



Au Naturel Newsletter

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Reflections on a Kemetic Dream

As most of you know, I recently returned from a pilgrimage to Kemet (Egypt). Since the journey, I have honestly been decompressing, reflecting, remembering and analyzing. I've also been reading with renewed passion. I had almost stopped reading books because I felt like they take way too long to say what I'm seeking to know. So, I skim the text, find the kernel of truth and move on. Well, I'm suddenly more interested in taking my time with my readings these days. The joy of re-discovery is a wonderful blessing. With the intense upload of data that my brain has recently acquired, I haven't really known what to share with you all because my cup runneth over. The experience was indeed a spiritual journey, one that was divinely appointed for me. I received that confirmation prior to the journey, so I could walk forward with abandon and discover what Spirit ordained that I should know.

Because of the depth, richness and beauty of the experience, I have delayed in producing this publication because I honestly haven't known how to encapsulate the experience in a way that felt satisfactory to my soul. I'm on a journey of re-discovery and enlightenment that looks on the surface much like a scavenger hunt, except there's no scarcity in the equation—only abundance. When I see images and learn truths that inspire me to share my own interpretation of them, I find that I'm utterly speechless. My experience is uniquely my own. So, how do I explain clues, treasures and epiphanies that it's taken me five decades to uncover, particularly when I'm decoding through my own dreams, memories and experiences. I almost want to cry at my ineptitude in voicing spiritual realities as I uncover them. I am accustomed to writing with an ease and comfort that emanates from my heart. But of late, my head is inclined to want to analyze my experience and present the product in a way that is ingestible to the reader. But, how am I to know each reader's power of discernment and depth of abstract reasoning? And so, my pen has been left immobile.

I have managed to find my voice for the sake of presence and continuity. But, it has required some work. And Au Naturel is meant to be a labor of great love, not great effort. So, I've wrapped my thoughts in this beautiful sonnet--[a gift of love](#), in an effort to rouse my true nature which is as resilient as the earth, as supple as the wind, as passionate as fire and as life-giving as water. Listen with your heart and know divine truth. (My favorite poem is at 18:27. It is perfection! And as a special treat, Rosa Parks is on this recording. You'll know her voice instantly.) This musical interlude is why I went to Egypt. It was not purely to learn that Black Africans ruled ancient Kemet, though this confirmation was powerful and necessary. Rather, it was to open the timeless door of the mystery schools and walk through prayerfully as an initiate summoned by the ancestors themselves to a higher, more complete knowledge system that prior to now was indiscernible to me. So as you read and discover, enjoy the poetry of the Sufi Master Rumi--mystic, saint, sage and lover extraordinaire.

This entire newsletter is dedicated to Kemetic Reflections. I've divided the sections of the newsletter into categories of the experience in an effort to organize my thoughts along thematic lines and to avoid rambling incessantly. As anticipated, there is a section on hair; but, I caution the reader that it is but an abstract painting built upon the fragments of knowledge that I've gleaned while looking through the lens of time. Much of this story is yet to be told. In an effort to complete this issue before the end of October, I have chosen a logical endpoint to my writing. But, my thoughts continue unabated. For this reason, the November issue of Au Naturel will form around themes and ideas that I was unable to discuss for the sake of time and to avoid making the reader wait indefinitely for a word. ☺

Kemetic Reflections: The Browder Tour

Firstly, I want to say that I would never have been so blessed to participate in this pilgrimage if not for a sister who came by my salon so that I could start her locks. We had met briefly about 3-4 years prior. I had not seen her since. When she came by the salon in November 2016, she drove in from some distance, dropped some knowledge on me about Anthony Browder's Study Tour and left. After doing my research, the deal was sealed. I had only to find the funds to be included in the next group slated to travel in 2017. I had sufficient lead-time to make it happen. After attending the tour, it was (hands down) the best travel experience that I've ever had!! Was it a vacation? Not in the traditional sense. Here's why:

Browder the Man

Most of the readers of this newsletter are likely not as far out of the loop as I am. But in truth, 2016 was the first I had ever heard of Anthony Browder. After doing some research, I realized that I was truly lacking in knowledge of some African American consciousness leaders; but, what can I say: I was in college in the 80s, Jamaica in the 90s and laser focused on navigating my sons through a hostile educational system every year since then. When I phoned my brother Siddiq to give him an update on my travels, his words were: "Browder was there?!" I said, "Yes." And he said: "Wow! I've been reading him since the 80s. That's dope!" Like I said, I was totally out of the loop.

