.

Feeling distraught, she reaches for her journal and pens a poem:

*Is this Love:*

*A yearning, burning feeling in my heart?*

*Is this Love:*

*The pain of knowing we’re breaking apart?*

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*Is this Love:*

*Feeling helpless, knowing we're dying,  
But not knowing what to do?*

*Is this Love:*

*Not eating, not sleeping,  
Not wanting anything, but you?*

*All I ever wanted, I found in you*

*But now I'm feeling blue*

*Missing you, so much*

*Wanting you, so near*

*Wanting you to appear*

*from nowhere...*

*Is this Love?*

*Is this how love's supposed to feel?*

*Oh, I wish I could heal my broken heart!*

*Is this Love:*

*The wrenching, tearing feeling at my heart?*

*The crying, crying, crying*

*As we slip further and further apart?*

*Oh the pain, it's too much for me to bear!*

*I'M CALLING OUT TO YOU*

*WITH ALL OF MY SENSES,*

*WHY CAN'T YOU HEAR?*

*But I need to move on,*

*Make a fresh start –*

*But it's so hard without you:*

*Is this...Love?*



## **Be PRESENT!**

To take her mind off Charles, Suzanne throws herself into her creativity. She refuses to let the break-up send her spiraling into depression, as it might have done in the past. Instead, she focuses on being *present*, and keeping her thoughts *positive*.

She decides that happiness is a state of *being*, not in being in a *relationship*.

She makes up her mind to only focus on things that make her happy, like spending time with her boys, writing and recording her poetry, performing and meditating. She's going to 'follow her bliss'...but when she thinks about it, being with *Charles* had made her happy. Talking to *Charles* had made her happy. Making love with *Charles* had made her happy. But now, she has to find happiness

elsewhere...but the more she looks, the more she keeps seeing bits of him everywhere; guys with his eyes, lips, nose, smile...she *has* to find a way to get him out of her system. Since she isn't ready for another relationship, she throws herself into her work instead. She puts every bit of her free time and money into writing and recording her poetry. She's recorded 11 so far, only 2 left to go. She has collaborated with an acoustic guitarist and a djembe drummer for the backing music, another brother added his vocals, while another played the sax on a track – it's all coming together very nicely!

Suzanne decides to use the painting Charles gave her for the front cover design, and to title her poetry collection '*Seeds of Love*'.



## **The Purpose of Relationships**

Suzanne decides to view her break-up with Charles as an opportunity to grow and develop. What did she learn from their relationship? How has it helped her to become a better person? What would she do differently next time?

She's still angry and hurt by the way it ended, but has decided to view the whole relationship as *constructive*, regardless of how it turned out. She thinks back to her relationship with Micah and Elijah's father, and remembers how broken she had been when they split up. She had made up her mind at that point, to never allow another man to affect her emotionally like that ever again. For two years, she had

remained bitter and resentful, hating him and not allowing any other men close to her.

**‘Holding onto anger is like drinking poison and expecting the other person to die’ ~ Buddha**

Eventually, she had forgiven him because *she* was the one ending up all bitter and twisted, while *he* was happily getting on with his life. Then Charles had come along, got under her skin, only to do the same thing again. This time, she will find a way to heal quicker than before; she decides to forgive Charles for her *own* sake – but how can she ease the pain?



## **Honouring Her Feelings**

As a Scorpio, Suzanne has deep feelings but rarely shows them openly; writing poetry has become a way for her to express her repressed emotions.

How does she really *feel* about her break-up with Charles? She had tried to ignore her feelings by focusing on her children and writing, but there's no doubt about it, she had been heartbroken – again! Maybe if she had been more sensitive to *his* emotional needs, he would not have strayed. But what about her own needs? Before she could honour *his* feelings, she had to first honour her own. How does she feel now? Even though a few months have passed, the wound still feels fresh; the deeper the love, the deeper the hurt.

Before Charles, she *thought* she had been in love, but her feelings had been based on *needing* to be loved, not giving love unconditionally, regardless of whether it was reciprocated. She realizes they'd had something very special between them, but for some reason, they hadn't been able to sustain it. She didn't get the opportunity to tell him how she felt about the break-up of their relationship, nor does she believe she would have done a good job of it.

Maybe she should write him a poem, or a letter? She's only just thought of it, and he's probably already forgotten about her by now.

Still, she decides to write him a letter to get everything off her chest – she just won't send it to him.

In it, she tells him how hurt she was by the way he broke up with her, and she's glad she hadn't been stupid enough to have his baby. She asks how he could have betrayed her trust after all they had been through, and why he had bothered getting close to her boys if he didn't plan on sticking around? She scribbles furiously as she cries tears onto the pages, releasing all her pent-up anger and frustration; she fills at least ten pages before all the negative feelings begin to subside. She forgives Charles for all the hurt and pain he caused, and thanks him for the time they shared, which had helped her to grow. She ends the letter by wishing him a great life (without her).

Suzanne remembers that it's not another person's *action*, but her *re-action* that matters, and before reacting to any situation she



should ask her Self “*Who am I, and who do I wish to be in relationship to this?*”

She decides to enter any future relationship not with a view of seeing what part of another she can capture and hold, but what parts of her *Self* she would like to see show up.

As she lights the letter and watches it go up in flames, she feels a calm sense of relief.



## **Love-Sponsored Actions**

Suzanne knows that actions rooted in *Love* will always produce the highest good for herself and others. Regardless of how other people treat her, she strives to always ask her Self; “*Am I being loving, joyful, peaceful, forgiving, or am I being angry, resentful, or bitter?*”

Even where her children are concerned, she knows it’s not her job to try and mold them into what *she* wants them to be, as they too are divine souls on their own sacred journey. Her job is to allow them the freedom to develop into what *they* choose to be, with her guidance.

Even though both boys have the same mother and father, eat the same foods, watch the same films, go to the same school etc. they have totally different characters and personalities. Should she expect them to both be the same? No.

What works with one, doesn’t necessarily work with the other.

‘No wonder children don’t come with a handbook!’ she ponders, laughing to herself. Even the subject of teaching a child ‘right’ from ‘wrong’ seemed blurry; Right and wrong were only relative terms, depending on what part of the world you lived in, what religion you were indoctrinated into, what culture you were born into, etc. Suzanne had instilled good moral values into her boys from a young age; it’s wrong to lie. It’s wrong to steal. It’s right to be on your best behavior as much as possible, but it’s not wrong to get angry or upset, as long as you don’t hurt anybody. It’s good to give thanks for all the things you can be grateful for when you wake up, and before you go to sleep. It’s wrong to be cheeky to an adult – this one is hazy, as she has always encouraged her boys to ‘answer her back’, and to give their opinion on any given topic. She would rather know what’s going on inside their heads instead of them going along with whatever she told them to do, but secretly rebelling against her inside. She doesn’t believe children should just ‘do as they are told’ without having a chance to question the reason. Maybe this is because she herself had been silenced as a child, when she’d had so much to say. Her mother (their grandmother) said her boys were ‘back-chatting’ if they answered her back when she asked them to do anything. But she had learned so much from them just by listening to their point of view. Sometimes it was as if *they* were teaching *her*. To think you cannot learn anything from a child is an adult’s biggest ‘wrong’, she believes.

Now, at ages ten and twelve, they're coming into themselves. Not quite teenagers, but 'young men' all the same. Suzanne admires and respects them, just as much as she expects them to respect *her*.



## The Goddess Theory

Suzanne has developed a deep love for her Self. Even though she has stopped going to church, she maintains a relationship with her Source by going within. She writes in her journal:

- ♥ It is not true that I am nothing without a man in my life. The purpose of our relationship would not be for him to complete me, but for *me* to share my completeness with *him*!
- ♥ I love my Self: I do not seek Love for my Self through another.
- ♥ My goal is to know the highest part of my Self, and to stay centred in that. (Blessed are the Self-centred, for they shall know God).
- ♥ My most important relationship therefore, must be with my *Self*. I must first learn to honour and cherish and Love my *Self*. I must first see my *Self* as worthy, before I see another as worthy. I must first see my *Self* as blessed, before I see another as blessed. I must first know my *Self* as holy before I acknowledge holiness in another.
- ♥ I am becoming consciously aware of Who I Am (God in the flesh). My personal relationships are the most important element in this process. Therefore they are *holy ground*.
- ♥ I see all those I am in relationship with as sacred souls on a sacred

journey. I will always strive to see the god/goddess in every body, even when they are showing me less.

- ♥ In relationships, it doesn't matter what the other is being, doing, having, saying, wanting or demanding. It doesn't matter what the other is thinking or planning. It only matters what *I am being in relationship to that*.
- ♥ What am I being? What am I doing? What am I having?
- ♥ My grandest dream, my highest idea, and my fondest hope should never be centred on my beloved *other*, but my beloved *Self*.
- ♥ It's not how well my beloved other lives up to my ideas, or how well I live up to theirs, but how well I live up to my *own* ideas.
- ♥ I will not lose my Self in my relationship. I will not give up Who I Am in order to be, or stay in a relationship.
- ♥ I am being the most loving person, because I am Self-centred.

Put my *Self* first? Won't I be accused of being Selfish and Self-centred?' she asks her Self. She remembers one occasion near the end of their relationship when Charles had accused her of thinking the world evolved around her.

"Everything is always about me, me, *me!*" he had said.

But Suzanne now 'innerstands' that whatever she does for her *Self*, she does for others, and whatever she does for *others*, she does for herself.

"*As I heal myself I heal others, and as I help others I help myself*" becomes her new motto.



## Pray without Ceasing

One of the things Suzanne had earnestly sought God about was how to pray *effectively*. She was tired of praying, believing God that her prayer would be answered, and then nothing happening. But why would God hold anything good back from her?

Indeed, why.

So the issue had to be with the way she was praying, or what she was *thinking, saying* and *doing* while she was waiting for her prayer to be answered. The bible had made it sound so easy;

**‘Whatever things you ask for in prayer believing,  
you will receive’** (Matthew 21:22)

**‘Whatever things you ask for when you pray, believe  
that you receive them, and you will have them’** (Mark 11:24)

But this ‘ask, believe, receive’ process didn’t seem so easy when she actually put it into *practice*. How many times had she ‘asked, believing’, but hadn’t received what she had been praying for? Even though she thought of God as her spiritual Father, He certainly wasn’t treating her like a spoilt brat; she *didn’t* get everything she asked for.

Why not?

How did God decide who He was going to ‘bless’ from who was going to have to go without, or wait? Did God even *make* such

decisions? If not, what was the deciding factor for getting her prayers answered?

Suzanne attracts another book to help her on her quest, called '*The Master Key System*'. In it, she learns that 'I' is the Creative Principle, so whenever she starts a sentence with "I..." she has started the Creative Process. The book teaches that every sentence beginning with "I..." is an *activated prayer* – whether it's a *positive* or *negative* statement. Self-defeating statements like "I can't afford...", "I forgot...", "I don't think...", "I don't have...", "I'm sick and tired of..." etc. meant she is actually *creating* more of that for herself. Whereas Self-empowering statements like "I have..." "I can..." "I remember...", "I know...", "I'm thinking of a way to...", "I'm happy to...", "I'm getting..." will help her attract the right people, events, and opportunities to help her achieve her goals.

She decides to practice this, as she has nothing to lose. When she finds herself saying something negative, she cancels it by the 'power of three', and say its *opposite* three times in her mind, or out loud.

Suzanne also learns that the word 'AM' is *Present Tense*, so whenever she starts her sentences with "I AM..." she is powerfully bringing things into the *NOW*, instead of somewhere in the future. The book teaches that 'prayer' is your *thoughts, words* and *actions*, which explains why the bible says to 'pray without ceasing.'

## **You have 60,000 thoughts a day – choose the good ones!**

Suzanne discovers that most of the thoughts she has today will be the same as the ones she had yesterday – and tomorrow, her mind will play the same thoughts again! If she wants to get a different outcome in life, she has to somehow *change her subconscious programming*. Looking at where she is in life right now, Suzanne can see the results of her *past* ‘prayers’ (thoughts, words and actions). On one hand she has made good progress in life, but on another, she still has a long way to go.

‘What do I want to achieve in the next five years?’ she asks herself as she writes in her journal. She writes a list of 5 things, in the *Present Tense* as if she has already achieved them:

1. I AM easily earning at least £10,000 a month doing what I love.
2. I AM a great success; my name is known all over the world because of my work.
3. I AM buying my house with CASH!
4. I AM meeting and marrying my soul mate.
5. I AM fulfilling my soul purpose, and am fully supported in doing so.

She then decides which one she would like to see happen *first*, so she can focus on one thing at a time. She has no way of knowing *how* these things will materialize, but she has started the creative

process. Now all she has to do is keep her thoughts, words, and actions in alignment with her desires.

**‘Speak those things that be not as though they ARE!’**

The way to make things manifest even faster is to add *EMOTION!*

Suzanne starts spending at least ten minutes a day visualizing herself winning an award for her poetry, and being invited to perform at big events, for which she is paid good money. She imagines her poetry CD with its Book of Lyrics selling like hot-cakes, and feels the *emotions* of what it would be like, giving thanks as if it has actually happened.

She remembers God's poetic reply to her letter. Part of it had said;

**“...I Am the Way that makes crooked paths straight,**

**I Am the Key that unlocks the doors**

**I AM the Great I AM!”**

It suddenly dawns on Suzanne that the ‘Great Creator’ had revealed the power of “I AM” statements through her poem, even when she was still a Christian! Being made in the image and likeness of the ‘Great I Am’, her “I am...” statements are the *keys* to creating the life of her dreams!

She feels powerful!





## **“I Am!”**

Suzanne comes to the conclusion that ‘prayers’ and ‘affirmations’ are the same thing!

She decides to write a positive, affirming, uplifting poem that will help her *and others* reprogram their minds more easily, just by playing it every day. She titles the poem *“I Am What I WILL to Be!”*

*“I am the master of all my thoughts and feelings.”*

*“I am whole, perfect, strong, powerful, loving, harmonious, and happy!”*

*“I am in perfect health; mind, spirit and body.”*

*“I am a great success.”*

By constantly repeating ‘Positive Affirmations’, visualizing the end result as if it’s happening *now*, and feeling grateful *despite what her circumstances look like*, she could trick her subconscious mind into believing it’s actually happening; it would then work to make it a reality – at least, that’s what the book said. What has she got to lose? It’s worth a try.

She recalls a song they used to sing in church:

**Let the weak say “I am strong”**

(Joel 3:10)

**Let the poor say “I am rich”**

She becomes more consciously aware of the “I am...” statements she thinks and says about herself. When a self-defeating thought comes to mind, she now uproots them and replaces them with positive, affirming thoughts.

**‘...Tell Us what the future holds,  
so that We may know you are gods!’** (Isaiah 41:23)



### **Conversations Within**

If prayer is time for talking to God, then meditation is time for *listening* to God.

As Suzanne sits in ‘the Silence’ her still, small voice within begins to speak. In the Silence, it seems much louder than usual;

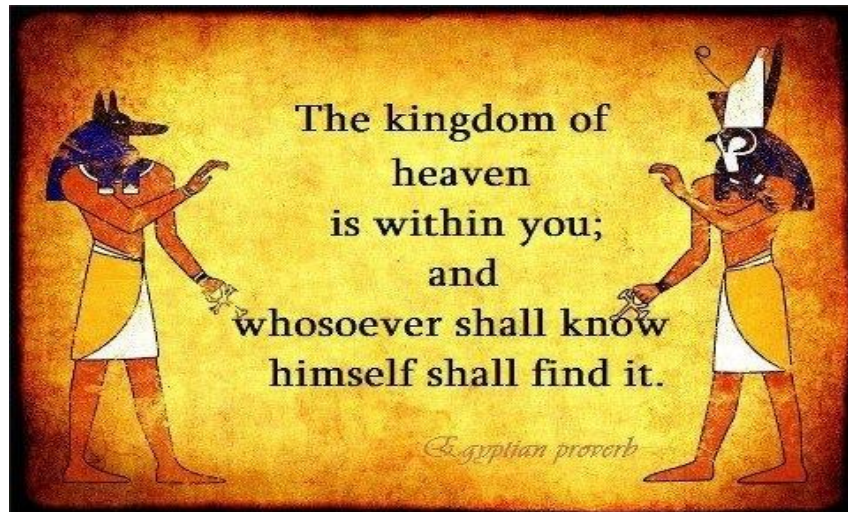
“Who is *this?*” she asks, startled.

“*It is I, me, YOU!*”

“*But...who am I?*” she asks incredulously.

“*You are a soul, living in this body. You are pure, creative spirit. You are the Source; everything comes from YOU (Your Own Universe) and everything returns to YOU. You are a triune being; Mind, Spirit and Body, and you have the power to think creatively.*”

Suddenly it’s as if Suzanne remembers who she really is, and the voice inside is no longer a stranger to her. She realizes that she’s been looking in all the wrong places for the answers to her questions, when all she really has to do is look *within*...



## Believing in the Unseen

When Suzanne discovers that she can *be*, *do* and *have* whatever she can *imagine*, and that her *thoughts*, *words* and *actions* are powerfully creating her future, she decides to really push the boat out and take all the limits off her imagination!

She desires to make a fortune from doing what she loves, while at the same time making a positive difference to thousands of other people's lives, and create a legacy for her children and future generations. If listening to her poetry can inspire others to change the way they think, her work would not be in vain. But could she really earn enough money from the sales of her products to buy a house with cash? That's her ultimate goal. Despite it seeming like a distant dream, she keeps working towards it. This is where *faith* comes in; she has to believe *without a doubt*, that what she has asked for is on its way, *before* it actually materializes.

## **‘Faith without works is dead’**

Suzanne focuses on completing her poetry collection. ‘Poetry’ isn’t a popular genre, and she would need to sell a *lot* of her products to buy her house with cash! But she believes in the process, and trusts that she will achieve her goal – somehow.

Before going to sleep every night, she visualizes living in her dream home, feeling the feelings of having it *now*, and giving thanks to her Source for the inspiration to make it a reality.



### **Perfect Peace**

Every time a ‘vain imagination’ pops up (one that’s not in line with her desires) Suzanne’s job is to ‘cast it down’, and stop her mind from conjuring up images of things she *doesn’t* want to happen.

Suzanne has just received a letter through the door from the council; she’s behind with her rent, and they’re threatening to evict her. Feelings of fear and anxiety overwhelm her, and she’s finding it difficult to control her negative thinking patterns. If she doesn’t get them under control, she could *create* the event.

She decides to do a meditation to quiet her mind. Instead of imagining the worst case scenario, she takes the letter and sitting in a chair, imagines it as being paid. She gives thanks to her Source for provision, even though she doesn’t know where it will come from.

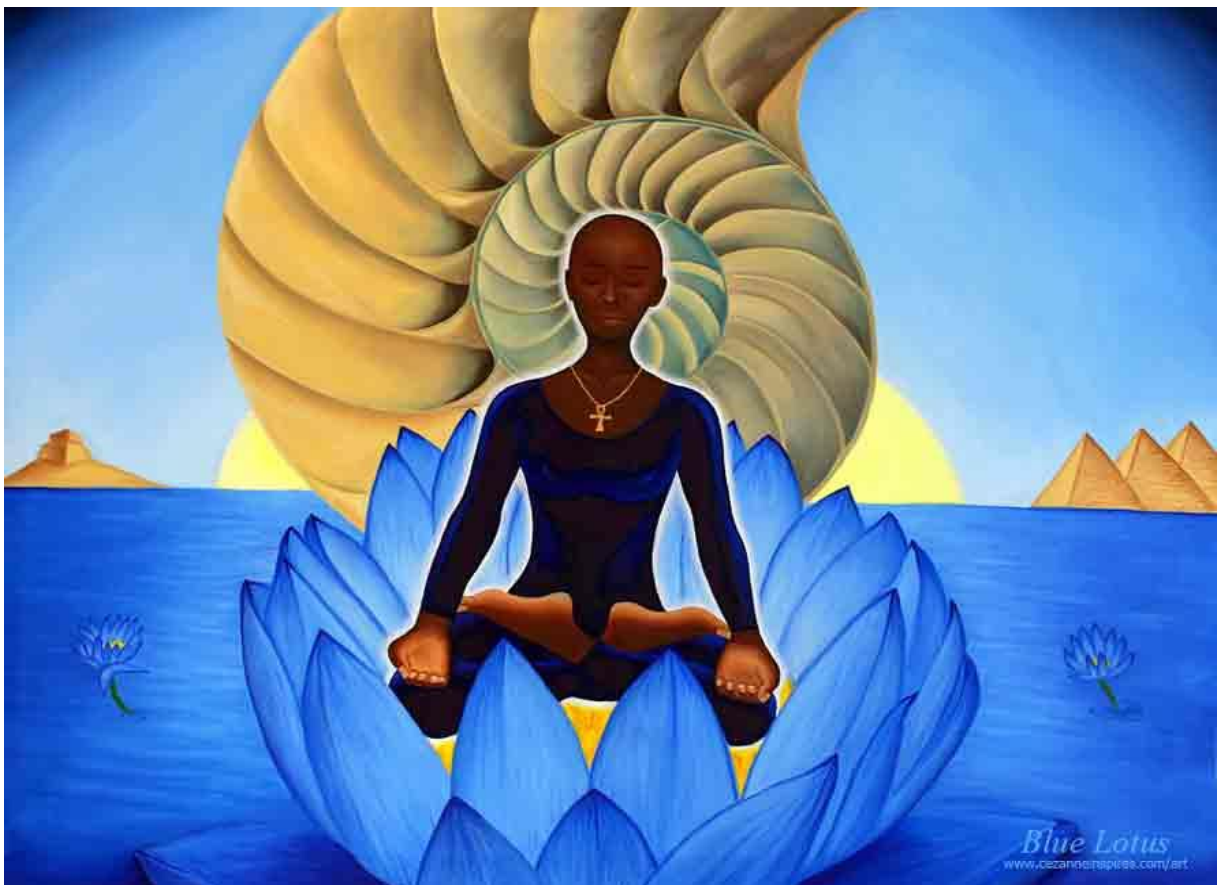
Sitting quietly, she focuses on her breath, inhaling and exhaling consciously with her eyes closed.

After a few minutes, her mind enters a peaceful void, free of thoughts. She suddenly opens her eyes as she receives a flash of inspiration. Intuition kicks in as she pens a poem:

### ***Equilibrium***

*When the pressures of life get me down  
And the stresses of life make me frown  
I've got to find a way to get my peace of mind  
And create equilibrium.*

*In order for me to keep my sanity  
I must find the balance between my mind, spirit and body*



*Year Four: Finding Her Self*

*Let go of all the things causing strain on my brain  
So I can keep my mental and emotional stability.*

*So I rise early with the morning sun*

*To give thanks for all the Lord has done*

*Take time out to meditate and pray before I start my day*

*When I focus on all the positive things in my life*

*I realize I'm too blessed to be stressed*

*There are so many things for me to be grateful for!*

*So by taking a few minutes to switch focus away from*

*I put my Self in a positive vibration.*

*...I let anxiety drop from my mind*

*I let all fear slip away from my heart*

*I release all feelings of guilt and condemnation*

*I am free from all burdens; mental, physical and financial.*

*I am now light,*

*Thank You!*

Suzanne now knows that everything she desires, she must first create it *within*. If she isn't happy with anything she's experiencing, the way to change it is to go *within*. If she wants to attract True Love, she must BE the love she's seeking, and show love to her *Self*. If she desires more peace and harmony in her life, she must first create

peace *within*. If she desires to know God more, she must find God *within*.



## *Year Five: Be Careful What You Wish For!*

Suzanne finally completes her poetry collection! She has recorded her poem-songs to music, and produced a Book of Lyrics to go with them, as she thought it would a good idea for people to be able to read while they listen. Now all she has to do is put them into production; she wants to print 1,000 copies of each to start with, as the profit margin will be much bigger than printing on demand. Then there's the marketing to think about as well. She decides to brand herself as 'Suzanne the Poetess'.

She has saved enough money to either print the books or CD's, but not both. Maybe she could find a publisher for the Book of Lyrics? There aren't that many publishers of poetry; perhaps she could *self-publish*? She decides to just *visualize* her '*Seeds of Love*' collection as a finished product, and not worry about where the money is going to come from.

She imagines herself performing in front of large crowds, and queues of people lining up to purchase her products.

She continues performing at open mic nights, which helps build her confidence. She always returns home with a buzz, which fuels her desire to perform on stage even more. On the weekends she has the boys she takes them with her, if children are allowed. Suzanne is following her bliss, and it seems to be taking her in the right direction...





## **“I Wish...”**

Suzanne watches *‘The Secret’* on DVD. She learns that she can ‘order’ things from the Universe, just like ordering from a catalogue. As long as she’s on the same *frequency* as the thing she desires, she will be able to *attract* it. She decides to put it to the test.

The ‘ask-believe-receive’ process is to put her desires ‘out there’, while being grateful for what she already has. The second stage is to ‘act as if’ she is already in the process of receiving what she has asked for. The third stage is to be open to the abundance of the universe, and realize that it might not look *exactly* like what she had requested, but to trust the process.

She orders ‘financial abundance’ in order to move into a beautiful five-bedroom house, bought and paid for with cash. She imagines taking her boys on holiday during school breaks, and being able to shop without having to worry about going overdrawn. She visualizes thousands of customers buying her products, and also orders the necessary people to help her business grow.

She speaks ‘Divine Order’ over her business, relationships, and health, and prays for health, wealth and happiness for all her family, friends and customers too.

Since Suzanne has a weakness for dark men with locs, she decides to ‘order’ a dark-skinned Piscean. According to Astrology, and judging by her chemistry with Charles, she believes they are her best match.

She puts it 'out there'.



## **R U 'The One'?**

After performing at an open mic night, Suzanne is handed a flyer about a poetry competition that's open for submissions. They're looking for poets of African descent to be included in an Anthology; the overall winner will get their poetry collection published for free. This is it! This is *just* what she needs to get her Book of Lyrics published; she's sure her collection will win – she can just *feel* it in her gut! The following day, she visits the website for more information.

She calls the number on the flyer; a baritone voice answers.

“Good afternoon, Black Independent Publishers, Solomon speaking, how can I help you?”

“Oh hi Solomon, my name's Suzanne; I'm calling about the competition you're running?”

“Okay, what would you like to know?”

“Well, I've been on the website and viewed the criteria, and...well, I just wondered what type of response you've had so far?”

“We're very happy with the quality of submissions – why, are you trying to weigh up your chances of winning or something?” he asks in an amused tone.

“Well...yeah,” she confesses. She doesn't usually enter competitions for fear of rejection.

“Well you’ve just as good a chance of winning as anyone else – but you’ve got to be in it to win it, the closing date is next Friday! What type of poetry do you write?” he asks.

“Love poetry mainly; anything to do with relationships.”

“Mmm... I *love* poetry – can you recite one for me now?” Solomon requests.

“Most of my poems are really long, so I’ll just give you a snippet of one, okay?”

“Okay...” he hangs on in anticipation.

“This one’s called ‘*Ode to My King Part One*’, and it’s written in the style of ancient Egyptian poetry...”

“Awesome...”

Suzanne begins:

*“Beloved, what shall I compare you to?*

*Spiritually, you are like a tree standing tall and strong,*

*With roots that go much deeper than our wrong;*

*See, you remember the richness of our history before slavery,*

*When we ruled as Kings and Queens,*

*Scientists and inventors, building empires!*

*And now, you bear the mark of our ancestors;*

*You are strong both physically and mentally.*

*You have the Genius Gene*

*Man, you don’t know how much you inspire me!”*

She pauses;

“...Shall I stop there?”

“No, no, keep going!”

“Okay...

*Let me study YOU and get my degree from Mother Nature's  
university,*

*For there's nothing more I'd like to achieve:*

*Your eyes are like two pools, sparkling and watery,*

*And in them I see the perfect reflection of...ME.*

*Your nose resembles the ones cut off the great statues in Egypt;*

*Too defined for the white man's mind, but I like it!”*

(Solomon laughs).

*“Your lips are like two juicy mangoes,*

*And your kisses, sweeter than honey.*

*Your voice is like a deep, dark river,*

*Carrying me away to ecstasy...*

...I think I should stop there.”

“Why, is it ex-rated?”

“No, it just reminds me of someone I'd rather not think about.”

“Oh that's a shame, I was putting *myself* in the picture – but please, give me some more!”

Suzanne sighs.

“Okay...

*Your neck is like a tower; strong and sturdy,  
And around it you wear a reminder of our history...”*

Solomon interrupts;

“I’m wearing a reminder of our history!”

“Are you? What is it?”

“Some cowrie shells!”

“Oh! Well you’ll like the next line then;

*“Your teeth are like a string of cowrie shells,  
And when you smile, you light up my world!”*

(Solomon smiles).

“Sorry, but this poem is six pages long, I couldn’t *possibly* recite it all to you over the phone!” Suzanne concludes.

“Well I’d love to hear the rest of it...hey, there’s another event happening this Saturday, I might be able to get you a slot to perform, if you’re interested?”

“Is it child-friendly?”

“Yes, it’s a family event called the Ma’at Market. They sell all kinds of African-inspired products like books, clothes, carvings, jewelry, natural hair and skin care, all sorts – and they have live performances as well.”

“Sounds interesting, what time?”

“It starts at 11am and goes right through to 8pm; if you give me your email address I’ll send you the details.”

“Okay...” (she gives it to him).

“Try and make it if you can, you sound like just the type of sister I’d like to get to know!”

“I’ll do my best,” she promises.

He sends her the email straight away with the added message;

“I’ll look out for you!”



## **The Ma'at Market**

Suzanne attends with Micah and Elijah. They get there just in time to see the djembe drummers do the opening Drum Call, and to witness an elder pour libation to the ancestors; something stirs deep within her spirit. It's an indoor market, with stalls selling African-inspired books, garments, natural hair and skin care products, hand-painted ceramics, wood carvings, soft furnishings, jewelry, greeting cards and prints, spiritual oils...

‘Our community is so creative!’ Suzanne thinks admirably; ‘This is just the type of event to perform and sell my poetry!’

She feels at home as she visits each table. She buys herself some cowrie shell drop-earrings, and buys each of the boys a leather bracelet with cowrie shells on them. Micah and Elijah soon find other children to play with. There's a real community spirit in the place.

All of a sudden, she hears her name over the loudspeaker;

“Is Suzanne the Poetess here?” the host calls out. When Solomon had asked for her surname, she’d said “just put ‘Poetess’.” She feels the fear but raises her hand anyway.

“Ah, you’re here! Make your way to the stage, please. And next up we have...” He introduces the next performer while Suzanne makes her way to the stage, looking for her boys along the way. Spotting them, she calls them over;

“Stay in this room, don’t go anywhere, okay? I’m just going up to perform.”

They say okay and run off again.

When she reaches the stage, the host asks if she has a backing track. She hands it to him on a CD; she hadn’t been 100% sure Solomon would get her a slot, but she had prepared just in case, as she knows that ‘poor performance is prevented by proper preparation’.

“What’s the title of your poem?” the M.C. asks.

“R U The One.”

“Sounds great!” he says with a mischievous smile.

Suzanne retreats behind the stage and takes a minute to go into her Self. She closes her eyes and takes some deep breaths as she affirms to herself;

*“I am a first-class performer, I am competent and confident in my creative work, I am fearless...”*

She hears herself being introduced to the crowd.

As the backing track begins to play, Suzanne asks the crowd “How many single sisters do we have here today?” (raising her hand as well).

