

**LISTEN  
TO THE  
ANCESTORS...**

**THEY DESERVE  
TO BE HEARD.**

## **I WAS FALLING, FALLING, FALLING, FALLING.**

Suddenly I was falling into a bright light, a white light, a light brighter than any I had ever seen before. As I fell toward the light, my panic subsided. I was aware that I was going to die, but the fear was gone. As I fell into the light I felt nothing but an overwhelming sense of peace, unconditional love, and pure joy...I kept falling into the light, this time I accepted my fate, looking forward to what or who I would find within the light.

Suddenly, I stopped falling! I slowly opened my eyes and looked around. I saw a host of faces I did not quite recognize. But, they were smiling at me and seemed to encourage me to come forward. I noticed that some of the people looked like me. Finally, a man stepped forward. He was dressed regally in clothes of gold and purple. He held his head high. When he spoke, his voice was so deep it resonated in my chest.

He stepped forward, opened his arms and said, "We've been waiting for you." I wondered how he could have been waiting for me, but I said not a word. His gentle nature and calm demeanor assured me that he meant me no harm. He gestured for me to move toward him. As I did all the others formed a circle around us. He then faced me and said, "There are things you simply must understand."

### **"MY NAME IS KOJO. I AM THE PRINCE OF A PEOPLE WHO LIVED IN WEST AFRICA."**

"We were a proud people—a strong people. Our community was renowned throughout the entire region for the craftsmanship of our artisans. We were doctors, mathematicians, scientists, astrologers, and midwives. We were an ingenious people who worked hard, studied hard, and made a good life for ourselves and for our children. All our ancestors, your ancestors, were revered for their great wisdom, character, and virtue. We were a civilized people with an advanced and humane culture. Children were instructed, men and women worked hard, everyone was loved and nurtured, and we prospered together. We were great! We are great! And we must never be forgotten, for there is strength in knowing from whence you've come."

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**THERE ARE THINGS YOU SIMPLY MUST UNDERSTAND... All our ancestors, your ancestors, were revered for their great wisdom, character, and virtue.**

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He began to shake with an emotion I did not understand...and somehow I actually felt his pain when he bellowed, "Are you ashamed of me?" He threw out his arms encompassing everyone in the circle...It seemed the very ground shook as he cried again, "Are you ashamed of us?" Suddenly, he stepped backward and a woman approached me.

### **"MY GIVEN NAME IS RAHA. IT MEANS HAPPINESS."**

"But, my massa, who loved to hurt me, called me "girl." I was born in Ghana, in West Africa, to a mama and daddy who loved me very much. One day, Africans who were strangers to my village took me from my family, and many others too. We fought, particularly our men, and so many died that day that the dirt ran red. They forced us to march from the North, to the South, and to the ocean.



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**WE FOUGHT... AND SO MANY DIED THAT DAY THAT THE DIRT RAN RED.**

**We were terribly mistreated; I think they wanted us to realize that resistance was futile.**

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There they sold me to white men, who forced me into a dark, damp hole in the bottom of a castle. We were terribly mistreated; I think they wanted us to realize that resistance was futile. After several weeks, I, and everyone with me, was forced through a tiny door that we later called 'The Door of No Return.' We were brought down on the beach even as the sun was rising over the horizon. We were stripped naked, and they branded us. I will never forget the smell of human flesh, the shrieks of pain, and the cries of children. After the branding, they loaded us into massive ships. It was tight. We were pressed up against each other. I could hardly believe what was happening to me—to us! My panic was stuck in my throat. I couldn't swallow. I couldn't breathe. We did not know where we were going! We did not know why this was happening! We did not know what they meant to do with us, but we imagined the worst.



The journey across the ocean was long and difficult. The ocean floor is actually riddled with the bones of our people. Do you know that the sharks even followed our boat? They knew that they would feast as people died of disease, jumped over because they lost the will to live, or were thrown overboard—murdered by the white men—for daring to fight valiantly and to death against our captors. And for those of us who managed to stay in the boat, we watched daily as the strongest and bravest amongst us were beaten—with whips and chains—into submission. After many weeks of these unrelenting horrors, few of us possessed the will or the courage to continue our resistance.