Anyhow after watching a few of his online videos in 2016, I knew that the journey would be rewarding. When I arrived with Lloyd in the New York airport and saw him at some distance, my first impression was that he is as physically beautiful as his online videos. (I'm married ladies, not blind.☺) When regarding his stance, his positioning in the line and his general affect, I thought he's someone who takes charge and is comfortable doing so. That's good because guiding a group of 64 Black people (some with money and status) is no small undertaking for anyone.

After spending two weeks observing him, mostly from a distance, I would describe him as follows: His formative years were in the 70s. This place in time gives him a generational swag and rhythm that is endearing to the discerning eye, if you know what you're looking at. He's unapologetically Black...intense and passionate, exacting...somewhat of a perfectionist, though warm and gentle when at ease. Despite being regularly praised for his accomplishments, he wears humility like a protective armor much like a man who doesn't believe his own hype. He's a very observant man who easily sifts through surface distractions to find the essence of a soul's beauty. It is no wonder that he is an autodidactic archaeologist sifting through the sands of antiquity to extract and piece together fragments of life essence and reveal the souls of Black folk. [God-sight](#) is his gift. Likewise, he is a master teacher, a master organizer, a great father and is well loved by all he meets. Many of my thoughts on the man come from viewing the faces and demeanor of the people standing or seated in his presence. There was general admiration, warmth and love which radiated towards him which he very naturally returned. On one



occasion though I desired to join a conversation that was ensuing around him, I could not bring myself to stop the flow of their energy. Those in his presence were beaming and he was in his element. His magnetism is a divine gift. That's just real!

Accommodations

We took an Egyptair flight from New York to Cairo which took approximately 11 hours. It was an overnight flight that was much more comfortable than most American carrier flights. They provide free earphones and entertainment on the flight and the leg room is adequate. Two or three meals were served during the course of the flight. When we arrived in Cairo, we met Anthony Browder's local contacts and breezed through the airport. Porters carried the luggage and buses transported us to [Le Meridien Pyramids](#) hotel. The hotel was beautiful and is obviously such a favored venue among Egyptians for its lavish décor and warm comfort that there were weddings in the hotel almost every night we were there...sometimes as many as three!! When we got to our hotel room, I opened the blinds to this view! My arrival in Egypt was now official. We slept with the blinds open. ☺



After several days in Cairo, we flew via Egyptair to Luxor where we stayed at the

[Sonesta St. George hotel](#). Very nice!! We stayed here a few days before boarding the [Sonesta St. George](#) cruise ship which we would be on for several more days as we cruised down the Nile River. Our tour guide Ahmed told my husband that former Prime Minister Tony Blair honeymooned on the same ship that we were on. I believed him. When we boarded, the lavish décor of the ship caused me to raise my eyebrows. I

looked at the brother closest to me, a lawyer from Houston, who seemed to have read my thoughts and voiced them: "Um, I don't think we paid for all of this!!" I smiled, shaking my head and said, "I don't either!" But, we certainly weren't complaining. The rooms were nicely appointed with a very complicated sauna/Jacuzzi/shower/tub in the bathroom that required considerable time just to figure out how to operate the shower alone. Each room had a view of the Nile River. *(See the view from my window at the top of the next page.)* We were on the ship, which docked daily at different ports for sight-seeing, for about 4 days. Because the ship was small, the on-board entertainment was intimate and engaging. I had a BLAST!! I don't know when was the last time I danced so much!! ☺ In fact, on that dance floor at some undesignated point on the Nile, I became a whirling dervish. Vertigo was non-existent, though I employed none of the clever techniques learned in 5th grade ballet class to avoid the condition. I spun because the moment required it of me. My soul was at peace with this movement, and stopping felt decidedly unnatural. So, I whirled. When the music ended, the moment had passed. It was divine!! And I believe Lloyd surprised everyone with his dancing prowess. We don't get out much. But when we do, we're catching up for lost time!! ☺





We docked in Aswan and took a boat from the ship to our hotel, a beauty named the [Movenpick](#), located on an island in the Nile River. We stayed here a few nights before flying back to Cairo to return to Le Meridien Pyramids prior to our departure from Egypt. Throughout the travel experience, the food was wonderful and the staff was attentive and eager to ensure the comfort of their guests. The accommodations were absolutely divine and fully covered in the cost of the trip!



