

Ahava Mama

BEYOND AFRICAN





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PROLOGUE

I was born with this deep seated longing for family. Those who outstand me, love me, value and care for me & vice versa. I grew up in black culture, a culture with roots in divisiveness and enslavement. I was a spoiled fruit from a diseased tree with damaged roots.

I witnessed and experienced so much that broke my heart and crushed my spirit. All males were supposed to protect me and all females were supposed to love me. Time and time again, my heart was broken by the reality that black people were a danger to themselves and each other. My sensitive soul was devastated, and I soon gave up on love and family. I didn't feel safe in any space. I didn't feel that I belonged. I had no sense of value, worth, or identity-and it all began at home.

In college, I decided to become a social worker, a high school counselor & community mentor who hosted various workshops and ran afrocentric community centers. I wanted to change the world for my people, and for myself as well. Though, through both my studies and intimate experiences, I saw that the system wasn't going to change and it wasn't my place to change it. I realized that healing our broken families must be priority, not changing a functioning system to make it more comfortable. I realized that my role was to heal myself, and to create a harmonious family that truly mirrored the power and glory of my people.

I was soon blessed, and some will say cursed, on my journey forward onto a more natural path to be placed in spaces where I can observe the plight of humanity, specifically the plight of our families as displaced indigenous people; spaces where I could observe myself and address the patterns, behaviors and cycles that harm our families and ruin our communities. I had to revisit my childhood and adolescent experiences. I had to relive and analyze my own life experiences. I walked through a true valley of shadows. In this valley, I met many souls and mingled with their shadows as well- not just my own. I saw the collective darkness of black people, and my heart grew weary.

Throughout this experience, I now see that I cultivated a habit of living inauthentically and dishonoring what I know to be true in my heart as a form of self sacrifice. I truly embodied a mode of operation through which I was overly generous and understanding, denying myself the right to feel, think and speak on behalf of myself (in terms of what I knew intuitively) when I was clearly being used as a host for demons to feed upon. I truly began to feel for my people, and could only submit to the desire to reverse the disharmony I felt and saw around me coming up; so much so that I just wanted to save everyone who came into my life expressing their desire to be free from the wiles of an unnatural system- just like me. As a natural and intuitive psychologist, the troubles of others went unspoken yet the roots clearly seen. And as wise and intelligent as I actually am, with the awareness of this alleged system being an intricate manifestation of our own internal processes, I still fell low to the demon of false sacrifice.

I started this journey to heal myself, to grow and mature spiritually, and to create a family that is healthy, secure and strong. I initially set out to create and nurture a life of simplicity, void of the spiritual confusion and emotional dysfunction that defines displaced indigenous people. Yes, this is an experience I wish to share. I still value family, and I see indigenous people thriving communally amongst the land. However, I did not intend to make a home of hell, allowing others to use me as their staircase into heaven and defecating on me once they reach.

I came to free myself, and to be myself as an indigenous human. I didn't realize just how much I had been trying to force relationships, subjecting myself to certain treatment out of naivety and even desperation to relate to those who seemingly had a similar mindset as me. This journey has taught me the value in developing a keener sense of discernment & trusting my intuition, even when it makes me uncomfortable.

The truth is, we have so much work and healing to do as a people, and there are levels. I spoke on this in my book, the Resurrection of Zion Volume 1, and it is even more clear to me now than ever before. We all have growing to do, and it's all an inside job. We can't depend on an unnatural system, or other people, to do our work. We have to purge and decolonize our spirits as indigenous people. Until then, our families and communities- the indigenous family as a whole- will remain divided. When I wrote that book, I wasn't aware that I would manifest every experience to confirm exactly what I wrote, and every experience to expose my own levels of colonial thinking.

I've learned so much about myself, as I intended and prayed for. As the rising Matriarch of my maternal bloodline, I've been able to identify the primary cause of many generational patterns in which all of my foremothers are releasing through me. I realized that my issue and disgust with selfishness in others; my issue with people seemingly being all for themselves at my expense; & my issue with people viewing me as a ticket into their idea of heaven is a mirror of a faulty spiritual foundation. I realized how much shame has been embedded into my heart, and the collective heart of the mothers of humanity, causing me to carry myself in ways inauthentic to me and destructive to my spirit.