Instead, we concentrated on survival. Those of us who lived through the Middle Passage did so only by sheer determination and an act of the will. Upon arrival, we found that we were in a new land. One by one we were sold to white people, our families were separated, and we were taken to plantations.

Once there we learned the rules quickly. We were never to speak our own languages; if we did we were beaten or worse. It was permissible for the master to rape women in the sight of their husbands, and to beat children near to death in front of their mothers. We were expected—neigh forced—to work sun up to sun down and we were given nothing for our labor, except the worst of anything that was left over. We got scraps of food, scraps of cloth for clothing, scraps of lumber for building. We were always cold or hot, always sick and tired, always burdened and scared. And if we failed to please the master in any way, we were beaten, or our fingers or toes were removed. Often I thought it would be better to die than to endure another day of terror, abuse, neglect, rape, or worse...

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**LOTS OF US MADE A COVENANT, SIGNED IN BLOOD. WE PROMISED TO CHOOSE LIFE EVERY DAY FOR THE SAKE OF OUR UNBORN SEED. AND CHILE, YOU EXIST TODAY BECAUSE OF THAT COVENANT.** *We could not die. We had to live! So, we did some things we were not proud of.*

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But somewhere along the line, I, and many others, made up our minds that we would not die! I would live. Lots of us made a covenant, signed in blood. We promised to choose life every day for the sake of our unborn seed. We remembered the motherland. The ancestors strengthened us day by day. And we knew that we could not die. We could not die. We had to live! So, we did some things we were not proud of. We began to acquiesce to our captivity. We began to beg our men and boys to be obedient, to do as they were told so that they would not be harmed and so that the community would not suffer. We began to do our best to keep peace around the plantation; we just didn't want to make white folks mad. We learned to look down, to shuffle our feet and by extension—to survive. Now all this was not without a price: while we changed our behavior, we didn't change our minds and hearts. We hated the white man—my, how we hated him. And that hate ate us up every day.

But, we had made a covenant. And chile, you exist today because of that covenant. You exist today because every morning I woke up thinking about you. I woke up believing that a day would come when you would be free. I woke up with the hope that one day all of my sacrifices in body, mind, and spirit would be worth it. I imagined that one day you would be successful and prosperous in this land... We held on during the times when hope unborn had died, because we dreamed that one day you would know today.”

Suddenly she could say nothing else. I looked into her old wrinkled face and saw tears freely flowing down her cheeks. She beckoned to a man sitting in the circle. He stepped forward.

### **“I AM FRED,” HE SAID. “I AM THE FREEBORN CHILD OF SLAVES.”**

“I was born after the Great War; I am a product of the Reconstruction. I grew up at a time when coloreds were proud to be free. We built schools, we built churches, we built businesses, and we built community centers. We voted *en masse* and elected the first colored politicians and community leaders. We were strong. We worked together. We believed in each other and in our dreams. We reveled in the joy of freedom. It was scary to some, for they had been told for so long that they were useless and couldn't care for themselves. But most of us recognized what a gift it was to be free, to be citizens in this land at last, and to be able to pursue our full potential. We lived with hope, for a short time...

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**THEN, THE KLAN AROSE.** *I could almost see the cross alight on his property as he held the image in his mind's eye longer than I was comfortable.*

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Then, the Klan arose. They began to hang us from trees, to terrorize us in our homes, to beat back the small advances we had made, to burn down our churches, to steal our dreams..." He looked hopelessly around as if remembering the hanging time, the burning time. I could almost see the cross alight on his property as he held the image in his mind's eye longer than I was comfortable. Then suddenly, he fell back and a young girl appeared.

