

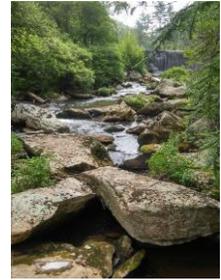
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Special Interest Articles

Sporting Tracks and Track Athletes

A God-sight Revelation

Poetically Speaking: God-sight



Personal and Salon Updates

The fall is fast approaching, as demonstrated by the growing layers of foliage adorning the grounds. Within life and in the salon, we grow and learn with each passing day. Life is good, though always a mystery. I recall being amazed as a young mother at how much my kids were teaching me, and at how much knowledge they had pre-packaged within them. **We truly know and prophesy in part.** Understanding this deep mystery, I penned a poem back in August 2011 titled "God-sight" (pg. 3). In it, I ask God to crush my ego so that I may see His face; for, my ego makes me blind to His presence in my life, much like a glass darkly. Well in December 2014, my wish was granted. All I can say is: Be

careful what you ask for. The ride I went on is not one that many would wish to experience; because, crushing the ego requires unleashing all of the demons that we harbor within our souls through fear, jealousy, avarice, lust, anger, resentment, etc. And when unleashed, it's the God within (and without) that reins them in. The ego doesn't want to be eclipsed by God. It goes very reluctantly. When unchecked, the ego destroys on the personal level through murder, drug abuse, extortion, deception, etc. It destroys on the societal level through imperialism, terrorism, corruption, greed, etc. But when God commands, go it must. And it will. This issue of Au Naturel is thus dedicated to God-sight. The storyline is painted against the backdrop of two Biblical scriptures that most

impacted me as a child: [The parable of the ten talents](#) and [the story of Lot's wife](#). The themes of these parables can be found interspersed throughout this issue. The first article is a hair piece (no pun intended) on the Rio Olympics and track and field, as I'm sure many of you were witnessing history being made by some God-kissed people. The next article is a very, very brief snapshot of my God-sight experience contextualized within a recent encounter that inspired my reflection. I didn't plan to write in this way; but, the themes spilled out of me and came to fruition on Sept. 1st. I guess this is what I'm to talk about this month. Sometimes, I go deep. Come with me.

Sporting Tracks and Track Athletes

Individual Highlights

Comedy Corner: Weave Queen & Naturalista Memes 2
MLK Tour Photos 3
Nature Photos courtesy of the NC Mountains 5-7

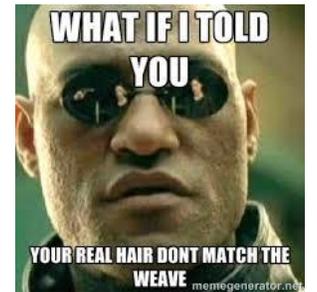
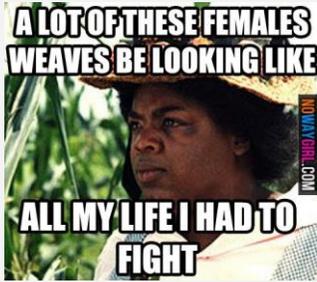
I'm sure many of you, like me, watched the Rio 2016 Olympics with bated breath. I absolutely lost my mind when Simone Manuel took the gold for the 100m freestyle. As NBC had already biased my mind to prepare for the Australian twins to both take a place on the podium, I was frankly watching them most astutely. And then, surprise, surprise. I said to my son: "Wait! What's happening?" He said: "The US is pulling ahead!" I suddenly leaped out of my seat and starting jumping up and down screaming:

"Go, go, go!!" My heart was racing. I'm surprised I didn't give myself a heart attack. I was lost in the moment. My girl Missy says she starts swimming against the air with the athletes. I'm sure there would be some pretty funny scenes around the world if people recorded the behind the scenes views like [JFK being shut down because Jamaicans lost their mind at Bolt's 100m win](#). I howled because Jamaicans always imitate the sound of gunshots when they are celebrating a victory. So, this one really

came down to a clash of cultures. The same night, Simone Biles was competing for the gold medal in the all-around gymnastics competition. My heart was beating so fast you would have thought it was MY child competing. I had to really breathe and try to control my anxiety. When she won, my son Jamar with his usual quick wit said: "Ten thousand African-American couples across the country just decided to name their baby Simone." I howled. I bet he's right.

