

Au Naturel

Schatzi's Design Gallery & Day Spa, LLC

VOLUME 7, ISSUE 9

OCTOBER 2012

Schatzi's is Raleigh's 1st full-service natural hair salon and your gateway to natural hair care beauty. *Au Naturel* newsletter, an essential part of our information sharing services, is a wondrous labor of love that is a joy to create and a gift to you our valued clients and to the public at large.

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SALON UPDATES

Well, I was definitely *free-stylin'* when I wrote the articles for this month's issue of Au Naturel. I CAN tend to proliferate in the month of October. I think it has something to do with autumn leaves and the crisp feel in the air that reminds you that the [State Fair](#) is just around the corner. In fact, it has arrived! If you haven't been, you're missing a REAL TREAT! One of my favorite places to visit at the fair is the "Village of Yesteryear." I always find beautiful pottery mugs and dishes there. I try to get in early though because the best pieces go quickly. This year, my girl has talked me into attending the Brian McKnight concert with her on Thursday, Oct. 18th. Brian is certainly NOT Anthony Hamilton though, so I really do need to put that date on my calendar so I don't forget. Sorry, Brian. You got game! But brother!—meaning Anthony—was LIVE!!! I enjoyed his Greensboro concert on Oct. 6th immensely. It is very rare for me to attend concerts, so when I do, they need to be impressive. Brother has beautiful vocals and who KNEW he could "get down" like he do!! Well, I was impressed!! So, I got down too! Everyone did. But we couldn't top him and his boys. I also really loved the fact that brother rose up in life and brought his home boys with him. That is so beautiful! Not to mention that his boys have MAD VOCALS!!! They're definitely not sleepin' on him. No doubt! They turned it out!

Fall Season Discount: Add a "Better than a Pedicure" Reiki foot therapy treatment to any hair care service for only \$10.00!

Anthony and the crew, couldn't possibly have sang all of MY favorites because we would have been there all night. But, he showcased a number of winners. "Life has a way" and "[The Point of It All](#)" were my favorites for the evening. I was honestly sorry for the chic that stood behind me ('cause she couldn't see—everyone was standing so what else could I do?) and the chic that stood in front of me ('cause she couldn't hear—I was screaming. It was Anthony!). The place was packed and the crowd was happy to welcome him home. I didn't even mind that the

temperature dropped noticeably upon exiting the coliseum, causing me to catch a cold from wearing wedged sandals. It's all good though. I ain't mad. That's love! Trust!

Within the salon, we are *doin' our thang*. **For the fall season, add a Reiki therapy service to any hair care service for only \$10.00!** We give thanks for beautiful people. If you haven't stopped by in a while, drop in and say "hi." We'd be happy to see you. A few old friends who have moved on to other cities or states drop by on occasion, and we always appreciate the love.

As for this issue of Au Naturel, there's much information here but very little about hair care in particular. Hair is a recurring theme, but I would say that the predominant and resounding theme throughout is love, self-acceptance and inner peace. I have stretched and pulled this theme across a number of topics of debate, but politics is a recurring sub-theme throughout. It truly IS that time of year in this important election year! Another recurring theme is war. I have some very strong views about war and felt inspired to share some of them in this issue. I have written a birthday salute to my Dad, who passed away recently, and the spirit that moved me to expound on that essay compelled me to move on to these related topics. If you're down with a break from hair care, check out this issue! It's the longest issue I've written in quite some time. And if you're feeling particularly patriotic and would like to check out a most excellent film about an American hero's journey to salvation through the humbling and demanding struggles of life, check out this link to the full movie [Sergeant York](#). Gary Cooper won the Best Actor Academy Award for his portrayal of Sergeant York, and the film was nominated for nine awards in other categories. It's a wonderful complement to this month's newsletter issue and the tribute to my Dad. I watch this movie at my Grandmother's house quite often, and this month was no exception! It's a winner! I can never get through the final scene of the movie without tears, and I DON'T like to cry watching movies. But, it's just that good! In my view, it puts Casablanca to shame. Hope you enjoy it.

NICKI AND OPRAH AND MACHIAVELLI...OH MY!