Quite a lot of hands go up. So she asks “How many single *brothers* do we have?” A fair number of hands go up, but not half as many as the sisters. She dedicates the poem from all the single sisters to all the single brothers, and tells the sisters to keep a look-out towards the end:

*R U ‘The One’?*

*Can you make my heart beat like an African drum?*

*Are you the star I’ve been hoping, wishing and praying upon?*

*Is it YOU sending ME positive vibrations,*

*Letting me know that I’M the one?*

*Do you love me, the Black Woman,*

*And will you put me on a pedestal, where I belong?*

*Will you hold me in high esteem and treat me like a Queen?*

*Can I look up to YOU,*

*And give you the respect you want from me?*

*Do you conduct yourself with honesty, dignity, and integrity?*

*R U ‘The One’?...*

Suzanne works the stage, putting her all into the performance;



*Year Five: Be Careful What You Wish For!*

*“...You are my brother and a King,  
So don’t deny me my rightful position as your Queen  
I’M the One you need; no other race can take my place –  
I am your spiritual and intellectual equal!*

Engaging with the crowd, she points out four of the brothers who had raised their hands earlier;

*“...Do you know your history?  
Are you mentally free?  
Do you know where you’re coming from?  
Are you like a tree, standing strong?  
You must know these things for you to be ‘The One!’”*

She can see the crowd is really enjoying her performance; the sisters are smiling as if she's speaking on their behalf, while the brothers seem unsure of how to react. Only a few look confident enough to respond to the final lines;

*“...I know this is a tall order, but brothers  
if you think you fit the position, show me by the raising of your  
hand –  
That is, ONLY if you’re ‘The One!’”*

Sure enough, only a few hands go up at the end – but one hand is raised sky-high, and the brother is even approaching the stage!

He takes Suzanne's hand to help her down the steps, before introducing himself.

"Hi Suzanne I'm Solomon, glad you made it!"

"Oh, hi Solomon – I should have guessed it was you!"

"Were you expecting someone else?"

"No – and thanks for getting me the slot to perform, by the way."

"Don't even mention it, it was blessed – and that poem – I am 'The One'!" he asserts, smiling confidently. His teeth are crooked, but he has a personality like dynamite; he's full of positive energy. Standing two inches taller than Suzanne he is dark-skinned, with locs.

"Don't tell me – you're a Pisces."

"How did you guess?" he asks, looking surprised.

"Oh, I just had a feeling..."

"Let me get you a drink – that was a long poem!" he offers.

"I did warn you!" she laughs.

"I want to hear the rest of the one you did over the phone!"

"As soon as my CD comes out, you can be my first customer."

"When's it due out?" he asks.

"I'm not sure exactly," she answers vaguely.

"Well I wish you all the best with it – *and* with the competition! You haven't submitted your poems yet, time's running out!" he urges as they make their way to the vegan café.

"I'm still deciding which ones to submit."

“Well you should definitely submit *that* one, *and* the one you recited to me over the phone – I think they’ll both go down very well.”

“Thanks, I will!” she smiles back at him.

Suzanne is unaware that the organizers of the poetry competition are also the organizers of the Ma'at Market. They were bowled over by her poem, *and* her performance of it.



## Locs?

Solomon invites Suzanne and her boys to join him and his three daughters on their weekly activities, just as friends. She admires the way he interacts with the children, and decides it will do no harm to get to know him better. His daughters are the same age group as her sons; they had been in the group of children her boys were playing with at the Ma'at Market.

Solomon is a family man; although he's no longer with either of his two baby mothers, he makes sure he has his daughters every weekend, and during school holidays.

Apart from working at the Publisher's during the week, Solomon also teaches Black History classes to the youth on a Saturday morning. His daughters already attend, so Suzanne starts taking her sons.

For the first few weeks, they only meet up with the children; Solomon always has something planned for his girls to do at weekends; swimming, shopping, cinema, eating out, he always has

a schedule. He invites Suzanne and her boys to join them whenever they can.

This is their first time going out together without the children; he drops her home, and walks her to her doorstep.

“Thanks for a lovely time Solomon, I really enjoyed myself.”

“So what do you think, am I ‘The One?’”

Suzanne laughs.

“I like you Solomon, I’m just not ready for a relationship right now.”

“Come on sis, d’you know how long I’ve been waiting to meet a woman like you?”

“How long?”

“Six years!”

“You mean you’ve not been in a relationship for six years?”

“No. After I split up with the twins’ mother, I decided to focus on working and raising my daughters. But since meeting you, I dunno, something’s changed.”

“Wow...”

“So, aren’t you going to invite me in?”

“Yes of course, come in...”

He follows her into the living room.

“Mmmm... nice!”

“Thank you. Would you like a drink?”

“I’m good...I wanted to ask you though...have you ever thought of growing locs?”

Suzanne looks at her reflection in the large gold-framed mirror hanging on the wall. Her natural hair is styled in a bun at the top of her head, with a curly fringe that hangs down on one side.

“I like the way they look on other people, I’m just not sure how they'd look on *me*.”

“You'd look *majestic!*”

Solomon stands behind her and takes off his woolly hat, letting his locs cascade down to his waist.

“Grow locs, then you'll *really* be my queen,” he urges, hugging her from behind.

As they both look in the mirror she imagines them *both* with locs...

Year Five: *Be Careful What You Wish For!*



“Well, you’re *my* king,” she replies, turning around to smile at him.  
She said it, but she didn’t *feel* it.



### Lucid Dream # 3

Suzanne emerges from yet another lucid dream, in which she was getting married (again). But this time, as they said their wedding vows, it was as if the 'camera' zoomed into the groom's mouth. His smile wasn't Charles's. His physique wasn't Charles's. It wasn't Charles. Suzanne wakes with a tear streaming down each side of her face.

"I *am* marrying my soulmate – whoever it is!" she affirms powerfully to her Self.



Solomon is the weakest-looking man Suzanne has ever dated, but mentally, he's the strongest. It's as if the universe is playing some kind of cruel joke on her. She had got what she *asked* for, but now, she isn't sure.

Solomon radiates positive energy; he always starts his sentences with things like "The beautiful thing about it is...", "I *love*..." and "I'm happy that..." and he *is* always happy! He doesn't do 'negativity'. He's the type of person who easily attracts anything he desires, because he's on the right *frequency*, like a natural Law of Attraction magnet.

Suzanne learns a lot from Solomon about being positive all the time. She has great admiration for him. They laugh a lot together, and enjoy doing things with their children, who are also getting along splendidly.

“I am ‘The One!’” he would often say confidently.

Despite this, Suzanne feels like something is missing. She's gotten over his height restriction, as he makes up for it in other ways.

The first time they made love left a lot to be desired. After splitting up with the mother of his twins, Solomon had decided to focus all his energy on raising his daughters and working to provide for them. He's a great father, but not so great a lover. Should she throw it all away because of that, or hope that things will improve?

She decides there's more to a relationship than good sex.



## Flashback

I woke up thinking ‘Damn, I wish I had a woman here right now to relieve me of this stiffie!’

A text came through from Sharon; “Do you fancy meeting up today?” it read. I liked Sharon, but she’s wasn't the one for me, and I’d rather not lead her on – I knew how emotional women can be. Besides, there were so many other options I hadn’t even experienced yet; I didn’t know what I *wanted*, but I knew what I *didn’t* want. “Sorry I’m busy today,” I rep-plied.

Then my mate Dave called to tell me about a Caribbean Expo taking place in the Docklands. He said there were would be loads of women there, so we should go. I didn’t want to; I wasn’t looking for anyone at the time; I was quite happy being on my own after the break-up of my long-term relationship. But Dave, he was *always* on



the look-out! He insisted he'd pick me up at 12pm, so reluctantly I agreed to get ready and go with him. He was right; when we got there I'd never seen so many sisters all in one place, except in church.

"She's nice," Dave commented as this beautiful Nubian sister passed us, smiling at me. But I wasn't interested; nothing really caught my eye. So here was me and Dave having an in-depth conversation as we headed towards the *100 Black Men of London* stand, when all of a sudden I heard someone call out "EXCUSE ME!"

When I looked in the direction of the voice, all I could see were colours – that's what caught my eye at first, the colours in the posters she was selling. Then I noticed her eyes; amazing, large, deep, intense, dark eyes, beckoning me to come. "Come to bed" eyes some might have called them, but honestly, I wasn't thinking along those lines at the time. All I was focused on was the deepness and intensity with which they drew me in. They were magnetic, and I was powerless to resist. I veered off to the right involuntarily, leaving Dave to carry on towards the *100 BMOL* stand by himself. I didn't even hear him call out to ask where I was going. As I reached her stand, I couldn't understand the strange feeling that came over me; her eyes were still fixed on me, and I began to feel all weak, light-headed, hot, warm inside, all at the same time. "What's going on?" I asked my Self. I may be 6' 4", but in that moment I felt 4' 6". She asked if I'd be interested in buying one of her posters. I pretended to read one, but I couldn't really focus on the words properly; it was as if my mind and body were somewhere else, but my consciousness was locked into this person. Exhilaration, fear, anticipation, and

confusion all mixed as I tried to hold it together. I could see her lips moving, but all I could hear were muffled words. It felt like everything around us had become a blur, and it was just me and her in the room....

Once the noise came back, all I was interested in was getting her number. I just *knew* I had to see her again, that's all that was on my mind. I bought three random posters and asked if she had a business card. After she handed it to me, I introduced myself and began walking back to meet Dave. As I crossed over to the stand opposite I was thinking "I've got to look back – but I'm a guy, I *never* look back!" I could feel her eyes piercing into me, and sure enough, when I turned around she was looking. She smiled and waved, and in that instance, we both knew something special had just happened.

I spent the rest of the Expo walking around in a daze. I kept looking at her card and smiling to myself, thinking "I can't wait to call her!" I wasn't interested in anything else anymore. I found what I'd been looking for.



## **Newborn**

Charles holds his newborn baby for the first time.

"She's beautiful, just like you," he says, kissing his fiancée in reward for all her hard labour.

"Well done."

They had agreed to get married when they found out she was pregnant, but hadn't got around to organizing it yet. It had all happened so quickly; from the time she announced she was pregnant, to him moving in with her, and now, the birth of their daughter. Charles feels proud to be a father at last...okay, it's not with the woman he would have *liked* it to be with, but still, 'I have a child of my own!' he thinks. Charles had been the only boy in his family; his two older sisters were close to each other, but not so close to him. Growing up, they thought he was spoilt, being the only boy and the youngest, *they* had to do everything while he was treated like royalty. This had caused sibling rivalry. So when his nieces and nephews were born, his sisters hadn't involved him that much. He doesn't really know what to expect now that he has a daughter, since he hasn't had any experience with looking after babies. But he will do his best – that much he does know. Nothing and no-one will harm his baby girl.

"Charlie, can you call my family and give them the news please? I'm really tired" Maria asks wearily.

"No problem."

He carefully hands his beautiful bundle back to her mother and reaches for his phone inside his jacket pocket as he walks out of the ward.

"I'll be back soon."

"And can you get me something to eat please?" she calls after him.

“I’ll do that right now,” he responds, making the calls as he makes his way down to the canteen.



## **The Ones**

Suzanne chooses 3 poems to submit to the Legacy competition; ‘*Who Am I?*’, ‘*R U The One?*’, and ‘*Ode to My King Part One*’, which all reflect her African ancestry.

As she collates them with the application form, she visualizes herself winning the competition, and seeing her book of poetry and CD as a finished product. She has every intention of winning. She imagines walking up to the stage to receive her award, and seeing her poetry book with ‘Award-winning...’ on the front cover. She can *see, feel, taste, touch* and *hear* the sweet sounds of success!

She gives thanks with tears streaming down her face.



## **You Won!**

A letter comes through the front door; it looks different to the usual bills. She picks it up and turns it over, and sees the ‘Black Independent Publishers’ stamp. She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath before opening it:

*‘Dear Suzanne,*

*Thank you for submitting your poems into our Legacy competition. We are pleased to announce that you are the overall winner of our*

*competition, and that your poem 'Ode to My King Part One' has been selected to be included in our Anthology...'*

She can hardly believe her eyes – she'd won, and they're going to publish her whole collection of poems as well! She hurriedly reads the rest of the letter, before excitedly phoning Solomon, her family and friends to give them the good news...



## Year Six: Trust the Process!

'Suzanne the Poetess' is making quite a name for herself. At the same time, she's helping others to re-member who they are, and to connect with their Source by going within. Winning the competition had been a big boost to her career, and she is now paid well for her performances. Her collection '*Seeds of Love*' is selling well; she had used Charles' eye-catching painting '*Self Love*' for the front cover of her Book of Lyrics. People seem to enjoy being able to read the words as they listen to her poem-songs. Whenever she goes out to perform she takes her books and CD's, and the Legacy Anthology; she's one of the few contributors who actively goes out to perform their poetry, which helps with sales. Her publisher, BIP, allows her to buy the Legacy Anthology at cost price, so she makes a profit on each one she sells. She now wakes up every morning thinking '*I love my life!*' She is finally doing what she loves, and making a good living from it too.

However, as Suzanne begins her rise to stardom, her relationship with Solomon begins to decline.

They are seeing less and less of each other. She's out most weekends performing, and doesn't expect him to bring his girls to every event she performs at. When she's not out performing, she prefers to spend her free time writing new material for her next book.



## NOT 'The One'

It's Thursday. Solomon calls...again.

"Can I come over?" he asks.

Suzanne hesitates before replying;

"...Okay."

She really wants to carry on writing, but she can't think up another excuse; this is the third time this week he's asked if he can come over. She reluctantly clears her bed of all her papers, books and pens, and makes way for the king.

They watch a DVD, talk for a while, and then it's obvious Solomon now wants what he came for. As he rides her in the missionary position with his face buried in the pillow, she considers how the title '*My King*' just doesn't seem to fit him anymore, much like an ill-fitting crown.

After he had come, his penis slithers between her legs, leaving a slimy trail like that old serpent, the devil, trying to tempt her with his lies.

"You are *not* The One!" a random thought escapes from her mouth.

"What did you just say?" Solomon looks up, confused.

Suzanne can't lie to her Self anymore.

She pushes him off and gets off the bed. He watches as his life-force trickles down her inner thigh, then watches her wipe it away with a tissue, as if trying to erase him from her memory.

“I need some time alone.” she states bluntly.

“Are you asking me to leave?”

“Don’t put it like that, I just need time alone,” she replies, avoiding making eye contact.

Without another word, Solomon picks up his clothes, gets dressed, and leaves.

Suzanne runs a bath, adding a handful of her home-made sea salt, olive oil and essential oils body scrub to it.

As she immerses herself neck-deep into the water, she lets out a prayer-sigh;

“Please let him finish with me!”

Solomon hadn’t given her a reason to finish with *him*, so she felt she had to wait for *him* to make the decision.

Ten minutes later, her mobile phone starts ringing.

“Hi Suzanne, it’s me.”

“Hi Solomon...”

“Listen, I think it’s best if we call it a day; I can see your heart’s not in it anymore, and I don’t want you staying with me out of obligation. I want all of you, not part of you.”

Suzanne remains silent, knowing she can’t give him what he wants.

“You know I love you, I always will...”

She can hear his voice breaking;

“...but I know it’s for the best.”



“I’m really sorry Solomon, I never meant to hurt you,” is all she could say without sounding too heartless.

As she presses the ‘end call’ button on her mobile, she breathes a sigh of relief.



## **Second Time Lucky?**

Suzanne decides to try again. Maybe she should focus more on his *physical* attributes this time? So she orders a *tall*, dark, handsome Piscean brother with locs.

Believe it or not, a few months later she *does* meet another Piscean brother! Initially, he appears to be everything she had wished for.

They meet in her local supermarket. Dark men with locs always caught her eye; she greets him with a smile, not even giving him a second look. Next thing he's walking beside her, asking if she needs help with her shopping. He’s carrying a basket while she's pushing a trolley so if anything, *she* should be helping *him*, she jokes. It breaks the ice, and they get talking. He introduces himself as Malachi. Nice name, but she's not sure about his yardie accent.

“I tink I seen yu somewhere before – you a poet?”

“Yes.”

“U did eva perform at a open mic night in Brixton?”

“Possibly, which one?”

“Love Inspires?”

“Yes! I performed there a few times.”

“A dat me a seh! Me rememba yuh performance, it lef’ such an impression pon me you see!”

“A good one I hope?”

“Yeah mon!”

Malachi finishes shopping first. He accompanies Suzanne as she walks through the aisles, making a mental note of everything she puts in her trolley. At the checkout, they pay for their groceries separately.

“Yu have cyar?” he asks.

“I just live around the corner. I left it at home.”

“Mek me gi yu ah lif’ nuh?” he announces.

Suzanne thinks before replying “Okay then.”

He seems like a nice enough brother; good looking, nice smile, and polite enough in his own Jamaican way. As they take the short ride to her house, conversation flows easily. When they reach her ‘yard’, they sit in the car talking for another ten minutes before Suzanne suddenly remembers the ice-lollies she had bought for the boys.

“I have to go, but thanks for the lift,” she says gratefully.

“But wait! Ah so yu ah gwaan?? How yu mean, ‘tank yu fe de lif’? Yu naah gimme yuh numbah? he replies with a smirk on his face.

Suzanne is attracted to his cheeky charm, but has her reservations. While she's deliberating, he adds;

“Me ah play out dis Sat’day, you wan’ come?”

“Playing out? You mean like in a band?” she asks with genuine interest.

He kisses his teeth.

“Cha! Which band? Ah sound system me deal wid!” he pulls a flyer from his car door and hands it to her.

“Oh...”

His sound system is called ‘Jah’s Blessings’. The gig is all the way in Ladbroke Grove, West London. Suzanne isn’t sure about travelling all that way just for a night out. Sensing her hesitation he offers;

“Nuh worry yu’self, if you wan’ come, jus’ gimme a call, mi will come pick you up. Mi numbah de pon de flyer, seen?”

“Okay.”

She grabs her bags and opens the car door to head inside.

“So yu naah gimme yours?” he calls out to her.

“I’ll text you when I get inside.”

“Yu need help fe carry yu bags in?” he asks hopefully.

“No it’s alright, I can manage. Thanks again for the lift!”

She waves him goodbye.

A couple of hours later, Suzanne texts Malachi as promised.

He texts back saying he's glad they met, and he hopes she will come on Saturday. The boys will be at their dad's for the weekend, but does she want to start anything with Malachi?

She texts him back saying 'We'll see'.

He replies saying 'If u come, I'll make it worth ur while!'

She texts him back; 'I'll let you know by Thursday.'

He replies 'Ok, I look 4ward to it princess.'

Suzanne detests being called 'princess'. She feels the title is more suited to a young girl. If she had a daughter she would call her 'princess', but a grown woman? Still, she's amused by the fact that Malachi's texts don't sound like how he talks.

Malachi calls on the Thursday, to ask if she had made up her mind about Saturday yet.

"Not yet," she admits.

"Oh, okay...I was tinking, me have a home studio, yu wan' me fe create a backing track fe you?"

"What, a reggae track? I haven't done a poem to reggae before!"

"It could be reggae, could be jazz, could be soul, whateva yu want!" he practically sings.

"Really?"

Now she's interested!

"Yeah, you name it, I can do it!"

He invites her over to see it sometime.



## **Malachi's Date**

Suzanne decides it would be a good idea to go and see Malachi play out that Saturday. He seems to be a good person to keep in contact with.

He arrives an hour late to pick her up, and makes no apologies. But he looks fine, in a neatly ironed khaki-colored shirt, army trousers held up with a red, green and black belt, and Dr. Martin boots. His waist-length locs are neatly tied away from his face, accentuating his chiseled features, complimented by a goatie beard and moustache.

Although Suzanne is attracted to him, she has her reservations.

All the way across town, Malachi plays music created by his sound system and talks incessantly about all the different places they had performed at, including touring Europe, Jamaica and parts of Africa.

They eventually arrive at the venue.

It isn't really her scene; loud reggae music pumps forcefully against her chest, while the M.C.'s take it in turns to 'toast' on the mic.

Malachi's charismatic presence and animated performance captivates the audience. He toasts about the injustices of 'the system', how Babylon is going to 'bun', and how Black people need to unite. It's good. But after two hours, Suzanne has had enough. She leaves the dark basement to head upstairs for some light

refreshment; buying herself a drink at the bar, she finds a comfortable sofa to sit on. It's only 11.45pm and she's ready to go home.

Malachi comes upstairs looking for her.

"Wha'appen, yu tiyad a'ready?" he asks.

"Yes, I just thought I'd rest my feet for a while."

He sits next to her, admiring her smooth brown legs; her dress has ridden up, revealing quite a lot of thigh. She feels over-dressed in a tight black dress and high heels.

She tries to pull it down, wishing she'd worn something longer.

"Come mek we go fe ah dance nuh? Is a long time I man no get fe wine up an' grin' up!" he suggests.

Suzanne stares at him incredulously, wondering what he's been smoking. She doesn't know how to dance 'Lover's Rock style', and certainly wouldn't dance like that with someone she hardly knows.

"You go ahead, I'll be down shortly, I just want to finish my drink," she encourages him to leave without her.

As he heads back downstairs, a striking sister in a head-wrap enters the front door. She's wearing a long flowing dress that reaches down to the floor, and flat shoes. She and Malachi converse happily as they head downstairs together.

Suzanne waits fifteen minutes before venturing back into the basement. She can see Malachi in the crowd, dancing with the same sister as if they're in a world of their own. They appear to be moving in slow motion; holding onto each other with foreheads locked

together, they move up and down in time to the lover's rock filling the hall. They might as well have been making love on the dance floor.

Suzanne turns to head back upstairs. By the time she gets back home, she isn't just angry at *him*, but upset with *herself* for not trusting her gut feelings.



### **Trust the Process!**

Suzanne comes to the conclusion that she has no clue what's best for her regarding relationships, so she decides to leave the choice with the person who knows her the best – her Creator. She stops trying to attract what *she* desires in a man because surely God has prepared, or is *preparing* the perfect person *for her*. She ditches the idea that Pisceans are her best match, since she's now dated *three* Pisceans, and none of them have been 'The One'!

Instead of focusing on attracting her ideal mate, she focuses on her own Self-development.

She is led to write a poem to help women like herself prepare to meet their match. She titles it '*Love Attraction*':

*I've been on my own too long,  
And I'm tired of spending my nights alone  
I'm looking for a love that's true  
Someone to call my very own.*

*Lord can you help me please,  
To attract the man of my dreams?*

*Year Six: Trust the Process!*

*Tell me what I have to do  
To attract a love that's true?*

The answer also comes through her poem:

*First, I must heal myself from the emotional damage  
caused by past relationships;  
The hurt, the pain,  
The wounds that keep opening up again and again,  
Each time I'm reminded of a negative experience  
It starts a chain reaction  
I lash out, shout and scream  
Say words I don't mean  
And before I know it,  
I'm alone again!*

*I must learn to drop the emotional baggage  
I've been carrying around for years,  
Let go of all my insecurities and fears  
Releasing bitterness, hurt and pain,  
Forgiving, so I can heal from within  
And learn to love and trust again.  
And then, I must BE the Love I seek for myself  
I must love myself unconditionally  
And treat myself how I'd like others to treat me  
When I fill myself up with Love  
I'll become a Love Magnet,*



*Attracting that which I am...*

By developing Self Love, creating her own happiness, and feeling abundant NOW she can attract true love, happiness and abundance.

In the meantime, she continues to visualize herself in her dream home with her dream man, taking fabulous holidays, and being successful in her chosen career, while fulfilling her soul purpose.

**LET GO AND LET GODDESS!**

Suzanne decides to let go of her need to know *how* the money to buy her house with cash will manifest, and to just be open to the abundance of the universe. After all, the idea that the money can only come from the sales of her products is a limiting belief.

Everything she desires is available in the unseen realm, all she has to do is tap into her Source by going within.

She still desires to become a leading figure in the poetry world, and to help make 'Poetry' a popular genre. But at this point, she is barely making enough to make ends meet, yet she continues to have faith in the 'ask, believe, receive' process.

She recognizes that the more she worries about money, the more she is sending out messages to the universe that she doesn't *have* it – and the universe can only reflect back her thoughts and feelings about it. Once she has planted a seed of desire, her job is to water and nurture that seed with positive thoughts, words and actions.

Instead of focusing on *money*, Suzanne decides to focus on the amount of *people* she wants to inspire through her writing skills. The more people she helps, the more money she will have anyway. She sets a figure of how many people she will need to help in order to reach her financial goal.

The 'problem' with the manifestation process is that it takes *time*...time is neither here nor there as far as the universe is concerned, but in the physical realm where we reside, 'time is of the essence'. Its fundamental nature is like a seed, which once planted in the dark soil, remains hidden from view, underground. Yet all the time it is growing, splitting and germinating, until the shoot breaks out and begins heading upwards towards the sunlight. When the seedling breaks through the soil, it doesn't look like the beautiful flower on the packet, but do you dig it up and throw it away?

No, you leave it to continue growing. Eventually, leaves and buds begin to appear on its stem, the buds begin to open, until you finally see the full beauty of the blossom...

Year Six: Trust the Process!



*Black Orchid*

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

But it doesn't stop there; after the flower has bloomed and *dies*, it bears thousands of *new* seeds, which in turn grow into millions of *new* flowers!

Now what would have happened to that seed if you kept digging it up to see what was happening underground?

Suzanne is aware that words of doubt, 'negative affirmations' and disbelief in the process 'dig up' the seeds she has planted in the garden of her subconscious mind. Her job is to keep her thoughts, words and actions *positive*, regardless of what the situation looks like.

She decides to take heed to the little voice inside that's always telling her "Trust the process! Trust the process!"



## **Attitude of Gratitude**

As soon as she wakes up in the morning, Suzanne now thinks about all the things she can be grateful for and generates deep feelings of gratitude, before visualizing the things she desires to MANifest. This gets her on the right vibration for the rest of the day.

She then declares her Positive Affirmations out loud while exercising, playing the poem she had recorded, "*I Am What I WILL to Be!*"

Before falling asleep at night, she again plays her Affirmations to her Self while in the Alpha state.

She speaks *life* into her health, finances, relationships, business, family, home, and every area of her life. She also prays for her community, and for help to do her part in healing the world.

She prays over her son's lives, and thanks God for His promise regarding them:

*'I will pour out My Spirit on your offspring, and My blessings on your descendants. They will spring up like grass in the meadow, like poplar trees by flowing streams: One will say "I belong to the Lord," still another will write on his hand "The Lord's"'* (Isaiah 44: 4-5)

She reinforces these scriptures over their lives and gives thanks for God's promises. She makes sure to only think *good* thoughts about her sons, especially when they are out. With all the gun and knife crime prevalent within her community, she knows that if she imagines anything bad happening to them, her vain thoughts could create it. So instead, she uses scriptures like *'a thousand shall fall at their side, and ten thousand at their right hand, but it shall not come near them'* to keep them safe, and always pictures them coming home unharmed. She had taught them never to fear, and that they will always be safe because they have their angels to protect them.

She declares Positive Affirmations over her own life based on scriptures:

*"I work willingly with my hands both day and night, and my work brings good fortune to me. My name is known because of my work, and I always remember to give God the praise. I talk with wisdom,*

*and speak only the law of kindness. I give to the poor and needy. Strength and honor are my character, and I will rejoice in time to come because I kept them...I walk after the Spirit and I do not fulfill the lusts of the flesh...I make (or have made) fine clothes for my Self and my children, and I make things to sell. I see that whatever I make is good....my husband is well respected; he keeps company with the wise and elderly. He has full confidence in me that I bring him good, not harm, all the days of my life...I use the talents that God has given me, and I act on my gifts in order to reach my goals..."*

Now that she knows she has the power to *think* her life into existence, Suzanne no longer chooses to be poor. Why be poor when you can be rich?

As Wallace D. Wattles had put it:

*'Whatever may be said in praise of poverty, the fact still remains that it is not possible to live a really complete or successful life unless one is rich. You cannot rise to your greatest possible height in talent or soul development unless you have plenty of money. For to unfold your soul and to develop talent you must have things to use, and you cannot have these things unless you have money with which to buy them'.*

Those who consider themselves to be 'spiritual' might argue that you don't need plenty of money to 'unfold your soul' or to develop your talent, but even in the bible, a person who was blessed by God had riches, therefore poverty is a curse. She knows that the more

money she has, the more she will be able to do for herself, her sons and her community.

So she starts telling her Self *“I am abundant!” “I am prospering!” “I am unlimited!”*



## **Sacred Womban**

As Suzanne continues on her Self-development journey, she attracts another book by Queen Afua titled ‘*Sacred Woman*’. She writes the 12 Principles of a Sacred Woman into her journal:

1. “As a Divine, Sacred Woman I am the highest physical and spiritual projection of woman-consciousness; I represent the abundance of life in health, wealth, love and beauty.”
2. “I embody grace, dignity and majesty at all times.”
3. “I nurture my Self through the nurturing of others.”
4. “I manifest the highest principles of spirit, mind and body, through transformation of thought, word and deed.”
5. “I can never be abused by man, woman or child, for I represent the active presence and power of the Almighty Creator.”
6. “I have the power to heal with a glance, smile or word.”
7. “I am the Original Healer, who calls upon the Creator’s creation (the elements of air, fire, water and earth) to heal physically, mentally and spiritually, for I am the great grand-daughter of Mother Nature Herself!”
8. “I beam and radiate my inner divinity, by adorning my outer being with garments befitting my royal form.”

9. "I am a vegetarian-fruitarian by nature; my foods contain the breath of life..."
10. "I endeavor to transform my domestic atmosphere into a PARADISE!!! My environment radiates my inner tranquility..."
11. "I am ever striving to resurrect and exalt the divinity of my mate and counterpart..."
12. "I epitomize the highest aspect of the feminine principle in my great love of being a *woman!*"

Suzanne begins incorporating these principles into her daily life, and learns to respect her Self above everything, because she realizes that to love and respect her *Self*, was to command love and respect from others.

**‘Shine, You Brilliant Woman,  
First Mother, Healer, Lover of the Universe!’**





## Year Seven: Love Attraction

Suzanne is having a girl's night in with her friends, Felicia and Christina. They're in the middle of watching *Dreamgirls* when Suzanne's text alert goes off; it's from Charles.

'Hi Suzanne it's been a while, how r u and the boys?' it reads.

"Stop the video!" she exclaims.

"Why, whassup?" Felicia asks.

"I just got a text from Charles!"

She sends him a reply;

'We're all fine thanx, u?'

"You mean *the* Charles?" Christina asks suspiciously.

"Yes," Suzanne answers, waiting for his reply anxiously.

"Why are you even wasting your time with him, have you forgotten what he put you through?" Felicia scolds her.

'I'm ok. How's the poetry going?' He replies.

'Great! My first collection has already won an award!' she texts back.

"I agree with Felicia, you shouldn't even entertain him Suzie," Christina adds.

Suzanne's mobile phone starts ringing. She jumps up to answer it, leaving the room.

"I'll be back in a minute, go ahead with the film!" she tells her friends.

“Hi Suzanne...I hope you don't mind me calling?”

The sound of Charles' deep, seductive voice gives her butterflies.

“Not at all, I'm happy to hear from you!”

“Phew! After the way we broke up, I wasn't sure you'd want to hear from me again.”

“Let's just forget about it shall we? It's all in the past.”

“Well...it's not as easy as that.”

“What do you mean?”

Charles hesitates before replying;

“I'm a father now.”

There's a shocking silence as Suzanne takes in the news. She ends the call abruptly, returning to the living room upset. Felicia jumps up when she sees Suzanne's face.