There are so many experiences on this journey that have shown me parts of myself that were easy to see, yet hard to acknowledge. With all of it, I place emphasis on how my spiritual foundation had not been strong. And, now, with my womb expanding to nurture new life, I feel my heart is yearning to nurture myself in ways that seem foreign to not only me, but to every mother who birthed me to ensure that I never self destruct as I truly nurture a strong family.

I didn't start this journey for praise, acknowledgement, or to follow any trend. It just so happens that the truth written in my heart is a universal one. I did embark on this journey to liberate myself from the demonic spirits that have made a feeding ground of indigenous people, and made us rot, spoil and decompose until we turned black. I also, in some way, wanted to be of value to my people.

In this process, it was revealed to me how much I had been feeding certain spirits, as there was a point where I literally sat in darkness for months. I wanted, and still hope for, my people- brown, eumelanated, indigenous people- to be free. But, how ironic is it that I began to see how enslaved I was while hoping to free everyone else?

This journey hasn't been all bad; it's a beautiful transformative experience. I can't bring myself to speak on anything that appears as a loss because the truth is that I have gained something so beautiful. Aside from restoring my authenticity and reclaiming my roots, I have gained a husband who genuinely loves and cares for me, and our love for ourselves and the restoration of humanity, has created a love seed that will be the fruit of our labor. Our journey together is ordained and healing for the both of us. It always has been this way, from the moment we came together and I finally see that I got exactly what I prayed for- a beautiful family. It took much experience, trials and tribulations to reach this point to genuinely admit and acknowledge any of this. While I still hope & intend to expand, right now, my focus is on nurturing harmony, balance and appreciation within my heart as I transition into motherhood. We are still building our family and community spaces, though I am more focused on the foundation than I was before. Our foundation, our roots, is what makes us strong, sturdy, durable and long lasting. Our roots are what sustain us.

I share this testimony as an introduction to this book to acknowledge the journey of black people, who are simply indigenous people who have been stripped of and even abandoned their roots. This book, *Beyond African*, speaks of my experience living on holy land, the Godtinent of Africa, and how I have been able to see the correlation between my seemingly harsh view of unnatural systems, the collective demons of black people, and the reclamation of my indigenous roots.

It is my hope that this book, through intimate introspective memoirs, that the reader is able to remember who they are beyond the limits of the modernization of an ancient spirit. I hope to share with the reader my outersanding of ideas of identity and purpose, the unseen reality of repatriation, and more. It is my hope that the reader is open to embracing that of their true purpose, indigenou sovereignty, and natural identity beyond being slaves; beyond being black; and even beyond being African.

I hope you enjoy.

BEYOND AFRICAN

by Ahava Mama

EXPRESSING PURPOSE THROUGH CULTURAL IDENTITY

Every living being on the earth has a purpose. The purpose of every living organism, in fact, is riddled all throughout their anatomy and physiology. This purpose and the processes through which the being expresses said purpose is what happens to give each organism a sense of worth, value and belonging within the vast ecosystem of the land. This is what we call Identity, which can change based on one's ability and willingness to surrender to environmental adaptation.

When I think of my experience here on the land that is known as Africa, including my intentions here and those of others even, I can only ask one question. So-called Black people from the western world, who do they think they are?

I ask this question rhetorically because I know the answer. Black people, from the west specifically, have no sovereign identity. They don't know who they truly are beyond their adaptation to blackness. Their identity is an extension of the cultural programming of the western, European society. Everything that they do, think and feel is rooted in colonialism, and they take this with them everywhere that they go- especially so-called Africa.

My experience in so-called Africa is unique to me, and it shows me all of who I once thought I was, who I wanted to be, and who I actually am. My purpose and identity have proven to be rooted in something different than I ever thought or imagined.

I did not come here with the intentions to build and develop a new Africa, to save and teach the native people, or to merge and assimilate to the existing cultures here. I feel that it is very disrespectful to the land and to the people of the land to harbor this mindset. Though, I also find that many Black people who find themselves in Africa come with these intentions, doing a huge disservice to themselves and the essence of Life here.