Hopefully, this reference conjures images of [The Wizard of Oz](#). At least, that was my intention. You ask: "What does the Wizard of Oz have to do with a natural hair care newsletter?" Prayerfully by the end of this piece, you'll understand my meaning. And if not, read it a second time...

I'm always amazed at how we are cajoled into embracing falsehood over truth; conflict over comfort; war over peace. It's a further testimony to the fallen state of humanity but, I never cease to be amazed at the contradictions. I was recently doing a quick Internet search, and I found [this article](#) on Nicki Minaj revealing her natural hair. Forgive me for saying this, but there is NOTHING that Nicki Minaj does that makes me want to click a link ordinarily. NOTHING! But being in the hair care world, my interest was admittedly piqued. I see her in magazines and on web photos typically sporting fluorescent or frenetically coiffed hair, so I was a bit awed that she may actually be natural under all of that fanfare. The natural photo cited with this article, however, was an obvious disappointment. First, I couldn't really understand WHY her face is never shown in the photo. Then, I couldn't understand why she would not want to sport her own locks on occasion. But, it's Hollywood! I GET IT! I imagine that she sports her own hair when she's out and about town and in need of some anonymity—if ever such a thing is to be had by celebrities. But then, a deeper, more political, more savvy and admittedly more cynical side of my nature felt compelled to ask the question: Does she even "own" her own name?! The name "Nicki Minaj" is a brand much like "Prince" and "Keisha" and many others. We know the story of how Prince protested the lack of ownership of his own name by becoming a symbol. It's a sad

truth about ownership rights in our society. So I thought: Can she have the name “Nicki Minaj” and actually be photographed as her true self--“out of character?” Can she take such a risk without the ensuing legal entrapments that go along with failing to comply with her contract? It may sound like a silly question but I really don’t think I’m off the mark. I’m frankly glad she didn’t show her face, because I think I know the answer to my “why” questions. You see, people can do the most innocent of things only to pay a stiff penalty when they don’t consult with legal authorities to protect their interests. And so, we are all enslaved to *the law*.

Case in point: I have published this newsletter since September 2006, and I have never taken credit for anyone’s work outside of my own. Yet, a few months back, I was in the salon talking with Siddiq and *multi-tasking* (Yes, women can do that! ☺) by reading a letter at the same time. Suddenly, I didn’t hear a word brother was saying. (*Touché!*) I then interrupted his flow by exclaiming: “What?!” I then explained to him that I was being “put on notice” by an attorney representing a poet whose poem I cited in a March 2008 issue of my newsletter. [Don’t bother looking for it. I’ve deleted it from my website.] The poem clearly cited the author’s name, yet I was being charged with copyright infringement for reprinting it. The letter was written with great legalese and sounded SO foreboding with language to the effect of: “You have 10 days to comply or *yada yada yada*.” (Forgive my contempt but, it’s real.) I looked at the calendar and realized that I was already “in trouble” as I had not seen the letter until day 10! (*nail biting ensues*) So much for compliance. I became aware of several emotions that I was feeling. But when I felt the tinge of fear, I frankly got mad! I then took a deep breath, deleted the entire newsletter (for expediency sake), phoned the law office and followed with an email to state my actions and to apologize. Since then, I have been advised to settle out of court to the tune of about \$4,000. Yeah, right!! I laughed too. I simply responded, “I’m afraid you’ll have to sue me. I won’t be settling. With kind regards, Schatzi.” If my arch nemesis had free reign over the situation, she would have chosen a few more choice words to describe my thoughts about the matter before clicking “send”. But alas, she is tamed when she wants to be. ☺ (See article “A scathing critique of war” to better understand my reference.)



So, it is my supposition that Nicki Minaj, being of sound mind and body and even sounder legal counsel, posted her Tweet with the *hair-only* shot lest anyone accuse her of breaching her contract and thus “destroying” her public image. Smart woman. Now, I won’t go into my personal opinions on the psychological implications of her chosen public image for young girls around the globe, as I’m sure the reader already feels me on that score. Besides on that subject, my thoughts could hold much more than the contents of a newsletter.