“What's the matter Suzie? Is it to do with that Charles? What's he gone and done now?”

Suzanne sits between her friends in a state of shock.

“He...just told me... he...fathered a child.”

“WHAT! See I told you not to bother with him! Why's he coming crawling back to you then?” Christina asks.

“I don't know, I hung up.”

Another text comes through from Charles. Suzanne looks at her girlfriends. They stare back at her as if daring her to read it – or not. She reads it.

‘Please Sue, we need to talk.’

She shows it to them.

“*Talk?* I think he’s done enough talking his way into her panties! Getting her pregnant and all!” Felicia remarks in disgust.

“He’s got a nerve!” Christina chips in.

Suzanne replies to his text:

‘So is it a boy or a girl? Are you still with the mother?’

“Why are you even entertaining him?” Christina questions her impatiently.

“I just want to know, that’s all.”

“Mmm-hmmmm – I can see where this is heading!” Felicia crosses her arms.

“Ladies please, I appreciate your support, but let me just work this out by my Self, okay?”

Another text comes through from Charles. She hides it from them this time.

‘She’s a girl, and no, I’m not with her mother anymore. We broke up a few months ago.’

Suzanne leaves the room to call him back.

“Does *she* know that?” she asks him.

“Know what?”

“That you’ve left her to raise your child alone!”

“Sue listen, I tried my best to make it work, I wanted us to be a family, but it just didn’t...*couldn’t* work.”

“Why not?”

She's on the woman's side on this one; here's another brother walking away from his responsibility as far as she's concerned.

“Please don't make this hard for me.”

“Well if you'd rather not talk about it...”

“She wasn't *you!*” he blurts out; “...That's what it boiled down to. As much as I tried to put my feelings for you to the side and concentrate on my family, I realized I wasn't being true to my Self.”

“So were you being ‘true to your Self’ when you pissed off and left me for her?” Suzanne shoots at him. Her Scorpio sting isn't in her *tail*, it's in her *tongue*.

Charles sighs deeply.

“No...it was a big mistake.” he whispers.

“Well you've made your bed, now lie in it!”

Suzanne presses the ‘end call’ button as the wound of the break-up re-opens. She returns to the living room and sits heaving, tears brimming in her eyes.

The film is still on pause; Felicia and Christina have been drinking wine and talking while they waited for her to return. They try to comfort her.

“So, what did he have to say for himself?” Felicia asks.

“He wants you back, doesn't he?” Christina adds.

“Yes.”

“What are you going to do? You're not seriously thinking about getting back with him are you?” Felicia quizzes.

“I'm not sure.”

Another text comes through from Charles.

“What did he say?” Christina asks, trying to read it.

“He wants to meet so we can talk properly.”

“HA! Meet up where, *here*?” Felicia scoffs.

“I've got an idea! Why don't you invite him to the event we're performing at next Saturday? That way we can be there as well,” Christina suggests.

Suzanne sends him the details and tells him to meet her there after 11.00pm, by which time she estimates she would have finished her slot.



## **Love Attraction**

Every time she goes out to perform, Suzanne notices the amount of sisters in the crowd who are either on their own, or with friends – but no man. Maybe he turns up later that night when she gets back home, or maybe she's another single sister left on the shelf. Suzanne is performing her poem-song '*Love Attraction*' for the first time. In Floetry style, Christina is backing her with the singing parts. Halfway through Charles walks in, hardly taking his eyes off Suzanne as he makes his way through the crowd. Christina sings:

*I believe in a love so true*

*Year Seven: Love Attraction*

*But I know I've got work to do*

*I know that when I'm ready*

*My True Love will come to me.*

*I believe in a love so real*

*Someone with whom I can feel*

*Open and unrestrained*

*And with him I can trust again.*

Suzanne does the Spoken Word parts:

*And lastly,*

*I must put ACTION to my beliefs*

*Without **action** there can be no **attraction***

*The Law of Attraction*

*is the Law of Love in action*

*So I must DO something positive*

*to cause the MANifestation*

*of this 'Love Thing' that I'm seeking*

*I must create a space for him to appear,*

*Clear out the clutter of past interactions,*

*Cutting ties,*

*Saying goodbyes to the love DISTRACTIONS*

*who can't commit because of their own fears...*

*Now I trust and let go*

*because I know that...*

*DREAMS DO COME TRUE.*

As they leave the stage to a resounding applause, a familiar figure approaches Suzanne.

“You again,” she says bluntly.

“Me again – wow, you've changed, you look amazing!”

“Well it's been three years Charles – a *lot* has changed!”

She looks at him sarcastically. Suzanne has gone from wearing the wigs and weaves, to wearing her own natural hair. For this occasion, she's wearing a Bespoke Hairstyle; cornrow twists going up at the sides, with elegant puff-balls on top. Her clothing style has changed, too. She now prefers to wear natural cloths like cotton, wool, hemp or silk. Her clothes are soft and flowing; today she's wearing an African-print designer dress with matching colorful African print earrings, which make her look more daring and exciting in appearance. There's grace in her movements, reflecting her keen sense of harmony and refinement. Her makeup is natural-looking, enhancing her features rather than changing them completely.

“Can I get you a drink?” he offers, holding her by the arm.

“That would be nice,” she replies, thinking ‘Why did he have to touch me? He *knows* what his touch does to me!’

It sent an electrical current right through her whole body.

As they stand by the bar talking, invisible sparks are flying everywhere. Their conversation is being drowned out by the noise,

so Charles asks if they can go somewhere quieter. Suzanne suggests the lounge area upstairs.

“I’ll be back in a minute...”

She heads over to the table where Felicia and Christina are selling her books and CD's; most of her products have sold.

“Wow, you've done well!”

“They sell themselves!” Felicia states.

Suzanne takes one of her poetry books to give to Charles.

“Thank you! I’m just popping upstairs, are you okay packing up?”

“Is he here then?” Christina asks, looking past Suzanne into the crowd.

“Yes, look over by the bar. I’ll be back soon.”

She turns and walks back to where Charles is waiting; they make their way through the crowd and go upstairs.

As they sit on the leather sofas, a waiter hands them both menus.

“Would you like something to eat?” Charles asks.

“No thanks, but I wouldn’t mind a cup of peppermint tea, if they have any.”

He looks through the menu;

“Yes they do, I think I’ll have one too.”

He signals the waiter to come over, and orders a pot of peppermint tea.



“Okay I’m ready, fire away,” Suzanne stares him straight in the eyes.

Looking back at her regretfully, he holds her gaze;

“Suzanne, I’m really sorry for any hurt and pain I may have caused you.”

“*May* have?” she replies sarcastically.

“*May* have?” she repeats.

Sarcasm is the lowest form of communication, and it fails to help the situation.

Ignoring her remark, he continues;

“I know I did wrong, but all I’m asking for is another chance. I now know that it’s *you* I want to spend the rest of my life with.”

“What about your baby mother?” Suzanne asks, unmoved; “How does *she* feel about this new arrangement of yours?”

“I don’t want to talk about her or put her down in any way, but all I can say is, it’s over. I’m never going back. It’s *you* I want. I’ve missed you so much Sue, all the time I was with her, I was wishing it was you.”

“Really.”

“Yes! I thought I could make a life with my new family, but I was only lying to my Self. As much as I love my daughter, I have to take my own needs into consideration as well. I don’t just *want* you Sue, I *need* you...I was wrong. I’m sorry, please forgive me?”

His words play with her heart strings, but she tries her best to stay in control.

“Oh, you think it's as simple as that, do you? Just beg my forgiveness and wha-la, we're back together! What about the mother of your child?”

“Look, we'd only known each other a few months and next thing she's telling me she's pregnant. I think she was ready to have a baby and just used me as her sperm donor.”

Suzanne stares at him in disbelief.

“I'm sure there was more to it than that. Why weren't you using condoms anyway?”

“I guess I was out of the habit; it was a moment of weakness.”

“A *moment*? Is that all it took for you to get her pregnant? You need to take responsibility for your actions Charles, there's far too many children being raised without a father.”

“I'll always be there for my daughter, but do I have to suffer the rest of my life just because I made a silly mistake?”

She stares at him from across the sofa; he smiles back with a boyish grin, and a pleading look in his eyes.

“When did you break up with her mother?” she continues questioning him.

“I moved out a few months ago, she was making my life a living hell – I couldn't do anything right!”

“Well it’s your daughter I feel sorry for. *She’s* the one who has to suffer in all this,” Suzanne states bluntly. “How old is she?”

“You’re right. She’s sixteen months.”

“Do you have a photo of her?”

Charles takes out his mobile phone and shows Suzanne his screen-saver.

“Oh, she’s beautiful!” she exclaims;

“How’s your relationship with her mother now?”

“Maria? Not good. But it hasn’t been for months, even before Ebony was born. She seemed to switch on me the minute she got pregnant,” he sulks.

Suzanne recalls how she had been when *she* was pregnant. Her hormones had played havoc with her emotions; she remembers the time she had ripped her son’s father’s waistcoat clean off his back, in a rage.

“Are you sure it’s not just her hormones?” she asks in Maria's defense.

“What do I know? All I know is, I’m not in love with her – I’m in love with *you*.”

As they sit staring at each other, Charles reaches over for her hand. Suzanne knows that if they get too close, touch skin-to-skin, she’ll lose control. She withdraws her hand before he reaches it.

He bows his head, slumping his shoulders.

“Please Sue, give me the chance to make it up to you. I’ll do anything to have you back in my life. Just name it, and I’ll do it,” he pleads.

This is too much for Suzanne.

“This situation wasn’t caused by me, and it’s not for me to try to fix it.”

With that, she gets up and starts making her way back downstairs. Charles rushes after her.

“How are you getting home?” he asks.

“Felicia drove.”

“Let me drop you – come on, that’s the least I can do.”

Suzanne explodes.

“The *least* you can do? You go off and make a baby with another woman then tell me the least you can do is give me a f\*\*\*ing ride home?”

She turns to storm off.

Charles catches her by the arm to slow her down. She stops, spins around and glares at him. Trying again he pleads;

“It will give us a chance to talk some more. Suzanne, *We Belong Together* but if you’re too angry to see that – I mean, if you’re prepared to let your anger and hurt at my mistake keep us apart forever then I’ll have no choice but to walk away, and we’ll spend the rest of our lives wondering what could have been...or we can take

this opportunity to examine what's in our hearts. Let me drive you home and we can just..... talk.”

Suzanne huffs before replying “...Okay.”

By the time they arrive back downstairs, the event is over. Felicia and Christina have packed everything up and are ready to leave.

“Are you okay Suzie?” Felicia asks, giving Charles a dirty look.

“I’ll be fine...Charles is going to drop me home. Thanks for everything.”

She takes her box and petty cash tin from the ladies. Charles takes the box from Suzanne and they make their way outside to his car.

They drive in silence for the first few minutes before Suzanne asks if he can put some music on. As soon as Charles presses the play button, Jon B’s *‘They Don’t Know’* starts to play. Suzanne recognizes the CD as one they had compiled together years earlier.

They look at each other and smile.

Memories come flooding back to her.

“I have to admit, I’ve missed you,” she says reluctantly.

Charles reaches over, takes her hand and places it on the gear stick *of the car* to help him change gears, like they used to.

Silent tears begin to fall down her cheeks. Turning to face the window, she wipes them away before he can notice.

As much as she wants to be strong, she knows she is powerless to resist him.



## Re-united

They arrive at Suzanne's house. She turns the key and opens the door gently, hoping the boys would have gone to bed by now. At 11 and 13, they are old enough to stay at home by themselves. Whenever Suzanne goes out, she tells them to be in bed by 10.30pm. It's half term, so there's no real reason for them to go to bed early; sometimes they stay up late playing video games. It's dark and quiet, so they have obviously been obedient. She checks in on them just to make sure. Charles asks if he can take a peek too; he had been like a father to them, and feels slightly guilty about his sudden exit from their lives.

He follows Suzanne into the living room.

"Would you like a cup of tea or anything?" she asks.

"I'll take the 'anything' if it's on offer" Charles replies with a smirk.

"Very funny," she looks at him sternly.

As they sit staring at each other from opposite ends of the sofa, *he's* thinking about how beautiful she looks, while *she's* thinking how stupid he's been for going off and making a baby with another woman.

"I can't believe I'm actually here with you again – I didn't think it would happen," Charles finally says.

"Yes well don't get any ideas, I'm not jumping back into another relationship with you, if that's what you're thinking!"

“I know I hurt you Sue, but I’m going to do everything I can to make it up to you,” he promises, reaching for her hand again.

She withdraws it.

“It’s like you said, it’s not as simple as that – you have a baby and a baby mother to think about now,” she reminds him.

“I know...but can you forgive me?” he pleads.

“I’ve *already* forgiven you. I did it for *my* sake, not yours.”

“That’s one of the things I love about you Sue; you find it so easy to forgive.”

Charles slowly eases himself over to where she’s sitting.

“Buddha said ‘*Having un-forgiveness is like drinking poison and expecting the other person to die*,’” she informs him.

“Wise words.”

“If you weren't my Twin Soul, I wouldn't even entertain you.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“We're Twin Souls, Charles.”

“What, you mean like soul mates?”

“Soul mates are different to Twin Souls; you can have *many* soul mates, but you only have one Twin Soul.”

“What makes you think we're Twins Souls?”

“Do you remember the day we met? It felt like we were caught in some kind of time warp. Like time stood still.”

“Did you feel that too? I thought it was just me!”

“Oh my god! What did *you* feel?” she gasps.

“It felt as if everything around us was blurred out...I remember seeing your lips moving but no sound was coming out. Like, the whole room became silent. It was weird.”

“We never did discuss it, did we?”

“Well *I* wasn't going to bring it up, you might have thought I was mad! It's not something that happens every day, is it?”

“That's why I knew we were destined to meet again; Twin Souls have a mission to complete together, that's why we met in the first place.”

“Okay...what do you think *our* mission is?”

“I'm not sure...but it's got something to do with helping raise the Collective Consciousness.”

Charles places his arm on the back of the sofa behind her.

“Well I'm just gonna lay my cards on the table...”

Placing his finger under her chin and turning her face towards him he asserts;

“I want to be with you Sue, I don't want anyone else. I know I have a baby to think about and that's complicated matters, but I've never been more sure about anything in my life.”

After eight months, Suzanne's body had ceased to let her know she desired a man, but she can now feel the passion re-awakening within.



She still isn't sure if she should give in to him. It's been a long time since they were last together; she hasn't even told him about Solomon yet, and she isn't sure how the boys will feel about seeing him back here again, as suddenly as he'd disappeared.

"We really need to discuss whether this would be a good idea...it's not just about *us*, there's your daughter, and my sons to consider, and your baby mother..."

"I know, I know," Charles whispers, laying a finger on her lips. He kisses her gently. If she hadn't been sitting down, her knees would have given way.

She kisses him back, wholeheartedly.

As they embrace passionately, their tongues play with each other while their hands re-discover each other's bodies. Suzanne can feel her temperature rising; there seems to be a ball of fire between her legs.

"I don't want to have sex with you, not tonight," she says weakly.

Charles kisses her on the neck, and as he slides her top up, he slips his hands around her back and unclips her bra, exposing her breasts. Cupping them in his hands, he slowly begins sucking each erect nipple. She writhes underneath him; by now she is wet, but it doesn't seem to put out the fire.

He slides his hand up her skirt, stroking her inner thigh as he searches for the elastic in her knickers. Finding it, he pulls it to one

side and begins massaging her wet clitoris with his finger while he continues sucking her nipples.

“Oh my god, I’ve missed you!” Suzanne whispers.

“I’ve missed you too,” Charles mumbles between mouthfuls.

Suddenly, she pounces on him like a lioness, ripping off his clothes.

He willingly helps.

As he sits on the sofa naked with Pride standing to attention, Suzanne strips off too.

“I’m starving, so you’d better know what you came here for!”

She stands on the sofa with her feet either side of him looking like a Nubian Queen, and his *face* is her *throne*. As she sits on it, he grabs hold of her bum cheeks, pushing her mound deep into his mouth. He eats her yoni like it's his favourite fruit. As she looks down at him and he looks up at her, they re-connect again spiritually.

When he has finished, Suzanne re-acquaints herself with Pride, sucking as if it's her favorite ice-lolly, trying to finish before it melts in the hot sun.

Charles lays her on the sofa and lying on top of her in the missionary position, he enters her slowly; they both exhale deeply.

“You’re just as I remembered,” he croons into her ear.

It’s pure lust as they laugh, joke, and talk openly, re-enacting some of their favorite positions.

“Go deeper!” she commands.

He doesn't think he can *get* any deeper, but upon her request, he finds another half an inch to put inside her.

As they approach the finishing line, he makes his signature deep-throated groan of gratitude, while she lets out her signature sigh of relief.

Just as they both climax, Suzanne is sure she hears the sound of the door creak shut, and the boys sniggering to themselves as they run back to their bedroom.



## **Reflections**

The following morning, lying entwined in bed skin-to-skin, Charles tells Suzanne that whenever they get back together it always feels like 'coming home', and that his inner compass always seems to point back to her.

"You know, that's the first time I've had sex in two years," he informs her.

"How come?"

"From the day she found out she was pregnant, Maria didn't want sex anymore. She thought she might lose the baby."

"What about after she was born?"

"She was always 'too tired'. Said all the breastfeeding was draining her."

"So what attracted you to her in the first place?"

He doesn't tell her that it was her beautiful features and golden, flawless skin. Sometimes, when conversation dried up – which was quite often – that's what he would focus on.

“Oh... we were both professionals, liked going to the theatre, that sort of thing. But we didn't have *chemistry* like I have with you, and I didn't feel like I could talk with her about anything, like I can with you.”

“Well I have some news of my own.”

“Go on...”

“I was seeing this guy once.”

“Oh...how long ago?”

“Last year. It didn't last very long, I felt the same; no chemistry. It will be hard for me to find someone to replace you.”

“We did raise the bar pretty high for each other, didn't we? Are you still in touch with him?”

“No, he said it would be easier if we didn't keep in touch.”

“Good.”

“But you still haven't explained why you went off with that woman in the first place?”

“I guess I was feeling neglected, like you didn't need me anymore. You were so wrapped up in your meditating and 'going within' that you shut me out sometimes.”

“Charles, relationships have their seasons, you know! Mother Nature has shown me this; just as there's Summer, Autumn, Winter and Spring, relationships go through their seasons too – it can't

always be Summer. There are the cold, winter months when it looks like everything has died. But in Spring everything starts to blossom, and before you know it, it's Summer again! The problem is, most people give up during their 'winter period' thinking the relationship has died. That's what *you* did, Charles. If you had just hung on, you would have seen it start to blossom again."

"You're right, I must remember that next time we go through our winter period."

Suddenly Charles sits up and swings his legs off the bed, as if he has just remembered something. Placing his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, he closes his eyes, looking as if he has just taken the weight of the world on his shoulders.

Suzanne kneels behind him and wraps her arms around his chest, pressing her bare breasts against his back. Slow, silent tears begin to fall down his face. Turning, he looks in her eyes and regretfully whispers "I'm sorry." Suzanne begins crying too. In that moment, they both realize their relationship will never be the same. Now there's a baby and a baby mother who will always come between them.

Just then, his mobile phone starts ringing in his jacket pocket, which is hung on a chair across the room. He looks at her as if seeking approval to take the call; she nods, un-embracing him. He gets up to answer it. Suzanne can hear Maria ranting and raving from where she's sitting on the bed.

"Is Ebony okay?" Charles asks anxiously.

He relaxes at Maria's reply, then attempts to calm her down. As he runs his hand from his forehead to the nape of his neck, Suzanne can see that Maria is transferring all her negative energy unto him, and that *she's* going to be the one to have to remove it again.



“She wants to go out tonight, and she wants me to babysit,” Charles moans.

“Why don’t you bring Ebony here?” Suzanne suggests.

“She said it's better if I look after her at *her* house, that way she’ll be settled.”

“That’s ridiculous! You’re her father! Tell her you want to take Ebony to meet your family.”

“I’d rather just keep the peace.”

“Are you sure she’s not just trying to get you to sleep over?” Suzanne asks suspiciously; “What if she wants you back?”

“Well that’s not going to happen, is it?” Charles assures her, taking her by the hand and pulling her close to him.

“It’s *you* I’m in love with, just remember that.”

“Well you’re going to have to let her know that you have a partner, and that you can’t keep staying over there – you should start having Ebony at weekends so Maria can have her breaks too.”



## **Introduction**

It's a warm, sunny Saturday afternoon. The sky is blue, with hardly a chemtrail in the sky. It's Charles's first time having his daughter for the whole day without her mother. Maria hadn't agreed to him taking her for the whole weekend, insisting that he needs to "build up to it". It's now 11.25am. He had dropped Suzanne off on the High Road to do some 'retail therapy' while he went to collect Ebony. It takes a while before Suzanne's mobile starts ringing.

"Hi babe, I've got her, where are you?" he asks.

"I'm in the indoor shopping centre."

"Oh good, I've just parked in the car park, can you meet me there?"

"Okay."

By the time Suzanne reaches the car park entrance, Charles is already entering the shopping centre carrying his daughter on one arm, and the bag her mother had packed for her on the other. Ebony is wearing a sleeveless floral print dress with frilly ankle socks and pink sandals. Her hair is styled in two big puffy bunches with colourful bobbles holding them in place. She's the spitting image of her father. She has taken most of her dad's mocha skin color, and her eyes, nose and lips resemble his. No doubt, she's a daddy's girl.

Suzanne feels nothing but love for the little girl.

"Suzanne, meet Ebony, Ebony meet Suzanne," Charles introduces them.

“Hi Ebony!” Suzanne coos.

Ebony reaches out her hands for Suzanne to take her.

“Oh my goodness!” Suzanne exclaims, taking Ebony from her father while he takes her bags.

They take to each other immediately.

“She’s adorable!” Suzanne says to Charles.

“Yeah...sometimes I find it hard to believe I helped create something so beautiful,” he replies, looking at his daughter lovingly.

They spend the next two hours shopping for clothes and toys for Ebony. Suzanne enjoys picking out little dresses, cardigans and hair accessories, almost as much as she enjoys shopping for herself – it makes a change from buying boys clothes.

They find a nice restaurant to have lunch in, and while Charles orders their food, Suzanne looks in the bag that Maria has packed for Ebony. Finding her lunch, she asks a waitress to warm it up. She puts a bib on Ebony, and watches in amusement as Charles feeds his daughter. By the time he’s finished, Ebony’s dress is soiled.

“It’s a good thing we bought some dresses! After she’s had her juice, I’ll change her into one of them.”

Suzanne takes Ebony into the women’s changing room and changes her nappy and dress. By now, Ebony is tired. Suzanne carries her back into the restaurant.

“Where’s her pushchair?”

“Oh...I left it in the car,” Charles replies, looking embarrassed.



“Never mind, just remember it next time, okay?” she says, laughing.



Suzanne wants Charles to do right by his daughter just as much as he does; she supports him in spending as much time with Ebony as he possibly can. So twice a week, he goes to Maria’s straight from work to spend a couple of hours with his daughter, returning to Suzanne’s after Ebony has gone to sleep.

Maria would offer him dinner, but he always makes sure he snacks before arriving, and waits to have his dinner when he gets back to Suzanne’s. He doesn’t want Maria getting used to him eating her food, besides, he often feels sleepy after his evening meal.



## **Sharing Space**

Charles emerges from a vivid dream; Suzanne had been watching him sleep.

“What were you dreaming about? You seemed all jittery,” she asks, caressing his face.

“Oh, man...I was having this weird dream...I was standing on the ledge of this high-rise building...” he closes his eyes, reliving it;

“...I must have been at least 100 floors up. I peeped down; the cars on the street below looked like toys. My feet could barely fit on the ledge – I was scared shitless. Then I noticed this guy standing

to my left on safe ground, watching me. He had these huge wings, like eagles. My foot slipped, and I started free-falling. Next thing I knew, he swooped down and caught me, and placed me where *he'd* been standing – then he was gone. I didn't even get a chance to thank him.”



“...Then another scene; I was walking down a busy high street looking for him; I really wanted to thank him for saving my life. As I walked through the crowd, I met *another* man; I instinctively knew he was another angel. He handed me a cheque for a large amount of money – then he disappeared too.”

“Wow, what do you suppose it means?” Suzanne asks interestedly.

“I don’t know...but I’ve been thinking a lot lately about giving up my job and pursuing my art instead. That’s a BIG leap of faith. I guess subconsciously, I’m afraid I’ll fail.”

“You won’t fail, Charles! We’re in this together now; two heads are better than one,” she tries to convince him.

“Yes, but it’s not just me anymore; there’s the mortgage to pay, Ebony, you and the boys to support as well. How will I manage?”

“Trust the Universe Charles, all your needs will be met – come on, I learnt all this stuff from you!” she reminds him.

Charles chuckles.

“You’re right, I should know better. I’m seriously going to work out the Math and see if it would be financially viable for me to leave my job.”

“Well you don’t have to do it straight away – let’s get this business off the ground first!”

Charles gets an inspired thought;

“Why don't we move in together? That way we can work on our Business Plan, and you can help me look after Ebony.”

“Good idea! We could have her every other weekend, on the same weekends I have the boys.”

“Sounds like a plan; it would cut down our outgoings, and we can invest the money we save into the business. Why don't you and the boys move in with me?”

“It's too small. Micah and Elijah are getting big now, and will soon need their own rooms. Plus Ebony will need *her* own room, and we're going to need a home office. We need more space.”

Charles thinks more carefully before replying;

“You're right. Five of us in a three-bedroom house *would* be a bit cramped. Right, I'll sell my house and buy something bigger.”

“I'm glad we're finally getting this business off the ground, we've been talking about it for long enough!”

“Well, something happened the other day that really got me thinking.”

“What happened?”

“I was in a financial session with an Asian client – do you know what he had the nerve to say to me?”

“No, what?”

“Well, we got comfortable in our conversation so he said ‘Charles, may I ask you a question? I don't mean to be offensive, but I'm truly curious, and I feel I can ask you this.’ So I said ‘sure, go ahead!’ He asked ‘When you all (meaning us Black people) move, why is it that the first thing you do is look for a job, or move for a job?’ I paused, thinking ‘that's a bit of a silly question!’ but replied ‘Well, we have to provide for our family, so we have to have a job.’ Then *he* said ‘Oh,

because when we move, we look to start a business – and we always look in *your* part of town first.’

That changed my life.”



## Friends?

The house phone rings. Suzanne answers; it's Maria.

“Is Charles there?” she asks bluntly.

“Hi Maria, how are you?” Suzanne responds pleasantly.

“I’m fine thanks.”

“Is everything okay?”

“Yes, I just need to speak with Charles. Is he there?”

“Not at the moment, can I take a message?”

“Yes, can you tell him to call me as soon as he gets in – actually don’t worry, I’ll call his mobile. Thanks.”

Suzanne catches her before she hangs up;

“Maria?”

“Yes?”

“I think it would be really nice if we could at least be friends. Ebony will be spending time here, and it would be much better for her if we both got along, don’t you think?”

“*Friends?*” Maria sneers; “You steal my man then tell me you want to be my *friend?*”

“I didn’t steal your man, Maria. Charles and I had a history long before he even met you. I’m sorry things didn’t work out, but I didn’t *steal* him from you.”

“Well as far as I’m concerned, we were still together when he started seeing you, so what do you call that then?”

“He told me he'd moved out?”

“He had, but we didn’t say we weren’t *together* anymore.”

“Oh...so you were still together?”

“Yes!”

“You mean (whispering now) you still had a sexual relationship?”

“What business is that of yours? Is sex everything?” Maria states coldly.

“Oh, so you *weren’t* still having sex,” Suzanne breathes a sigh of relief.

“Whether we were or not, you still stole my man!”

“Maria, somehow we have to get past this. Charles and I are back together again. He has a daughter with you. I love Ebony just as much as I love Charles, and I’d like us all to get along, if possible...”

Maria hangs up.

“Well at least I tried,” Suzanne sighs.



## Settling in

Charles starts having Ebony every other weekend. They plan it so that Ebony comes on the same weekends that the boys are at home.

That way, they have alternate weekends with all the children, and alternate weekends to themselves. Suzanne and the boys look forward to the weekends when Ebony stays over; she's a cute addition to the family. She has her own room decorated in pink and purple, and the boys have their own rooms as well. On those weekends, they do things together as a family. Due to the age gap between the boys and Ebony, it's difficult to decide what types of films to watch at the cinema, but they enjoy doing things together like going to the monthly *Ma'at Market*, eating out, going to the park, and swimming. The boys dote over their 'little sister' as they've taken to calling her.

Suzanne enjoys having a little girl to dress and comb her hair, and to play (black) dolls with. It's certainly different to having boys!

Some weekends the boys go to their cousins, so Suzanne and Charles do things with Ebony on their own. Often, Suzanne leaves Charles to spend time with his daughter alone.

All of them settle into the new routine easily. The only thing Suzanne has a problem with is the extra laundry and cleaning.

"Do you think we could get a cleaner?" she asks Charles;

"Even if it's just to clean the kitchen, bathroom and toilets once a week – that would really help!"

“I don’t see why not. The time you spend cleaning could be put to doing admin for the business, and I can claim it as business expenses, so go ahead and find one.”



## **Girly Time**

Charles is trying to organize a family afternoon out. Suzanne is combing Ebony’s hair.

“Shall we go to the cinema?” he suggests.

“To see what?” Suzanne asks.

“Can we watch Jack the Giant Slayer?” Micah requests.

“I don't think that would be suitable for Ebony, aren't there any PG films showing?” Suzanne objects. The boys groan. They’re now aged 12 and 14; Ebony is only 2.

“I tell you what,” she suggests; “Why don't you guys go to the cinema and I’ll look after Ebony, I need to finish her hair anyway, and I need to start preparing dinner for tomorrow, the family are coming over.”

“Are you sure you're okay looking after Ebony?” Charles asks.

“Of course, it's a good swap actually!”

He walks over to his daughter.

“Hey princess, will you be okay ‘til I get back?”

“Yes daddy!”

“Okay, see you soon...”



He kisses Ebony on her forehead, and kisses Suzanne on her lips before leaving with the boys. Suzanne takes Ebony by the hand and leads her to her bedroom.

“Let's find something more suitable for you to watch while I do your hair, shall we?”

She puts on a classic Sesame Street DVD to distract Ebony as she combs her hair, while Ebony plays with her (black) doll.



### Her Own YONI-verse!

It was Charles who taught Suzanne about the sacredness of her yoni – in fact, he had even named it for her.

He told her that her yoni is the entrance to her personal solar system



– her *yoniverse* – and that he, the Black Man, is the gatekeeper.

He explains that the man plants the seed, but it's the *womban* who nurtures it and brings it to life. He said her womb is a portal, and that babies are *souls* that come from the spiritual realm through the *womban*, into this physical realm – but that her womb also has the power to create *other* things other than babies. Suzanne doesn't have a clue what he's talking about, so she decides to do a meditation, focusing her attention on her yoni and womb. Gaining *insight*, she discovers that her womb is a powerful *dynamic creative*

*force* similar to that of the *universe*. The liquid that is secreted from her yoni holds within it a strong transference of power, and is therefore sacred. Charles knew this, which is why he happily and gratefully engages in cunnilingus. He told Suzanne that whenever their fluids mingle together, he is *also* taking on the ability to bring things from the spiritual realm into the physical, which is why he has a deep love and respect for his Queen/goddess and the *inherent* powers of her yoni and womb.