I feel that many come with this mindset because their identity is entwined with the colonial system and culture of the west. They are coming from a place where they see themselves as inferior, and feel as though they can be more valuable on the Godtinent than in the west. This is dangerous. Due to a lack of value, worth, and genuine belonging within the western society, they are projecting their worthlessness onto a people whom they say they come from and seek to become One with.

When I observe the people of Africa, my heart fills with both admiration and disgust. I admire them for their tenacity, their resilience, and resourcefulness. I become disgusted when I see their ignorance, their full submission to unnatural systems, and their lack of natural vision. I realize that many of the people do not see value in what they have; they think very lowly of themselves, and very highly of the educated and wealthy. They do not see or know their true worth or value. They do not see how wealthy they truly are. They are becoming more open, and some have completely surrendered, to the destruction of their original identity. And my heart fills with rage when I see Black people from the west come here to further this agenda in the name of development and repatriation.

My intention and hopes to secure land and create a small community of loveminded, lovespirited people is not rooted in colonial thought. It is not my family's intention to fully assimilate to the existing cultural systems. We do not intend to isolate ourselves from the people either. We simply aim to create our own cultural expression, and give ourselves our own identity as sovereign creators. It is important, coming from a cultural environment that has demeaned and stripped us away from our indigenous roots, that we create something for ourselves that we can wholeheartedly identify with and healthily attach ourselves to. Within this, still, we can engage respectfully and lovingly with the people of other surrounding traditional cultural communities. We can build bonds, relationships, and networks with them without stripping them or ourselves of our cultural autonomy. And in all of this, we are reminding them that they are valuable and need not surrender to the ways of the western or European world.

My purpose in Life is not to be seen as anything special. I do not desire to be seen, validated, accepted, or approved of in the majority's eyes. My purpose is no longer rooted in the necessity to rebel against colonialism, taking extreme measures by attaching my identity to certain ideologies and practices to make myself feel liberated, worthy and valuable. My purpose is to simply be who I am, as an indigenous person. And if I am to venture into any form of advocacy or community work, it is simply from the space of encouraging other indigenous peoples to remain firm in their own identity and purpose as indigenous peoples.

I find that my heart only fills with a sense of value if and when I remind other indigenous people of the land that they are valuable, and that their cultural identity and expressions are royally ordained. I find my heart, again, filling with rage and disgust when the Black people of the west project a view of poverty and marginalization onto the natives here. I may sometimes even feel this way more towards them than I do towards so-called White people. In fact, I view them all the same as they share the same mind and spirit.

Based on their thought processes, speech and deeds, I see the purpose of Black people clearly. Even when they dress in dashikis and traditional cloths, become fluent in the local languages, and even put their children into local schools, I see colonization wreaking from their spirits. I see the spirit of their colonial masters as they find joy in teaching the people English, encouraging the people to embrace capitalism, bringing the people modernization through various avenues, and overall preaching to the people the gospel of a developed and evolved Africa that somehow upholds the sacredness of the land without being "primitive".

It's disgusting how some Black people will literally feel worthless, without purpose, and without value if they are not bringing what they perceive to be as evolution, development and progression to the land that literally sustains the entire population of the Earth; the land of the people who literally gave birth to every system that exists in modern culture. There is nothing that anyone can bring to this land and it's people that they haven't been embracing since beyond modern time. There is nothing new that can be taught to them to make them better or to improve the quality of their existence. Though, this is the purpose of black people. To colonize in the name of service, just as the missionaries. And as long as their identity is directly linked to the cultural programming of the west, they will attempt to colonize every corner of the Earth that they touch- just as their so-called colonial masters did.

In reality, no one is special in terms of having a purpose that is geared towards changing the world and being a service to humanity. Humanity has served itself death and spiritual deterioration through such egotism. The truth is simple.