### ***"I AM SUSAN. MY MAMA AND DADDY MOVED ME FROM FLORIDA TO NEW YORK DURING THE GREAT MIGRATION."***

"They had heard that there was work up North for Colored folks and that if we could just get North, life would be better for us all. So we packed up, and we took ourselves, and our hopes and dreams for a more prosperous future, with us.

Yeah, we were scared...We were full of sorrow as we faced an unknown future. Mostly we were sad because we were leaving the only family we knew. Gramma and Auntie and others would not come with us. But, we left anyway, separating from the ones we knew and loved because we had hope for a better life.

When we got North, we couldn't find nowhere to live. The hustle and bustle and noise of the city was deafening. For the first few nights, we huddled outside, cold and alone. Each day, Daddy went to look for work. It took a few days, but he found some. He also found a friend. That friend allowed us to move in with him and his family; after all, they too were strugglin' to make ends meet.

Mama said that's what the Great Migration was all about. Colored folks helpin' each other. Stickin' together. Making dreams real. So there we were, nine of us in total, all crowded into a two-room flat. But, it was the best any of us could do. The roaches and the rats were a constant nuisance. Somebody was always gettin' sick, and when folks got sick, people got scared. Disease swept through those crowded apartments killing old folks and kids quite regular. My brother Bobbie died like that. He was three years old...



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**MAMA SAID THAT'S WHAT THE GREAT MIGRATION WAS ALL ABOUT.**  
*Colored folks helpin' each other. Stickin' together. Making dreams real.*

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It was rough, but it was better than livin' down South where we had lived in constant fear and where we had been abused on a daily basis. Up North, my neighborhood was filled with colored people, and I knew little of what lay outside. Every day my parents left for work and every night I was grateful for their return. Some of my friends weren't so lucky. Their parents would go to work and return bloody and bruised. Or they wouldn't return from work, and that's when we knew that they had most likely been rounded up and thrown into prison on trumped-up charges. That was the worst! I would watch my friends waiting and hoping for years, until one day their daddies would return thin and rundown from God only knows where. My mama and daddy didn't talk to us kids about all this, but sometimes I would sneak outta my bed at night and hear the grown folks talkin' in bitter voices about degradation and segregation. Oh, how they hated both, but they said they took it because they wanted to provide us children with a home that was a haven, a good education, and a fairly safe neighborhood. Once I heard Mama say, "We don't live always in terror anymore..."

Susan covered her face with her hands and returned to the circle.

Next, a proud woman stepped forward. She looked like she didn't take no mess. I was a little scared of her. She looked so fierce, so strong, so brave. She said to me, "Chile, you like to walk?" I said, "Yes ma'am." She said, "Long, long ways?" I said, "No ma'am." She said, "I'm gonna tell you a tale about the importance of walkin' shoes."

**"MY NAME IS BERNADINE.  
I WAS NANNY TO A FAMILY LIVED IN MONTGOMERY."**

"When I got word in my church that Rosa had been arrested, I was hot. All of us were mad because all of us knew it coulda been us too tired or too determined to get up that day on the bus. Us ladies decided that we would not ride the bus again until we could sit where we wanted to. We got together at the church, we made flyers, and even the men folks got on board. In fact, they liked to take over—talking about they made better leaders..."

She laughed.... "We didn't much care. Long as nobody got on that bus. Not ridin' the bus meant we had to walk and walk and walk to work. We got up nigh 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning walking to our destination. Sometimes kindly white folks in cars would pick us



up, sometimes not. I personally never accepted a ride. The bus boycott, for me, was about the option to walk with dignity, rather than ride in shame. I walked because I wanted people to know that I am a woman. I remember hearing that Mother Pollard had said, 'My feet is weary, but my soul is rested.' I felt the same way...



And do you know what happened? Eventually those laws got changed. I got to ride the bus! I got to sit anywhere I wanted! What a great day! And our movement encouraged others—all over the country—to resist the Jim Crow segregation laws. Now you know racist white folks wasn't happy. The police hosed us colored folks with water, sicced their dogs on us, beat us with billy clubs, choked us with tear gas, but we kept marchin'. And we marched and we marched, putting it all on the line.