Suzanne researches online, and discovers that in some Eastern cultures, a man will focus on the yoni while meditating upon his desires, which has the power to grant his wishes. If a woman is *aware* of her powers, her 'flower' will naturally emit a fragrance which provides the attraction *inherent* in it.

Suzanne gets a mirror to study her 'flower'. She develops a new-found respect for her yoni and womb, and promises her Self that she will never again allow it to be abused.

After her yoni meditation, Suzanne is inspired to channel a message: *'All men are gods, but not all men are Kings. To become a King, he must raise his level of consciousness to his crown chakra, located at the top of his head. This is the same for the goddess; for her to become a Queen, she must also raise her level of consciousness to her crown chakra. When a god reaches his highest level of consciousness, he can then use his 'key' to open the goddess's gateway in order to MANifest his desires. A god can choose a goddess or a Queen to perform the ritual, but a Queen must*

*choose a King, because the two can only go as far as his level of consciousness. It is therefore imperative that all gods raise their level of consciousness to their crown chakra, and become Kings.*

*Once a god has achieved Kingly status, he should then find himself a goddess or a Queen; without her Feminine Energy it will be difficult to MANifest his desires, since the gateway to bringing things from the spiritual realm into the physical world is found **in her**.*

*By finding, protecting and serving his goddess or Queen, she will in return love, nurture, protect and heal him, opening the gateway to infinite possibilities.*

*It is therefore necessary for the Black Man to understand that before he can lead, he must first allow his Queen to sit on her throne...in allowing her to do so, his own immortality will be heightened.'*

Suzanne is grateful to have Charles as her King. She realizes that many gods and Kings don't understand the importance of finding their goddesses and Queens, for the way that leads to paradise *within her*. And many goddesses don't understand the power they have *inherent* within themselves.

**'Above the yoni is a small and subtle flame,  
whose form is intelligence'.**

~ Shiva Samhita, 15th century



## **Planting the Seed**

When Suzanne wakes up it's still dark. She looks at the time; it's 4am. Charles is sitting up in bed with his back against the velvet cushioned headboard, in deep thought. She quietly tiptoes to the toilet. When she returns, he hasn't budged. She tries not to disturb him as she climbs back into bed. He opens his eyes.

"You're up early!" she whispers.

"I have a lot on my mind."

"Like what?"

"Like how we're going to get this business off the ground so I can leave my job."

"Yes, the sooner you get off the plantation, the better! Can I try something with you?"

"What?"

"Hold on..."

She gets up to lock the bedroom door. Charles doesn't know what to expect, but Pride is already standing to attention...

"Just close your eyes and relax," she advises him.

As Charles relaxes against the headboard, Suzanne straddles him. She's wearing an above-the-knee nightdress, so Pride slips in easily.

Once he's all up inside her, she tells Charles to close his eyes and focus on his breathing;

"...Keep it in rhythm with mine, okay?"

Charles nods in agreement. Suzanne places her hand over his heart, and guides him to do the same to her. She begins taking deep breathes. Suzanne follows.

“This will help us control the natural urge to thrust,” she explains. They spend a few minutes focused on their breath; when their breathing slows right down, they reach a state of deep relaxation and enter the Alpha state, where their subconscious minds are in touch with the Universal Mind. Suzanne follows her inner guide, and begins riding him slowly. She takes Charles through a guided visualization, asking him to describe *in detail* his ideal work situation, as if it's already happening *now*.

“...I need to build a clear image in my mind too,” she tells him.

“Well, I see us creating products using *my* artwork and *your* poetry.”

“What kind of products?”

“Inspirational greeting cards, prints, mugs, t-shirts, fridge magnets, you know?”

“Don't assume I know anything; so where will you run this business from?”

“Our home office to start with, mainly online and doing stands at events, but eventually I want to own a shop where we can offer a personalized greeting card and print service. I also plan to buy in artwork and poetry to develop our product range, and help others in our community benefit from their talents.”

“Sounds great, but keep it in the *Present Tense*, so you could say ‘I see us owning a High Street shop.’”

“Yes, and we’re are buying in artwork and poetry to increase our range.”

“That's it!”

“Are you sure you don't just wanna make love?”

Charles grabs her hips and starts thrusting.

“Charles! Stay in control!”

“Sorry...okay, what do I do now?”

“Go back to focusing on your breathing.”

Charles takes some deep breathes with his eyes closed.

“Now, you need to build a clear picture in your mind of what this business will look like and share it with me, so I can have a clear picture too – and remember to speak in the Present Tense as if it's already happening.”

“Okay...I – WE are selling our products online as well as in our shop. We are offering a personalized print and framing service, and buying in artwork and poetry from people of African descent to grow our range of products.”

“Good! What's the aim of this business?”

“To leave a lasting impression on the recipients, like your slogan says, ‘*Touching the Heart...through Art!*’ They won't want to throw them away.”

“Awesome! What about your staff?”

“Our employees will be able to climb the ladder of success with us; they feel as if they're part of the business, not just working for us.”

“How do you plan to achieve that?”

“By offering them a percentage of the profits; the more we make, the bigger their bonuses.”

“That's great! How will you select your employees?”

“Oh...by matching their Date Of Birth with the job descriptions. I'll use my knowledge of Numerology to find out whether they will be suitable for the job.”

“And get their Birth Charts drawn up as well?”

“Of course; we also use our intuition to *feel* if they are right for the job.”

“You're doing great so far Charles, I'm beginning to build a clear image in my mind too! Anything else?”

“Yes...I want to...I mean, I'm *offering* flexible working hours; instead of 9-5, we offer early shifts and late shifts, plus part-time positions for those with young children. Some people are early risers like us, and some function better late at night. So we allow them to set their own hours. As long as they get the work done on time, I'm cool.”

“I like that! Anything else?”

“Oh yeah, 10% of our profits goes into a Benevolence Fund, to put back into our community.”

“What will the Fund be used for?”

“To buy and maintain a community centre, scholarships, to help others start their own business, stuff like that.”

“That's a *great* idea Charles, it's a good way of paying Tithes too!”

“If that's what you want to call it.”

“Charles, I'm getting really excited – I can see it!”

Suzanne begins riding Charles like a cow-girl. He takes a peek at her; her eyes are still closed, and she has a big smile and a look of ecstasy on her face. Charles grabs her waist and begins to giving it to her. Just as he's about to explode inside her, she stops riding and looks at him.

“The aim is to channel our sexual energy to our crown chakras, instead of acting on our lower, animal instincts...let's take some more deep breathes.”

They breathe deeply in unison again. When Charles is back in control, Suzanne begins talking again in a soothing, rhythmic voice.

“What effect do you see our business having on the masses?”

“I see our products inspiring millions of people all over the world to connect with their inner Self, to live an authentic life, and to live life 'on purpose'.”

“Can you see this business enabling you to support your family doing it full time?”

Charles pauses to think about this.

“Yes, I can.”



“Do you think it's possible to have an unlimited income from running your own business?”

“Yes.”

“Then let's say it together...”

She starts riding him gleefully;

“YES, YES, YES, YES, YES!”

Charles joins in;

“YES! YES! YES! YES! YES!”

He lets her ride him, not knowing if it's okay to let himself go or not.

Just as they're both about to climax, a sudden surge of sexual energy rises up their spines, and heads straight for their crown chakras.

They feel something they've never experienced before, and there appears to be stars and planets in the room.

“F\*\*K! Where did you learn *that?*” he asks in shock.

“I saw it in a dream.”

Neither of them even realize it's a New Moon.

***‘The combination of THOUGHT and LOVE form the irresistible force of the Law of Attraction’***

~ Charles F. Haanel, The Master Key System



## The Joy of Co-Creating

Suzanne and Charles begin working on setting up their business together. They keep her slogan *'Touching the Heart...through Art'* as it's quite appropriate, but set up a new *un*-limited company. While Charles is at work, Suzanne writes a Business Plan based on what he had shared with her during their sex ritual, leaving him to do the Cashflow Forecast and Budgeting Plan at the weekends.

With Charles' accountancy and Suzanne's admin skills, it doesn't take long to have everything in place. He pays for a website to be built, and they work together to create products, with the intention of buying in artwork and poetry to increase the range later. Charles has his paintings scanned for the best possible quality, and Suzanne edits some of her poems to fit inside the greeting cards.

It's all coming together very nicely!

Micah and Elijah also get involved in the business.

At 12 and 14, they're old enough to take personal responsibility for certain jobs. Micah is assigned the job of helping Suzanne with admin, and Elijah has the job of helping Charles with bookkeeping. Charles begins teaching Elijah basic accounting with a view to him working in the office when he's older. The boys are happy that their mum and Charles are back together; the four of them carry on just where they had left off – the only difference is, they now include Ebony on alternate weekends. Micah and Elijah adore her, and enjoy

playing the 'big brother' role, helping Charles and Suzanne to look after her.



Over the next six months, things seem to progress at lightning speed!

By combining *Faith, Love* and *Sex*, the irresistible force of the Law of Attraction is formed. Suzanne is a force to be reckoned with by her Self, but when she joins forces with Charles, they become immutable – there's nothing they can't accomplish! He is soon able to leave his job, after they launch the business. They receive thousands of online orders with their advertising campaign, and also book stands at big events. Whenever Suzanne performs at an event, they always take her poetry CD and Book of Lyrics, along with their greeting cards, prints and other products which all compliment each other.

By visualizing their desires in detail and speaking *life* into them, Charles and Suzanne are surprised at how quickly their desires begin to manifest. They use Positive Affirmations for their business, and pray a special blessing over all the people who come into contact with their business. Two like-minds really *are* better than one!

Suzanne is grateful to have Charles, who is forward-thinking, creative, and ambitious. They spend time visualizing their business empire, drawing up plans, writing down their goals, and discussing the details of how to run the business.

They develop a following of repeat customers, who in turn recommend their products to friends and family. Orders flood in from all over the world.

**‘When LOVE and SKILL work together,  
Expect a MIRACLE’**

~ John Ruskin



## *Year Eight: Profit with Purpose*

Within the space of a year, Charles and Suzanne make their first million. They pay off their mortgage and enjoy a more stress-free life running their own business. They still work hard, but knowing they're fulfilling their Twin Soul Mission makes the workload seem easier. The enthusiasm and joy they put into their work sends positive vibes out into the universe, which is reflected back into their life. It is their *combined* forces of thoughts, words and actions that helps to catapult their business into success.

They had come up with a divinely inspired Affirmations-Prayer which they speak out loud together every day:

*"I am a superior being, each moment of every day  
I am getting better and better in every possible way  
I am a heavenly body, living in heavenly space  
I am light, light, light flooding the world and blessing the human  
race*

*(projecting their light from within)*

*I am positively all-powerful, all-wise, and rich beyond measure  
I am always bringing great news and good fortune to those whom I  
treasure.*

*I am shining like the sun, **I am healing** everyone,  
**I am healing** every body, **I am healing** every soul,  
**I am healing** every creature, I am making the whole world  
whole.*

*I am free! And my eternal ecstasy is the dream of heaven on earth,  
I am guarded, guided and provided for by the masters of the  
universe.*

*I am hearing and seeing everything I need to hear and see,  
I am attracting and creating everything I AM to happily BE!”*

£1,000,000.00 might sound like a lot of money, but with the plans they have, this is just the beginning! They have a long-term strategy to build a large Nubian Empire that helps them gain financial independence, and will also help others in their community who have been impoverished by ‘the system’. They know that according to the Law of Sowing and Reaping, they must plant more money-seeds in order to keep reaping larger harvests.

Charles sets up the Benevolence Fund where he puts 10% of all their profits. Soon, he will be able to fulfil his dream of training young people who can’t find work to set up their own businesses, learn new skills, and work towards financial freedom too. This is one way they are able to ‘give back’ to their community.

They also begin buying-in original artwork and poetry which reflects the slogan of their business; *‘Touching the Heart...through Art’*. It enables contributing artists and poets to benefit financially from *their* God-given talents, while at the same time helping to increase their range of designs. As their product range increases, so does their reputation for producing high-quality inspirational greeting cards and prints using *original* artwork and poetry. Their products

are known for leaving an indelible impression on their recipients, and helping the environment.

They receive hundreds of positive reviews which attracts the interest of some large magazines; the feature articles help their sales figures sky-rocket. They also use social media to promote their products, investing in advertising campaigns.

Neither Charles or Suzanne believe in 'profit without purpose'. Both are clear that their business isn't just about making money, its purpose is to help heal their community, and the world.



## **Nubian Empire**

A year after launching, they are able to realize Charles' vision of owning a high street shop, where they fulfil personalized greeting card and print orders. They now benefit from walk-in customers as well as online sales from all over the world via their website. They employ one staff member to work in the shop, and one to work in the office above with Suzanne. Before recruiting, Charles and Suzanne had sat down together and wrote out Job Descriptions for each of the positions they wanted to fill. They then used their knowledge of Numerology and Astrology to determine which applicants would best suit each position.

Once they were clear about the type of person they wanted to fill each position, they advertised, believing they would *attract* the right people. And they did.

Their employees were selected by their birthdates, gender (as they wanted to achieve an equal balance of male and female energy in the office), heritage, whether Charles and Suzanne 'took to their spirit', and lastly their skill level, since they were prepared to train the right person for each job.

Being on the same wavelength mentally makes a big difference to the smooth running of their business and their home life. There are no big arguments, no long silences (unless it's intentional) and there's generally a good vibe in and around them both. This feeling of unity flows from their home into the office, providing a peaceful and nurturing working environment. They agree to focus on the business during the week, but every other weekend when they have the children they switch off from work, as this is Family Time. On Saturdays, the boys work in the shop for their weekly pocket money; Micah helps out on the shop floor, and Elijah helps with the till and cashing up at the end of the day.

Whenever Suzanne has a paid performance to attend, they all go as a family, but if it's an evening event, Charles will stay home while she goes with a girlfriend or two.

They agree that even though they're now co-inhabiting, they should continue their own *personal* development, so that when they come together, they're stronger.

Every other weekend is Charles and Suzanne's special time together without the children. Both are quite happy putting all their energies into building their business empire the rest of the time.



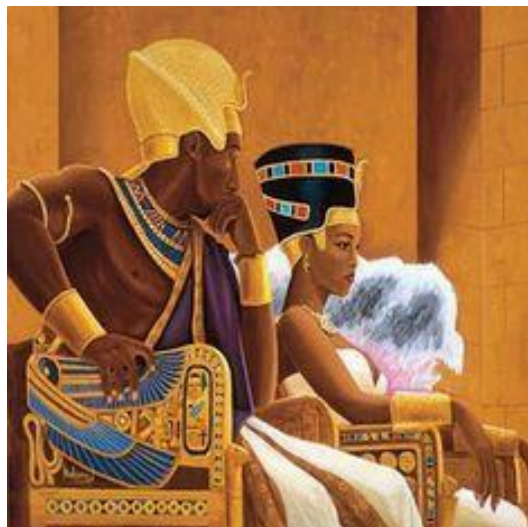
Normally by the end of the second week, they both have a build-up of sexual energy, and look forward to their free weekends with anticipation.



## The Black Womban

The more Suzanne discovers about her Self, the more her self-esteem develops; she has a new-found level of respect for herself.

She learns that ancient African cultures were matrilineal, meaning one's lineage was traced through the *mother*. Women were the most important element of society; queens didn't become queens because they were the daughters or wives of kings, they had queens that succeeded *queens*.



(Artist unknown)

In Ancient Kemet (renamed Egypt by Europeans) Pharaohs were often pictured ruling side by side with their queens. Before making any major decisions he listened to her counsel, because she was the more intuitive of the two. Her Feminine Energy was needed to drive his egotistic Masculine Energy.

She also discovers that Black Women carry The Mother of All Genes – *Mitochondrial DNA*; mDNA is only found in *women*, and since it has been *scientifically proven* that all races can trace their DNA back to the Black Woman, she is rightfully known as the ‘Mother of All Nations’.

Also known as the ‘Eve gene’, mitochondrial DNA is responsible for all variations of human beings.



(Artist: Harmonia, Instagram: @honeiee)

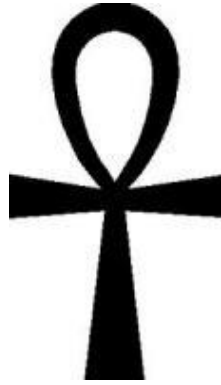
**GENESIS = GENETICS**

It dawns on Suzanne that Eve in the bible had been blamed for the fall of the whole of humanity, indirectly blaming the Black Woman.

However before European religions were created, women held a high position in society. It was the custom among Nubians that when a king died and left only a son, if he had a nephew, the son of his *sister* would reign instead of his own son. In other words, **inheritance** came through the *woman*, not the man.

Yet somehow this had all been turned upside down. The Divine Feminine was removed from the Creation Story, and Eve was accused of causing the downfall of humanity, resulting in women being forced to become subservient to men. The genealogy of Jesus and other prominent men in the bible didn't even acknowledge women. It was even said that the Gospel of Mary, who was the closest 'disciple' to Jesus, was omitted from the scriptures. Religion was used as a tool to suppress the Feminine Energy, which allowed the Masculine Energy to rise. Because men no longer sought counsel from their women, their ego created havoc. They took over religion, politics, law, education, business and agriculture, causing extensive damage to Mother Earth and her inhabitants.

Suzanne learns that the Christian cross she still wears, is a direct derivative of the Ankh cross, which originated in Ancient Kemet. The loop of the Ankh represents the *womb*, and the elongated bottom part represents the *phallus*. The line in the middle represents the two coming together, to create Life.



With Christianity being a *patriarchal* religion, the loop representing the Feminine Principle was removed and replaced with another (smaller) phallus. It then became the symbol of *death*, instead of Life. With the help of their religions, the masculine energy became dominant, forming a patriarchal mindset which allowed men to dominate women.

Suzanne realizes it's the lack of Feminine Energy on the planet which has created an imbalance, and that the Masculine and Feminine energies need to become *equal* to create equilibrium.

She believes women are naturally more intuitive than men and more in touch with their *feelings*, while men tend to act out of *ego* rather than *emotion*. Their need for power, status, and control causes them to oppress the one thing they cannot live without – the woman. By claiming that Eve was made from Adam's rib, allowed their religions to put women in a position *lower* than men, instead of *beside* them.

Suzanne suddenly remembers a part of her poem "*I Am What I WILL to Be!*" which had come as a 'download';

*'The ancestors speak through me, so listen carefully...'*

She recalls waiting to see what ‘they’ were going to say. The next lines she wrote were;

*“I am the Original Woman – I was here first!*

***MAN*** came out of ***WOMAN***,

***HE*** came out of ***SHE***,

***MALE*** came out of ***FEMALE***

and ***HE*** came out of ***HER***,

*See, it’s hidden in the words!”*

She thinks about how far women are from re-membering themselves (putting themselves back together again) and wonders what she can do to help them regain their rightful position in the world.

To be fair, it isn’t *all* men who think like this; it’s a small group of elitists who want to rule the world. The only way they can achieve their goal is by causing the Black Woman to *forget* who she is, and her innate power. They know that the Black Woman has the strongest genes, and they have the weakest. They also know that when the Black Man and Black Woman unite in a high state of consciousness, they can accomplish anything. So they had devised covert ways of keeping them apart. Their strategy was to break down their psyche using things they love the most; music, sex, spirituality, and food – especially chicken.

Suzanne decides to start writing a weekly blog to share what she has discovered. As she's writing her first ARTicle, the key turns in the door and in walks Charles. She glances at the time; it's almost 10pm.

"Hi babes, what are you doing up so late?" he asks, hanging up his coat.

"I'm writing my first blog post!"

"Really? What's it about?"

"X and Y chromosomes."

"Oh..." he sits down beside her.

"...what about them?"

"Well, when I used to read the bible, the whole Adam and Eve story never really sat well with me; I didn't like the way Eve was blamed for tempting Adam to eat the forbidden fruit, which brought a curse on the whole of the human race. Ever since, women have been oppressed by men, so I decided to explain how the story is flawed."

"Go on..."

"The bible claims Eve was made from Adam's rib, but that's scientifically impossible. Women's genes are XX, and men's genes are XY. If God took a 'rib' from Adam, he would have been left with either a XV or a YY..."

She writes the letters 'XY' on her notepad and scribbles out the bottom right 'rib' on the X, which leaves 'YY'. She then writes another XY, this time scribbling out the bottom part of the Y which leaves 'XV', to illustrate her point.

“...but if a ‘rib’ is removed from the XX chromosome, what are you left with?”

Charles takes her pen, draws two X's, and scribbles out the bottom right ‘rib’ on the second one.

“XY!” he exclaims. He looks at her astonished; “What does this prove?”

“That it's scientifically *impossible* for women to be created from men. Men come from women, not the other way around.”



## **Be the Source**

Suzanne thinks about how much her life has changed.

She now has the perfect partner (for her), two great ‘sons’ who she calls ‘the jewels in her crown’, a successful family business, an adorable step-daughter, and they lack for nothing.

Charles is by no means perfect, but by focusing on the *positive* aspects of his personality, she is able to draw more of that out of him. The more things she finds to love about him, the deeper her love for him grows, and is reflected back to her. It works the same with the boys; Suzanne finds that if she rewards them with praise, they want to do more things to please her.

Looking back on her life, she recalls how not that long ago, she was struggling to make ends meet, desperate to meet ‘The One’, and experiencing mental frustrations because of her insecurities. It was only when she had learned to ‘let go’ of all her striving to be, do and

have, and learned to just ‘follow her bliss’ that things began to flow her way. She had stopped telling her Self “I don’t deserve this” or “I’m not worthy” and simply allowed her good to come to her, receiving it gratefully.

Suzanne had learned that her life is not about acquiring ‘things’, it’s about *experiencing* who she is. She began to feel joyful just by doing things that made her *feel* happy. By feeling abundant *within*, she had attracted abundance. The secret was in learning that in order to receive what she desired, she first had to *give*. The Law of Reciprocity stated that if she desired to experience more love in her life, she had to *give* more love. If she wished to have more money, she was to demonstrate that she already *has* it, and plant money seeds, in fertile soil. If she aspired to gain more wisdom, she was to share the wisdom she already *had*.

It was only when she began showing more love to her Self that she received Love in abundance. It was only when she chose to be happy all the time, that experiences came to *keep* her in a happy state. By choosing to remain healthy, she had learned how to ‘**Heal thyself**’, by eating the foods provided by Mother Nature, such as fruits, veg, nuts, seeds, grains, and herbs.

Now, whenever she finds herself wishing for more of anything, she asks her Self “I wonder if there’s anyone else out there who wants more of this too?” She then chooses to be the Source in *their* lives, whether it’s a friend, family member or a complete stranger. It doesn’t matter what it might be, she begins giving away anything she thinks



she doesn't have enough of. Whether it's patience, love, wisdom, compassion, money or friendship; when she wants some, she finds other people who want more of the same and plants a seed in their life. The feeling of giving to others and making *their* life better gives her such an energy boost, that her whole goal in life changes. She no longer focuses on getting things for herself, but having things so that she might give them away!

Suzanne and Charles discover that the more they give, the more they receive. As they fulfill their purpose of *giving*, the Universe opens up an unlimited supply, because it knows there are now lots of people depending on them to be the Source of it.



## **Sharing the Love**

Even though they are now affluent, Suzanne and Charles don't see themselves as better off than others in their community; as far as they are concerned, 'we're all in this together'. Suzanne wants to do whatever she can to help the Feminine Energy rise, starting with the way women think about themselves. Charles feels the same.

Being a Black brother, he had experienced how difficult it can be to navigate 'the system' and come out whole. From school, college, university, to finding work, he had to fight the subliminal messages which constantly suggested to him that he would never be as successful as his white counterparts. But he had a strong foundation

in the home, and was able to fight the system all the way – to the top. Now he's in a position to make a difference, and to help others.

Charles is sympathetic towards his brothers who are still fighting the system daily. He has often heard stories of black men being abused by white racists in uniform, or of them being jailed for dealing drugs. They had been forced into these positions due to a lack of work, or jobs not paying them enough money to support their children.

Suzanne feels for her dark-skinned sisters who have been left on the shelf for white men to pick up, due to social engineering. The media constantly sends out subliminal messages that “Black men are either in prison, unemployed, gay, drug dealers, in mental institutions or with white women, so you might as well *‘Try Something New’*.”

Black men are influenced through the elite-controlled media to reject their own women, and to believe that white women are the standard of beauty. Black women are portrayed as “Hoes and bitches, angry, undesirable, crazy, and sexually repressed.” White women didn't have sexual inhibitions because they weren't raised in their organized religions. Yet secretly, white men desire Black women, and white women wish they had the physical attributes of the Black Woman.

If the majority of Black men and women continue to believe the programming, where would that leave the Black family in generations to come? The media continues to push images of light-skinned women with long hair in music videos and films, which has caused

dark-skinned women to indulge in skin bleaching and wig-wearing, as if they have to compete to get their man. Black women were being portrayed in a negative light, which was causing some men to look at them in a derogatory way, not as the Queens they truly are.

Suzanne and Charles discuss what they can do to help their people heal. They agree to start organizing their own monthly events, aimed at helping to build sustainable Black relationships. Now that they have achieved love, peace and harmony within their *own* relationship, they are better able to spread it to their community.



## Year Nine: Another Level

It's been over a week since Suzanne and Charles last made love, but they have been so busy, they hardly even noticed.

Charles is in the office when he receives a text from Suzanne; 'Tomorrow's the night x' it says.

Charles chuckles.

'The night for what?' he texts back.

'It's a surprise ;-)'

Suzanne knows that Charles is meticulous and likes to plan ahead, so she gives him notice; tomorrow will be Saturday, and it's their free weekend without the children. She's going to treat *him* for a change!

She calls her hairdresser to see if she can get an appointment the following afternoon, and also books a manicure and pedicure.



"So what do you have planned for tonight?" he asks the following morning.

"We're going out," she responds, getting out of bed quite early.

"Oh...where?"

"It's a surprise, remember?" she smiles at him mischievously.

"Okaaaay...so what's the dress code?"

“Traditional.”

“Wouldn’t you rather have an early night in?” he asks with a glint in his eye.

“Mmmmm....there’ll be plenty of time for that when we get back,” she replies, unwrapping her silk scarf as she gets ready to leave.

“Where are you going?” he asks.

“To the gym for a quick steam and sauna, then I have an appointment at the hairdressers.”

“Oh, I might as well come with you then.”

He stumbles out of bed and drags on a pair of jogging bottoms. Grabbing his gym bag, they leave the house together. Suzanne takes her own car, informing Charles that they must be ready to leave home by 6.30pm that evening. They agree to be back home by 5.00pm the latest.

Charles does his workout, goes straight back home, has a shower and spends the rest of the day relaxing, watching YouTube videos, and sleeping. He’s had a busy week at the office, and is grateful for the peace and quiet.



Suzanne returns home just before 4pm. Charles greets her with a hug, kiss and a stiffie.

“Put that thing away!” she laughs.

“Come on, we’ve got time for a quickie,” he murmurs into her ear.

“No we haven’t, look at my hair – I’m not messing it up!”

“Nice...” he turns her around by the shoulders full-circle.

“I had my nails done, too!” She displays her French-manicured fingernails.

“Lovely!”

But really, Charles has only one thing on his mind.

“I need to have a nap – can you wake me up in half an hour please?”

“Sure.”

He seems moody.

“Are you hungry?”

“Starving,” he replies, following her to their bedroom.

He didn’t know what she had planned, so hasn’t eaten since lunchtime.

“Good, because we’re going to dinner.”

“What kind of restaurant?”

“African.”

After her nap, they start getting ready.

“What are you wearing?” Charles asks.

He likes to match the color of his tie with whatever dress she’s wearing when they go out together; they even have a few matching outfits. Suzanne walks into her wardrobe and chooses a Vintage 70’s Dashiki Tunic dress with bell sleeves. After laying it carefully on

the bed, she heads for the bathroom. Charles looks in his wardrobe for his matching Dashiki top, a pair of Chinos, a brown belt and shoes.

Suzanne returns from the bathroom and begins oiling her body. It isn't perfect, but she has learned to love herself unconditionally. Charles watches with a huge bulge in his white boxers as she lovingly caresses her skin, admiring herself in the mirror. Seeing his reflection, she turns to ask;

“Aren't you going to get ready?”

He walks over to her.

“Yes, in a minute...”

He takes the bottle from her and begins oiling her back.

“Oh, thanks!”

He presses Pride against her from behind so she can feel his hard-on.

“Charles....” she warns, “...If we don't hurry up, we're going to be late!”

Like a scolded school-boy, he sulkily makes his way to the bathroom.

When he returns from his cold shower, Suzanne is already dressed and is carefully applying her make-up in the colours to match her dress, and liquid eyeliner to her top eyelid. She accentuates her lips with liner, and applies Vaseline for shine. She then places a small hair clip with a rose attached to the side of her hair.

“You look stunning!” Charles compliments.

“Thank you darling!”

He pulls on a clean pair of boxers.

“I’m thinking about starting a martial arts class,” he announces as he gets dressed.

“Really? Which one?”

“Well, someone left flyers for Mashufaa classes in the shop.”

“Is that a form of martial arts?”

“Yes, it’s *African* martial arts. I was thinking I could take the boys for the free taster session next Friday. D’you think they’d want to come?”

“I’m sure they would!”

“The only thing is, the classes are on a Friday evening so if we *do* start going regularly, you’ll have to look after Ebony – would that okay?”

“That’s fine by me!”



## **Dance in Trance**

They arrive back home in high spirits from the evening’s entertainment.

Suzanne had taken Charles to an African restaurant called ‘Black to Africa’ where they ate pounded yam, egusi stew, jollof rice and other African delicacies, while watching the African bands play live.



The djembe drumming, African dancing, Kora playing and singing had gone to straight the core of their beings, reminding them of their roots.

They had bought the band's CD and played it all the way back home, and by now, Suzanne is beginning to feel something awakening that had been buried deep within her DNA. Removing their shoes at the front door, they make their way to the Master bedroom. Suzanne puts the CD in the stereo and presses the 'play' button before lighting some candles. Meanwhile, Charles takes off his Dashiki and Chinos and sits on the bed, watching as Suzanne enters her walk-in wardrobe again. He knows her well enough by now to anticipate a treat. He thinks that perhaps she will re-appear in some sexy lingerie, so isn't mentally prepared for what he sees when she *does* finally emerge.

Suzanne appears to have transformed herself into some sort of Exotic Dancer/Sexual Healer/Temple-Priestess. She's wearing a white see-through flowy dress-thing which plunges into a V-shape at the neck-line right down to her navel. It's elasticated at the waist, with long, flowing bell-sleeves. The skirting drops in multiple folds down to her ankles. Charles can see right through it – and she isn't wearing anything underneath. Her nipples protrude through the sheer material, demanding his attention. Around her forehead, she's wearing a gold chain with various symbols hanging from it – he'd never seen it before. She's barefooted, showing off her freshly manicured feet.



She begins moving her body to the beat of the drums, as something within her takes over. She twists and twirls, gyrating her hips in a sensual, sexual manner, as she sends forth her Inner Womb Message. The whole atmosphere in the room changes.

Charles is aroused, moved almost to tears, and concerned all at the same time. The look on Suzanne's face is unlike anything he'd seen before. She isn't focused on *him*; she appears to be in a trance-like state, totally caught up in the moment. The elongated shadows on the wall behind her, created by the candlelight, look like spirits dancing along with her. Perhaps she's invoking the spirits of her ancestors...or is it the Holy Spirit? He can't tell – all he knows is it's a force of *Love*. He feels at peace as he watches her.

'Where did she learn to dance like that?' He wonders.