Yet returning to the original point, when beauty so obvious and true as [this](#) is your birthright, it makes you wonder why anyone would bother to cover it up. I mean, Oprah can pay people very well to style her natural hair. When it’s this beautiful, why not do it? In a word, for the sake of expediency and due to lack of control. If celebrities want to *represent* on the coveted platform of fame and fortune, they have to bow to the “powers that be.” Yes, I guess even Oprah! Check out paragraphs 4 and 5 of [Judge Mablean Ephraim’s statement](#) explaining her separation from [Divorce Court](#) years ago. It is truly sad to think that Black women celebrities may not have the “right” to wear their own natural hair if others feel that it is “counter-productive.” I am so thankful that things ARE changing. It has truly been a long time coming. As such, Mablean Ephraim’s past hair woes would be totally unpopular today and would likely not bode well for the network that she worked for. Which raises another interesting thought: When I further consider that it took me searching through 10 pages of Google search results to find the original article on Judge

Ephraim's separation within a major news source (and then it was [TMZ](#) gossip), it just further confirms my belief that George Orwell's [1984](#) is alive and well via the worldwide web. In his book, the "truth" (i.e., history) is often re-written or deleted to align the past with the politics of the present. It feels like that is what has happened with that story. Since the story is no longer politically expedient, the past is simply deleted. Maybe I'm hyper-sensitive, or maybe I should just have looked on Google page 100. But buried is as good as deleted in a world of "instant messaging." What do they say about the tree that falls in the forest? My main concern in raising this matter is that when youth use Internet sources more frequently and more reliably than those in the library, it truly makes me wonder about the inherent biases that will be built into the history books and the literature of the future. In 1984, re-writes and deletions were made for the sake of party solidarity and "the greater good" as defined by [Big Brother](#); and people were monitored 24/7 by huge monitors (public and private), and by thought police. In many respects, the Internet is just that. But unlike Orwell's nightmare, we are not monitored unwillingly, with our threat value assessed by external powers that we secretly fear and despise. Instead, we lavishly feed the Internet, embracing the chains of our deception and our bondage and ironically paying dearly (via Internet, cell phone, Ipad charges, etc.) for the privilege to be "in the know." When I read the book years ago, it never occurred to me how easily and non-threateningly the book's vision could be realized. It's all rather brilliant if I might say so...in a Machiavellian kind of way. I too "feed the beast" so I only marvel at how adeptly populations are controlled. *Take my Internet, and I'll scream oppression. Think outside the norm, and your computer is the first thing the authorities monitor and confiscate.* It's all a far cry from the slapstick comedy of Oz: The Great and Powerful, who was a mere amateur at the game of population control. But then, we are all *agents* of our society aren't we?

But returning to the original article on Nicki Minaj, I can't say I agree with the article's "natural hair bandwagon" reference. It smacks of its own type of contempt. Is wearing nails without nail polish or a face without make-up a "bandwagon"? Of course not. It just is. But, I empathize with the confusion of the author. When the political landscape changes rapidly, how do we forget the indoctrination of the past? And such is the challenge of the citizen of the future. But, what the author can't see is that a "return home" can never be seen as a bandwagon, even if you ARE riding "on the wagon" to get there. When mythical Dorothy looked outside of herself to find home, she learned that "home" was inside of her all along. Natural hair is returning home. As such, it could never be a fad. "Home" rests at a deep place within the psyche--a beautiful, untarnished place--unable to be stolen, compromised or abused, if we remember who we are. It is a return that hundreds of Black women are choosing to take every day. I say, 'Welcome home.' "We'll leave the light on for you." (Gosh, I hope Motel 6 doesn't tag me for that one!)

As for my legal wrangling, I can only say that I will remember who I am as I navigate that battlefield. And it is with a sense of peace and comfort in self that I will be empowered to walk into any courtroom (should it come to that), armed only with my integrity and the inner voice to guide me, stare down the beast of oppression and feel Machiavelli squirm in his grave.
([Galatians 2:16](#))

UPCOMING EVENTS

YOGA HEALTH AND WELLNESS – THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25TH AT 7PM – Come out to *Schatzi's (258 W. Millbrook Rd., Raleigh, NC)* on Thursday the 25th to sooth the mind and calm the soul with yoga and peaceful energy. Yoga stretching will be about 30 minutes, followed by a "Finding Peace" health and wellness discussion. Please RSVP at (919) 844-1933 so that we are able to plan for the number of participants. We look forward to seeing you.