Sights

Okay, I don't know where to begin here because we saw no less than 15 different sites. I have all of the ticket stubs from our sites; but, I don't feel like being comprehensive in this endeavor. The ones that stand out most in my mind are listed below in the order of significance to me personally: Pyramids, Sphinx, Tomb of King Seti I (Valley of the Kings), Cairo Museum, Luxor Temple, Karnak Temple, Abydos Temple, Abu Simbel, Tombs of Karakamun and Karabasken, Philae Temple, Mortuary Temple of Hatshepsut, Dendera Temple, Medinet Habu, Kom Ombo Temple and those are the ones that I remember. Because I have taken so much time to discuss the pyramids of Egypt, I have chosen to discuss other sites in later issues.

The Pyramids of Giza

Firstly, the Giza Complex was surely the highlight of the journey and the most magnificent being-creation that I have ever seen. I call it a being-creation because (as I told my husband), the Black people who built those pyramids were surely gods. *(Note: Our Arab tour guide Ahmed—who has a Master's degree in Antiquities from Cairo University, confessed to us that his people had nothing to do with the building of the pyramids or the great temples of Egypt as his people did not invade Egypt until 642AD. The Great Pyramid of Giza dates around 2580-2560BC. He noted "No other tour guide in Egypt will tell you this.")* The fall of man has never been so real and apparent to me in my entire life



than when viewing the pyramids of Giza. The largest and oldest pyramid is the Great Pyramid of Giza built by the Pharaoh Khufu (see photos of his stone images on the next page). It has 2 ½ million stones with the smallest building block being 2 tons and the largest being 70 tons. Another fascinating thing that Anthony Browder shared with us is that the pyramids were NOT built by Jewish slaves as the oldest one pre-dates Abraham by about 900 years!! When I saw how perfect and beautiful the construction was, it was apparent to me that no negative energy could have built anything like that anyway. It would have had flaws and errors throughout. But instead, the pyramids are absolute perfection in craftsmanship! I agreed with Browder's conclusion. When I consider that humans use only about 8-10% of the brain's capacity, I realized that the pyramid builders were operating with more cerebral capacity than we are today. *(The other two pyramids were built by*





Pharaohs Khafre and Menthaure.) We know that telepathy, telekinesis and remote viewing are real. However, science discounts these abilities because they are not skills realized by all people and they cannot be called on consistently at will. Well after



Pharaoh Khufu

viewing the absolute impossibility of pyramid construction through the perfect stacking of 2 ton stones, the mathematical precision of the calculations and the perfect alignment with the stars of Orion's belt, I felt convinced that the pyramid builders used a greater brain capacity and paranormal abilities to achieve the impossible. God said "let us create man in our own image." So, my logic and

reasoning is a perfectly spiritual one. The pyramids are real. I went inside one. BUT, THEY WILL NEVER BE REPLICATED BY MODERN DAY HUMANS! I am sure of that. All the same, the anomaly between the miracle that lay before my eyes and the state of the African peoples whose ancestors built these pyramids made me better understand why our former slave masters are so fearful of an awakened Black mind. And so, we



Pharaoh Khafre



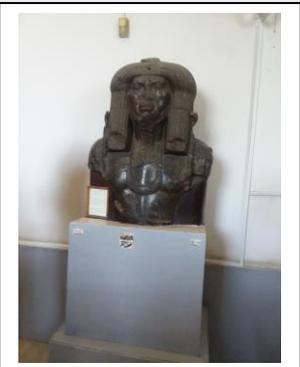
Pharaoh Menkaure flanked by Goddesses

were taught not to eat of the ["tree of knowledge"](#) lest our [eyes become opened and we can see as Gods](#). (Side note: I stopped reading the Old Testament LONG AGO! Why? Because of a radical god-man who said something about putting new wine in old wine skins. But that's a personal decision.) When you die to self (a spiritual, not a physical death) and merge with God, you realize that ignorance is bliss, knowledge is responsibility. The question is: *Did God really intend for man to live in ignorance?*