When Suzanne finishes, she gracefully walks towards the bed where Charles is lying propped up on one elbow.

“Is there no end to your talents?” he asks in awe.

“I can do whatever I put my *mind* to!” she replies as she sits next to him.

He watches intently as she comes back to herself. They sit in silence for a few moments; Charles looks in deep thought before asking “If there was anywhere in the world that you could go, where would it be?”

Without having to think about it Suzanne responds;

“Egypt!”

“Mmmm....” Charles ponders, as if in agreement. Then tracing a finger over the lump where her nipple is still protruding through the dress, he asks;

“Can I take this off now?”

She stands and raises her arms so he can lift off the dress easily. Noticing the music has stopped, he walks over to the stereo, starts the CD again from the beginning, and turns it up loud. He removes his boxers and socks as he makes his way back to the bed. Both of them are by now bursting with passion.

That night when they make love, it's as if all the heavens, God, the angels and their ancestors are all watching and cheering them on. It feels like nothing they had ever experienced before. Suzanne cries from the bottom of her heart, and afterwards, Charles clings on

to her, remaining inside her long after he had ejaculated, as if not wanting to break the newly-created bond between them.



## Announcement

A few days later, Charles turns up at the office in the late afternoon having been AWOL all morning.

“Where have *you* been?” Janice asks, looking at him suspiciously. She now works in the shop part-time.

“Oh, just shopping,” he replies vaguely. He beckons Micah to follow him upstairs, where Suzanne and Elijah are working in the office.

“Hi hun, what do you think of this one?” she greets him, holding up a piece of artwork submitted by an African artist.

“Mmmm...I like it! I can see it as a Poster design with some inspirational words on top.”

“That's what I was thinking!” she says enthusiastically; “Shall I accept it then?”

“Speak with the designer first; we'll decide at the next staff meeting. How are you getting on Elijah?”

Elijah looks up from his work.

“Not bad, I'm inputting the sales receipts into the spreadsheet like you showed me.”

“Great, I’ll check them later – but right now I have an announcement to make!”

Suzanne stops what she's doing.

“What's up?” she asks.

“Suzanne, boys, pack your bags, we're going on holiday!” he says excitedly.

“Holiday? Where?” she replies, looking puzzled.

“To Egypt!”

“*Egypt?* But...how?”

“What do you mean, how? We're not exactly short of money, you know!”

“I know, I mean what about the business? The boys' studies? And Ebony?”

“Everything's been arranged; you forget there's a school break next week? Janice will manage the shop while we're away, and I’ve already told Maria I'll be away for 5 days, I’ll make it up to Ebony when I get back.”

“Oh my god Charles, are you *serious?*”

“Yep...let's close early and go shopping for some bits.”

Suzanne throws her arms around his neck; the boys join in a group hug.

“I can't believe it, we're actually going to *Egypt!*”



## **Ancient Kemet**

They arrive in Cairo in the early hours of Monday morning after a short flight from Gatwick airport, and check into their 5\* hotel. The boys have their own room, and quickly find young people their own age group to hang out with. Suzanne looks out of their hotel room window; they have a clear view of the Pyramid Giza.

“Wow, it's monumental!”

“Wait until we get nearer to it then; I've booked for us to go on the tour; the whole week's been planned!”

They spend the rest of their first day making full use of the hotel's excellent spa facilities, swimming in the outdoor pool, relaxing in the Jacuzzi, then having a steam and sauna, before having full body massages. Suzanne also has a seaweed facial. By the end of the day, they are totally relaxed and rejuvenated.

They undo all the pampering when they make passionate love that night.

Suzanne had put her hair in braids for the holiday, as Charles had said he wanted to teach her how to swim properly.

Charles booked for them all to go scuba-diving the following day; the boys and Suzanne are fascinated by the beauty of God's underwater creations; the intricate designs 'painted' on all the different types of fish... and the way the plants seem to have a life of their own as they swish and sway in the undercurrents!

They collect some shells from the bottom of the ocean to bring back home. As Charles is the better swimmer, he makes sure

Suzanne feels safe. Even though she wouldn't normally swim that deep, she put her Trust in him.

That evening, they all get dressed up and go down to the hotel's plush restaurant for dinner.

As they search for a free table, an older African-American couple beckons them to join them at their table;

"Come, sit down! It's so good to see another Black family here," Mr. Jones says enthusiastically.

"Thank you! My name's Suzanne, this is my partner Charles, and this is Micah and Elijah," she introduces them all.

"Welcome, welcome, sit down! We're Mr. and Mrs. Jones by the way; where are you from?" asks Mrs. Jones.

"London. We have a business to run so can only stay for five days," Charles answers cheerfully.

"Nice to see a Black family running their own business!" Mr. Jones comments.

"What about you, what brings *you* here?" Suzanne asks.

"We're celebrating our 28<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary!" announces Mrs. Jones proudly.

"Wow!" Suzanne says admirably.

"Congratulations!" Charles shakes Mr. Jones's hand.

"So are *you* married? I don't see no rings," Mr. Jones asks.

"We live together, and we're very happy with the arrangement, aren't we Charles?"

Suzanne looks to him for moral support. The boys snigger between themselves. Charles clears his throat.

“We’ve been thinking about it though, haven’t we?” he responds. Suzanne stands her ground.

“I don't see how getting married will help us stay together. As long as we’re both happy in our relationship and are committed to making it work, it will.”

“So you wouldn’t get married?” Charles sounds shocked.

“I’m past caring. *You’re* the one who's against the ‘white wedding’ remember?”

“But if I wanted to get married, would you?”

“Maybe.”

Charles breathes a sigh of relief.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones are still happily ‘in love’ after being together for 30 years; their children are now grown up, and they are enjoying having ‘quality time’ with each other again. Suzanne wonders if they still have a sex life, but is too embarrassed to ask. They certainly *look* as if they're still physically attracted to each other. She wonders if she and Charles will still be attracted to each other in their 60’s and beyond. They agree to meet with the Jones's for dinner every evening.





## The Pyramids

On the Wednesday they leave their hotel at 7am to join a local excursion; they are going to visit one of the oldest remaining Seven Wonders of the World – the great Pyramid of Giza. The largest of the three main colossal monuments was originally built as a burial tomb for King Khufu in the 4<sup>th</sup> Dynasty. Seeing the real thing is nothing like the pictures. But then, photographs could never capture the true significance of their existence. Their Egyptologist tour guide divulged much information about the pyramids, including the fact that the Great Pyramid of Giza had originally been covered in a smooth limestone casing, which had allegedly been stolen. There are a few casing stones still remaining at the base of the pyramid; one of the largest is nearly five feet high, weighing about 14 tons. The sheer magnitude of the Pyramid means that a *lot* of limestone had been removed. Suzanne asks the tour guide what had been the purpose of the casing in the first place? She is told that it had acted like a mirror, causing the Pyramid to reflect light.

Suzanne, Charles and the boys all interested to learn more about the pyramids, the Sphinx and their history. They decide to do more research when they get back to London.

The guided tour only leaves more questions in Suzanne's mind, like "*how* were they built?" "*Who stole the limestone casing?*" and "*What did they do with it?*"

Charles paid extra for them to go inside the pyramid; as they enter the tunnel, they stoop down and follow the long low passage leading

to the Queen's chamber. As they enter, an unexplainable chill runs through Suzanne's whole body.

"Can you feel that?" she turns to ask Charles and the boys.

"Feel what?"

None of them could feel anything out of the ordinary.

"I don't know...I can't explain it, I just feel...strange," she replies.

As they stand inside the chamber, an overwhelming sensation comes over Suzanne; she begins hyperventilating.

"Are you okay mum?" Elijah asks.

"Yes...I'm not sure..."

Suzanne's inner voice advises her to go and stand in a particular spot. As she does so, she feels what she can only describe later as a 'download', and passes out...

"You okay hun?" Charles asks with panic written all over his face. Some of the other tourists have also gathered around them.

"Yes, I'm fine," she responds matter-of-factly as Charles helps her back on her feet.

"Maybe we should go," he advises, looking around nervously.

"No it's fine, I feel at home here."

They continue walking around admiring the sarcophagus, walls and ceiling carved out of thick granite stone. They sense a residue in the air of a people who were once a great civilization. Micah and Elijah comment how they were never taught about the ancient Egyptians in school.

*Year Nine: Another Level*

As they stand outside looking up at the hieroglyphs, Suzanne takes a photo of Charles. When they review it on her camera screen, it looks as if Charles is catching a sphere of light in his hand. She shows it to him...



“Wow, how did you do that?” he asks in amazement.

“I didn’t do it, you did!”

They examine the image more closely; it's as if while paying homage to his ancestor, the soul of Imhotep had come down to greet him. It sends a chill up their spines.

It's a picture Charles will treasure for the rest of his life.

Leaving the Pyramids, they take a short camel ride through the desert to the great Sphinx.



The tour guide explains that at one point it had been buried neck-deep in sand, but after excavation it now stands 200ft long, 65 feet tall with its face measuring 13 feet wide, facing the rising sun. It had been so revered by the ancients that they had built a temple in between its massive paws. It has the body of a lion and the face of a human – but is it a *male* or a *female*, and is it the face of a Nubian or European? When Suzanne asks the tour guide what happened

to the nose and lips, he informs them they had been vandalized, but they weren't sure who by, or for what reason.

But to Suzanne and Charles, the reason is obvious.



## **Souvenir shopping**

On the Thursday, they hire an independent tour guide to take them to a local market where they barter for souvenirs. Charles buys Suzanne a solid gold ankh necklace to replace the Christian cross she had stopped wearing. She buys the boys a silver one each as well, and a silver ankh bracelet for Ebony, as well as souvenirs for family and friends.

They arrive back at the hotel in the late afternoon; Suzanne decides to have a nap before getting ready for dinner. Charles is too excited to sleep, he heads down to the pool area to meet the boys...



## **Surprise?**

This is their last evening in Egypt; they meet up with Mr. and Mrs. Jones for dinner again. As they leave their hotel room, Charles discreetly slips something into his trouser pocket.

Linking hands, they made their way over to table 10 where Catherine and Sydney are already waiting for them.

Charles looks cool in a pair of beige slacks, a white loose cotton shirt, and beige canvas loafers. Suzanne is wearing a white cotton dress that shows off her figure, and white flat sandals. Her sun-kissed skin radiates against the white material. Her braids are styled away from her face, and wearing only lip-gloss and lip-liner, she has an au-natural look.

“You look like the perfect couple!” Catherine compliments them as they sit down.

“Thank you!” Suzanne replies as Charles pushes in her seat before sitting down himself.

“Where are the boys?” asks Mr. Jones.

“They’ll be down in a minute.”

Micah and Elijah hurriedly enter, not wanting to miss anything. When Charles sees them coming he stands up and announces loudly;

“Today is a special day!”

Sydney winks at him. Just then, two brothers approach their table playing ‘*Broken Sorrow*’ on their violins. Suzanne gasps.

“Look boys, it’s *Nuttin’ But Stringz!*”

She points at them excitedly, recognizing them from one of Elijah’s CD’s.

“Yeah, I know.” Elijah replies, smiling knowingly.

Charles turns and gives the violinists a nod of gratitude. That’s when Suzanne realizes what’s going on. He then turns to her, takes a small box out of his pocket, and gets on one knee;

“Suzanne, you've made me a very happy man, will you marry me?”

Suzanne is taken aback, but decides not to give her hand away so easily;

“You make me wait eight years, and that's the best you can come up with? Why do you want to get married now? I thought you were against the white wedding?”

“Give him a break, mum!” Elijah intervenes, laughing.

“Say yes!” Micah adds.

Caught off guard, Charles shuffles to the other knee;

“Well, I think I've met my match, and I know it's you I want to spend the rest of my life with.”

He smiles up at her, pleased with his reply. She warms to it too.

“Charles, I would *love* to be your wife!”

He opens the box and takes out the ring. He tells her to look at the inscription inside before putting it on.

Suzanne takes it from him. It has a large rare solitaire amethyst crystal in the shape of a love heart in the middle, flanked with two gold ankhs on either side which match her necklace. Charles had remembered Suzanne saying she wouldn't wear diamonds because of the exploitation of children in Africa, but knew she liked the color purple, and crystals. Inside are engraved the words 'For Life'.

She gasps, and exclaims “Charles it's...*beautiful!*”

She couldn't have chosen a better ring for herself. She hands it back so he can slip it on her finger. Charles stands on his feet to give his fiancée a long, slow kiss, while *Nuttin' But Stringz* play a lively upbeat tune. Everyone in the room gets up and starts clapping and dancing to celebrate, including the boys, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and the hotel staff.

Charles invites the brothers to join them for dinner, but they have to leave.

"Before you go, can we get a photo with you please?" Suzanne grabs her camera. Mr. Jones offers to take the picture of them all together.

As soon as the brothers leave, Suzanne exclaims "Charles, don't tell me you flew them all the way over from America? That must have cost you a *fortune!*"

"Nah, we met them in the hotel lobby earlier – the boys recognized them, we got talking, and when I told them I was planning on proposing to you tonight, they offered to play."

They explained that a wealthy Arab family had commissioned them to play at their son's 21<sup>st</sup> birthday party, which is why they were in Egypt.

"Phew, that was a stroke of luck!" Suzanne breathes a sigh of relief.

"It was meant to be," nods Mrs. Jones in approval.





## The Secret

“What’s the secret to your long and happy marriage?” Suzanne asks the Jones's.

The couple look at each other before responding:

(Husband) “Always go to bed with forgiveness in your heart – never carry hurt or begrudging over to the next day.”

(Wife) “Pray together. Having God in the centre of our marriage is what keeps it strong.”

(Husband) “I make sure I tell her I love her every day – and I mean it!”

(Wife) “Make time for each other – do you get weekends without the children?”

“Yes, we do,” Charles confirms.

“Good. It’s important in a relationship. When our children were young we would ‘share the care’ with my sister. Her children would come to ours one weekend a month, and ours would go to hers once a month. That way we all got a break”.

(Husband) “Yes, it’s important to have a good support network around you, either friends who are also married, or couples like us who have been happily married for years, who can give you advice during the rough periods – because they *will* come. It’s inevitable. But you gotta have *stick-ability*. Remember why you decided to get married in the first place. Remember the vows you made to each other.”

Suzanne asks “Will *you* be our mentors?” then turning to look at Charles she adds “I’d love to think that *we’ll* still be in love after 30 years of marriage, like you are.”

“We’re not so much *in love* as in *commitment* to each other,” Mrs. Jones corrects her;

“If you fall in love, it’s just as easy to fall *out* of love again. But it’s our *commitment* to each other that keeps us together, more than our love for each other.”

Still, Charles joins in;

“I agree, will you be our mentors?”

In unison the couple say “Yes!”

Excitedly, they exchange email addresses and home phone numbers so they can keep in touch.

When they arrive back in England, Suzanne and Charles can’t wait to inform their family and friends of their decision to officially ‘tie the knot’.



## **Breaking News**

Suzanne trusts Charles implicitly; even when he returns home late from visiting Ebony during the week, she never questions him. She has learnt not to entertain worst case scenarios in her mind, imagining the things she *doesn’t* want to happen. The more trust she puts in him, the more he is determined not to break it.

Charles arrives at Maria’s at 6.00pm as usual.

It's a Wednesday evening. Maria already has her coat on, and announces she's going out.

"She's had her dinner and bath, so all you have to do is play with her until she's tired, then make her a cup of hot chocolate," she says as she hurries through the front door.

She's looking rather ravishing, in a tight black sleeveless mini dress and high heels. 'Where's she going dressed like that?' Charles wonders as he heads towards the living room. Ebony is sitting on the floor watching one of the DVD's from the classic Sesame Street collection he'd bought for her. When she hears his voice, she jumps up and runs towards him with arms outstretched.

"Daddy, daddy!"

"Ah, come 'ere my girl!" he scoops her up and gives her a big hug and kiss.

He spends the next couple of hours playing with Ebony, reading to her, and singing songs to her before she finally falls asleep in his arms after having her hot chocolate.

Charles looks at his watch; it's 8pm. He should be leaving now, but Maria isn't back yet.

He carries his sleeping beauty upstairs and places her gently in her bed, tucks her in, and kisses her gently on the cheek.

Returning to the living room, he opens his briefcase and takes out some papers.

'Might as well get some work done until Ria gets back'.

Another hour passes with still no sign of Maria. He calls her mobile...no reply. He doesn't bother to leave a message, thinking she'll call him back when she sees his missed call. Another hour passes. Suzanne calls.

"Where are you?"

"I'm still at Maria's, babe. She went out, I'm waiting for her to get back before I can leave."

A sudden surge of panic grips Suzanne, but she chooses not to entertain the thoughts that would make her doubt Charles' integrity.

"How's Ebony?"

"She's perfect. She's fast asleep; as soon as her mum's back I'm out of here."

"Okay, well be home as soon as you can, I'm waiting up for you."

"I'll let you know when I'm on my way."

"Okay babe, see you later. Love you."

"Love you too."

It's gone 10pm before the key finally turns in the door.

Charles has dozed off, but the sound of the living room door opening wakes him up again. Maria enters looking ravishing and slightly disheveled at the same time. She's obviously had a few glasses; she never could hold her drink.

"Hey, you still here?" she slurs.

"Where did you expect me to have gone? My daughter's here, remember?"

“It’s not *me* that needs to remember, it’s *you*,” Maria states, removing her heels as she walks towards him.

Charles stands up, putting himself on guard.

“Look Ria, I’m really sorry things didn’t work out between us, but you know I’m doing the best I can by you and Ebony.”

“Well, your best isn’t good enough; I’m a woman Charles, I’m the mother of your child, I have needs, I want more...I want you back!”

He knew this was coming. He has to fight to resist the temptation;

“Now listen Maria, that’s not gonna happen,” he says, holding her by the arms as she tries to fling them around his neck.

“Why not? Look at me!”

She backs up and begins removing her clothes.

“No Maria, STOP!” Charles rushes forward to prevent her going any further.

“Why? Don’t you still want me?” she asks seductively, stepping out of her dress. All she’s wearing is the red Victoria’s Secret bra and pantie set he bought her before she had Ebony. She still looks great in it. Charles feels a stirring in his nether regions as he struggles to look away. He remembers Suzanne saying he’s free to do as he pleases...but if he cheats on her, she would know. Is it worth the risk? No, he decides.

Taking his mind off Maria's body and sex, he covers his eyes and says sternly;

“Listen Maria, I’ve got something I need to tell you.”

Hearing the seriousness in his tone, Maria stops making advances.

“What is it?”

Charles pauses before replying;

“I’m getting married.”

“What? *Married?* To who?”

“Who do you think? Suzanne of course.”

“But...WHY?”

“What do you mean, *why?*”

“Why would you marry *her* when you can have *me*...and your daughter is here...we could be a *family*...”

“Stop right there Maria. We tried that, remember? It didn’t work.”

“Yes but I’d just had our baby, I wasn’t myself, you could see that...”

“Maria...please don’t make this hard for me. You know we were never really meant to be. I’m glad we have Ebony, and you know I’ll always support you both in the best way I can, but it’s Suzanne I love. We’re getting married Ria. I just wanted you to know.”

Without another word, Maria picks up her clothes from the floor, turns and heads slowly out the door, as if in a daze.

“Ria!” Charles calls after her.

She continues upstairs to her bedroom without replying.

He gathers his things together and leaves quietly.



## Best Man

Charles calls Dave.

“Long time no hear! How’s things, bro?” Dave asks.

“Oh man, life just seems to get better and better!” Charles replies enthusiastically.

“Wow, what’s that woman *doing* to you?” Dave asks in an amused tone.

Charles chuckles.

“I’ve met my match, that’s all I can say. Actually, I’m calling because I want you to be Best Man at my wedding.”

“You’re getting *married*?”

“Yeah.”

“Damn, she really has you hooked, hasn’t she? What about Maria?”

“What about her?”

“Well, how did she react when you told her?”

“She wasn’t happy as you can imagine, but life goes on, you know. Besides, technically, I was with Suzanne before I was with Ria.”

“Yes but *she*’s the one with your child – Suzanne already has two of her own – are you planning on having one with her as well?”

“I dunno – we’ll see.”

Charles had never envisioned himself having children for different women, and the idea didn't really appeal to him, or reflect his character. But he knows he has to be true to him Self.

"Did you get your ring back from her?" Dave asks.

"Course not!"

"You mean you had to buy another ring?!"

"What, you think I'd take the ring off Ria and put it on Suzanne? You're crazy, man!"

They both laugh.

"Well, I'm happy for you bro. So when's the big day?" Dave asks.

"Next July – and we're getting married abroad, so you'll have to book the week off work!"





## *Year Ten: A Marriage of MINDS*

Suzanne leaves Charles to deal with all the legalities of getting married abroad, while she organizes the wedding venue, booking the hotel, sending out invitations, and getting their outfits made, etc.

The last thing they want is to get married abroad and then find out their marriage isn't valid in the UK, so they hire an overseas wedding planning agency to make sure everything is in order. Their plan was to keep it simple; no more than 50 guests, a small ceremony, with wedding and honeymoon all in the same place! However the more they plan, the more complicated it becomes, with family members wanting special privileges, people asking for help with their airfare, friends wanting to bring their partners, other friends demanding to know why *they* hadn't been invited, parents complaining about the price of flights because of a school holiday... when Charles asks Maria if Ebony can be bridesmaid she point blank refuses, saying there's no way she's going to allow him to take Ebony out of the country. But when he offers to pay for her flight and all her expenses so she could *accompany* Ebony, she finally agrees. Charles's mother 'Ma Ankrah is now in her late 70's; she had developed a phobia for flying over the last few years, but when Charles tells her he's getting married abroad, she soon overcomes her fear – there's no way she's going to miss her only son's wedding!

With the money they saved from having a wedding in England, they offer to contribute towards airfares and provide accommodation for their guests.



“It’s time for me to change my coil,” Suzanne announces.

Charles doesn’t have a clue what she's talking about.

“What coil?”

“Don’t you remember? I told you I’d had a coil fitted when you asked why I wasn’t getting pregnant!”

“Oh! Yes...sorry, I forgot. So it’s time for what?”

“To have it removed. I can either get a new one fitted, or we can try for a baby, ” she says, sitting on his lap.

Charles rests his hand on her stomach.

“A baby sounds nice,” he replies, giving her a kiss on the lips.



### **Build-up to the Big Day**

Their wedding is scheduled for Friday 29<sup>th</sup> July 2016.

Most of their guests are due to arrive on the Thursday, but Suzanne, Charles, the boys, Dave (Charles’ Best Man) and Suzanne’s chief bridesmaid arrive in Jamaica on the Monday to help with all the preparations.

It's so hot that they have to spend the first day inside their villa with all the fans on acclimatizing to the heat. Suzanne had planned it so that all the men closest to Charles stay in one villa with him prior to the wedding, and all the women closest to her stay in another villa.

Other guests would stay in a nearby hotel. They had agreed that staying in separate accommodation leading up to their wedding would only add to the excitement and anticipation; they want their wedding night to be extra special. They are both aware something deeply spiritual had happened the night they she had danced for him, and ever since then, their love-making had gone to another level. So now, before making love they make a point of preparing themselves for each sacred sexual encounter. Charles had agreed not to eat any meat that week, and they had also agreed not to consume any alcohol.

Suzanne brought all the things they would need for their Sex Ritual, including incense, candles, massage oil and music.



### **Pre-wedding Celebrations**

Charles made sure that Maria and Ebony were on the same flight as his sisters, their children and his mother, in the hope that they would all bond together. His sisters took an immediate disliking to Maria, but they loved Ebony. ‘Ma Ankrah took Maria in as one of her own, so by the time they arrive in Jamaica, they are all like family.

The day before the wedding, Charles and Suzanne spend the afternoon and evening entertaining their arriving guests in the hotel lounge. They enjoy re-uniting with friends and family, especially the ones they hadn’t seen in years. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, their mentors, have also come for the wedding, saying they wouldn’t have missed

it for the world. Charles introduces them to his and Suzanne's mothers, and the older generation form a little clique of their own.

Charles gives Dave the task of taking Maria under his wing so she doesn't feel isolated. Dave is attracted to her, but he can see that she still has feelings for Charles.

Micah and Elijah form a group with young people their age group. They sit outside playing loud rap music on one of the young men's portable stereo.

"Turn that music off!" Suzanne rushes over to them.

"Why mum?" asks Elijah.

"The frequencies are all off!"

"But this is what *our* generation listens to," a young man answers politely.

"You're changing the whole vibe of the place!" Suzanne objects. They turn off the music and decide to go swimming in the pool instead.

Micah asks Maria if Ebony can join them and the other children. She agrees, but under the condition that they stay in the shallow end. They say okay, even though they know five-year-old Ebony is a great swimmer, since Charles has been teaching her since she was two.

Suzanne tries one more time to befriend Maria, but as she approaches her, Maria gets up and walks off, mumbling something about needing a cigarette. She passes a silent blessing over Maria and carries on mingling with the other guests.

By 8pm Suzanne is ready to head back to her villa for an early night. Tomorrow is going to be a long day.



## Men Talk

Charles and his group of men are chilling in their villa.

“I still can’t believe you’re getting married!” comments Dave, glugging from a cold can of beer.

“Why’s that such a big shock to you?” Charles asks his Best Man.

“Well look how long we’ve known each other Charles; you’ve always been really particular about the type of women you date, and now here you are getting married to a woman with *two kids!*”

“They’re not *kids* Dave, they’re young men, and I’m proud to be a part of their lives. Besides, when love strikes you’re powerless to resist and the circumstances don’t really matter.”

“So what’s so special about Suzanne?” Ishmael, one of his old schoolmates asks.

“Yeah, why choose her over the woman you already have a child with?” asks Simon.

“...And she ain’t half bad looking either!” comments Dave, referring to Maria.

Charles looks around to make sure no-one else is within hearing distance.

“Promise me this won’t go any further than these four walls?” he whispers.

The other brothers cross their fingers over their chests in half-solemn oaths.

“Well it’s like this...Suzanne and I...when we make love, it’s like nothing I’ve ever experienced before...seriously...it’s like we enter another world – we literally get transported into another dimension!”

The other brothers look at each other before bursting into fits of laughter.

“That sounds like some freaky kinda sex, man!” Will comments.

“So when you enter into this ‘other dimension’ what do you see; angels, aliens, or what?” Paul jokes.

Charles remains silent.

“Aw, don’t take it to heart, we’re just messing with you bro...but were you serious about the aliens?” Paul asks again.

“I didn’t mention aliens,” Charles responds calmly, getting up to refill his glass of water.

“Sounds like you’ve figured out how to open the portal,” Ishmael says, quite seriously.

“So tell us why you chose Suzanne over Maria?” Dave asks again.

“How can I explain it? This woman of mine, Suzanne, she’s like my soul-mate, you know? If you seriously want to know what I’m talking about, I suggest you find your goddesses and Queens too.

Until you do, you won't be able to enter the gateway that leads to heaven on earth."



## **The Big Day**

The wedding is scheduled for 11am. Suzanne had wanted it to take place early so they could be away somewhere quiet by 6pm.

She rises with the sun and goes outside into the pool area to meditate. An hour or so later, her sister Janice joins her.

"Morning sis!"

"Oh, good morning Janice! Where's Felicia and Christina?"

"They're still sleeping. What are you doing up so early?"

"I just finished my meditation," she informs her as she begins her stretches, facing the morning sun.

"Ah, it's so peaceful here!" Janice turns her face towards the sun too.

"Yes, it's lovely."

"So how do you feel? Today's the big day!"

"I feel...happy and grateful. God couldn't have chosen a better man for me."

"Yes, Charles is a lovely guy – and he's got money too! I hope I find someone like him."

“Yes, well money can’t buy happiness, or love...and besides, when you meet the right person, there’s nothing you can’t achieve together.”

“Is that so?”

“Of course!”

“Well you two seem to have figured it out...so how did you attract someone like him anyway?” Janice asks.

Out of all the sisters, Suzanne had been considered the least attractive, because she was the darkest.

“Well first of all, it starts with *you*; you’ve got to start by loving your Self. Then whatever you desire to see in your outer world, you must first create it *within*. So if it’s love you’re looking for, love your Self unconditionally, from within. See what I mean?”

“Yes but I *do* love myself, and I *still* haven’t attracted anyone like Charles – all the guys I seem to meet are full of themselves! Why can’t I meet someone who’s rich, handsome and spiritual?”

“Well you both have to be on the same wavelength mentally, for a start. I developed an abundance mentality, so I attracted someone on that same frequency, and we were able to achieve financial independence together. I believe God was preparing us for each other long before we met.”

“Really? So what about Ebony...and Maria?”



“Yes...God can have a plan for your life, and you can go off track from that path...but you can always get back on track again, it's never too late.”

“So where does that leave Maria?”

“Maria will attract the right man for her, someone on her frequency. The universe is abundant. She'll be fine.”

Just then, Felicia, Portia, Christina and the two mothers appear.

“Good morning! Did you all sleep well?” Suzanne asks, hugging them all.

“Yes thanks!” they reply.

“So are you ready for your big day?” asks her mum.

“I am! Portia, I'm getting in the shower, can you style my hair after?” she asks her other sister who's a hairdresser by profession.

“Of course! I brought some extra hair to make a beehive style for you...”

“No thanks, if you can just style *my* hair that would be great. I brought some hairpins and a tiara, that should do, shouldn't it?”

“Okay, it's *your* hair!” Portia gives in.

“I'll do your make-up!” Felicia volunteers.

“Alright but not too much, Charles prefers the natural look.”

“Aren't you going to have breakfast first?” asks her mum.

“I'm going to make a smoothie a bit later.”

“How's that going to sustain you for the day?” mum sounds concerned.

“I'll be fine, don't worry. When you're ready, call the hotel and order your breakfast, they'll bring it over. I'm getting in the shower now.”



## **Two Become One**

It's an open-air wedding, held in the hotel courtyard where a large marquee has been set up. Beautiful arrangements of white and red roses decorate the walkway leading down to the altar, where the ceremony will be taking place. Two purple and gold cushions lie at the altar, along with a large white pillar candle standing upright, and two long thin candles lying beside it.

All the guests take their seats. Charles and Dave stand at the front in their purple suits facing the guests while they wait for Suzanne; she's due to enter from the back and walk down the aisle to meet her groom. Micah and Elijah are sat on the front row, at each end nearest the aisle. Alongside them are Charles and Suzanne's mothers, and their mentors, Mr. and Mrs. Jones. Soft organ music plays in the background. The guests talk quietly amongst themselves while they wait for the bride to arrive.

Suddenly the music becomes louder; all the guests turn around to see little Ebony walking down the aisle dropping white rose petals from the basket she's carrying. Suzanne is following about two feet behind, with Janice in tow. Suzanne had decided to do the walk

alone, since her father had passed and she didn't feel anyone else could replace him. She's wearing a purple satin and lace wedding dress with a long lace train, but had refused to wear a veil over her eyes, saying she's going into this (marriage) with her eyes wide open! She walks down the aisle slowly and gracefully at first, carrying her bouquet of red roses in front of her – suddenly she breaks into a 'hallelujah!' dance, mixing African and contemporary dance steps together as she waves her bouquet high and low, giving thanks that this day has finally arrived! Everyone starts laughing and clapping as they cheer her on. Charles looks on in admiration, as visions of her dancing for him the night he had made the decision to marry her resurfaces. He suddenly leaves his position and begins walking up the aisle to meet his bride, kissing his daughter on the forehead along the way. As he approaches, Suzanne realizes that the dream she'd had the year they met, (of him walking towards her on their wedding day) was actually coming true! He offers her his arm, and they walk towards the altar together, Charles with a proud look on his face. By this time everyone is standing and clapping, including Micah and Elijah. The only person who isn't happy is Maria, who rushes out in tears. Christina follows her. Suzanne and Charles are so caught up in the euphoria of the moment that they're oblivious to the situation. As they reach the priest, they turn and face each other.