SAVANNAH NATURAL HAIR CARE EXPO – SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28TH - As always, the *Malaika train* has left the station and sister-girl is rockin’ across the country with a deluge of natural hair care events and information. The Savannah Georgia Natural Hair Care Expo will be held in the Savannah Civil Rights Museum on October 28th. The time of the expo has not been formally posted, but they’re typically from about Noon – 8pm. Please share this [link](#) with friends and family who may want to attend in that area!

BEAUTY IS SKIN DEEP NATURAL HAIR EXPO - On Saturday, November 24, 2012, Queen City Productions and Bornatty present Greenville’s 2nd Annual “Beauty is Skin Deep” Natural Hair Expo. The format for the expos includes lectures, hair shows, fashion shows, music, natural and organic product vendors, and much more. Brother Siddiq will be the MC for this event, as usual! Please copy the flyer and send it out to friends and others who might be interested in attending. I’m always amazed at how many people never hear about these shows and are honestly disheartened that they missed the opportunity. To purchase tickets, click [here](#). Purchased in advance, they are only \$15; \$20 at the door. I haven’t finalized my lecture topic as yet, but I’ll put together a little *sumpin’ sumpin’* hopefully to whet the appetite for more information. Hope to see you there!



A BIRTHDAY SALUTE TO DADDY, WITH MUCH LOVE!

While making my bed the morning of Oct. 3rd, I thought very strongly of my father: the late and the great Arthur Earl Hawthorne—retired major in the US Army and US postal officer. He passed away on April 5th of this year. His 74th birthday would have been on October 27th. In reflecting on his life, I put pen to paper and decided to share a little of the pride that I have for him. Please indulge this natural hair care.

My Dad was a very Bay Minette, AL (on the He was an athlete in active his entire life and ladies—as were all of the Dad’s life was a would never know it by was a happy man. In the 3rd wife, ‘he lived his life

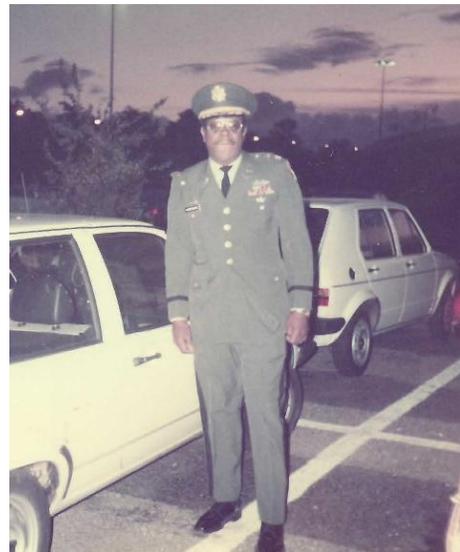


humble country boy from left below, with brother Ted). school, remained physically was well loved by the Hawthorne men. In all, my challenging one but you spending time with him. He words of my step-mom, his on his own terms.’ That is

true! As I thought of his life and his great, beautiful smile, I knew why women always loved him. He was...ALIVE!! Vibrant, energetic, full of life with a magnetic personality. You didn't miss him in a room but there was no arrogance or showmanship about him. He was incredibly humble.

I recall going to church with him one Sunday, I believe the last that we attended church together. He drove his car to pick up his old friend and then we'd be off to his church, First Baptist Church of Hampton. As I waited in the back-seat, I observed my father (who was now undergoing chemo for his own cancer recurrence) walk his elderly friend very gingerly to the car. He held his hand tightly with fingers interlocked and used his arm and his body weight to help his friend balance. He walked very, very slowly to ensure the comfort of his companion. There was no sense of urgency in his gait, no angst. Nothing but patience and love. He smiled the whole time. I then watched my father's friend who also looked quite happy to be accompanying my father to church. I thought it interesting, but not surprising, that he attended church with my father instead of his own wife. I later learned that his wife's church is a bit livelier than he prefers so he goes where the Spirit moves him. Putting myself in his shoes, I could understand his preference. But the funny thing that I reflected on was the fact that in that moment, I was as proud of my father as I had ever been. He was grace and humility and self-sacrifice. He embodied it his entire life. Though I'm sure that's hard to believe when a man's been caught cheating as many times as my dad was. I laugh at the contradiction.