Evening Lectures

The icing on the cake for me was the evening lectures led by Anthony Browder. At that time, he synthesized the knowledge gleaned from the site visits with intellectual, architectural and artistic works to show how and why it is primarily peoples of color who are "drinking the Kool-Aid." These talks and the experience were so impactful that one brother who is a minister (there were three on the tour) said, 'I'm an evangelist. I have toured the world, spoken to thousands of people. You have no idea how many! Well after this tour, I have to re-think some things.' And he left the speaking platform.

After saying our good-byes to Brother Anthony and his beautiful daughter Atlantis, I felt that I was leaving people that I had come to truly love and appreciate, though my one-on-one encounters with each were rather brief. Yet, they truly felt like family. I kissed Atlantis and hugged her like the divine, gentle flower that she is. When hugging Brother Anthony, I gave him a kiss like an old friend to thank him for ["bringing water for my mind"](#) and for being "that brother" who holds up the light of manhood to show the world what an African man can and should be. He's all that! No pretense. Just real! BRAVO MY BROTHER!! BRAVO!!

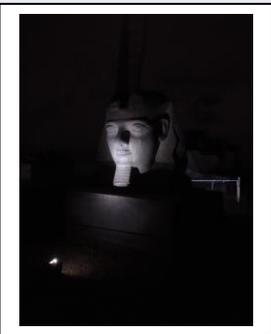




Kemetic Reflections: Kemetic Rootprints in History

As many of you will recall, I expressed in a recent issue of Au Naturel that I was visiting Egypt to learn more about: "1) Pre-Nicene Christianity; and 2) the spirituality (not the religion) of the people who predated the Jews of the Old and New Testaments. God existed before the beginning of mankind. So, I'm fascinated to understand what ancient peoples believed about Him." I found myself on this quest because my soul has stalked God like a jilted lover for all of my adult life. I have always sought to know spiritual truth on the material (i.e. experiential) plane of existence. After my Kundalini Awakening/Dark Night of the Soul/Ecstasy of Schatzi, I now want to share the spiritual truths that I'm uncovering with others. But, I felt I needed more knowledge to better understand my experience because the love language that was spoken to me is not clearly written anywhere. Yet strangely, I'm discovering that it's written everywhere. The human eye, however, has become dull through forced blindness (e.g. The Crusades and the terrorism of the Universal church), de-sensitization to our blindness (e.g. Forgotten and Stolen Knowledge), and willful blindness (e.g. Rejection and subjugation of any and all belief systems that differ from our own). Well, I'm all about waking up. Most people who think they are awake are very much asleep. I believed myself to be awake before visiting Egypt. Now, I know that wakefulness is a process not an end.

So, I chose Kemet as the introductory leg of my world discovery tour because it is the oldest and richest source of ancient knowledge that we have. I once believed Chinese dynasties to be ancient. Then, I learned that the first Emperor of China ruled from 247-220 BC. Ancient Kemet is far older than this civilization. The first Emperor Qin Shi Huang is best known for having unified China and building a funerary mausoleum with a [Terracotta Army](#). Wikipedia notes that "*The earthen tomb mound is located at the foot of Mount Li and built in a pyramidal shape.*" It goes on to state, "*The terracotta figures are life-sized....Some scholars have speculated a possible Hellenistic [Greek] link to these sculptures, due to the lack of life-sized and realistic sculptures prior to the Qin dynasty.*" Life-size figures of Ancient Kemetic rulers are dated as early as [2670 BC](#). Why would scholars "speculate a possible Hellenistic link to these sculptures" when Greece was emerging from their own [Dark Ages](#) (1100-750BC) characterized by destruction and famine prior to conquering Egypt in 320 BC. It is noted that the first documented [record of the presence of Greek immigrants in Egypt](#) is around 700 BC. What exactly were Greek refugees teaching the ancient Egyptians? I would say they were teaching the world how to bite the hand that feeds you. The Greek's Hellenistic roots are nothing more than Kemetic parentage. So whenever you see the word Hellenistic, think Kemet. It's called re-appropriation. Because Greece was "in control" of Egypt during their reign, they claim all that the ancient Kemetic people had done prior to and during the reign of the Greeks. As Dr. Richard King states in his book "African Origin of Biological Psychiatry", **the original form of mental slavery for the African was the adoption of a Western mind.** We are a product of our environment and so we see the world with Western eyes. And as long as we are content to be second class citizens in this Western world, we will embrace this world view. But if we are truly to value and embrace liberation, we must see the world with different eyes. Let me illustrate below.