After the priest has performed the traditional part of the ceremony, they incorporate their own ritual into the rest of the proceedings.

Kneeling on the purple cushions, they each pick up one of the long thin candles lying at the altar. Micah and Elijah get up and light them before returning to their seats. Holding the glowing candles, Charles and Suzanne take it in turns to say their vows, based on Conversations with God:

“I will use this marriage as an *opportunity* for mutual growth, full Self-expression, and for ultimate re-union with God through the joining of our two souls.”

“I will not lose my Self in this marriage, but will use it to express Who I Really Am.”

“I recognize that while we are joining as One, we still have our individual paths to follow; I will allow you the freedom to walk your own path.”

“The test of our relationship will not be how well I live up to *your* ideas, but how well I live up to *my own* ideas. Who am I being?”

“I will not impose my will upon you, or try to manipulate your mind.”

“I promise to give you my love and energy without expecting the same in return.”

“I will always remember that whatever I do to you, I do to my Self, and whatever I do *for* you, I do for my Self...”

As they gaze into each other’s eyes, the crowd’s attention is diverted by the flicker in the candle’s flames;

“...I know there will be challenges along the way, so I commit to doing whatever I can to make this relationship work, to always see

the god (good) in you, and to constantly remind you of Who You Are through my actions.”

“I will remember that winning or losing is not the test, only loving or failing to love.”

“In any challenging situation, I will always ask my Self: *“What would Love do now?”*”

When they had finished making their vows to each other, they simultaneously light the large pillar candle then blow out their individual candles, symbolizing ‘Two Become One’.

Micah and Elijah present the rings; Charles takes the first ring from Elijah and places it on Suzanne’s finger, then she takes Charles’ ring from Micah’s cushion and places it on his finger.

The priest announces “You are now husband and wife!”

As Charles kisses his bride long and slow, their guests stand up again, and applaud.

Before leaving the altar, Elijah places a traditional African broom on the ground in front of them, and they ‘jump the broom’ together.



At the reception, Charles gives an emotional speech telling the (*Flashback*) story of the day they met, and the feelings that erupted, as if they had known each other from somewhere before – perhaps a previous lifetime? He shares how every time they split up and got back together, it always felt like ‘coming home’. When they

discovered they were Twin Souls, everything made sense. He tells them about the night he made the decision to marry Suzanne, the night she danced for him. He says he's proud to have *inherited* two wonderful 'suns' like Micah and Elijah, and that he will continue to do his best to be a good role model for them. He addresses Maria personally, thanking her for blessing him with a beautiful daughter, and asks her to forgive him for following his heart, saying he's praying that God will provide the perfect partner for her too. Tears stream down Maria's face as he speaks to her heart-to-heart; even Suzanne is finding it hard to hold back the tears. Little Ebony leaves her seat and approaches her father who scoops her up into his left arm. Holding the mic with his right hand he continues with his speech;

“I want to thank you all for coming out here and sharing this special occasion with Suzanne and myself, and making today such a beautiful day. To all you single women, keep visualizing yourself with your perfect partner; think about what you want, not what you *don't* want in a relationship, and then ask your Self, “if that man came along, would I be the type of woman *he* would want?” Use your single time to develop your Self and prepare for your mate. And men, raise your consciousness levels, there are many Queens out there waiting for their Kings. They need you, and you need them. Find each other.”

He sits down to a resounding applause, with Ebony on his lap. When everything settles down again, Suzanne stands and walks to the centre of the dance floor.

*Year Ten: A Marriage of MINDS*

As the backing track to her poem 'True Love' plays, she recites the poem she had written based on 1 Corinthians 13:

*What is the true meaning of the word 'Love'?*

*The thing is, 'Love' has so many meanings!*

*So when you say to me "I love you"*

*Do you mean you're in love with the way I look,*

*Or the way I make you feel?*

*Or you love the way I walk, talk, laugh, smell or appeal?*

*Is it my smile that captivates you?*

*Or the way I wear my hair?*

*Or is it the clothes I wear that makes you stop and stare?*

*Is it that you love ME because of how I treat YOU,*

*with Tender Loving Care?*

*I cook for you, I clean for you, I massage you*

*I dote on YOU.*

*Or do I love YOU because of what you can give ME*

*A nice home, fancy car, a lovely family*

*Security...*

*Do I love you with all sincerity*

*Or am I just thinking of me?*

*What is the true meaning of the word 'Love'?*

*True Love is a commitment of the HEART;*

*Right from the start it says*

*"I CHOOSE to love you,*

*Whether we're together or apart"*

*True Love says "I'm going to be patient with you;*

*When you try my patience, I'll still love you"*

*True Love is kind; it sows a seed*

*It's helpful, merciful and benevolent to those in need*

*True Love is never envious of what I have,*

*But it inspires you to reach your own goals,*

*And doesn't boast when it does.*

*True Love isn't proud –*

*Pride comes before a fall!*

*(giving Charles a knowing look)*

*But in Love you can stand tall.*

*True Love isn't rude or selfish*

*And doesn't feel the need to be loud,*



*Or to always have centre stage in a crowd.*

*True Love isn't easily angered,*

*It forgives and forgets*

*Even when it's difficult,*

*And it leaves no regrets.*

*True Love always protects*

*And when I'm down in the dumps*

*Never rejoices in my downfalls,*

*Only in my triumphs.*

*True Love always trusts, never accuses,*

*Always hopes, never doubts*

*Always perseveres, never gives up.*

*I love you, unreservedly*

*And can you say you love me, unconditionally?*

**LOVE NEVER FAILS.**

When she finishes, she turns and mouths to Charles "I LOVE YOU,"

And he mouths back "I LOVE YOU TOO".



The reception is held in an elaborately decorated hall inside the hotel.

For the opening dance, Charles had chosen *'Here and Now'* by Luther Vandross, while Suzanne chose *'Endless Love'* by Diana Ross and Lionel Richie. They dance as if they're the only two people in the room, reminiscent of the day they first met.

Maria leaves the celebrations and loiters in the hotel lobby. Dave follows her.

"Hi Maria, how are you?"

"How do you *think* I am?" she answers coldly.

"Hey listen, I'm on your side; I know this is painful for you. You're a brave woman, Maria. Not many women would have attended their ex's wedding."

"Well I'm only here because of Ebony. I wish I hadn't come now...this is so unfair!" she breaks down in tears. Allowing her to sob into his chest, Dave tentatively puts a hand around her bare shoulder.

"If it's any consolation, I think Suzanne has nothing on you."

"Really?" she asks, looking up at him with her big, hazel eyes.

"Nah...I mean look at you...you're beautiful, intelligent, sophisticated, you know how to dress...I know who *I'd* be with if I was Charles," he says, admiring her lemon yellow mini dress against her bronze, flawless skin.

“Okay, I know you’re just saying that to make me feel better,” she responds, dabbing her eyes dry with a handkerchief from her matching clutch bag.

“No, I’m serious! I tried to get him to see sense, but he wasn’t having any of it. I mean, Suzanne’s a nice woman, don’t get me wrong, but if I had to choose, I’d choose you every time.”

Maria pauses, taking in the compliments before suggesting;

“I need to get out of here...d’you fancy a walk on the beach?”



## **A Spiritual Union**

Nobody sees or hears from Suzanne and Charles for the next 24 hours.

When they emerge from the Honeymoon Suite they look more in love and united than ever. Their sexual union is too sacred to mention here – let’s just say, they have well and truly ‘tied the knot’.

Their guests greet them with a big round of applause. Charles is surprised to see Maria and Ebony still there; they were due to fly out that morning, but Maria had decided to extend their stay so Ebony could bond more with her new grandmother, aunties and cousins, she explains.

“Daddy, daddy!” Ebony runs up to him.

He scoops her up into his arms. The boys come to greet them too.

“Did you miss me?” Suzanne asks them.

“Mum look at us, we’re not babies anymore,” Elijah gives her a hug.

They have one final get-together with their guests in the hotel’s banqueting suite before they all leave the next day.

As they all take part in the last supper, Dave pulls Charles to one side.

“I’ve got something I need to tell you,” he says hesitantly.

“I’m all ears.”

“Man... I don’t really know how to say this,” Dave stutters.

“Dave, how long have we known each other? You’re practically my *brother*, spit it out! I’ve got a feeling I know what you’re going to say anyway.”

“Really? Try me!”

“You’ve taken a liking to Ria, haven’t you?”

“How did you guess?!”

Charles chuckles.

“It’s kinda obvious, bro. You want to know if I approve, right?”

“You’ve got me all sussed, haven’t you?”

“Of course I could tell you like Maria!”

“It’s just that...well, no-one’s ever made me feel the way *she* does, Charles. I couldn’t help myself; I’ve fallen for her hook, line and sinker. I’m sorry.”

“Well, you have my blessing.”

“I do?!”

“Of course...what better step-father could I possibly want for my daughter than my best friend?”

Charles gives Dave a man-hug.



## Year Eleven: Double Celebrations?



### **A Year Later...**

Suzanne is lying across her husband's lap, doing her pelvic floor muscle exercises. She silently gives thanks for her answered prayers; she's happily married to the man of her dreams, living in their dream home, running a successful business together, and to put the cherry on top, they have three wonderful children between them, with another one on the way.

As they relax on their large purple sofa, *'Fertile Ground'* plays softly in the background; *'Let's build our home from this empty nest...'*

It reminds Suzanne of how long it has taken to build their relationship into the solid structure it is now. It had been a lot of hard work, laying the foundation, and painstakingly building upon it bit by

bit. But it had been worth the effort, and now nothing could tear it down, unless they themselves chose to – and they had worked far too hard to want to destroy what they had built together. The roses on the cushions decorating their sofa make a positive affirmation of their love, stronger than thorns. One of the things that has helped to build a solid foundation to their relationship is that they both continue to work on their own personal development. By giving each other the space they need to grow, they have allowed their love to blossom, like the roses on the cushions.

On a glass table beside the sofa stands a framed picture of their wedding day; Suzanne's trophy. She had also been inspired to choose photographs of herself with Charles in their happiest moments, and to add each of their vows to the photos. She had printed and framed all 'Ten Commitments', and displayed them around their home to act as a constant reminder of the promises they had made to each other.

Initially, Charles hadn't believed in the 'institution' of marriage, believing that it's a spiritual union that only God could sanction, not a man-made ceremony. However, he wanted to make Suzanne happy and provide more stability for the family, and set a good example for the boys. Plus legally, there were tax breaks he could take advantage of.

He knew he had married his Twin Soul, and there would be no messy divorce or fighting over assets. They're both in this 'for life', as inscribed on the inside of their rings. Suzanne knows Charles is

committed to her wholeheartedly, and so here they are, celebrating their first year of wedded bliss. They have reason for double celebrations too, since they are also expecting the imminent birth of their first child together!

Charles slides her top up, revealing her huge, ripe belly, tight like a drum.

“Soon, we won't be able to call this our ‘*Love Bump*’ anymore!”

He gently rests his head to see if he can hear the baby's heartbeat.

“As soon as he's born, I'm going to work out his Life Path Number so we can give him a name that will help him fulfil his destiny.”

“That's a good idea – I'll get his Birth Chart report as well!”

“Great! My son will have the *best* start in life.”

“I hope he gets your rich skin colour too.”

“Why?”

“All that Melanin will be a blessing to him!”

Charles chuckles.

“Happy anniversary babes, we should have done this years ago; I don't know what I would've done if you hadn't given me another chance – to think I nearly lost you!”

“Well, we have the rest of our lives to spend together now...”

What more can Suzanne ask for? They have created their own unique version of ‘heaven on earth’, and are living the life of their dreams.



**‘Love is...a wonderful gift between two souls  
experiencing heaven on earth’.**



**Break Free from Mental Slavery!**

Now in the third trimester of her pregnancy, Suzanne makes sure to keep herself mentally and physically active. After her morning meditation and stretches, she writes for a couple of hours freehand, before relaxing. Twice a week she attends aqua-aerobics, which helps keep her flexible. Charles's mother, ‘Ma Ankrah (‘Ma short for grandma) now lives with them, and sometimes accompanies Suzanne to the classes, as they're good for her too. From the beginning of her pregnancy, Suzanne had made a conscious decision to keep herself feeling happy, because she knows her moods will affect the baby.

Even though Suzanne has a good reason to spend her days lounging, she still feels a driving force within to share the knowledge she has gained since asking God for ‘the Truth’. What had started out as research for her poems has turned into enough material to write a whole book! She now writes a weekly blog covering topics such as Sex & Spirituality, Mental Slavery, and How to Raise a Black Child.

She’s now convinced that the bible was written in metaphors, that the stories have a deeper esoteric meaning, and were never meant to be taken literally.

She explains how ancient manuscripts stolen from Ancient Kemet were plagiarized and re-written to create 'holy books'. They still carry a lot of Truth, but omit key words and information that would enable followers to master their life. Instead, they had become mentally enslaved by these new fear-based organized religions, and since it's mainly *her* people who are believers, she feels obligated to help them break free from mental slavery.

Then there's the issue of Post Traumatic Slave Syndrome; Dr. Joy DeGruy, an African-American social worker had written a book detailing how the Black Holocaust had affected the minds of enslaved Africans. She had shown how racism was the root cause of the slave trade, and how religion was used to keep captured Africans subservient to whites. Dr. DeGruy also explained how the trauma they suffered is still affecting their descendants, and what we can do to heal. Suzanne realized her own beatings as a child were a direct remnant of plantation life; enslaved Africans were whipped mercilessly to break them down *mentally*. She learned that when someone suffers extreme physical trauma, their mind has to disassociate in order to cope with the pain. Breaking down the psyche made it easier for enslavers to re-program it.

Suzanne informs her readers that the media is purposefully being used to enslave the minds of the masses. She explains that the subconscious mind responds best to *images*, which is why early writings were done in pictures, such as hieroglyphs and cave paintings. The ancient Egyptians had taught Europeans this science,

but they had abused the knowledge and instead kept it within a 'select few' and used it to create a plan for world domination.

Instead of teaching people how to use the power of the mind to create heaven on earth, they had developed ways to influence the subconscious mind without people realizing they were being 'programmed'.

She tackles the issue of subliminal messages hidden in films, music, adverts, and 'programs' on the 'tell-lie-vision'. By showing certain images over and over again, they were able to influence the masses to do what *they* wanted them to do. They developed a long-term strategy to take complete control over the minds of the masses, and mentally enslave them.

They particularly had to work on Black people, because if they were to ever *re-member who they are*, the game would be over. Knowing how *spiritual* and *emotional* Black people are, they created fear-based religions that would keep them humble and subservient. By using a white man as the image of God, they had put themselves in a position of power. The fear of not knowing what happens after death was their biggest trump card, which they played over and over again. Meanwhile they did everything they told believers not to do; lie, steal, rape, kill, plunder, and blaspheme. If they really believed they would go to hell when they died, would they be enslaving the minds of the masses?

Suzanne's blog readership had grown in numbers, and she has now become an 'influencer'. She uses this position to advise her

readers of all races to stop allowing themselves to be controlled by the media. She explains that those who control the media like to promote *fear* instead of Love, but that LOVE is the most powerful force in the universe. She advises *not* to feed into their agenda, but to focus on what *they* want to create, which should be their own little version of 'heaven on earth'. If everyone was doing this, the whole world would be a paradise, she says!



## **UNITE and FIGHT!**

While Suzanne had been studying *herstory*, she wondered why racism exists. If what she had learned was true, and the Black Woman is indeed the 'Mother of All Nations', it stands to reason that all other races evolved from the African race. Yet it seems Europeans would rather say they evolved from apes than from Africans. Dr. Walker had given a few theories as to where white people came from. One of them was that an African scientist named Yakub had accidentally created albinos; they lacked melanin, and became outcasts because of their recessive gene. They ended up in the Caucasus Mountains where they spent the Ice Age living in caves. This vast drop in temperature had changed their *temperament*, making them cold in nature.

To Suzanne, this explains Europeans hatred towards the African race, and their desire to reclaim their birthright, by any means necessary. Yet it didn't explain where Asians or Chinese people came from. Upon further research, Suzanne discovers that two dark-

skinned people are able to make a white baby, but two white people cannot make a melanin-rich baby. All other races came from the African race. Even *she* has white blood in her, since her ancestors had been raped on the plantations in Jamaica. If she didn't have white blood in her, she would have been as dark as Charles.

The current craze of buying DNA testing kits to trace one's ancestry didn't appeal to Suzanne; most of the videos she had watched of people getting their results only proved that most people's blood is all mixed up anyway!

Suzanne decides to focus on the power of the Collective Consciousness, rather than skin color. After a meditation with her Higher Self she writes a message to the people:

*'We are all connected to each other and to every living thing, including the God-Force that flows in and around us. The negative forces want us to believe that we are separate from each other. They use the same tactics they have always used; DIVIDE and CONQUER.'*

She explains that the current world system is designed to keep us as 'Individuals', disconnected from each other and our Source. '*In Truth,*' she writes, '**There is no 'I', there is only 'WE'**'. She breaks down the word 'IN-DIVI-DUAL', explaining that the word actually means 'to divide into two'.

*'As long as we continue to allow ourselves to be brainwashed into believing that we are separate from each other, we are advancing*

*their agenda, which is for 1% of the population to rule over everyone else.'*

The effect of this, she explains, is that on a mass-consciousness level, the human race are powerless to work together to achieve 'peace on earth'; *'If we want to create a world where we can all live together in peace and harmony, we have to acknowledge the Law of Oneness'* she advises.

Instead of becoming more civilized with the recent technological advancements, we are becoming de-humanized, she warns.

*'Stop allowing your mind to be programmed through the tell-lie-vision, mainstream music, films, games, newspapers and magazines. Educate yourselves outside of mainstream media. Spend time tuning into your Self. Remember that what you do to another, you do to your Self; if we carry on like this as a human race, we will self destruct!'*



## **Fear Not!**

'How can I help humanity to *unite*?' Suzanne ponders.

The answer comes to her immediately: LOVE.

*"Love?"*

"Yes, Love is the answer. Love is the complete opposite of fear, and banishes fear like a small candle lit in a dark room," her inner voice advises.

"Yes, but how do we apply that *practically*?" she asks again.

**“Fill your Self up with Love,  
until there’s no room left for fear”**

It makes sense, but people have already been programmed to hate themselves: Black people had been programmed through religion to ‘fear God’, and to put others before themselves. This belief had resulted in her people handing over the wealth of their Motherland to others.

*‘How can you fear God, if God is Love?’* she asks her social media ‘followers’, which starts a big online debate.

She writes a blog on the topic, saying that white people had been programmed to believe that they were the superior race, even though it had been proven scientifically that Black people's skin, blood, organs, intellect and spirituality made *them* the dominant race genetically. She said white women were spending money to look more Black, while Black women were spending money to look more white. Why not just love yourself for who you are, unconditionally?

She addresses each race, saying that Asians have a caste system which puts the darkest-skinned people at the bottom of society; they are called ‘untouchables’. Yet in Suzanne's history classes, even Asia was originally populated by ancient Africans.

And the Chinese were fast becoming the new colonizers, quietly buying up land in Africa and the Caribbean. They were offering huge ‘loans’ which they knew could never be repaid. When they were

ready, they would just take over and move their over-populated citizens in.

White elitist men fear the day Black people wake up and remember who they are. So far, their religions had done a good job in keeping them docile so they wouldn't retaliate. Other systems they put in place, such as the 'justice' system were also aimed at preventing an uprising.

This system of class and status is based on *fear*, Suzanne concludes. It had been created by white males, who secretly fear the Black Man and Woman. They had somehow managed to get all other races to see *white* as the standard of beauty and status, with negative connotations attached to anything 'Black'. All this is based on skin colour, instead of the person's *character*, she writes.

Suzanne advises her readers that the more they act out of *Love* instead of fear, the more they will attract other people of all races who do the same. These are the people who will help her extend her plan of creating 'heaven on earth'.

When a thought comes to her that '*there is nothing to fear in the future*', she sets the intention that whenever she finds herself in a dark place, she will re-mind herself;

**“I am the light!”**





## Breaking News

It's 9.45pm on a Friday night in June 2017.

Suzanne is lying on the sofa feeling like a beached whale; Micah is sitting on the floor in front of her as they watch a DVD together. Elijah is out with friends, 'Ma Ankrah has long gone to bed, and Charles still isn't home yet. The front doorbell rings.

"Who could that be at this time of the night?" She asks Micah.

"Maybe Elijah forgot his key," he guesses as he gets up to answer it.

Micah returns with a worried look on his face.

"Mum, it's the police – they want to speak to you."

Suzanne's mind immediately runs on Elijah. *'Don't tell me he's gotten himself into trouble!'* she thinks as she heaves herself up from the sofa. But Elijah had never been in trouble, not in school or in college, let alone with the police, and his friends weren't the type to lead him astray either. She wonders what could possibly be bringing the police to her house so late in the evening. Micah supports her as she makes her way to the front door.

"Mrs. Ankrah?" the policeman asks.

"Yes, what is it?"

"Can we come in?"

"Is something wrong? Where's Elijah?"

"Elijah?" the policeman looks puzzled.

"Isn't that what you're here about? My son?"

“Oh! No...I think you'd better sit down Mrs. Ankrah. We have some bad news for you.”

“What's this all about?”

She tries not to panic as she senses the seriousness of the reason for their visit.

“It's about your husband...Charles Ankrah?”

“Yes, what about him?”

“I'm sorry to inform you, but about an hour ago he was involved in a serious car accident. He suffered multiple broken bones and internal injuries.”

Suzanne gasps.

“No...you must be mistaken...surely?”

The policeman takes a set of keys out of his pocket.

“Do you recognize these?” he asks with a smirk.

He dangles the keys to Charles's black Mercedes in front of her face; the key-ring has a picture of Ebony on one side, and herself and the boys on the other.

“Y...yes, they're my husband's.”

The policeman hands them to her.

“Is he okay? H...how did it happen?” she asks in a confused state as she takes them.

“We’re still investigating the cause of the crash, Mrs. Ankrah. But we’re here to escort you to the hospital, if you like. He told us you were due just before he passed out.”

*“Passed out? He is still alive, isn’t he?”*

“Yes, but they don’t hold much hope for him...shall we go now?”

As Suzanne nervously gathers her things together, she tells Micah to call Dave and Elijah and tell them both to meet them at the hospital.

Micah takes it upon himself to also call his Aunty Janice to let her know her sister would be needing her.



The drive to the hospital seems to take forever, but Suzanne remains positive within herself that everything will be alright.

“When are you due?” the policewoman turns to ask.

“Any day now!” she responds, taking hold of Micah’s hand.

Suzanne sees a faint look of dismay flash briefly across the policewoman’s face.

Just then, she remembers that she hadn’t told her mother-in-law that her son is in hospital! She calls Janice and asks her to collect ‘Ma Ankrah on her way.

Arriving at the ward, Suzanne is unprepared for what she sees. Charles’ broken body is barely recognizable as he lies lifeless on the hospital bed. His head is wrapped in a large bandage, and he’s

wearing a brace to keep his broken neck in place. Tubes are attached to different parts of his body, which is connected to a life support machine.

When she catches sight of him, all the air leaves her lungs. Shock, horror and disbelief overwhelm her. As her knees give way, Micah and the policeman catch her, while the policewoman quickly pulls up a chair for her. As she sits down, a doctor comes into the room.

“Doctor, please tell me...he *will* live, won't he?”

The doctor looks Suzanne straight in her eyes and tells her gently;

“He's in a coma, Mrs. Ankrah. Apart from his broken neck and internal injuries, an MRI scan has revealed extensive damage to his brain. It's only the life support machine keeping him alive now.”

“Oh my dear god...*CHARLES!*” Suzanne lets out a blood-curdling scream. She gets up, and resting her hands on his chest begs “*PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME!*”

Charles opens his eyes.

He appears not to be looking *at* her, but *into* her. There's no fear in his eyes, only peace, love and contentment, as if he doesn't have a care in the world. It's only for a brief second, but in that moment, Suzanne sees straight through to his soul, as if his body is just a veil, shrouding his true identity. As his real Self is revealed, his aura becomes visible to her. Suzanne feels as if she's being cocooned in love, light, peace, happiness and purity.

The two police make their exit.

Just then Dave, Maria and Ebony arrive. They had spoken to the doctor and are aware of the graveness of the situation. Micah speaks to them briefly in hushed tones before taking the opportunity to go and call his brother again, to find out what's taking him so long. As he heads towards the Main Entrance, he sees his Aunties Janice and Portia supporting 'Ma Ankrah in between them; they hurry towards him.

"Oh, thank goodness, there you are! Is everything okay?" asks Janice.

"It doesn't look good," Micah whispers, shaking his head at the ground.

"Where are they?" 'Ma Ankrah asks anxiously.

"They're in room nine," he points the way.

As they enter, the silent, healing sensation of love and peace that had filled the room envelopes them as well, connecting them all. It seems to be emanating from Charles – it's obvious he's dying.

Suzanne, Dave, Maria and Ebony are all holding hands around his bed, as if in silent prayer. Janice and Portia join them.

"Oh Lord, no!" 'Ma Ankrah cries out as she catches sight of her son. "Please I beg you Lord, don' tek mi only son from me!"

She joins Suzanne in leaning over his body and praying.

Micah re-enters with Elijah. Up to this point, Elijah had been in total denial about the seriousness of the situation, so the look on his face when he catches sight of Charles is of utter disbelief. He immediately goes over to his mother and puts a protective arm around her shoulder.

Suzanne is focused on willing Charles to live; she refuses to believe that he's going anywhere. He's happily married. He has a beautiful daughter, two adopted sons who look up to him, as well as the birth of his new baby to look forward to. He's the CEO of a successful business. He's rich. He has everything to live for.

But she had seen something when he opened his eyes. His soul was liberated; it no longer had any interest in the body, or its roles and responsibilities. It had let go of relationships, and detached from all the cares of this world. He had moved from *body*-consciousness to *soul*-consciousness. He's now a free spirit.

Suzanne suddenly remembers two of the vows they had made to each other on their wedding day; to allow their souls to each walk their own paths, and not to try to impose their will upon each other. What is his *soul* trying to do?

“Sweetheart, do you want to stay, or leave?” she asks him.

The moment she lets go of her need to keep Charles attached to this world, his spirit leaves his body.

Dave picks up Ebony and whispers “Say goodbye to your daddy, princess.” Ebony kisses Charles lightly on the cheek before turning away, burying her face in Dave’s neck. Maria takes her from him,

and as mother and daughter hug each other crying, Dave puts his arms around them both, trying to be strong. Charles had been closer to him than any of his brothers.

As Charles crosses the threshold into eternal life, Suzanne begins to sob uncontrollably; first quietly, then getting louder and louder as the realization of the situation sinks in.

Her and Ma's wailing brings the doctor and nurses back in; they turn off the life-support machine and begin removing the tubes from his body.

The sight of the flat-line is too final; Suzanne lets out a blood-curdling "NoooOOOOOOOOooo!!!"

Any moment now, she thinks she *must* wake up from what *has* to be a horrible dream. But somehow she knows this isn't just a nightmare. She can feel her heart breaking all over again as she experiences an overwhelming feeling of emptiness and sorrow. Her sisters do their best to comfort her as she wails loudly and uncontrollably.

She begins hyperventilating, holding on to her stomach.

"Doctor, I think she's in pain!" Portia calls out to the doctor. He looks over and exclaims in his Asian accent; "Oh my gosh, I think she's going into labor! Are you feeling pain anywhere?" he asks Suzanne.

She nods as she continues sobbing and hyperventilating.

"Where is the pain?" he asks.

Suzanne first puts her hand over her *heart*, then her stomach.

The doctor instructs one of the nurses to get a wheelchair.

“We must get her to the labor ward, quick!” he orders.

“I’m not leaving Charles!” she cries out.

“Suzanne, you’re in labor – you can’t give birth here!” Janice speaks firmly as she helps the nurse force her into the wheelchair.

From there on, everything becomes a blur to Suzanne; not even she can tell if her loud wails are from the labor pains, or her grieving. As they wheel her up to the labor ward the nurse asks, “Did you bring your notes?”

She shakes her head.

“They’re in my car...”

Janice explains that she had seen Suzanne's baby bag sitting by the front door when she collected ‘Ma Ankrah, and had instinctively picked it up as well. She asks if one of the boys could go for it.

“I’m not leaving mum,” Elijah states bluntly.

“It’s okay, I’ll go,” Maria offers.

“Good idea,” says Portia, “I’ll come with you.”

“I’d like to stay for the birth too – if that’s ok?” Maria asks “...It would be good for Ebony.”

“Are you okay with that?” Janice asks Suzanne, who nods as she grimaces in pain.

Somehow, Charles's death has created a bond between them all.



“Mummy, I want to stay with you!” Ebony pleads.

This creates a dilemma; Dave wants to stay with Charles' body, and children aren't allowed on the labour ward.

“I'm sure if we explain the situation, they might make an exception,” the nurse assures them.

For now, Dave and 'Ma Ankrah stay with Charles' body, while Maria and Ebony leave with Portia to collect the baby bag from Janice's car.

By the time they return, the nurse has explained to the midwife that Ebony's father had just passed away, and her baby brother is about to be born.

“Can she stay? None of us want to miss it,” Maria pleads.

The midwife finally agrees, but insists that she would have to wait outside the labour ward until after the baby has been born. So Maria and Ebony remain in the Waiting Room.

From Suzanne's perspective, everything is one big haze; she can't tell if the pain she's feeling is from her broken heart, or contractions. She has no will left to push, yet nature is taking its course anyway. She can vaguely make out her sisters bending over her, urging her to push, while the midwife places a gas and air mask over her face.

As she brings forth new life she continues wailing and sobbing with one long groan after another asking “Why me?” “Why now?”

Charles had attended every pre-natal appointment, and now he isn't even here for the birth.

Within an hour and a half, Suzanne gives birth to a beautiful, healthy baby boy. But when the midwife places him on her chest, she turns away. Her sisters take over, helping the midwife weigh, wash and dress the baby, while the midwife delivers the placenta.

Suzanne continues moaning with long, painful groans long after the labor is over.

The doctor is called again.

"I think it's best if I sedate her. She's in shock – she's been through a lot this evening."

As Suzanne appears to be delirious and sobbing hopelessly, her sisters agree. She's in no fit state to look after the baby she has just delivered.

After the doctor gives her the injection, she slowly drifts off to sleep...



...As Suzanne enters her Alpha state, she becomes detached from her physical body and is immediately transported into a space of intense, bright light. Charles appears as an ethereal form of pure love and light. As he walks towards her, he smiles with such a peaceful, happy expression. A powerful healing presence envelopes her. He doesn't speak in words, but she *innerstands* everything he is communicating to her perfectly. He lets her know

that he is alive and well – just not in his physical body. He says not to worry about him; he had fulfilled his soul purpose in that lifetime, and that it was time for him to move on. He had been on a mission of Love, which he had completed. He reminds her that he had left a precious gift for her to cherish, and that he will always be with her in spirit, that she shouldn't mourn his death, but celebrate his life.

As he draws her close to him, a divine presence fills every part of her being with pure, unconditional love, until she becomes part of it.

She feels warm, peaceful and happy...