Comedy Corner:

Weave Queen & Naturalista Memes



Sporting Tracks continued...

Turn now to the track and field events. They are one of my favorites, although I love all Summer Olympic sports. Well, I must confess that I was markedly disturbed by all the hair weaves plying down the track at the human equivalent of light speed. This year, it frankly seemed way more than usual, or was it just me? I was visiting a Jamaican friend at her Dad's house in Stone Mountain, GA which was a great place to be with Jamaicans dominating the track. At one point, the show of fake tresses was so excessive, I said to my girl: "One day, somebody is going to sprint straight out her tracks (another description for hair weaves)." I imagine we'll all see the mayhem as a Brazilian hair track escapes its bondage and gracefully alights across the face of another athlete who was simply outclassed in this qualifier (meaning she was gettin' beat). In her blindness, she stumbles into the adjacent lane tagging the back heel of the athlete therein, and they both tumble to the ground." The international camera will then zero in on the [hair track](#) lying across two lanes with ensuing headlines reading: "The Tumble-weave that Tumbled Teams" or "The Tracked-out Track Star Over-shadows Competition In More Ways Than One" or how about "Trackless Trini Triumphs when Tumble-weave Topples Contenders." I've got a million of 'em! ☺ Needless to say, the IAAF and the Olympic Committee would then find it necessary to ban hair weaves from international competition. You know it's not so unlikely. It would be a joy for some as [there is often a great desire to ban whatever Black athletes engage in for the sake of uniformity](#). I'm waiting to see it happen. But, all the same, I'm compelled to ask: Why are weaves so dominant in track and field events?

I can surmise. Many of us can remember the images of [Flojo racing down the track in the 80s](#) and leaving everyone in her

wake. It's an image that's etched in the memory if you witnessed it. The most indelible part of that imagery was that her tresses were flying behind her, demonstrating the natural effect of what hair does when attached to a freight train. That was back in the day when weaves weren't so prevalent. So, you KNEW it was her hair. All female sprinters were surely inspired by Flojo in some way, and I imagine that many long to be like her. Since they know they can't beat her time (and no one has), they might as well channel her energy through their hair. I get it.

Sporting tracks on the track is also considered by some to be as fashionable as it is chic. But you know me: I'm not a great fan of the false. Sure, there are many women with alopecia who would love to wear their own hair, if afforded the opportunity. These women are doing what they have to in order to fit in with society and move on with life. It is what it is. I get it and God bless them all. But, that's not what I saw on the track in Rio. Instead, I saw women who have hair, covering it up. I guess they feel they are now on the biggest stage in track and field and thus want to look their "best." I'm not sure. While male swimmers shave their heads to erase milliseconds from their time, female track athletes add hair (and time?) to look fashionable. Interesting. But when I see how much damage is being wreaked on women's divinely appointed and naturally perfect manes for the sake of "fashion", how could I be a fan? As a natural stylist, I've seen A LOT of human damage. A sister recently told me her husband's baby-mother always had hair down her back in high school. Now, she has no edges and finally cut her hair short. She only wears long weaves. WHAT?! So what she was seeking in wearing a weave is not length; because, she had that. Its ease and texture--the absence of a bad hair day.

Well, when God gives you a gift/talent, He doesn't mind taking it away if you don't appreciate it. I've been there, done that. When my shoulder length hair was damaged in the 80s by a bad relaxer treatment, I promised God that if my hair ever grew back, I would NEVER chemically treat it again. I haven't looked back. (Lot's wife is not who I aspire to be.) But, God bless you if your experience with chemicals has been all positive. The natural journey was simply not a necessity for you.