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***AND OUR MOVEMENT ENCOURAGED OTHERS—ALL OVER THE COUNTRY—  
TO RESIST THE JIM CROW SEGREGATION LAWS. And do you know what  
happened? Eventually those laws got changed.***

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Finally, in 1965, we won the right to vote! The right to vote, chile! We bled, we suffered, and some of us died so that one day our children would have the right to drink from any fountain, eat in any restaurant, go to the best schools, work on any job, vote in every election, and always, always, become the best they could be.... One of our children, a four year old boy put it like this while he was sitting in jail for the cause: 'I WANT TEE-DOM!"

She looked at me with very sad and disappointed eyes. She stared at me until I looked away, my eyes meeting a very, very, very skinny black man in jeans and a sweatshirt. His skin was tight, his eyes were hollow; he almost looked vacant. As I stared at him, he stared at me. Finally he said, "Would you judge me?" He stepped into the circle.



**"MY NAME IS GERMAINE.  
I AM AN AFRO-AMERICAN BORN IN 1965.  
I DIED IN 1984."**

"I was a cocaine addict. I remember the first time I snorted. I was fifteen years old. My uncle introduced me to that powder, and after that, I lived for it. I stole for it. I lied for it. I suffered beatings for it. I was raped for it. And I killed for it. I was in and out of jail all the time. It seemed almost all the black males I grew up with did the same. We were gang bangers, drug runners, addicts..."

Now, there were a few of us who got out, who survived, who made something of ourselves, and secretly I was proud of them, but for the rest of us—it was hell.

I don't know how I—we—could have sunk so low. Our families were destroyed. Marriage became almost extinct. All the values grandmamma instilled in me went by the wayside in my endless quest for more crack. It consumed me. Day and night I searched for crack, doing anything I had to do. That quick fix kept me alive—or so I thought. Even when I went to jail, it wasn't no problem. That was a status symbol. Folks looked up to me when I came home. And then I was right back at it. Until one night, I got some bad stuff. I—I—knew it the minute I inhaled...But, I just couldn't stop! Somethin's better than nothin', right? I woke up in the light."

Suddenly, I could no longer hear Germaine; there was a tight feeling in my chest! "Oh, Oh, Oh, my God! The light! The light! I'm dead, aren't I?"

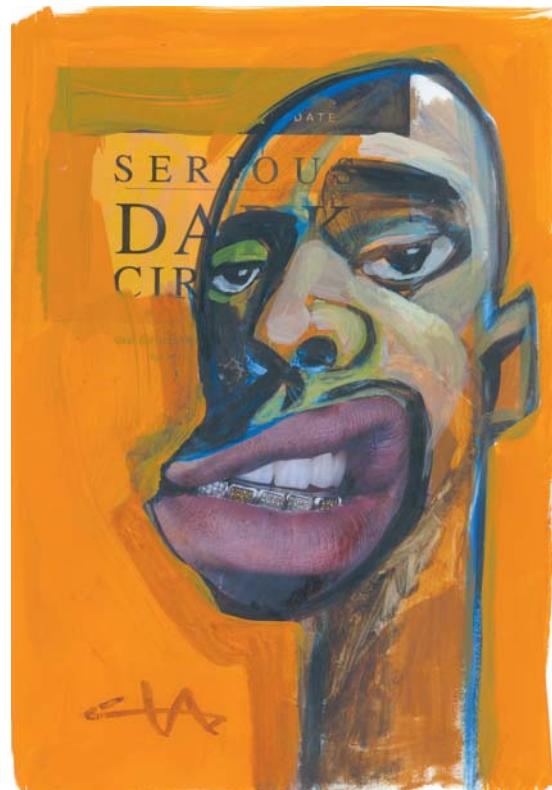
I looked around the circle. Everyone looked at each other a little surprised that I was just remembering that I was dead. Raha came forward again. She said, "Chile. You certainly are dead, but the Creator is going to send you back. We summoned you here today because we love you and we see that you are on a most dangerous and slippery slope that could lead to the destruction of the African American race as we know it. You must go back. You must tell everyone everything that you have learned here. You must carry back the message of the ancestors. You must tell our story." Terror struck as I realized that since entering the light I had been engulfed in love, love I never wanted to leave, not now, not ever.