Daddy was a pretty strong and fearless man, who in some ways was most effective at talking with his hands. One of his old Army buddies who trained under him as a cadet back at A&T University came to the hospice to visit him. He told me how proud he and the other guys were to train under Dad. In his words, "he didn't take no stuff!" (I know first-hand, from being raised by his hand, literally and figuratively. So, I didn't find that point hard to believe! 😊) He told me a few stories about guys testing him and wishing they hadn't. I then told him a story that I had heard growing up. We lived in Tuskegee, AL at that time, and Daddy had recently returned from one of his tours of duty in Viet Nam. He was in a local bank and was the next person in line to speak with a teller. Then, he noticed that an older Southern gentleman had stepped in front of him. So, he respectfully indicated that the line ended on the opposite end of where he was standing.



The man, who was smoking a cigar, then turned, looked at my father squarely, and slapped him in the face with the gloves he was holding. (Yes, gloves!. It was indeed another time in history.) Daddy simply returned the favor. The word is that the man was so shocked to be getting up off of the floor, that he put his cigar back in his mouth from the wrong end. Daddy then finished his bank business and went straight to the police station to press assault charges against the man whose name everyone knew. As best as I knew it, Daddy never suffered any negative consequences from that action which took place in the Deep South of the 70s. I just know that people often bought him Coca colas in local saloons and restaurants when they realized he was that "Hawthorne fella'." I do know our home received death threat phone calls back in those days but those were mostly about my Mom. (*That's another story*).

But, I recall asking Daddy while a teenager how he got the [Silver Star](#). He told me a story about how he and other soldiers were pinned down in an ambush. Bullets were zipping past his head, people all around him were being hit and he held the radio. He had to keep his head covered (to keep from having it taken off), while advising the air support about where to drop the bombs and napalm. This feat had to be accomplished while whispering as the Viet-Con were so close that he could hear them talking. He also had to recall precisely what the landscape looked like and advise the air support so that they would not drop the bombs on him and the other men. The separation between friend and foe was minimal. His award was for having the *presence of mind* to save himself and others while under extremely stressful conditions. When I imagined how someone could hold the radio (making himself the number one target for the enemy), with bullets ripping past his helmet, while whispering and being very precise with topographical recall, I knew that God's hand was on his life. Plain and simple. Most people would panic in fear of the possibilities and then, SO BE IT. The self-fulfilling prophecy would be realized. On that day, he was truly present and accounted for.

When I attended his funeral, his VFW friends cried like they had lost their own brother. They had. I was humbled by the heartfelt tears they shed for my father. When organizing the program, I asked if any of them wanted to speak about who he was to them. In true veteran fashion, they all declined. They would simply be too emotional to be up for that task. And they were truly. As we roasted my father at the VFW sponsored repast, one of them said something to the effect: "That man was so decorated and so humble. He never talked about his awards and achievements. I didn't know he was in the US embassy in Iran when it was stormed back in 1979. (**Note:** He narrowly escaped being taken hostage by scaling the embassy wall. But then, he was a [US Army Ranger](#).) If it hadn't been put in the funeral program, I wouldn't have known. Does anybody know how he got the Silver and [Bronze Stars](#)?" I then took the liberty to recount the story he had told me above and someone said: "That must be how he got the Bronze Star. He told us something different about how he got the Silver Star." Naturally, I wanted to know more. In my mind, what feat could possibly have eclipsed that one? He said:



'One night while we were all drinking right here at this bar, we cornered him. We said, "Now Art, we're not going to let you leave here tonight until you tell us how you got the Silver Star." We were serious! Finally, he looked us dead in the eyes and said, "Man, I don't remember." We all sat in silence and then made him tell us more. He said, "All I remember was that we were under-fire and were losing a lot of men. I had my rifle, a magazine full of bullets and my hand grenades. All I remember was standing up. ...Then, my guys came up to me and patted me on my back and shoulders and said, "Man, you're a hero! You're a hero!" I noticed the firing had stopped, my bullets were all gone and I didn't have any more hand grenades. Man, I don't remember what happened. That's the truth." And we all just shook our heads.'