We are as valuable as we see the land, its natural processes, and its true people to be. And until we see the native people, until we see ourselves, as intricate components of a highly advanced ecosystem that updates itself as needed without our help, we will continue to lock ourselves away from the kingdom of Heaven- all while living under the false pretense of living in a purposeful way that will grant us access to it.

THE KARMIC RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN BLACKS, BANTUS, AND THE INLIVEGENUS

I've lived in and visited several so called countries, or colonies, on the Godtinent, and have immersed myself within the many different cultures here. However, despite the variety within cultural diversity, something that I have been observing is the psychology and behavior of Bantu people in comparison to that of Black people in the west.

According to modern DNA testing programs, Black people in the west have a significantly large percentage of Bantu blood and origin. Of course, these programs and results are closely related to the different accounts of history that have heavily contributed to the ongoing identity crisis and plight of so called Black people in the US.

Black people in the west, specifically in the United States, have a very hard existence which is expressed on two sides of the spectrum. Since I see Black culture as nothing more than a slave culture, or subculture within colonialism, I liken this observation to that of life on a plantation.

On one side of the spectrum, there are Black people who carry the spirit of field slaves. Life is incredibly hard and rough for them. They likely live in heavily impoverished neighborhoods and communities, ghettos, projects, and poor country rural areas that wreak heavily of the essence of America's first colonial settlements and plantations. On the other side of the spectrum, there are house slaves and overseers. These are the Uncle Toms and Uncle Ruckuses; the ones who have accepted that they are slaves, yet have been so obedient to Massa that they have worked their way into Massa's good graces via economical, educational and occupational opportunities. Some of them were born as field slaves, while the rest were born in the big house. Runaways can even fit into this group, as their fate is determined by how they decide to operate once off of the field.

What the whole of these groups have in common is their spiritual, emotional and mental submission to the colonial system. This behavior is representative of the genetic coding that links the average Black person in America to Bantu people in Africa. When I observe Bantu people, it has been very difficult to distinguish any difference between the thought processes of them and those of the colonial masters who settled on the Godtinent; those who are deemed responsible for the enslavement and genocide of indigenous communities. When observing Bantu people through living amongst them and studying historical events such as the Bantu expansion & the transatlantic slave trade, my heart became weary as the karmic plight of Black people in the west became more clear.

There are so many questions surrounding the conditions and experiences of black people in the United States. One on hand, why is the black experience in America so deadly? On the other, my question is why do black people in America seem to be the furthest and deepest into the sunken place, stuck in their ways with seemingly no desire, will or drive to rise? What led to the enslavement of black people, the experience that led to their current state today? Who are Black people? Who were they before enslavement?

Black people are indigenous people who have been stripped of any sense of identity. Black people are a people who see themselves with no roots beyond enslavement. Living on the Godtinent amongst different communities, and closely observing the thought processes of those whose who identify as pan african, diasporan, or repatriates, I see majority of people who surrender to an urge to relocate to so called Africa as the lost children of indigenous people who are searching for any source to relate to; seeking to remember themselves before becoming enslaved in a foreign land and yearning for a sense of belonging within various cultural environments. Black people are simply trying to find themselves outside of black culture and return to their origins, the origins in which their identity and purpose for existing was righteously defined.

Black people are also Bantu, and Bantus are also the children of the indigenous. Bantus are the rebels. Bantus are likened to house slaves, those who surrendered to a spirit of powerlessness and would rather submit to being colonialists who will enslave and even murder their own to reassert themselves as powerful. This behavior, displayed throughout the Bantu expansion and even the transatlantic slave trade, is the behavior that led to the enslavement of Bantu/Black people in the Americas & the Carribean.

The bantu expansion is nothing to be proud of. There is nothing honorable about enslaving and murdering your own indigenous ancestors in the name of power and dominance. This behavior is the karma being paid by black people in the west.

This is why so many of us born in the west, myself included, have such a distinguished and unique journey as it pertains to releasing trauma, decolonization, and finding our identity and purpose before enslavement.

As for the indigenous, who are they?