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**YOU MUST CARRY BACK THE MESSAGE OF THE ANCESTORS. You must tell our story. Terror struck as I realized that since entering the light I had been engulfed in love, love I never wanted to leave, not now, not ever.**

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Raha backed away, as Germaine continued. "Now I see the horror of the drug trade. We viewed it as an alternate economy—a means to bring money into the house. My generation had watched as our parents made a good faith effort to work within the system. On their jobs they were called names, they were paid poorly, and they were always the "last hired, and first fired." That life wasn't for me! It wasn't for no one I knew. We wanted to be able to live without shame; we wanted to be able to afford our hearts' desire; and we wanted to be truly free of white folks and their ways and their economy.



See, we had observed that powerful people had money, and with money you could buy things that would make you feel whole. We wanted some of that. But, now I see that we just went about it all wrong. We didn't want to sacrifice any more. We didn't want to work so hard, and save so little. We wanted what others had...now. We thought we deserved it. Money seemed to be how value was defined, so we didn't care how it came into the house.

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***SEE, WE HAD OBSERVED THAT POWERFUL PEOPLE HAD MONEY AND WITH MONEY YOU COULD BUY THINGS THAT WOULD MAKE YOU FEEL WHOLE.***  
***We wanted some of that. But, now I see that we just went about it all wrong.***

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My God! In our endless quest for more and more stuff, things just spun right out of control for most of us. Out of control meant sellin' drugs. Out of control meant sellin' our bodies. Out of control meant sellin' our very souls...

I guess that's why we were so down on school, too. It interfered with our quest for fast money and our desire for liberation from the white man. You know I, and the kids I grew up with, were the ones who integrated those suburban schools. We got up at five o'clock in the morning, half sleep, just to catch the bus! We went to schools an hour away from home full of white folks—adults and children—many of them hostile to our very presence there. Day in and day out we tried to do what our parents asked of us. We tried to make those suburban schools work. But, we saw how white kids were favored. We saw how they got called on for everything. We saw the hate, or pity, or disappointment in the eyes of our teachers. They told us we were dumb and that we needed to attend special education classes. Not so! We just got tired of playing the game... So, many of us dropped out, pursued the fast life, made babies we weren't prepared to raise, and got caught up in the revolving door that led us from home to prison and back again.

I really wish I knew then what I know now. Prison ain't no rite of passage. Casual sex with someone I picked up at the club did not ever provide me with the love that I was so desperately seeking..." Shoulders still drooped, he stumbled back, and I knew he was finished. Raha had let him speak and his voice had been choked with shame and with regret.

Then the voice of Raha was heard: "Child, we see you struggling. We see you frustrated, angry, hopeless. We see you eatin' such a poor diet. We see you beatin' your kids and telling your children "you ain't nothing and you ain't never gonna be nothing!" We see your chil'ren dropping out or failing out of school. We see our precious babies having babies. We listen to your music and watch your dance. It pains us to see you shaking your butts, baring your bodies, takin' part in promiscuous sex all because you desperately want to feel unconditionally loved in this world—if only for one brief moment in time. That's why so many young girls is making babies befo' they time too. They think that if they have a child, they will finally have somebody who will unconditionally love them.

Next Fred came forward asking, "And what is going on with this 'bling-bling' culture? It's destroying us. Seems to me black men are afraid that they will fail to provide for their families, so they don't make none. Instead, they callin' themselves "daddy" to babies made from two, three, four different mamas. How can you be a daddy if you don't take responsibility for your seed? Daddy is a title that is earned: if you don't earn it—you're just somebody's father. All this is a shame, I tell you!"