I wondered why my father didn't tell me that story instead of the one that he told me when I asked him about it so many years ago. But then, when I thought about it, how do you tell your daughter that you don't remember how you got the nation's third highest combat medal? I honestly believe he told me that way because he felt that *presence of mind* is far superior to *absence of mind*. Indeed it is. But, I also believe he was not proud of what he had done. Life is peculiar indeed, and thus *glory so easily turns to shame*. To love life enough to be willing to lose

it by walking the “green mile” is a very interesting analogy. But in the end, BOTH conditions (presence and absence of mind) saved his life and those of others with him. My brother was proud and sad when I told him that story and said, “Rambo IS my father!! I just wish he had been there for me.” It’s one of the sad ironies of life, indeed. But in truth, he was “there” for my brother; for if he had not survived Viet Nam, Jason (and my sister Jasmine) would never have been born. Not ideal, but so relevant.

When I reflect on that story however, I ask myself how and why exactly does *absence*, or more appropriately, *non-presence of mind* occur? When I consider the quandary, I must admit that even in his *absence* or non-presence, he was still fully present, wasn’t he? Truly, some aspect of himself was present with pinpoint accuracy, while another aspect of himself sought refuge *somewhere*. The question is why? Why does the conscious mind “take a hike” at times in life? Is it to mend the broken heart, to protect the mind from the painful truth of life, to safeguard the integrity of the soul and create balance? And where does the mind go? To a place that’s peaceful and reminiscent of fond memories, so like India Arie’s ‘[Beautiful](#)’? *Forgive me for asking*^{#2} because in truth and in fact, *I don’t know the answer.*^{#3} But I do know that I’m glad it happens. At the end of the day, he was “here”; and therefore, I was able to love him on this physical plane for one more day. We take our blessings as they come.



Overall, this story is no surprise to America’s combat veterans. It is for that reason that I strongly advised my sons never to enlist in the armed forces. It’s a short-term decision that has lifetime consequences. But then, so do so many of the decisions that we make daily. My main concern however is that my Dad was still having nightmares about Viet Nam while lying on his death bed some 40+ YEARS after the fray! He didn’t remember what happened to get him awarded the Silver Star, but something in his subconscious would never let him forget what happened there! It stalked him in his very sleep, and he was horrified by what he had done—close up and personal. For this reason, I could accept his death because I knew he was now finally free from the

pain of a lifetime. Who could regret such a blissful release into the arms of salvation? I did not even shed a tear as I looked at his dead body, which completely lacked the essence of who he was, and I pondered the truth of life. Now, when they played “Taps” at his funeral, I was a *basket case*.

In all, my father was no perfect man. Far from it. It’s truly hard to believe that all I have now are fond memories. But, they’re very precious and I’ll guard them like *Gollum*.^{#1} Daddy was a fallible man, and no matter what his weaknesses, they did not outweigh his strengths and they couldn’t taint the love I had for him. I recall as a teen reflecting on all the father’s that he *sent home* in order to come home to be a father to his children. In his words (as recalled by my brother): “You know how I made it back from Viet Nam? I let the other cat die for his country!” That truly puts things in perspective. With that thought process, I truly could not be angry that he wasn’t a better husband to my mother? I honestly believe that he just wanted to honor each additional day of life that he was given, to live life abundantly and to be ever true to self. He was a man who loved, and loved and loved and loved and loved. ☺

“I say that even as the holy and righteous cannot rise beyond the highest that is in each of you, so the wicked and the weak cannot fall lower than the lowest that is within you also.”

Kahlil Gibran

And I know he still loves. I laugh and cry upon reflection.