Kemetic Reflections: Hair Prints are Historic Clues

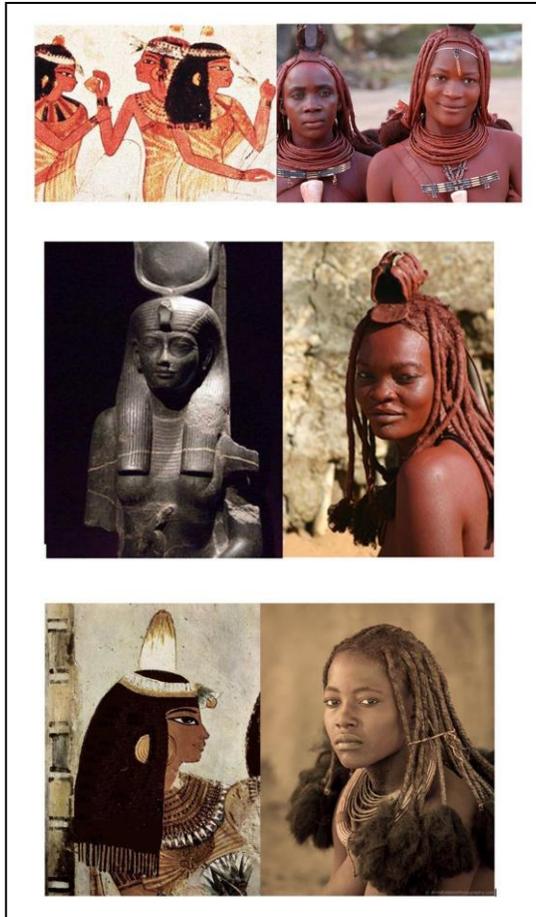
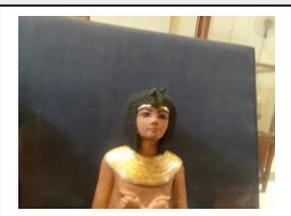
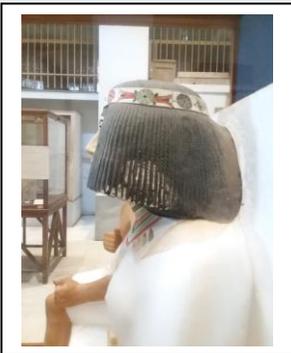
I recently posted several images on my Facebook page of peoples who I believe could be the descendants of the Ancient Kemetic people. A few of these images are enclosed in this section. This newsletter issue opens with an image of a young Ramses II that I photographed on the wall of one of the temples that we toured (*also found in a photo below*). Many are familiar with this hairstyle donned by

Ramses, as it was popularized by Yul Brenner in the movie "The Ten Commandments." Well, the children and youth of the Himba people in Namibia still wear this hairstyle to this day! The girls wear two braids and the boys wear one. Ramses II also wore neck jewelry which was an important part of his image. With this evidence alone, some would say, "I can see that." It makes logical sense that they could be the modern day descendants of the Ancient Kemetic people. Who else in the world wears this hairstyle as a matter of course?

Well, these people live in very dry arid regions of Namibia that have a scarcity of water. The challenge of living in regions such as this, I believe, is similar to the living conditions in Egypt. While there, I had to oil my hair morning and night to keep it from becoming "crunchy" and overly dry. The weather conditions simply sapped all moisture from my hair and skin instantly. I had renewed appreciation for why women in this part of the world keep their hair covered up. It's honestly the vain thing to do! And it's a large part of the reason it's so important to be hydrated.