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***SEEMS TO ME BLACK MEN ARE AFRAID THAT THEY WILL FAIL TO PROVIDE FOR THEIR FAMILIES; SO THEY DON'T MAKE NONE. Instead, they callin' themselves "daddy" to babies made from two, three, four different mama's.***

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Next, I heard a voice that sounded familiar, yet I couldn't see from whom it came. Before I could figure it out on my own, my grandfather moved into my line of sight.



***GRANDDADDY SAID,  
“HOW COULD THIS HAVE HAPPENED?  
WHY HAVE YOU ALLOWED YOURSELVES TO BE  
DIVIDED AND CONQUERED?”***

“Are you still waiting for white folks to say, “I’m sorry?” I ached to reach out and hold my grandfather. My heart jumped for I loved him and missed him so, but he held up both of his hands and I understood that while he could not physically embrace me, he was certainly holding me in his heart...

Granddaddy stood next to me as Bernadine began to speak. She said, “My Goodness! Don’t you know...Don’t you know that these behaviors have their very roots in our time as slaves, and the brutal decades that followed? I want you to know that the hearts of so many ancestors, who sacrificed so much to bring you to today, and the ancestors before them, back to the dawn of time, cry out in anguish. During slavery time, the ancestors did what they had to do to survive, knowing that a day would come when their seed would be free! Remember, you come from strong stock and the ancestors have never and will never abandon you. They have always been present, ready, and willing to offer you more support than you could ever need. But hear this! That was for then, not for today. We beg you—all of us—to stop living by the survival rules we crafted during slavery and the brutal decades that followed!

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***DON’T YOU KNOW THAT THESE BEHAVIORS HAVE THEIR VERY ROOTS IN OUR TIME AS SLAVES, AND THE BRUTAL DECADES THAT FOLLOWED?***  
***We beg you—all of us—to stop living by the survival rules we crafted during slavery and the brutal decades that followed!***

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Understand, we beat our children so that white folks wouldn’t. We learned to give our children “shootin’ eyes.” One look that would stop ‘em in their tracks if they were in danger of upsettin’ someone who would hurt them bad. We told our kids that they wouldn’t be nothing, so that they wouldn’t dare to dream dreams that would get them tortured or killed. We imagined that education was for “white folks only” to protect them from bitter disappointment, hurt, and rejection. We ate the feet and tail and intestines of the pig, cause that’s all we had. We were divided and conquered by the white man—light skinned against dark, house workers against field—so that we would fight each other instead of our rightful enemy!

We had little power over our destinies and that sense of helplessness sowed in us a seed of nihilism that eventually caused us to view ourselves, and everyone else with black skin, as worthless. We fried our hair, hated our hips, and lips, and thighs, and bleached our skin... trying to mitigate the pain.