I am and will always be his strengths and frailties. courses through my veins, strongest qualities have one day recounting the ownership to my father. asked me what I was shook his head saying, don't think I could do that." *ME* strong! That's crazy! we would think of me in strength he saw was all strength on my own. I ever forget it, I only need thoughts which spend a repeating the words: "Lord, practically a mantra for as breathing.



proud of my father with all of I am proud that his blood and I pray that a fraction of his molded my own life. I recall struggles of business He listened attentively and going to do. I replied, and he "Schatzi, you're strong! I I thought: 'My Dad is calling I felt blessed and honored that that way. But in truth, the about the Creator. I have no know this very well. And if I to listen to my own innermost considerable amount of time give me strength." It's me--as natural and reflexive

In all, I give thanks for beautiful parents. One day, perhaps I'll tell you who my mother is—a wonderful and prideful complement to a beautiful man. Sometimes, I think I should write a book about my family—a very unusual legacy at a pivotal time in our nation's history as played out in pivotal locations. I speak this truth not to boast but to acknowledge God's grace and mercy in my life. Without my Dad to love me, to encourage me, to say "I'm proud of you," to help me with my math homework, to accept my natural hair when it was unpopular and ridiculed by my male peers (my brother Earl exempted of course!), and to model an astounding work ethic, who and where would I be today?? To whom much is given, much is expected ([Luke 12:48](#)). I pray that my life is worthy of the legacy that I have been entrusted with. I take my charge very seriously. For this reason, I pray that I don't strangle one of the branches of my family tree (i.e., my son) who takes so much of his inherited legacy and responsibility for granted. ☺ But alas, he's young...and male. Lord, give me more strength and patience than I have. Amen.

As an aside, I'm putting out an APB: If there is any woman who can raise a black man in America without cursing, I want to meet her! I could learn A LOT from her. Cursing is a vice that I have not yet cast off. She woos me with the guile of a serpent, and I am enamored by her lying tongue. I drink from her venomous cup with abandon and the fruit of my lips is the parlance of a sailor (*as states my husband*). I fear I may never leave her damning grip for if I am truthful, she so satisfies my lustful desire for vengeance and retribution. I'm drowning in waves of auditory repugnance; and in my drunken pleasure, I embrace my wretched lot with neither shame nor remorse. (Sigh.) Woe is me. But alas, I was raised by a military man, though he does not know how adeptly I integrated *THAT* talent. ☺ And if I'm equally honest, raising sons DID NOT initiate me into the world of cursing. Check out the childhood photo on the top of the next page. I grew up with brothers and boy cousins. What you can't see in this photo reprint is that my shoes are pretty scuffed up, and I'm wearing several stitches on my chin from trying to keep up with mischievous boys that summer. And so, my cursing Nemesis was born. ☺ But then, that's another story, isn't it? ☺ Be blessed.

I love you, Daddy--with all of my heart and more! Schatzi

Oct. 3, 2012



Arthur Earl Jr, Adrian (cousin), Me, Ronnie (cousin) & Lance (cousin); I always have a special place in my heart for Ronnie....

A SCATHING CRITIQUE OF WAR

IT IS FOR THE REASONS OUTLINED ABOVE THAT I DESPISE WAR. I wrote this piece immediately following the Presidential debate and it conjured up images from the Democratic National Convention...

What is our obsession with strength and power and military might? Why do we have more nuclear weapons than the world could ever sustain? Why not just have a defense force rather than an attack force? Are we still “discovering” New World’s to subdue and labeling the unfortunate inhabitants as ‘savage’ and ‘uncivilized?’ When we call other people or religious sects fanatics, are we just dulling the collective psyche to accept whatever madness is about to ensue? At what cost? If I’m honest, when I see politicians making speeches standing in front of war veterans, I’m pretty annoyed! In my opinion, it smacks of hypocrisy, opportunism, and everything evil about politics. Politicians say they