BLACKS SEEKING IDENTITY THROUGH REPATRIATION

Repatriation is an idea and movement that is widespread and unavoidable it seems, especially while living on these lands where the repat community is ever growing. Even if I don't personally identify as a repatriate myself, I am sure it is inevitable for ones to place me inside of that category just as they would categorize me as a rasta based on my hair, a PanAfrikanist based on my advocacy for this land, or Christian and even Hebrew Israelite based on my "beliefs".

It is seemingly inevitable, if one is not sure of one's own identity and purpose from a strictly indigenous perspective, to get lost within an identity crisis. I feel that many embrace this idea of repatriation and returning to so called Africa with the mindset of nurturing a lost and stolen identity that will be somehow restored by immersing oneself in the existing cultural environments. This is why we see many attempts to assimilate, merge and find a sense of belonging within the many existing cultures. They simply attempt to submit to the ways of the people to fit in, and many have found joy in this as it has granted them a sense of purpose, identity and communal belonging that they didn't have before in the west- without realizing that even some of the modern African traditions also have European or colonial influence. I've also found that many have had rude awakenings and been faced with disappointment when realizing that this African identity and mind that they are attempting to attach themselves to is not welcoming in such a way. These people, with eyes to see, can attest to the uprooting of a true identity within even "continental Africans" due to colonialism and modernization.

There is so much to observe, and even so much to say about the identity crisis of Black people. I can't help but to ask the simple question, "who are we?" As uncomfortable and extreme as it may sound, everything about so called Black people and how we express ourselves is centered around colonialism. The way that we think, what we think, how we speak including the language, our mannerisms, habits, and how we approach Life overall has its roots grounded in a culture and way of being that is not of our original nature. And, I am aware that we have collectively found a way to adapt and find joy in these behaviors and traditions. I am also aware that not everyone has found value in complete disintegration and decolonization of the Black, and even the so called African, mind-even if it appears as so. Though, through this idea of repatriation, I see the effort and desire of many to escape and fill the void that colonialism has created.

I seem to place an emphasis on the reality of my intentions, perspectives, and experiences here on this land being different from majority. Although there is the presence of a desire to learn and find more of myself, it is not coupled with the desire to fit in and be accepted as an African. I have traveled amongst this land and its people, and have definitely been faced with the reality that I am not one of them as they see themselves today.

To them, I am white and rich.

To them, I am American and spoiled.

To them, I am a slave with no culture.

To them, one of them I will never be- no matter how much I assimilate and take on their ways.

To them, I have no true ties to this land or the many cultures that thrive here.

And none of this actually hurts or disappoints me because to me, I am not Black, American, or African. So, where does that leave me?

While I am able to pull inspiration from all angles and open my heart to which parts of myself I can embrace, discard, refine and simply acknowledge via the mirrors of the land and its people, what I am truly left with is the responsibility to fill an identifiable void that only I can fill via the creative will and force that dwells within all of creation. I am faced with a beautiful, yet extremely challenging opportunity to create an identity of my own.

I do not wish to be Black. I do not wish to be African. I do not wish to be whatever the world has taught me that I am or must be. None of these cultures, ideas, or labels truly define me. They never have, even when I convinced myself that that was all that I could ever be. And yes, for me, to be Black or African is to be a slave. Both groups, in my view, have submitted to colonial ways.

And while I am on this land, as a so-called repatriate, I am not returning to Africa. I am seeking refuge within my indigenous soul and finding meaning through the true nature of the land itself. I am finding and creating a better me; a me that thrives outside of both the deterioration of the native spirit and the despair of Black people.

GAINING REPARATIONS THROUGH RECLAIMING NATURAL SOVEREIGNTY

I am completely against the notion that so called white people owe us, so-called Black people or displaced indigenous people, anything. They are not obligated to provide repayment of any sort. I also don't feel that so called Black people are entitled to any systematic form of repayment, even if they feel that they are the ones who truly built and made the structure of the western system functional.

What I do feel, and know, is that we are indigenous natives and the original people to inhabit the Earth. Everything that exists on Earth, specifically within the nature of the land, is for us. There isn't a single location that we are limited to, as far as having access to the richness and wealth within nature.