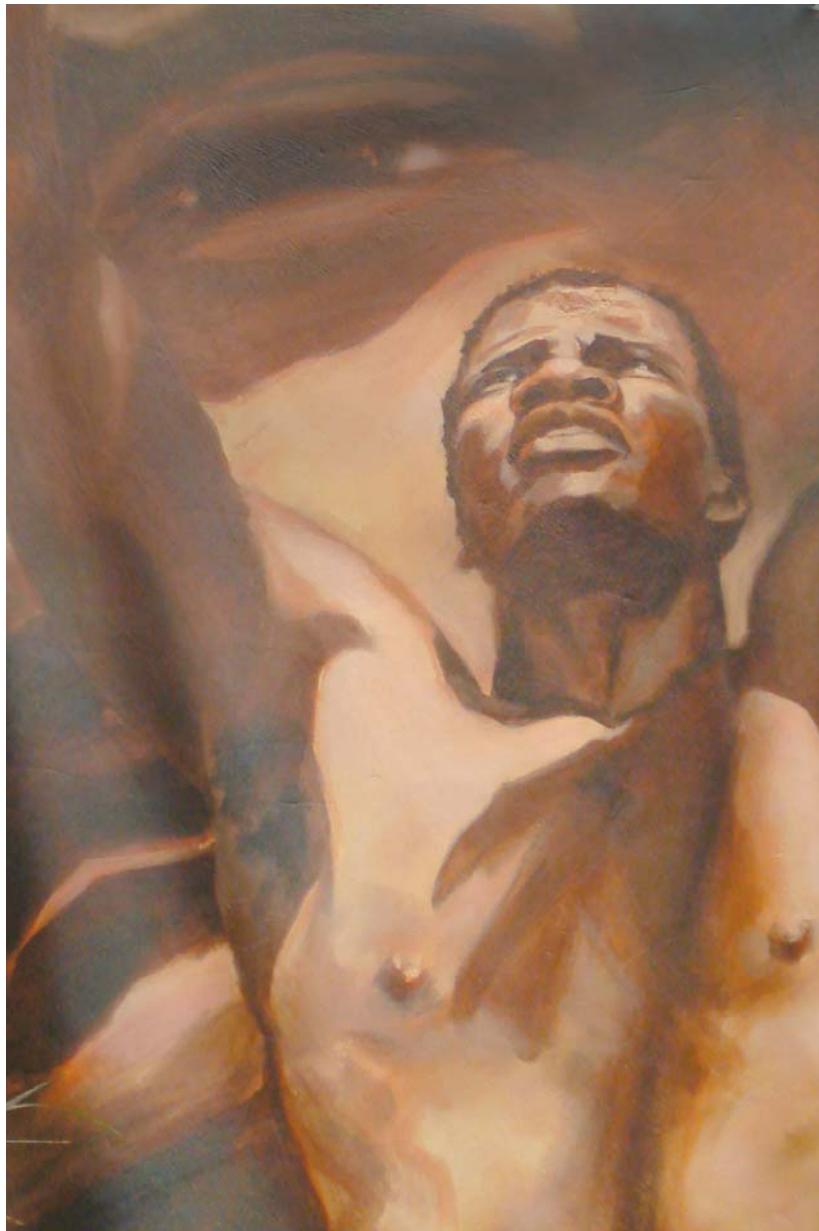
We couldn’t even help each other, except to endure, and we couldn’t lash out at white people, so our anger was focused on ourselves and on each other. We lashed out in a way that said Black life was cheap, for we saw it being abused all the time. Living in fear, disappointment, shame, and forced submission made us do crazy stuff to ourselves and to each other. We did what we felt we had to do to bring you to today. But, let me ask you chile: why in God’s name are you all still acting like this now? Why are you still living as if you have no hope, no dreams, and no aspirations? Why are you living like you ain’t got no ancestors, no God?!

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***BUT, LET ME ASK YOU CHILE, WHY IN GOD’S NAME ARE YOU ALL STILL ACTING LIKE THIS NOW? Why are you still living as if you have no hope, no dreams, and no aspirations? Why are you living like you ain’t got no ancestors, no God?!***

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Remember, a covenant was made with you hundreds of years ago. Your ancestors chose life, so that you might live. They chose to live slave, so that you could one day live free. They endured hardship, so that you could know today! Knowing, Trusting, Believing that if they were strong enough to endure, you would one day return dignity, nobility, and joy to our people.

I know what was done to us was wrong.... I know we still sufferin' the consequences. I know the white man hurt us, hurt us bad. I know we got some bad stuff, bad habits, hurtin' places in our guts, wrong thinkin' in our minds...but you can overcome it. You must overcome it."

Once again Grandfather spoke, "Grandbaby, please, please go back. Tell everybody that those self-destructive behaviors are nothing but the negative mental legacies from slavery and days past. We understand that you are traumatized by our history in the United States. We understand that you have high hills to climb. But, by God, you've got to make up your minds to start climbin'!"

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**TELL EVERYBODY THAT THOSE SELF-DESTRUCTIVE BEHAVIORS ARE NOTHING BUT A NEGATIVE MENTAL LEGACY FROM SLAVERY AND DAYS PAST.** Now is the time to stop allowing our past to be so all consuming and to start using your energy to build up a glorious future. Now is the time for you to empower yourselves.