mention our veterans to honor them but that’s a double-edged sword that’s most sharp on the side of sycophancy. I’m never impressed by their overtures because I know firsthand the aftereffects of war. I know how soldiers are not cared for, how their ranks are sorely over-represented among our homeless populations, how they often end up in rehab facilities, with broken families and broken lives. I know how they scream out at night remembering their “service to a nation.” How they congregate in [VFWs](#) and street corner bars like campers huddle by a fire basking in the warmth of each other’s company (and whatever they’re drinking) with the deep sense of KNOWING the truth of what America’s so called “freedom” is all about. They personally feel and live the price of that “freedom.” They turn to drugs and alcohol to numb the pain of a lifetime. I know the untold and suppressed stories of countless wives in Fort Bragg and all across the nation who are murdered by their husbands who went *absent of mind* at the wrong time and killed everything and everybody he ever loved. Honestly, I was there to witness my own mother almost becoming the same statistic. I give thanks to God alone for sparing me that life, and possibly the lack of my own. I know that more of the rapists and murderers in our society are combat veterans than the government will EVER ADMIT! I know many more of them than will ever admit secretly want to die. Sometimes, re-enlistment and repeated tours of duty are all about tempting fate. I know that killing is an abomination, and so do they.

Some people vote based on right to life: abortion, death penalty, etc. Well, in a way, I too vote

“The people can always be brought to the bidding of the leaders. That is easy. All you have to do is tell them they are being attacked and denounce the peacemakers for lack of patriotism and exposing the country to danger. It works the same in any country.”

Hermann Goering - (German politician, military leader and leading member of the Nazi Party)

for life. If the political candidate is a warmonger, they don’t get my vote. Obama will truly be the exception. When Obama sent more troops to Afghanistan, I was disappointed. At that moment, he lost my confidence. I haven’t really cared much what he says since that day. Sorry ladies, but it’s the truth.

Note to the world: It is NEVER appropriate to celebrate death, murder and mayhem with slogans like “GM is alive. Bin Laden is dead.” Some would argue Bin Laden had it coming. Maybe he did. But, it’s not something to be celebrated in such a crude and coarse

manner as it was. [These people](#) were celebrating too, as were [these](#).

Despite these thoughts, Obama is getting my vote. What a contradiction! Quite simply, it's because of my Dad. Even on his death bed, he said, "Don't let that man (meaning my husband, who is not voting in the presidential election) talk you out of voting for Obama." In truth, the only man that has talked me out of my love for Obama is Obama.

So, I'm casting the vote my Dad would have cast, as my support is lackluster at best. But honestly, I didn't always feel this way. I was an Obama fan through and through in 2008. Check out the photo to the right taken on my b-day 2008—my personal photo with Obama.

Know this: When Schatzi Hawthorne McCarthy stands out in the cold for hours!!!! to see **ANY MAN!**, she's a fan! You would have to know me

to know how deep that is for me. But like I said, I've lived the aftereffects of war. I walk a different line, and I see things differently. And so, I am unimpressed. But then, *what alternative is there?* God forbid.



At the end of the day, Obama is but a man isn't he? And ultimately, we ALL live under *the law*, as separation is encoded in the very fabric of our nation and our world ([Mathew 22:21](#)). How can morality stand in such a realm as this? So, I guess I forgive him too. But sadly—so sadly, no matter who wins this election, the US has a bloody future ahead. And the ranks of America's war veterans and fallen heroes will grow in leaps and bounds. Is it worth it? Who is threatening us so terribly that we have become the world's police? I call it *paranoia* but in truth and in fact, it's probably more like greed, sprinkled with a bit of imperialism. Maybe I'm naïve. If so, thanks. I'll take it. Truly, I accept our collective fate but I'm reminded of [Hosea 4:1-7](#). I'm also reminded of the eternal words, "Forgive them Father for they know not what they do." Do we really appreciate how deep our ignorance IS?! I know more than I have ever wanted to know about war, and I have sense enough to know that I still know NOTHING!! God help us. God help whoever rules this nation. And please God, protect the people who knowingly and unknowingly stand in the pathway of this paranoid, ignorant and power hungry giant. Amen.

ABOUT US

As the first natural hair salon in Raleigh, NC, *Schatzi's* is a *one-stop shop* for all of your natural hair care needs. With a warm and nurturing ambiance for clients to "Embrace the Beauty of You," *Schatzi's* is located in the Park on Millbrook Condominium complex, on W. Millbrook Rd.