When it comes to modern resources, systems, and paperwork to declare sovereignty and claim inheritances/reparations, 400 acres and a mule isn't enough. Everything is for us. Every bank loan, student loan, grant, stimulus check, and other subsidiary governmental supplements are all for us. Those are forms of reparations, as we take what was ours to begin with.

As far as the purchasing of land, there is a high probability of those of us who have reclaimed a certain level of our spiritual sovereignty to not be involved in such dense exchanges. In fact, since being on this journey, I have witnessed my husband manifest acres of land without paying a penny. I have witnessed native Chiefs offer him land with no contract of financial exchange.

True reparations are acquired via the reclamation of our spiritual identity, and through the clearing of certain karmic debts and releasing of ancestral traumas. True reparations aren't limited to what can be given, and what we expect to be given, to us by the governments.

All in all, there is nothing in the world, and nothing singularly on Earth besides the Earth itself, that truly amounts to what belongs to us. And, truly, there is no one who owes it to us. We owe it to ourselves.

THE PLIGHT OF THE INLIVEGENUS

Indigenous people are not black.

We are not Bantu.

Indigenous people are even beyond African, as we have existed here before this land had such a name.

We are natural people, the first of God's children, and many of the modern cultures and concepts that exist today are foreign to us. But we are not exempt from judgement nor do we condemn, as we are who birthed all africans, bantus, and black people. We were the first people to exist in the garden of Eden, and there is where we went outside of natural order. Our desire for flesh is what triggered the karmic relationship, as per natural law, between us and our rebellious children. This is why, today, we are also suffering at the hands of governments and exiled from our natural home. We are imprisoned for foraging and gathering in the bush that birthed us. We are imprisoned for hunting, unless it is for the benefit of those who have claimed this land as their own and employed us to work their farms. We are also being killed by governments if we encourage our children and families to remain at home in the bush. We are treated as circus animals, and people exchange large amounts of their money to take photos of us. We, too, have found ourselves- the first people of the Earth- begging governments for recognition and rights. What is more sad is the reality that some of us have become complacent and submissive, turning away completely from the ways of our origins and submitting to these governments- governments created by our own children. Our culture, our identity, and all of which is the birthing center of humanity is being wiped away.

This is our reality of life once exiled from the garden.

My journey on this land has been one of profound revelation, realization and remembrance. I know many people who have watched some of my videos on YouTube in regards to so-called Africa and it's colonial presence have strong dispositions towards me and my thought process. It is not enough to stop me from being and growing as both the indigenous mother and daughter that I know myself to be.

I've had the honor to be around the people of my origins. I am especially honored to now be partnered with Kuru, one of the most popular and influential NGOs in Africa as an advocate for the Earth's oldest people and the parents of humanity- the San Bushmen.

I am not a person who promotes or supports the antics or agendas of any political party. I do not support politics at all, for that matter. So, it makes my heart smile to know that my efforts and contributions, in terms of advocacy, are moreso aligned with encouraging the people to remember and stand firmly in their true essence and power; encouraging them to see themselves as rich and wealthy, not poor and marginalized. I do not encourage lobbying, protesting, or the begging of courts and governments for recognition or rights. Only people with no roots, identity, sense of worth, sense of value or purpose do such things.

It truly breaks my heart to see such a beautiful people subject to such treatment, and no one is talking about it. No one truly knows the true plight of indigenus people, humanity's first people. Yet, everyone sees the parallel reality being expressed and experienced through Black people in the west. These parallel realities show me, and remind me, of my own karmic disposition as a displaced indigenus person. I am reminded of where my heavy disdain, criticism and slight fear towards modern culture arises. I am also reminded that the advocacy and admiration that I seem to aim towards natives who are still in touch with their cultural and spiritual roots is simply a form of advocacy and admiration for myself in a state of wholeness.

The plight of the indigenous is more than what meets the eye. Indigenous people, especially those who have been displaced all over the world, are crying out for love, respect, belonging and acceptance. We have been searching for a purpose and identity within everything that we pursue. Many of us who have been displaced within the Americas are still very much operating within the rebellious spirit of Bantu expansionists, and such behavior is a cry for help and a cry to be seen.