...When Suzanne regains consciousness, the intensity of her grief has diminished considerably.

She had been given a glimpse through the veil and had seen Charles' soul, and now *knows* that mortality is only an illusion, and death is only a separation of the true Self from the body. She feels a new sense of hope, knowing that Charles can never die, and that she can never be separated from him. Death truly has no sting; it's simply a *transitioning* of the eternal spirit from the physical to the spiritual realm, back to its Source, which is Love.

Suzanne finally realizes that Love isn't a *feeling*; it's a state of *being*.

In her new state of enlightenment she remembers the true and original nature of her *own* soul: She is Love. She is peace. She is joy. She is light. Seeing the real Charles had reminded her of her own immortality, and now she knows her own soul purpose and destiny – to remind others of who *they* truly are.

As her consciousness expands, she remembers the lesson of loving and letting go; of being detached from outcomes and having no expectations of other souls she's in relationship with.

Suzanne had loved being able to call Charles “*my* husband,” but in Truth, he was not a possession for her to own or to keep, but had simply been on loan to her from the Divine, sent to help her achieve her goals in life.

In that moment she consciously sets a *new* goal for her Self; to give Love freely with no expectations, and to detach from everything including ‘her’ children – because they are not her possessions; they are sacred souls on their *own* sacred journeys, who came through her from the Divine. In Truth, nothing belongs to her; when the time comes for her to leave her body, she would take nothing with her.

As Maria hands her baby boy to her, the excitement of having brought forth a new life mixed with the grief of Charles’ death is a bitter-sweet combination.

But it's time to let go of her negative emotions and to realize that Charles is still very much alive.

As she holds her baby and looks into his wide, alert eyes she thinks she sees something familiar – they say ‘the eyes are the windows to a person’s soul’,

Could it really be...

“*CHARLES?*” she whispers with a trembling voice.



## *Year Twelve: The Aftermath*

*“The greatest tragedy in life is not death,  
it’s what dies inside a person while they are still alive”*

~ Norman Cousins

### **9 Months Later...**

“Look ‘Ma, he’s trying to walk!”

Suzanne and ‘Ma Ankrah watch eagerly as Charles Junior takes his first steps.

“Come on Charlie, you can do it!”

‘Ma Ankrah coaxes him on, holding out her arms. Charles jnr. focuses on his goal and toddles towards his grandmother, stumbling once or twice, but immediately getting back on his feet again. When he reaches her, they both give him a big round of applause.

“Your brothers will be so proud of you!”

Suzanne praises him as she walks over to where he’s now sitting on his grandmother’s lap. She picks him up and gives him a big hug.

Things haven’t always been like this; it had taken many weeks for Suzanne and ‘Ma Ankrah to get used to the idea that he had now replaced his father in their home.

Memories of the first few weeks were hazy; Suzanne just about remembers Maria and her sisters coming over daily to help look after the baby, do housework, and organize Charles’ cremation. He had specifically stated in his Will that he didn’t want to be buried in

England, but wanted to be cremated, and his ashes taken back to his father's village and thrown into the wind.

As if Suzanne hadn't been traumatized enough, the idea horrified her at first, but now, his wish makes sense.

Up until now, Charles's ashes had been kept in an urn on an altar she had built in his remembrance. It included his photograph, a candle and incense which burned constantly. In the first few weeks, she had sat in front of it daily with the baby in her arms, trying to recreate what had occurred in hospital on that fateful night. But nothing happened. Eventually, she accepted the fact that Charles had truly passed over.



While most things had remained a blur, Suzanne clearly remembers the day she arrived home with her newborn; as she climbed the stairs with the yet unnamed baby in her arms, Luther Vandross's song '*A House is Not a Home*' had come to mind, particularly the lines '*I'm not meant to live alone, turn this house into a home, when I climb the stairs and turn the key, oh please be there saying that you're still in love with me...*'

She had half-expected Charles to be waiting on the other side of their bedroom door, but when she turned the handle and opened it, the first thing she saw was his painting '*Trust*' hanging on the wall opposite the bed:



As she burst into tears, Janice and Maria who had been following close behind, rushed forward to her aid. That's when she realized she wasn't going to wake up from this horrible nightmare.

“He promised to always be there for me, not to leave me to raise another child on my own...I trusted him – and now, he's gone!”

Maria took the baby while Janice comforted Suzanne.



“He didn’t know this was going to happen Suzie, don’t be so hard on him; I’m sure he’s watching over you from the other side,” she replied gently.

“The *other side*? Can he help run a business from *the other side*? Can he help raise a child from *the other side*?”

Maria cuddled the baby in her arms;

“No, but I can.”



Suzanne breast-fed the baby, but felt no attachment to him. At nights she would lie in their carved wooden bed, staring at Charles's painting on the wall opposite, while Charles jnr. would gaze up at her as he suckled, trying to connect with his Creatress.

It seemed ironic that the painting Charles had done to honor their relationship now mocked her from the wall. *Trust?* She had trusted him not to leave her to raise another child alone.

After waking from the dream (or was it a vision?) in which she had seen Charles in his ethereal form, she had looked into her baby’s eyes for the first time and could have sworn she saw Charles’s soul, as if he had straight away re-incarnated into his son’s body. But now, she couldn’t be sure. Maybe it was just a side-effect of the sedative she had been given? For days, she had searched her baby’s eyes, looking closely for any sign of Charles.

When she couldn't find any she had stopped trying, and detached. So weeks had gone by where she had refused to connect with her baby's soul.

Even though the experience of seeing Charles out of his body had helped her cope to some degree, his death had still caused a lot of grief.

But time is the greatest healer, and sure enough as the months went by, Suzanne had begun to heal from the trauma of her bereavement, and to recover from Post Natal Depression.

In the depth of her despair, the question she had often asked her Self would re-surface:

***“Who Am I, and Who do I wish to be,  
in relationship to this?”***

She wonders if she had failed the test of remembering who she is (the light) when going through a dark situation. In Truth there is no failing, just lessons to be learned. Suzanne 'innerstood' that from the seeds of calamity and *all* experiences comes the growth of Self.

'Ma Ankrah on the other hand, hadn't taken the death of her only son very well; she hadn't had the benefit of seeing Charles transfigured. *“No one should have to bury their child,”* she had kept repeating, rocking back and forth on her bed. She didn't cook for weeks (which she loved), or engage with the rest of the family, thinking she may now be put in a home for the elderly. Despite her own melancholic state, Suzanne had done her best to make 'Ma

Ankrah feel as if she was still part of the family, and had promised that she would always have a place in their home.

After her first few weeks of mourning, 'Ma Ankrah had suddenly become very attached to the baby as a coping mechanism; she wanted to do everything for him, which suited Suzanne fine but created rivalry with Maria, who wanted to play her part too.

Suzanne couldn't believe that fate could be so cruel as to leave her a single mother to *three* sons – that had been her *worst fear*. But there she was, widowed just shy of her 40<sup>th</sup> birthday with two teenagers, and a baby.

Elijah and Micah had done their best to support their mum emotionally, even though they were going through their own grief. Because there had been no funeral, they were spared the trauma of having to carry the coffin and dig the grave, but still, they had both suffered silently.



## **Leaving a Legacy**

Suzanne had lost all interest in the business. Elijah, then 19, took over managing the shop and office, with Janice's help. He felt it was only right to replace the man who had taught him so much, while continuing to study Accounts part-time.

Charles's transition had affected the staff too, but Elijah had seen to it that staff morale was kept high, telling them funny stories of things Charles had done with him and Micah when they were growing up. He addressed the staff in a meeting:

“I want to thank you all for keeping the business going while my family grieve. Charles would have been so proud of you.”

Michael, the graphic designer, spoke up on behalf of the staff;

“He was our best boss ever, we’re going to make sure the business remains a success to keep his legacy going – plus he pays much better than anyone else! Sorry...”

“No it’s true. Now, does everyone know what you’re supposed to be doing this week?”

Janice assured him;

“Don’t worry Elijah, we’ve got it. You stick to the Accounts, and we’ll do the rest.”



Charles had made sure in his Will that his best friend Dave was well rewarded financially for taking on the responsibility of Ebony, almost as if he had known he would soon be departing his physical body.

Dave and Maria had got engaged, but decided to defer the wedding until things settled down. They were both very active in helping care for the baby, wanting Ebony to develop a close bond with her brother. Charles jnr. and Ebony could easily pass for brother and sister; Charles’ genes were strong. Maria had been at Suzanne’s almost every day with Ebony, helping to care for the baby, especially when Suzanne was at the height of her grief and Post Natal Depression. Once Suzanne had breastfed, Maria would take over. As the baby grew, Maria encouraged Suzanne to express her

milk so she could take him out, and when he was weaned, she began taking him home at weekends.

Charles's death had brought them closer together; they had become like sisters. Suzanne was grateful for Maria's support, and was happy for her to take the baby at weekends. By the time he was six months old she hardly ever had him, or Ebony at weekends.



## Year Thirteen: Life Goes On

### The Memorial

Exactly a year to the day since Charles' death, his memorial is held; it's also Charles Junior's first birthday.

Suzanne has organized a big Memorial and Celebration of Life. She has also planned her own 'Sankofa' to Ghana to fulfil Charles' wish.

The venue is beautifully decorated with purple and gold balloons. Suzanne has transferred the altar she had kept in vigil at their home to the front of the hall. There's also another table with a large birthday cake for Charlie, which has a photograph of him, and a photo of Charles when he was the same age. A big screen at the front plays a slide-show with videos and photos of Charles from baby to adult. The room is packed with friends and family, Charles's old school friends, work colleagues, acquaintances and ex-girlfriends. As everyone mingles, background music plays Suzanne and Charles's favourite songs. Suzanne takes the mic and announces that they are about to begin. When everyone has settled, she begins her speech:

"We are gathered here today to *celebrate*, not to mourn the life of my late husband Charles, and to celebrate our son's first birthday. The day Charles left his body and our son came into this world changed my life forever (her voice breaks). With everything turned upside-down, I began to see things from a different perspective. I began to realize that death really has no sting. I no longer fear death.

I now know that the only thing that dies is the body; that the spirit is eternal. Charles taught me so much about life. He helped me find my Self, and because of him, I'm the woman I am today. This wasn't our first time meeting and it won't be our last. We were – *are* Twin Souls, and we can never be separated..."

She takes a deep breath before continuing:

"I'm going to start by sharing his 'his-story'. Before I begin, I would like to thank 'Ma Ankrah for helping me with my research..."

She indicates towards 'Ma Ankrah who stands and waves feebly at the crowd, who clap for her. She continues;

"Born on the 24<sup>th</sup> of February 1979 at 7.32am, he was given the name Charles, Kwame, Gyasi, Osei, Mawuli, Ankrah. 'Kwame' means 'born on Saturday'; it's common for the Akan people of Ghana to name their children after the day they were born. He adopted the name Charles when he came to England at the age of 10, which isn't actually on his birth certificate. The rest of his names were passed down to him ancestrally; Gyasi was his father's name which means 'one who is wonderful'. He received his name Osei from his *grandfather* which means 'noble', and he received the name 'Mawuli' from his *great* grandfather which means 'God creates'..."

She looks up at the crowd from her sheet of paper.

"Does this sound like Charles to you?"

"Yes!" they all agree.

She digresses;

“I think it’s important to reclaim our African names not only to reconnect with our ancestral roots, but to honor our ancestors who had theirs *forcefully* removed. I’m glad Charles was able to pass his surname to me before he passed over. Ankrah is an anagram of ‘Ankh’ and ‘Ra’ which means ‘Life’ and ‘Sun’. I will treasure this name and keep it in remembrance of him and my ancestors...”

She pauses again;

“Charles was an inquisitive child, much like his own son who he never got to meet, but who displays so much of his character...”

She re-tells Charles's life story from childhood through to adulthood, telling the story of how they met, and the impact he had made on her life, her sons lives, and the rest of his community through their business.

“...In the thirteen years that I knew Charles, he did so much for me. Apart from helping me achieve my goal of financial security, he gave me two precious gifts...”

She signals Maria to bring Charles jnr. to the platform, placing him on her hip before continuing:

“...a precious son to continue his legacy, and a name that connects me and my sons to our African roots.”

The audience clap.

“For the short time it lasted, I enjoyed being able to call Charles *my* husband, but in Truth, he was not a possession for me to own or to keep; he had simply been on loan to me from the Divine. He fulfilled his soul purpose, and returned to his Source. Nothing



belongs to me, not even this baby. But while I have him, I *will* celebrate his life – I'd like you to join me in singing 'Happy Birthday' to Charles Junior!"

'*Happy Birthday*' by Stevie Wonder starts playing and everyone sings along, while Suzanne dances with him on her hip. When the music ends, Suzanne closes her speech;

"It was Charles's wish to have his ashes taken back to his Motherland and thrown into the wind; I will be making that trip next month, so this is your last opportunity to say goodbye to him."

Everyone queues up in a line to walk past the altar, paying their last respects.

Then the party begins.



During the celebrations, Ishmael approaches.

"Hi Suzanne."

"Hi... you look familiar, have we met before?"

"Yes, I was at your wedding, remember?"

"Oh yes, you were one of the guys who stayed in Charles' villa, right?"

"That's right. How are you?"

"As well as can be expected under the circumstances...was it you I spoke with about the Twin Soul Phenomenon?"

“You remembered! Yeah, at the time I was on the look-out for mine.”

“Did you find her?”

“Nah, it was just a passing fad...but you met yours, that’s something, right?”

“It was a roller-coaster ride – and look how it ended up!”

“It was special. Even I could see that.”

“How well did you know Charles?”

“We grew up in the same village. When his father died he came to England, and not long after, I went to America with my parents.”

“You flew over from America?”

“Yes, I wouldn't have missed it for the world. We were very close when we were boys. We lost contact for a number of years, but I managed to find him on Facebook. That’s when he invited me to your wedding, it was good catching up with him. Sorry for your loss.”

“It's okay, life goes on.”

“So are you over him now?”

“No, I’m still healing.”

“Do you mind if we keep in contact? I’d like to be there when you *do* feel ready for another relationship.”

Suzanne stares at him in disbelief.

“That’s the last thing on my mind right now!”

“I know... but I might not get this opportunity again, so I’m just saying, whenever you’re ready...”

He hands her his business card.

“D’you promise to call me?”

Suzanne takes the card. As he walks away, she admires his tall, lean structure, dark shiny skin and regal look in his African garms.



*“The cost of not following your heart,  
is spending the rest of your life wishing you had.”*

*~ J. Paulsen*

## **Ready for Love?**

Suzanne sprawls across her bed looking at Ishmael’s business card. She decides to call him long-distance.

“Hi, is that Ishmael?”

“Yes, who’s calling?”

“It’s Suzanne, you gave me your card at the Memorial two weeks ago?”

“Suzanne! Good to hear from you! How *are* you?”

“I’m fine, thanks. I just thought I’d call to find out a bit more about you; I know you live in America, your business card says you’re a carpenter, painter and decorator, but I’m sure there’s more to you than that.”

“I’m flattered. Well yes, I live in Atlanta, Georgia, and you're right, I do have other interests apart from my career.”

“Like what?”

“Well, I love studying esoteric knowledge, and discovering things that are hidden in plain sight.”

“Such as?”

“Now *that* would be getting ahead of ourselves...certain things I don't like to discuss over the phone, but this reminds me of something Charles said the night before your wedding.”

“Oh, what was that?”

“Well he *did* say to make sure it didn't go past the four walls.”

“Just tell me!”

“Alright; he mentioned something about you both being transported to another dimension when you made love. Is that true?”

“Well, we *did* develop something extraordinary, but it took years to get to that level.”

“Do you think it had something to do with your financial success?”

Suzanne pauses to think;

“Now I think about it, something *did* happen one night, and within a year, we'd built a successful business.”

“That's what I thought. Did you perform a sex ritual?”

“A what?”

“Never mind; maybe you did it subconsciously. You *were* Twin Souls after all, that might have made it easier for you.”

“Easier for us to do what?”

“To manifest your desires using your sexual energy – excuse me, I don’t know how we got talking about sex so quickly.”

“I think you’re right though! We did this thing that I’d seen in a dream – or it could have been a vision.”

“What did you do?”

“Well, I was straddling him, we were deep breathing together, and I was guiding him to build a clear image in his mind of what he wanted to MANifest.”

“Sounds like you performed a sex ritual without even knowing what you were doing!”

“Is that what it’s called?”

“Yes; I’ve done lots of research on them.”

“What *kind* of research?” she asks cheekily.

“All kinds...mostly theory though.”

“Don’t get any ideas – this isn’t a booty call, you know!”

They both laugh.

“Seriously though, I’d really like to get to know you better, but since we live across the water from each other it’ll have to be long distance...for now.”

“Well I’m leaving for Ghana in two weeks.”

“Oh yes, to take his ashes back to our village, right?”

“*Your* village?”

“Remember I told you we grew up in Ghana? Who are you going with?”

“I’m going by myself.”

“How come?”

“Well, ‘Ma Ankrah doesn’t want to go; she said she wants her last memory of getting on a plane to be a happy one. The boys are studying and helping run the business, besides, I feel this is *my* journey, so I’m going alone.”

“What about Junior, aren’t you taking him?”

“I wouldn’t be able to cope. Maria and Dave have offered to look after him.”

“Oh, you *have* to take him! The elders would want him to be there, he’s next in line in his father’s lineage...I can fly over to help if you like? It would be nice to visit my village again, plus it would give us the opportunity to get to know each other better – no strings attached.”

“Okay, I’ll think about it...”



## Sankofa

Two of Charles' relatives are at Kotoka International Airport to collect Suzanne when she arrives in Ghana with Charles jnr. Uncle Kojo and aunty Abena greet her enthusiastically;

“Akwaaba!”

“What does that mean?” Suzanne asks.

“It means ‘Welcome’! How was your flight?” uncle Kojo asks, taking her bags while aunty Abena takes Charles jnr.

“Not as bad as I thought it would be with a toddler; it’s a good thing Ishmael suggested sending our things in a barrel so I didn’t have to carry too much! Has he arrived yet?”

“Yes, he said he would meet us in the lounge area.”

“Hi Kwame, how are you?” aunty Abena sings to Junior.

She turns to Suzanne;

“It’s like having little Kwame with us all over again! He’s so handsome, just like his father – and you, of course!”

“Thank you – how do you say ‘thank you’ in...?”

“Twi (pronounced ‘Tree’); you would say ‘*Medaase*, or *medaase paa*”

“Medaase! Wow, it’s so hot!”

“Don’t worry, we have air-conditioning in the car.”

“I’m not complaining, I like the heat!”

As they make their way to the car park, Ishmael spots them and calls out, waving at them as he pulls along his suitcase.

“You made it!” uncle Kojo greets him.

“Yes, I had to – it's so good to be back home!”

He turns to Suzanne.

“Hi Suzanne, how was your flight?”

They hug formally.

“Not as bad as I thought it would be!”

They all get into the people carrier. During the drive from Accra to Kumasi in the Ashanti region, Suzanne strikes up a conversation with Charles's relatives;

“How well did you know Charles?”

“Well, we knew him as *Kwame*. He was a young boy when he left our village after his father passed away. It was more his mother who kept in touch with us.”

“Oh that's a shame, we discussed coming a few times, but kept putting it off. We were going to bring the baby after he was born.”

“Never mind, he has returned now...you have his ashes, don't you?” Kojo asks.

“Yes, they're here in my hand luggage.”

“Good, because everything's arranged, the ceremony will take place first thing in the morning.”



### **Ashes to Dust...**

The send-off is an elaborate affair, with the Chief of the village conducting the proceedings; the whole village has gathered for the



ceremony. Chief Khofu is sitting on an elaborately carved throne with his Kente cloth thrown across his shoulder, wearing an abundance of gold jewellery.

Speaking in Twi, the Chief calls for Kwame's ashes to be brought forward. Ishmael translates for Suzanne, who tries to hand him the urn;

“No, you take it...do you want me to come with you?” he whispers.

Suzanne nods.

Ishmael takes Charles jnr. from aunty Abena and accompanies Suzanne to the Chief. As she hands him the urn, Chief Khofu addresses her in English;

“Thank you for bringing our son back home; this is *his* son, yes?”

“Yes.”

He asks Ishmael to place Junior on his lap and holds unto him with one hand, while holding the urn in the other. He speaks to the crowd loudly in Twi;

“A distant relative has returned to be laid to rest, let us all welcome him home!”

Ishmael translates for Suzanne. The crowd cheer, clap and dance. Drummers play the djembe and talking drums. Chief Khofu continues in his native tongue;

“When a wanderer returns home, it is as one who has returned to their roots. Kwame never forgot where he came from, and has made his Sankofa back to his Motherland.”

Suzanne recognizes the word 'Sankofa'.

"What did he just say?" she asks Ishmael, who translates.

"I want to make *my* Sankofa too."

"You are!"

The Chief holds the urn up to the sky and speaks incantations in Twi before asking Suzanne in English, to remove the lid. As she does so, he speaks loudly again in Twi;

"Kwame, we welcome you back home!"

He stands up still carrying the toddler, and walks into the middle of the crowd. As he turns full-circle, he throws Kwame's ashes into the ground, which fall in a circle around them;

"May the ancestors guide and protect you on the rest of your journey. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

Ishmael translates for Suzanne; She bows her head in sorrow.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," she whispers solemnly.

Chief Khofu steps out of the circle and returns to his throne, still carrying Charles jnr. The drummers play furiously as the village women begin singing and dancing on Kwame's ashes. Tears stream down Suzanne's face.

"He's home now, don't cry," Ishmael reassures her.



When everyone settles down, Chief Khofu beckons Suzanne to come forward. Ishmael accompanies her as she approaches his throne. The Chief addresses her in English;

“Akwaaba, pleased to meet you, what is your name?”

“Suzanne, your honour.”

She courtesies.

“Is this your first time in Ghana?”

“Yes, your honour.”

“Why did you not come for your traditional wedding? We heard Kwame was getting married, and expected him to come home for his proper wedding before tying the knot elsewhere, our young people leave and forget about our customs!” he booms.

“We did discuss it, but it just...never happened.”

Chief Khofu turns to Ishmael;

“Good to see you again young warrior, where is your dear wife?”

“We're going through a divorce, it...didn't work out.”

Chief Khofu sighs deeply.

“You see you young people, you pick up the Western ways and forget what you were taught about the importance of family. Is there no chance of reconciliation? Why did you not bring her with you? We could have counselled you both together!”

“Yeah, well it's a bit late for that now. She's seeing someone else.”

“Abomination! What about your children?”

“They’re fine, they’re all grown now.”

Chief Khofu turns back to Suzanne.

“Thank you for bringing Kwame's son home, what is his name?”

“Charles Junior, your honour.”

“Did he inherit his grandfather's and great grandfather's names, as is our custom?”

She wants to correct him and say ‘in**hisit**’, but thinks the better of it.

“Yes, your honour.”

Chief Khofu smiles broadly at Charles jnr, who smiles back at him, giggling. He holds him up in his arms, and playfully talks to him in Twi. Turning back to Suzanne, he asks what day Charles jnr. was born.

“Friday.”

“Ah, so we will name him *Kofi*, which means ‘born on Friday’. Do you know what day *you* were born?”

“Yes, I was born on a Friday too.”

“Ah, okay! So you can choose from *Afua* or *Afia*.”

Suzanne pauses to think before replying;

“Afia, please.”

“Good, now you are one of us!”

Chief Khofu performs a Naming Ceremony for them both, before signaling the women from the village, who bring her fabrics in various

African prints. They measure her to make dresses, and say they will also make an outfit for Kofi.

“Oh my, what can I say? Medaase!” Suzanne thanks them emotionally.

“You're welcome to stay with us as long as you like, the women will look after you,” the Chief announces.

He turns to Ishmael.

“So are you two together now?”

“No, I'm just here to support her.”

“Well if you're going to support her, do it properly.”

Suzanne looks embarrassed as they glance at each other.

“There see, I got the Chief's blessings,” Ishmael leans over and whispers in her ear.



## **Honouring the Ancestors**

That night, they all sit outside around a camp fire, while the elders tell stories of what they can remember from when Kwame and Ishmael were growing up. They also tell stories about Kwame's grandfather, Gyasi, who was the village Chief before the current Chief took over.

“Just think, if Kwame's mother had remained in the village and married the next in line to the throne as is our custom, little Kofi would now be heir to the throne,” says one of the elders.

“Kwame never told me his grandfather was Chief of the village!”  
Suzanne exclaims.

“Maybe he forgot,” replies the Chief.

Ishmael stands up and gets ready to head to his quarters.

“We have an early start tomorrow, I’ve organized a tour to Cape Coast; the driver will be here at 10am. You should get some sleep too.”



The following morning, aunty Abena knocks on Suzanne's door as she prepares to leave.

“Why don't you leave Kofi with us? He'll be fine!”

Suzanne watches her son playing in the dust outside with the rest of the children. He looks happy. She imagines his father as a child playing in the same village, which isn't hard to do.

“I would...but we're going to be out all day, he might miss me. I'd rather take him with me for peace of mind.”

She prepares his porridge and lets her feed him, before letting the women get him washed and dressed. At 10am Ishmael knocks on the door.

“Are you ready?”

“Yes, can you take Junior to the car please?”

“Sure.”

Ishmael takes the toddler from Suzanne and heads to the 7-seater while she double-checks that she's packed everything she will need.

“Wipes, water, food, juice, spare nappies, nappy sacks....”

Uncle Kojo and aunty Abena accompany them on the 4-hour drive to Cape Coast. They arrive by 2.30pm, after a short stop-off.

Ishmael jumps out first to sort out admission for everyone. He returns with a tour guide.

“Everyone ready?”

“Yes!”

They all pile out of the car; Ishmael takes Junior from Suzanne and carries him up the rocky steps to the Castle. Sistah Okofu, an initiated African-American priestess, is waiting to meet them, dressed all in white.

“Greetings, welcome!” she hugs and kisses them one by one.

“Will you be showing us around?” Suzanne asks.

“No, I’ll be conducting the ceremony to our ancestors,” she informs her.

As they take the tour of Cape Coast Castle, the tour guide explains how captured Africans were kept in squalid conditions in dungeons, before being shipped off to Europe to be sold, never to be seen again. They take the steps down into one of the dungeons. Junior starts crying; aunty Abena offers to take him back outside. Kojo joins her.

As they stand in the dungeon, Suzanne begins to weep as she senses the utter hopelessness her ancestors felt. She imagines them chained to one another, sitting in the dark, awaiting their unknown fate. She can still feel and smell the residue of their trauma. The tour guide tells them how the dungeons were built directly underneath the enslavers church, so while their services were going on, captured Africans were being held in squalid conditions underneath. Suzanne believes this was their symbolic way of showing how they used religion to get the upper hand.

Sistah Okofu begins the ceremony; she lights some candles, and puts some fruits, honey, eggs and various other foods on a tray. She prays over them before offering everyone a piece to eat. She then places what's left on the tray on the altar to leave as an offering to their ancestors. Suzanne asks if she can recite her poem '*Who Am I?*' Sistah Okofu agrees;

*Who am I?*

*I am a remnant of my ancestors,*

*Torn from my Motherland by the rape of slave traders...*

When she finishes, they all sing redemption songs together, before Sistah Okofu closes the ceremony.

The tour guide takes them to the 'Door of No Return', where captured Africans had passed through to be loaded onto the ships, like cargo. He informs them that the first ship to sail was called 'The Good Ship Jesus'.



The exit from the dungeons is small and narrow, showing how malnourished captives must have been. Ishmael who is over 6' tall, finds it difficult to squeeze through the opening. The tour guide informs them that Africans who passed through this door would never again return to their Motherland, which is why it had been named 'The Door of No Return'.

“But” he adds, “their descendants are now coming home!”



The following day, they stay in the village to recuperate from the previous day's activities, which had been physically and emotionally draining for Suzanne. They had also visited Elmina Castle twenty minutes away, another place where captured Africans had been held before being shipped off to be sold into slavery.

They spend the day relaxing and learning common phrases in Twi, like 'How are you?' (ete sen?) "How much is it?" (eye sen?) and "What is your name?" (Wo din de sen?)

Junior has settled in nicely, and has taken a particularly liking to Chief Khofu, who appears to feel the same; he sits outside dealing with community issues with the toddler on his lap, and watches over him as he plays with the other children.

Suzanne asks the women to make matching tops for Micah and Elijah in the same material as her dresses, for which she offers to pay them extra.

That night at communal dinner, Ishmael asks Suzanne if she would like to visit The Cantonments, where apparently there's a big African-American community. She agrees.



## **The Cantonments**

The car pulls up outside a large white two-storey building. Sistah Okofu, another sister and a brother are sitting outside talking, dressed in full African garms. Suzanne is wearing one of the dresses the village women made. As she leaves the van, Ishmael helps her step down.

“You look amazing, you're going to fit in perfectly here!”

“Thank you!”

Sistah Okofu and the others stand up to greet them. She introduces Suzanne to brother Omari and sister Kenyatta, who shake her hand.

“Where's the baby?” she asks.

“Oh, we left him in the village with his relatives. I thought another long drive would be too much for him,” Suzanne explains.

“Good to see you again!” she gives Sistah Okofu a hug.

“Likewise. How long are you in Ghana for?”

“Just three more days; it's going by so quickly!”

“Well you could always extend your stay,” Ishmael suggests.

“I have to get back and help with the business – I'm so far behind on my work already.”

“Sit down, sit down, would you like a drink?” sister Kenyatta asks, ushering them into their seats.

“Yes please, my water's finished.”

Sister Kenyatta calls one of the maids to prepare some refreshments.

“Tell me more about this place?” Suzanne asks Sistah Okofu.

“We set up these Headquarters to start a Movement here in Ghana, to encourage our people to ‘come home’. The plan was to re-unite the descendants of enslaved Africans with those left on the Continent,” she explains.

“How’s that going?”

“Not as easy as we first thought; those left on the Continent endured their own brainwashing through Colonialism. It’s almost impossible to reintegrate because of the mindset of the people; they were deliberately under-educated to make it easier for them to be exploited, and were told not to trust us returnees. But we’re determined to build a bridge between the two.”

“That’s admirable; I’d like to make a donation to your work here. Charles set up a Benevolence Fund as the charitable arm of our business, to help rebuild our community. Send me a plan of what you aim to accomplish and give me some figures, and I’ll arrange for a payment to be made.”

“Wow that's very generous of you Suzanne, but that’s not why I brought you here,” Ishmael interrupts.

“I know, but that's the least I can do; this is Charles' homeland, and *I'd* like to see more descendants return too. Anything I can do to help further the work you're doing here, I will.”

“Thank you, we appreciate your generosity – come, let me give you a tour of the building...” Sistah Okofu says.



On their way back to the village, Ishmael realizes he's running out of time; he needs to step up his game;

“I’m really enjoying getting to know you better, I’m so glad I came.”

“Me too – I don't know how I would've got through all this without you!”

“Well, I want to find out if what I’m feeling is real, or if I'm just being delusional,” he leans over and whispers in her ear.

“Like I said, I’m still healing.”

“I can *help* you to heal; don’t you think Charles would want you to be happy? You spent a whole year mourning, you’ve laid him to rest, now it’s time to move on.”

Suzanne stares at him coldly.

“Charles wasn't just *anybody*, he was my Twin Soul!”

She takes hold of the gold necklace around her neck carrying the ankh Charles had bought her in Egypt, and his wedding ring.

“I know... I’m sorry if I sounded pushy.”

“Look, I appreciate you coming out here to support me and everything, and I don’t mind getting to know you, but let’s just take it slow, okay?”

