

INTRODUCTION

This treatise is not to offend, but to question. It is not to blame, but to illustrate. It is written with the understanding that love is the only savior of humanity and out of respect for love it has been penned. Love is the strongest element that the Source reveals to us and it is our duty to find a way to immerse ourselves in its omnipotent power.

My ultimate goal in writing this book is to petition, appeal and plead with so-called African-American black men and women, as well as the scattered Diaspora all over the world, to love yourselves. That's it! No more, no less, just love yourself.

Therefore, I challenge you to open your mind to the possibilities of love and start with yourself. If you start with yourself, the rest will take care of itself. If *you* start loving *you* unconditionally, we will save the world one individual at a time. The whole world is seeking peace and the only way it can be obtained is through love.

Love is such a fine ideal that even poets are hard-pressed unearthing words to define it. When we think of love we think of it as an emotion which includes affection, friendship, kinship, kindness, tenderness, sympathy, empathy, benevolence, good feelings, fondness, devotion, care and passion. All of these are attributes of love and come as close to a description as we can get with our finite minds. My request of you, dear reader, is that you consciously make an effort from this day forward to apply these attributes to yourself as a code of conduct. If you actively apply these characteristics to yourself, the natural progression of your application will automatically trigger a spill-over effect and like air, love will permeate everywhere. Then, our ancestors will not have suffered and died in vain.

-Ty Gray-EL

“Love is the only force capable of transforming an enemy into a friend.”

-Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

“Tell them that the sacrifice was not in vain. Tell them that by habits of thrift and economy, by way of the industrial school and college, we are coming. We are crawling up, working up, bursting up: Coming through oppression, unjust discrimination and prejudice. But throughout them all, we are coming up, and with proper habits, intelligence and property, there is no power on earth that can permanently stay our progress.”

*-Booker T. Washington,
Up from Slavery*

Africa My Africa...

Drum beats herald civilizations dawning...
Cradle land of the initiate...
Mother of infinite wisdom...
Conquering hordes have trampled on your bosom
unappreciative of your ancient splendor...
Immeasurable treasures buried in your bowels...
Mined by foreign invaders with careless laxatives...
Warm and fertile womb of creation...
You gave birth to immortal souls...
Distorted by pagan influences...

Africa, sweet Africa...
Raped and pillaged, plundered and plowed
by infidels with no respect...
You cry and oil tears drip down your blood stained
mountains...
You perspire and diamonds rise from your pores...
Africa, my Africa...
You bleed the blood of the blessed chosen...
Your veins spew crimson rain down on the heads of the
unjust...
And unlike Pontius Pilot, they cannot wash their hands...

Africa, my dear sweet Africa...
You shall be vindicated...
Black pearls will one day emerge
from the shells of capitalistic indifference...
And you shall, Phoenix-like, soar above the forest of all
nations...
Mother of us all...
You gave birth to the King and Queen of civilization...
And you shall have your due...
My Africa, sweet Africa...

Opinion on Hurricanes

According to meteorologists, astronomers, archeologists, seismologists and virtually every other kind of “ologist” that study weather patterns and catastrophic weather conditions, the “hurricane” is absolutely the most forceful set of weather circumstances known to man. Sebastian Junger author of *The Perfect Storm*, comments on such weather by stating “a mature hurricane is by far the most powerful event on earth.” He also said, “The combined nuclear arsenals of the United States and the former Soviet Union don’t contain enough energy to keep a hurricane going for one day.” There have been reports of hurricane whirlpools stretching more than 2000 miles wide with 75 to 100 foot high waves that have sustained wind speeds of more than 200 miles per hour, lasting 7 consecutive days and more. Storm trackers say these phenomena seem to have a life of their own. They can turn around mid-fury and go in the opposite direction or veer to the left or right as if a spirit were moving them.

The fact is we are all spirit from the everlasting of the past unto the never-ending days to come. Man is the breath made flesh and so our very essence, that which we cannot see, is spirit. The Bible says in Luke 8:24 that when Jesus rebuked the wind and raging waters the storm subsided. The people were shocked that he could talk to the elements and they would obey. It is further reported in the *Essene Chronicles* and the *Aquarian Gospel* that on that same occasion, Jesus told his Disciples that they had identical power and that they should not marvel at what he did. He cautioned people

Breath of My Ancestors

at every turn not to worship him, but to praise God. He said that we all have the capacity to do what he did. *Aquarian Gospel* says in Chap.117:33-36 “And Jesus stood; he raised his hand; he talked unto the spirits of the winds and waves as men would talk with men. And, lo, the winds blew not; the waves came tremblingly and kissed his feet; the sea was calm.” And then he said, “You men of little faith, where is your faith? For you can speak and winds and waves will hear and will obey.” The disciples were amazed. They said, “Who is this man that even winds and waves obey his voice?”

So I propose a question; if our spirit has the power to talk to the elements to make them obey and stop, then would it not stand to reason that those same elements would obey and start? Remember we are the breath made flesh—and what is air but breath and what is wind but breath?

Consider that hurricanes seldom if ever come off the Pacific, the Arctic or the Indian Oceans. Hurricanes come off the Atlantic Ocean, get started around the western shores of Africa, take the same route as the slave trade and slam primarily into the southern states of America. They seem to have a mind of their own, turn around mid-fury and take whichever direction they choose. Meteorologists stated that at one point the massive cloud cover of hurricane Frances was as large as the state of Texas and that 119 separate tornadoes spun off hurricane Ivan alone. We all saw hurricanes Charlie, Frances and Ivan during the summer of 2004 cause massive damage and in 2005 hurricane Katrina wreaked havoc and epic destruction. For all the above reasons and many more, I submit that hurricanes are the breath of my ancestors.