But, what if I say to us all that none of us are meant to be seen in the way that we are presenting ourselves?

To figure this out is key to restoring our sovereignty.

THE HORN OF EDEN

As a young female who was born and raised in a slave state, southern rural Virginia to be exact roughly 30 minutes away from where the Nat Turner Rebellion took place and the same distance to the ship port of Jamestown, my upbringing involved me being completely immersed in a slave culture with no clue as to what my true identity and roots were. However, I have been able to put together the scattered pieces of a broken spirit through real life experiences, observations and introspection. I've been able to find myself, and remember my wholeness and true purpose beyond DNA testing or the attachment to modern, new age spiritual practices & ideas.

Living and finding home in the Horn of Africa has been such a blessing and gift to me. Not because of what is romanticized about the land or culture, but because of what the land and cultural expression of the people have taught me about myself.

I live within the only parameters in so-called Africa where the people have managed and fought to remain a sovereign nation, never being colonized. Though, within this state, there are endless wars, political uproar, and tensions that are rooted in tribalism and the fight for cultural dominance. In this state, the people discriminate and terrorize themselves. The people have colonized themselves.

Nevertheless, what has allowed this place to remain untouched and unclaimed by outside nations is the people's sense of togetherness. It seems that the same essence and spirit of tribalism that has protected them from others is the spirit through which they have been working against themselves. In this state, through these observations, I am constantly reminded and shown that we have always been our greatest allies, as well as our own worst enemies.

The Horn of Africa, the Rift Valley specifically, is a special place riddled with parables and a proverbial essence. It is a place where I am shown both the origins and demons of God's first people, and humanity in general. Dwelling here, spiritually, has given more tangible value to the biblical phrase of walking through the valley of the shadows of death. Here, I have been forced to face the shadows of my own being and see their resemblance within what I perceive to be the faults of modernity. I have been able to see where, when and how the first people of Eden denied themselves of the kingdom of Heaven, thus creating hell on earth. I have been able to embrace the original cultural center of humanity, which is the regenerative system of family and togetherness.

So, even with all of this information and spiritual awareness, where do we go from here?

EPILOGUE

It has become clear to me that the healing and growth that I have committed to fostering, in terms of ancestral trauma and/or generational patterns/curses, will not come from entering into unequally yoked bonds and calling ourselves a community.

For me, I now know that the deepest healing will be nurtured through my focus on recalibrating the feminine spirit within my maternal bloodline, as well as through the newly formed bonds within the bloodline of my husband and now children's father; the merging with his bloodline serves as the medium through which my paternal lineage will be cleansed. The greatest healing experience that I have the opportunity to foster for my paternal lineage will come from my will and ability to nurture a functional relationship with the mother(s) of my partner's preexisting children. This is symbolic of the balancing of any disharmonious relations between my father, each of his children, and each of their mothers.

As far as creating a community based in indigenous principle, there is more of a probability of spiritual and structural success upon existing families who have been growing and healing together gathering as one unit. I will personally say becoming a mother has allowed me to strengthen my conviction, clean my heart, and become more aware of the subtle spiritual intricacies as pertains to nurturing bonds that will have long term effects on my offspring.

As for me, I truly am full of thanks for this journey and all of the experiences that I have had. There is so much clarity, as far as purpose and intentions, that has truly lifted my spirit and urges me to live more authentically within this conviction. I know that progress is being made, especially considering the reality of my mother preparing to visit me as I grow a family of my own on this land. This speaks a language that I am unable to translate. I am simply full of thanks.

I am full of thanks for you taking a moment to read this book, and I really hope that you have enjoyed it and are able to find something of value within it.

I hope that none of my words have offended you in any way. Rather, as it pertains to Africa, I hope that my expressions here have given you more insight into my thought processes and have even cleared up any misunderstandings if I have ever offended you in any way on either of my social platform accounts.

I enjoyed putting together this brief body of work to share more of my heart with you, and I truly am full of thanks if you have made it this far. I encourage you to share this book with anyone who you feel will find value in it.

If you have any questions, thoughts, or will simply like to reach out and contact me, my email is **ahavathirteen@gmail.com**.