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As I looked over at Bernadine, she continued to speak. "Now is the time to stop allowing our past to be so all-consuming and to start using your energy to build up a glorious future. Now is the time for you to empower yourselves. You've got to stop being your own worst enemies. You've got to start acting like you love yourself and love your children and love your children's children yet to come. You've got to remember the covenant. Every generation lives, does the best that they can, makes sure that their children have more opportunity than they had, so that when opportunity comes, somebody will be ready to kick open doors previously closed to us and every able-bodied person can rush through! Listen: love each child like they are life itself, protect and teach and nurture them, surround them with folks who care about them. This is your heritage!"

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**LISSEN, LOVE EACH CHILD LIKE THEY ARE LIFE ITSELF, PROTECT AND TEACH AND NURTURE THEM, SURROUND THEM WITH FOLKS WHO CARE ABOUT THEM.** You can do this for your children.

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You can do this for yourselves. You can do this for your children. Don't wait for white folks to apologize. It ain't comin.' Reparations? Of course our people deserve them, and one day they may come, but don't you count on it. Count on yourself! Count on your wisdom! Count on your creativity! Count on your strength!"

As Bernadine quieted, Susan began to speak, "Know your history, feel the power and strength and love of it. This will empower you to recognize that you now have the freedom and power to carve out the reality that you choose for yourself. Support each other's work. Invest in each other's dreams. Be your own best friends. Cooperate and make something of yourselves. Let go of the negative mental legacies of slavery. They have no value today. Let them go and you will set yourself free...really free...the free, we, your ancestors, dreamed for you."

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**BE YOUR OWN BEST FRIENDS. COOPERATE AND MAKE SOMETHING OF YOURSELVES. LET GO OF THE NEGATIVE MENTAL LEGACIES OF SLAVERY.** They have no value today.

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Germaine began to speak hesitantly yet urgently in my direction. "Go now! Go now and tell all that you've been told. We chose you because we believe that you will faithfully deliver our message. Nowadays, I see that messages can easily be transmitted. Use your newspaper, your radio, your e-mail, your fax, your cell phone, and your world wide web.... Print, copy, and electronically distribute our words. Perform them in schools, churches, and community centers. Tell everyone what we have shared with you."

Grandfather looked me right in the eyes. I could tell that this final message would be the most important. He said, "Tell them this. It comes straight from our Creator; it is the secret of life: Love begets love, and evil begets evil. And love will always overcome evil when loves acts to. Yet evil always acts, while love often waits. While a life is just a moment in time without a proper name, the only choice is to enhance or to harm."

Love, love deeply, and know that love is an action word. What good does it do to love if you can't act out love selflessly, nor speak it one to another? Love is the weapon, and dignity is the prize. For the sake of every ancestor who ever lived, and each who ever will be, create a culture of love!



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**LOVE BEGETS LOVE, AND EVIL BEGETS EVIL. And love will always overcome evil when love acts to. Yet evil always acts, while love often waits.**

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Your time is now! Live lives of joy, and love, and positive accomplishment, of high character, the highest virtue, and exceptional values. It's in your genes; it's the essence of who you are. Empower yourselves with love. Create a healing community of love and you will thrive beyond your wildest dreams."

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**LIVE LIVES OF JOY, AND LOVE, AND POSITIVE ACCOMPLISHMENT, OF HIGH CHARACTER, THE HIGHEST VIRTUE, AND EXCEPTIONAL VALUES. Empower yourselves with love. Create a healing community of love and you will thrive beyond your wildest dreams."**

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As I nodded my head with understanding, my Grandfather, who had filled my line of sight, began to disappear. Again, a white light surrounded me. To my dismay, I felt myself being gently guided back through the light. I awakened to the gentle beeping of machines and of doctors and nurses standing around me.... And then I heard someone say,

**"WE'VE GOT A HEARTBEAT..."**



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