Well, the Himba women are known for wearing red clay on their skin. (See images of these women which were also posted.) When piecing together my FB post, I knew that some people would be uncomfortable associating these women with the images of Ancient Kemetic women who were dressed regally, were the inventors of perfumes and cosmetics and were thus very conscious of their appearance. African descendants have been taught to shun nudity and embrace "civilization." In fact when I wore my two-strand twists in the 80s, a girl who despised me for doing said: "I don't know why that girl has that Aunt Jemima SHIT on her head!! THIS IS THE 80s. WE ARE CIVILIZED!!" I will never forget those words as long as I live. Not because I was hurt by them; but, because they told me volumes about the African mind that is fully Westernized and thus ASLEEP!!! Likewise today, many African peoples will believe that the wearing of clay on your skin is a sign of backwardness and ignorance. Well, let's think about this.

People viewing the post did not know that the children above were the offspring of these women. I didn't bother to explain that fact. But it stands to reason that if these children represent a modern image of Ramses II, the mothers MUST by default have the same origin. In my own research, I found the images of the children first, and then worked backwards in my logic by noting the neck and hair adornments of the mothers as well as the red skin tone of many temple paintings and seeing certain parallels. But after considering which photos





received likes and which ones noticeably did not, I knew why viewers did not want to associate these women with Ancient Kemet.

Firstly, my inclusion of these women came from their beauty, their adornments and their apparent self-assuredness. Likewise, their hair is a similar length to the Kemetic women who many would argue couldn't have been African because their hair is too long. Well, that is a myth. In fact, I style the hair of two Haitian girls whose very kinky hair was approximately 1 ½ inches when they arrived in the US about 3 years ago. It never used to grow!! Now, one of the sister's hair is so long that when I pull it down her back, it comes to her elbows!! The other's comes to the middle of her back. That is the power of good nutrition and proper hair care. Some of these Himba women may be wearing hair extensions. But if they are, it's because they are accustomed (*i.e. historically*) to having long hair. Time and climactic conditions may have altered factors impacting the health and vitality of their natural hair. These are all conditional suppositions, but consider this quote from the Himba Wikipedia page:

Himba women...are remarkably famous for covering themselves with otjize paste, a cosmetic mixture of butterfat and ochrepigment, to cleanse the skin over long periods due to water scarcity and protect themselves from the extremely hot and dry climate of the Kaokoland as well as against mosquito insect bites. The cosmetic mixture, often perfumed with the aromatic resin of the omuzumba shrub, gives their skin and hair plaits a distinctive orange or red-tinge characteristic, as well as texture and style. Otjize is considered foremost a highly desirable aesthetic beauty cosmetic, symbolizing earth's rich red color and blood the essence of life, and is consistent with the OvaHimba ideal of beauty.

This description is of an ingenious solution to the ever day problem of excess heat, water scarcity, dryness of skin and hair as well as mosquitos. With a Western mind, we rely on air-conditioning, drink bottled water and bathe daily even when there's a water shortage, coat our skin in sunscreen while coating our hair with every conditioner or oil product known to man and spray with insecticides. **All of these actions require using products which are produced by people other than ourselves!** And so, the African mind and body is enslaved to civilized "necessities" which are luxury items but non-essential to life. These women have the intelligence and the wherewithal to find solutions to the daily challenges of life in their surrounding environment. I wonder how many Western minds could survive and thrive in the life circumstances of these women. I wonder how many Western minds whose lives and pocketbooks are enslaved to creature comforts believe themselves better off than the Himba people. Indeed, it is a compelling state of affairs. My husband did not want to travel to Egypt when I originally invited him. He said "I am not a civilizationist." By saying this, he meant "I could give a flying flip whether our people built the pyramids. I don't need to prove that we were once the authors of civilization. I am concerned with the politics, the economics and the social realities of today." In that regard, I too am not a civilizationist. Because when I look at the Himba women, I admire them greatly and I honor their ingenuity, their freedom and their dignity. These women are as vain and beautiful as their ancient ancestors, even though war, greed and avarice have left them only with the gifts of Eden. Yet, they have the intelligence of mind and the peacefulness of spirit to be content with God's gifts, neither raping the Earth nor craving the gifts of others to increase their own comfort. In my estimation, they are richly blessed, highly enlightened beings!

Embrace the beauty of you.