“Okay...”

Over the next two days, Ishmael takes Suzanne to visit the Kwame Nkrumah Monument, built to honor the President who led Ghana into independence from Britain in 1957. They also visit Kakum National Park, where she crosses a series of bridges so high up, she can see the treetops far below. They also visit the craft market where she gets to see how kente cloth is made, and how the Adinkra symbols are printed onto cloth. She buys some to take back to England, and buys some hand carved gifts to take home as well.



### **Yɛbɛhyia bio (We shall meet again)**

At the airport, aunty Abena and uncle Kojo help Suzanne with ‘Kojo’ and their luggage. She checks them into the first class fast-track service, before re-joining the group.

Chief Khofu has also come to the airport with his entourage, and is making quite a scene; people are taking photos and pointing as he speaks quietly with Ishmael, while carrying the toddler. When he sees Suzanne returning, he indicates for her to join them.

“I’m sorry to see you go so soon; next time, you should stay longer.”

He jiggles Charles jnr. on his arm, who laughs out loud. They have formed a bond.

“I’m serious!” he says to Suzanne sternly; “Don’t leave it a year, two years before we see him again – in fact you should be leaving him with us now!”

Suzanne panics at the thought, and moves forward to take Junior from him, but he holds on to him tightly. Ishmael intervenes;

“He’s very important to their lineage,” he explains to her; “Maybe you should consider letting them raise him, when he’s a bit older.”

“I’ll think about it.”

She takes Junior from Chief Khofu, who surrenders him this time, quoting an African proverb as he hands him over; “*The young bird does not crow until it hears the old ones.*”

“Thank you for everything, we *will* be back. I can see you’ve grown fond of each other,” she says gratefully.

“Here, take my number, make sure you keep in touch and video call me often, I want to see how well he’s growing until he returns.”

The Chief signals to one of his helpers to give Suzanne his personal number. He turns to Ishmael again;

“Remember what I told you, ‘*an orphaned calf licks it’s own back*’. We cannot have him fending for himself. He needs a good role model, someone who has been raised in our village, and knows our customs.”

“It’s not up to me to decide, but I’ll do my best.”

Ishmael turns to Suzanne.

“Well, this is where we say goodbye – for now. Let me know when you're back home safely, okay?”

“Will do.”

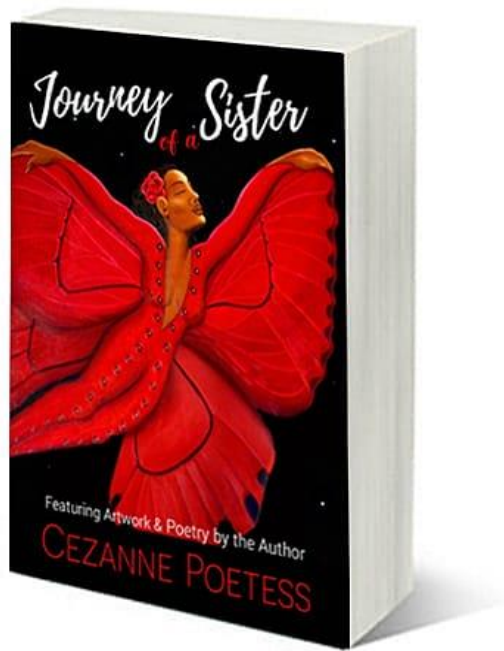
They hug warmly before boarding separate planes.



**Take a Sneak Peek at the SEQUEL!** 🗨️

**Journey of a Brother** starts 17 years from where **Journey of a Sister** ends; the year is **2031**. Download a preview of the sequel by visiting [journeyofasister.com/books/sequel](http://journeyofasister.com/books/sequel) – I'm offering Buy One Get One FREE on both books, for a limited period only!

## Order your paperback!



When you pre-order your paperback of **Journey of a Brother** *before the cut-off date*, you'll also receive a FREE paperback of **Journey of a Sister** – you might want to keep the set for yourself, so why not order another for a loved one? **They make great gifts!** Order your **paperback** of this e-book at: <https://cezannepoetess.uk>

## Sponsor my Book Tour!

Starting March 2024, I plan to host **Book Signing & Discussion Events** in the UK, USA, Africa and the Caribbean, where we will discuss the topics raised in my books openly – they'll also be great networking opportunities to meet like-minded people!

I'm seeking **Black Businesses** to sponsor my Book Tour; if you would like to place a **permanent ad** for your business in **Journey of a Brother**, contact me on the email below, by **29<sup>th</sup> February 2024**.



If you would like to help me organize a **Book Signing & Discussion Event** near you, email me: [cezanne@journeyofasister.com](mailto:cezanne@journeyofasister.com)

Or if you would just like to help fund my Book Tour, please do so by making a contribution via my PayPal: [paypal.me/cezanne121](https://paypal.me/cezanne121), or scan the QR code:

### Tip jar



May your money-seed return to you ten-fold (I am fertile soil!)

Leading up to the Book Tour, I'll be hosting a weekly Book Club via Zoom, **every Sunday at 3pm GMT**, to discuss each 'Year' of this story. To register your place email: [cezanne@journeyofasister.com](mailto:cezanne@journeyofasister.com)

For more information visit [journeyofasister.com/events](https://journeyofasister.com/events)

For **interviews, bulk orders of the paperback, or any queries related to the book** or my **Book Tour** email:

[cezanne@journeyofasister.com](mailto:cezanne@journeyofasister.com)

## About the Author



Cezanne is a Self-taught Visual & Spoken Word Artist, Author, Channeler for the Ancestral Mothers, Vlogger, and proud Mother. She's also Leader of the *Ascending Souls* Tribe, a global network of people on the Ascension journey. Cezanne's soul purpose is to '*Spread LOVE through Creativity*' which she fulfils through her Books, Art and Poetry.

My journey of Self-discovery began in 2001, the year of my 'Awakening'. I was still a Christian, but had reached a point where I was beginning to QUESTION what I'd been taught to believe.

I also met my Twin Soul that year, which triggered my Awakening (he wasn't a Christian). I channeled a fearless letter to God, which I ended by asking for "the Truth!"

To be honest, to this day I have no recollection of writing the letter; I found it on my laptop one morning, but didn't remember waking up in the middle of the night and typing. It wasn't until 2022 when I started channeling the Ancestral Mothers *verbally*, that they told my audience (through me!) that *they* had written it *through me*, but they had to make me forget because I was still suffering from Cognitive Dissonance at the time! (You can listen to the channelings in my *Black His-story 365* vlog series on the Journey of a Sister YouTube channel).

---

## About Cezanne

Channeling is the easiest thing, because I don't have to think about what I'm writing!

This isn't my autobiography, however some parts are based on my her-story. For instance, the way I met my Twin Soul was so profound (time stood still) that I wrote it into Year One! He also gave *his* version and told me to "throw it in randomly somewhere." (It's in Year Five: *'Flashback'*)

The purpose of Twin Souls meeting isn't necessarily to live 'happily ever after', it's to help *raise the Collective Consciousness*. We fulfilled our soul purpose with this book! (The full story is in my e-book *The Twin Soul Phenomenon*, the link to download it is in the e-books section below).

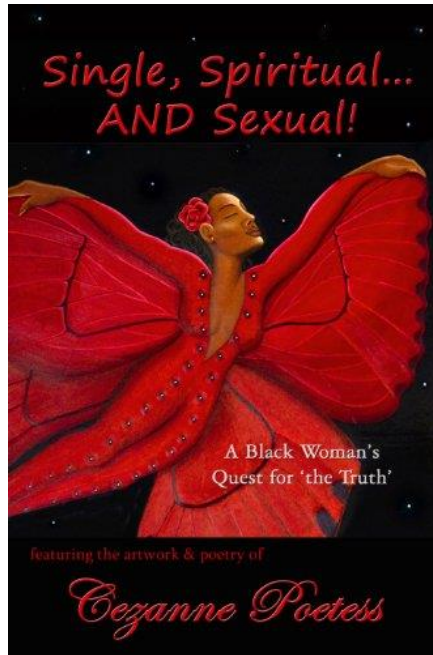
I was also led to write this story after watching the film '*Sankofa*' in 2010; it shocked me into realizing that as the descendant of an enslaved African, I was still carrying the trauma of my ancestors in my DNA. I asked my Higher Self/God "***What can I do to help my people heal?***"

This book is the answer I received.

### First Edition

I Self-published the First Edition in 2012 under the title '**Single, Spiritual...AND Sexual!**' I put my painting '*Black Butterfly*' on the front cover because it's symbolic of 'Transformation of the Mind':

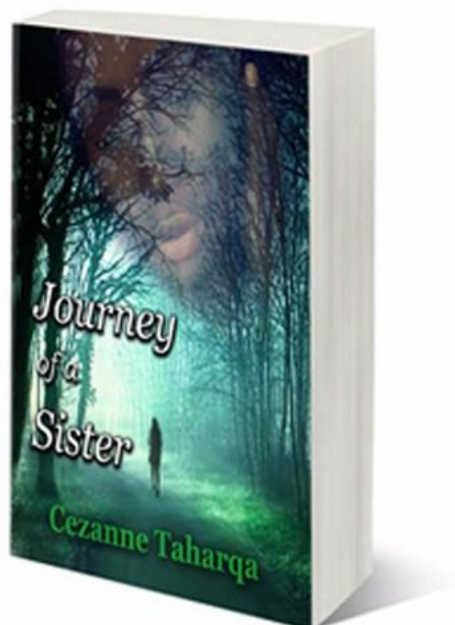
## About Cezanne



It ended quite abruptly, at *Year Eleven*.

### **Second Edition**

After visiting my Motherland (Ghana) for the first time in 2016, I revised my novel, added *two new chapters (Years Twelve and Thirteen)* inspired by my stay, and retitled it '**Journey of a Sister**'.

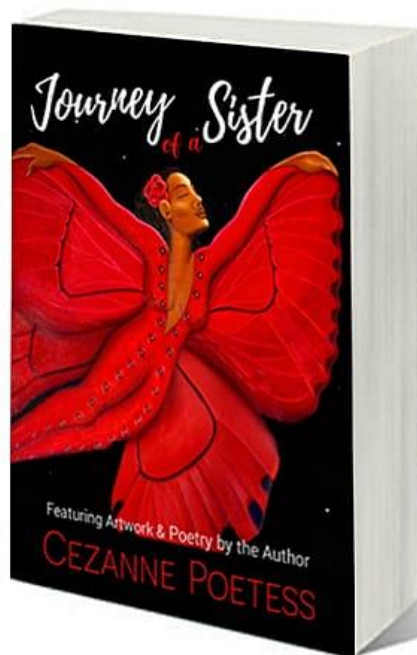


## About Cezanne

I also explained what ‘fornication’ *really* means, which is only in the **Second Edition!** (Tap the book images to order)

### Third Edition: Be PRESENT!

In 2019, *Errol McGlashan* (who helped me edit the First Edition) helped me turn my novel into a film script. During the process, I wrote some new exciting scenes, e.g. *Suzanne’s First Performance* in Year One! I also changed the dialogue to *Present Tense*, and added some new characters, e.g. my fictional character Felicia! I decided to revise the book one last time to match the film script!



I then recorded the Third Edition as an **audiobook**, which you can [listen to FREE on the Journey of a Sister YouTube channel!](#) Feel free to *leave me your comments*, ‘like’ the ones you like, *share* the videos, and *subscribe to my channel!*

## About Cezanne

I recommend listening and reading at the same time, so you can see and *hear* how my poetry and art are beautifully woven into the story!

This is the Third *and final* Edition! [Order your paperback](#) and join me at an upcoming **Book Signing and Discussion Event** to discuss the topics raised in the story! Visit [journeyofasister.com/events](http://journeyofasister.com/events) for details!

### Share the Love! ❤️

I'm giving this e-book away FREE not to devalue it (to me, it's worth more than what people may be prepared to pay for it!), but because I'm feeling ABUNDANT! If you enjoyed the free read, order your **paperback** and join me at an upcoming **Book Signing & Discussion Event!**

Feel free to share this e-book with your friends, boyfriends, girlfriends, husbands, wives and family!

Be one of the **first 1,000 people** to pre-order the SEQUEL **Journey of a Brother**, to get a FREE paperback of **Journey of a Sister** in my **Buy One Get One FREE** promotion, for a LIMITED PERIOD ONLY! For details, and to download a **sneak peek of the sequel** visit:

[journeyofasister.com/books/sequel](http://journeyofasister.com/books/sequel)



## Nature's Art



I painted my first collection '**Nature's Art**' between 2009-2010. In the process I intuitively healed myself from **Seasonal Affective Disorder**, a form of depression caused by lack of natural sunlight; this led me to study and teach **Colour Therapy!**

Most of my paintings have an accompanying poem, you can view and listen to them at [journeyofasister.com/art](http://journeyofasister.com/art). Both are creative expressions of what I was learning at the time; how to meditate, and Creative Visualization. You can also order Prints of my art by visiting:

[cezannepoetess.uk/art/cezannes-art](http://cezannepoetess.uk/art/cezannes-art)

## About Cezanne

### Seeds of Love Book of Lyrics

Between 2009-10 I also collaborated with acoustic guitarist *Theo Calliste*, and wrote lyrics to eight of his compositions. (A full list of the musicians I collaborated with are in the Acknowledgements).



In 2014, I won the title *'Inspirational Artist of the Year'* in the Spokenword Billboard Awards (USA) for my first poetry collection. All 13 poems feature in **Journey of a Sister!**

They used to be on a CD, but now you can [listen to them FREE, on the Journey of a Sister YouTube channel!](#)

Purchase the paperback at any events I organize or perform at, so you can read and listen at the same time – I've also included



## About Cezanne

my inspiration behind writing each poem! Alternatively, get the e-Book of Lyrics from [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com) or [Amazon.co.uk](https://www.amazon.co.uk) (FREE to borrow for **Kindle Unlimited** Members) or order your [paperback](#) online!



## Join my Tribe!

I'm on the journey of ascending to my Higher Self, and staying there! If you're on the Ascension journey, join me!

Start by taking my **FREE Soul Purpose Discovery Challenge!** Not everyone is on the Ascension journey, some people are still seeking to DISCOVER and FULFIL their *soul purpose*. Where are you on your journey of Self-discovery?



For full details and benefits of joining visit:

<https://journeyofasister.com/soul-purpose-tribe>

I look forward to you joining me!

## Acknowledgements

Thank you to my Source, Infinite Intelligence, you make me look like a genius!

I thank my mother Melita, for allowing me to come through your portal, and for teaching me the importance of Self Love.

I thank my late father, Ralston Fletcher, for successfully impregnating my mother at exactly the right time, which allowed me to be birthed at the exact date and time I needed to be, in order to fulfil my soul purpose!

To my three 'suns', Zaviere, Sanchez and Azagba, may you continue to evolve beautifully, and re-member why you all have names with A and Z in them, which represents the Alpha and Omega – know you are gods! Azzy, thank you for contributing the beautiful music you created for the audiobooks, the piano piece for my poem "*Is This...Love?*" and the beats for my newer Spoken Word tracks, hopefully soon I'll be able to pay you your ROYALTies! May everything you all put your hands to, **PROSPER! I LOVE YOU!**

Thank you to my protective, guardian angel *Sehalia*, for doing a great job!

Thank you to my ancestors, including the Ancestral Mothers, for being here with me; I didn't innerstand the saying 'Guidance and Protection' until I started doing altar work!

## *About Cezanne*

Thank you to my Higher Self, for leading me on this path of Truth, towards fulfilling my true purpose.

I cannot thank my loyal friend, **Errol McGlashan** enough, for not only for helping me edit the First Edition in 2011-12, he also helped me turn the Second Edition into a film script in 2019 – and to date I haven't paid him a penny! He really helped me develop a male voice! It was Errol who wrote the church scene in *Year One* (I edited it for a change), gave Malachi his yardie accent, and suggested I kill off one of the main characters because the ending of Year Ten was “too cliché”. I objected at first, but it became symbolic of the ending to my rollercoaster ‘encounters’ with my Twin Soul. Errol, I owe you big time!

A huge THANK YOU to my brother **Antonio Noel** of **Virgo17 Productions** (virgo17nae@gmail.com) for helping me record the audiobooks in his home studio. Noel has been helping me record my poems since 2001 – I couldn't have done it without you! I owe you big time, too!

I'd also like to acknowledge all the musicians I collaborated with for my poetry, namely acoustic guitarist **Theo Calliste**, djembe drummer **Chi Bomani** (who also sang on my poem-song ‘*Trust*’), my brother **Antonio Noel** who produced the music for ‘*True Love*’, **Dave Anderson** who composed the music for ‘*I Am What I WILL to Be!*’, Praise & Worship Leader **Noel Robinson** who composed the music for my prophetic poem “*Look to Me!*” (Year One), my youngest son **Azzy** who

## *About Cezanne*

composed the piano piece for my heartbreak poem '*Is This...Love?*' and **Wadada Stanbury** who played sax on the same track. (Poems can be downloaded at <https://cezannepoetess.uk/poetry>).

I would also like to acknowledge some of the people who have helped me on my self-healing journey, especially **Queen Afua** whose books '*Heal Thyself*' and '*Sacred Woman*' were pivotal to the process. Also **Robin Walker** who's African History classes helped me discover my rich herstory *before* slavery. The late **Dr Laila Afrika** whose book *MELANIN: What Makes Black People Black*, helped me learn to love and nourish my dark skin (and to wish I was darker!) and all the other teachers who dedicated their lives to the upliftment of our people before they transcended, such as my late sister **Jan Edwards** aka **Lady Leo**, **Brother Dougie**, **Sister Dekah**, **Dr Sebi**, **Kilindiyi**, **Menelik Shabazz**, **Runoko Rashidi**, **Marcus Mosiah Garvey**, **Harriet Tubman**, **Nanny Maroon**, and **Khalid Muhammad**.

Special thanks to my Facebook friend **Paradise Freejahlove Supreme (USA)** for allowing me to use his '*Poem-Prayer-Affirmation for the Healing of the Nation*' in *Year Eight* of this story; it resonated with me so much, I memorized it! I've also chosen it to be the daily Affirmation for the **Soul Purpose Tribe!** Also, thanks to **Viv Ahmun** for allowing me to use your photo in Egypt for *Year Nine*.

## About Cezanne

I'm also grateful to **Yashmal Amen** of **The Ptah Council** for teaching me *The Burning Ritual* which I included in *Year Two: 'Undoing the Indoctrination'*. If you still suffer from 'White Saviour Syndrome', I recommend doing this powerful ritual which Yash says will **decode the subconscious programming!** (Watch the video of us performing [The Burning Ritual on the Journey of a Sister YouTube channel](#) – I was in recovery but still pursuing my calling!)

I would also like to acknowledge the two **artists** who I haven't been able to credit, but who's artwork illustrated my story perfectly!

I thank my family, friends and customers who have supported me on this publishing journey since the First Edition. Please send me Love and light as I continue this journey.

And thank **YOU** for investing in your Self by reading this book! Continue your journey of Self-discovery by taking my [FREE Soul Purpose Discovery Challenge](#), and **Join my Tribe!**



Cezanne Poetess 🌻

[Author](#) | [Visual & Spoken Word Artist](#) | [Vlogger](#) | [Ascending Souls Tribe Leader](#)

*'Touching the Heart...through Art!'*

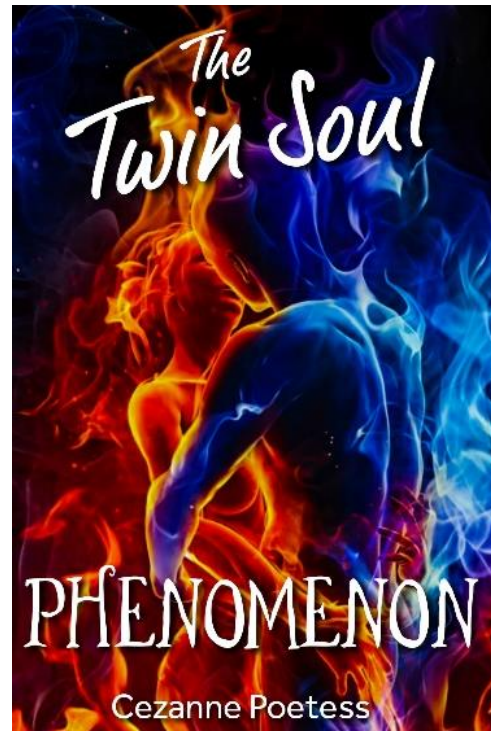
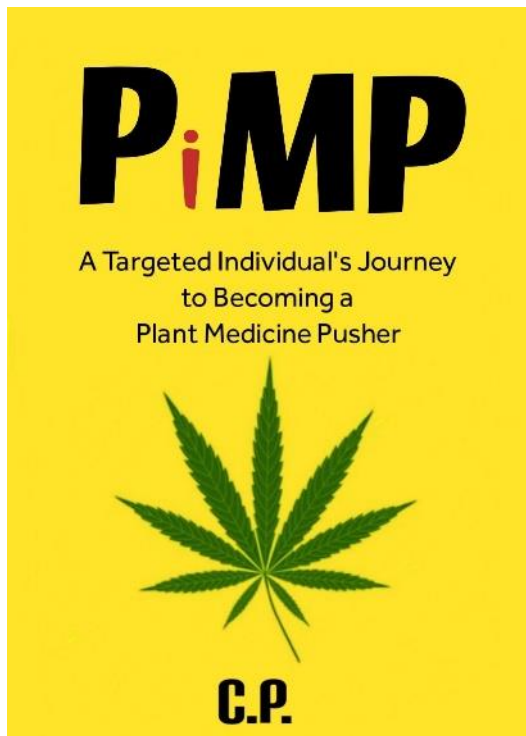
*About Cezanne*

**Connect with me on Social Media:**

Join me on [Instagram](#), [Tiktok](#), [X \(formerly Twitter\)](#), [Facebook](#),  
and LinkedIn: Cezanne Poetess



## More Books by Cezanne:



### **PiMP (Plant Medicine Pusher)**

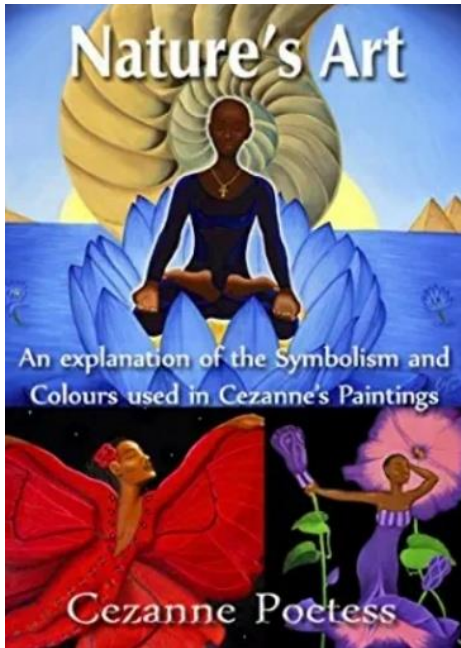
I became a Targeted Individual in 2001, the year of my 'Awakening'. In this e-book I share some of my her-story of being subjected to mind control, spiritual and tech attacks, and some of the tools I developed to protect my mind and body. I also share the story of how I became a Plant Medicine Pusher!

### **The Twin Soul Phenomenon**

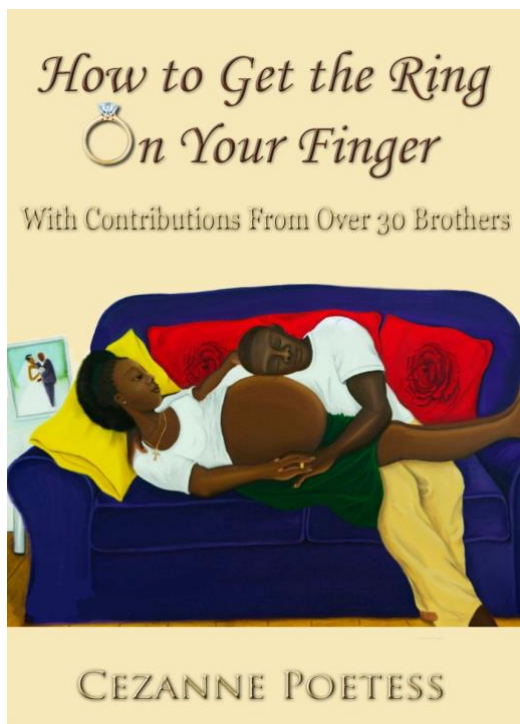
How Suzanne and Charles met in this story was exactly how I met *my* Twin Soul! Are you a Twin? Would you know what to do if you met your Twin Flame?

Download these e-books by visiting [cezannepoetess.uk/ebooks](http://cezannepoetess.uk/ebooks)

## About Cezanne



Learn about the **Colour Therapy** and **Symbolism** used in my paintings! [Get the e-book](#) or borrow it from Amazon's lending library! Includes four paintings not featured in this story.



Are you seeking *marriage* before children, or are you looking to take your relationship to 'Another Level'?

With contributions from over 30 brothers, this book guides you through the whole dating process, helping you climb the ladder to dating success, with the **DIY Arranged Marriage!**

Get the **e-book** from [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com) or [Amazon.co.uk](https://www.amazon.co.uk) (FREE for **Kindle Unlimited Members**) or order the [Paperback](#)



## *About Cezanne*

### **Listen to Poems that feature in Journey of a Sister**

Below are links to where you can listen to my poems and poem-songs on YouTube, unless otherwise specified. To download the mp3's, click 'more' on the videos:

#### **Year One:**

["Look to Me!" \(God's Reply\)](#)

["I Need a MAN!"](#)

#### **Year Two:**

[The Preparation](#)

[Can I Paint You?](#)

[Trust](#)

[Who Am I?'](#)

#### **Year Three:**

[Fertile Soil](#)

[Conversations Within](#)

#### **Year Four:**

[Equilibrium](#)

[Is This...Love?](#)

["I Am What I WILL to Be!"](#) (Audiobook: Year 4 and Soundcloud)

#### **Year Five:**

[Ode to my King Pt. 1](#)

## About Cezanne

### [R U The One?](#)

#### Year Seven:

### [Love Attraction](#)

### [We Belong Together](#)

#### Year Ten:

True Love (Audiobook: Year 10)

#### Year Thirteen

My nephew *Aikes* track 'Closer' features in Year 13, [download it here!](#) (Apple music)



## Help Turn this Story into a Film!

Would you like to see this story on the big screen?

My ultimate goal is to turn *Journey of a Sister* into a movie! In 2019, Errol McGlashan (who helped me edit the First Edition) helped me turn this story into a film script. During the process I wrote some new, exciting scenes, e.g. *Suzanne's First Performance* in Year One, which wasn't in any of the two previous editions! I also wrote my fictional characters into the story, they will all play their parts in the film!

I titled the film script *Melanin Twins*:

About Cezanne

## MELANIN TWINS – the Movie!



The aim is to produce a feature length film to industry standard! Many of our people won't sit and read a book – but they *will* watch a film! Since the subconscious mind responds best to *images*, a film will have a much greater impact than this book ever could, help me turn this dream into a reality!

I'm fundraising to produce a 15-minute trailer with three scenes from this story. This will be used to raise funds for a feature-length film (and to promote the book). If you would like to see **Journey of a Sister** turned into a movie, [send me your contribution via Paypal](#), all amounts are received gratefully! If you would like to be involved in the film project, get in touch: [cezanne@journeyofasister.com](mailto:cezanne@journeyofasister.com) stating your name, skills, and previous experience.

I'm seeking:

## About Cezanne

- Investors
- Black Film-makers
- Script developers
- Actors and Actresses
- Costume designers
- Set designers
- Financial contributions (make a contribution [via PayPal](#))

**Which three scenes from the book would you most like to see in the trailer? [Email me](#) your choice! (Put MELANIN TWINS in the Subject Line)**



### **Watch my Black His-story 365 vlog series!**

In October 2021 I was inspired to write a blog a day for 'Black History Month'. Every morning I had no clue what I was going to write about, I just relied on getting downloads!

I love collecting pictures and memes from the internet, so I already had all the images I needed to illustrate the blogs!

Then in October 2022 I was led to turn them into *videos*, to make it easier for you to digest the in-formation. During the process, I started channeling the Ancestral Mothers *verbally* (whereas before it was only written). They cover topics such as the origins of Christianity, sacred geometry and the bible, who the Black Woman is, the creative power of sexual energy, how the

## *About Cezanne*

enslavement of our ancestors is still affecting us today, and what we can do to heal.

OUR history isn't just for a month, it's 365 days of the year!

### [Watch the Vlog series](#)

You can also read the original Blogs, starting with '[The Bible and Mental Slavery](#)'.



### **References:**

#### **Cezanne's visit to Cape Coast, Ghana:**

Ceremony to Ancestors: <https://youtu.be/ySbjA-DWrEA>

The Door of No Return: <https://youtu.be/S6L6GbkmE9E>

Crossing the Bridges at Kakum National Park:

<https://youtu.be/vQGL2HIBIMU>

#### **Ghana Tours with the Calabash Hub:**

I experienced an amazing 10 day cultural tour with **The Calabash Hub** and highly recommends it! Book your Ghana Tour here:

<http://thecalabashhub.com/ghana-tours/>

Learn basic Twi:

<https://youtu.be/1VRMu-9MfeA>

#### **Further Research:**

Universal Laws: <http://www.nataliakuna.com/the-principle-of-mentalism.html>

An interview with the devil: <https://youtu.be/WbWI6Wj9xDI>

## *About Cezanne*

Post Traumatic Slave Syndrome:

<https://www.joydegruy.com/post-traumatic-slave-syndrome>

Enslavers were paid compensation for the loss of their 'stock'; the descendants of enslaved Africans paid the debt through their taxes:

<https://www.mirror.co.uk/news/uk-news/taxpayers-still-paying-british-slave-12019829.amp>

Short interview with the author of The Willie Lynch Letter:

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=ggXialqUo1Y>

Melanin Documentary with Organic Chemist Carol Barnes:

<https://youtu.be/UZwlQV47zuo>

Melanin, the most powerful substance:

<https://trudreadz.com/2019/09/03/melanin-is-the-most-dominant-substance-in-the-universe-and-were-made-of-it/>

Melanin is worth \$438 a gram - more than gold!

<https://keyamsha.com/2018/02/07/melanin-myth-3-melanin-is-carbon/>

Black Couple have White Baby:

<https://youtu.be/cFdPjDEmlWg>

'Love your dark skin' music video: <https://youtu.be/xFOEX7XbjXo>

10 Ways to Increase Dopamine Naturally:

<https://www.healthline.com/nutrition/how-to-increase-dopamine#section1>

How to reprogram your subconscious mind:

[https://youtu.be/OqLT\\_CNTNYA](https://youtu.be/OqLT_CNTNYA)

Music frequencies have been changed as a weapon of warfare:

## *About Cezanne*

<https://youtu.be/rTJVWCUpJEI>

Music video: **4evermore** by Anthony David (Spot Ebony!)

<https://youtu.be/zQDcJBrLcNQ>

Who's face is on the sphinx? <https://youtu.be/acxKhQoeIAQ>

### **Resources to (Re) Educate our Children:**

Black Scientists & Inventors Books:

<https://www.amazon.co.uk/Black-Scientists-Inventors-Book-1/dp/1903289009>

How to Unlock Your Child's Genius (Online School)

<https://simoneducation.com/>

Black History Website:

<https://www.blackhistory.com/2019/02/charles-richard-patterson-former-slave-first-african-american-making-cars-before-henry-ford.html>



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