The best way I can sum up my very strong bias against weaves is to explain it this way: ***If you look in the mirror and believe you see God's reflection staring back at you, would you put a wig on it?*** Think about it for real. I laugh at the thought. We laugh collectively, as the memes to the left show. And I'm sure many in mainstream laugh as well. My message is: Embrace the beauty of you. It's not a slogan for me. It's a belief system. Couple that with the knowledge that most sisters would be angry to see a White woman walking down the street with an Afro wig, and would go so far as to believe she looked like a clown. You know I'm speaking truth. [Others wouldn't mind telling her to take it off and might even venture so far as to assist her with the needful](#). But, what if she REALLY AND TRULY loves Afros so much that she wants to wear one? Isn't that how we feel about weaves? Yet, we would judge the White sister unjustly. Why have a negative view of her and not of ourselves?

The irony in all of this is that our salon provides weave services--not because I like them. It's because I would rather that someone who actually cares about the hair underneath the weave install it rather than someone who doesn't. That's all.

Sporting Tracks and Track Athletes continued

In the end, it's all good. I aint mad, and I pray I'm not judging other unjustly. But when I see that people don't love themselves as divinely created, I'm not going to pretend that I'm blind. Likewise when I see brothers walking like a penguin down the street as they hold up your pants, I'M GOING TO LAUGH! 'Cause that sh!# is funny to me!! I can't help it. Is pity and shaking my head a better response? God, guard my soul from self-righteousness... What a tangled web is this thing called existence. Help us, Lord. WE ALL FALL SHORT!

With that said, the sister that captured my heart at the Olympics was none other than [Tori Bowie](#). (Sister girl can definitely lose the weave. She's divinely beautiful as crafted.) I listened to an interview of her story, and I was routing for her immediately. She has a statuesque beauty bar none and has talent to match. Her body is perfection. God kissed her two times...at least. I heard on Tom Joyner this week that the modeling industry has already tagged her for a second career. I wish her much success! Yes, Elaine Thompson schooled her in the 100m race; but, Jamaicans have track and field down to a science. Do you want to know why Jamaica is, as one newscaster put it, "the sprint capitol of the world"? Because, they start their children running straight out of the womb--as soon as they can walk. My sons were running as early as age 2 in sports day competitions in their pre-school. From that early stage, you start to see who has God-given talent; because their balance and coordination is so developmental, those with natural talent win. And so, these athletes are observed very early and encouraged all along the way. When you find a track star in Jamaica, it is unlikely that there are many in the country that can outclass them. Because the cream truly rises. In the US, there are many country boys who never had training that might be exceptional athletes with the proper training. But since they may never have gone to college, we'll never know.



"A man's true wealth is the good he does in the world. Beauty is eternity gazing at itself in a mirror. But you are eternity and you are the mirror."
Kahlil Gibran

A God-sight Revelation



Preface: On the week of August 14th, I had the great pleasure to travel to Atlanta to spend priceless time with a Jamaican friend and her family. It was perfect timing--Track and Field events at the Olympics were in full swing and Jamaica was tearing up the track. There's nothing like being in the presence of Jamaicans when they are performing on the world stage. Pride prevails and is infectious. On Monday the 15th, her Dad decided that he would escort us into the city via train so that the children could have a new experience. This was their first time in the US. While exploring, we spontaneously decided to visit [Sweet Auburn](#) to tour the great Ebenezer

Baptist Church. (I personally was drawn only to the church. So, we missed most of the other attractions on this stretch of US history. That only confirms my need to go back next year when my girl returns for her annual visit to her parents' home.) All I can say about the experience is that it must have felt a little like what people have described upon visiting the [slave castles in Ghana](#). It was a haunting experience. I took pictures of the organ where [his mother](#) played before being gunned down on June 30, 1974. I imagined Dr. King walking in these same corridors, smiling with his neighbors and planning a life of service. This church is indeed holy ground. I was repeatedly moved by the depth of the tragedy experienced in one family. Did you know that like John F. and Robert Kennedy,

[Martin Luther and his brother Alfred Daniel \(A.D.\) died within a few years of each other? AD's wife as well as others believe he was murdered.](#) This is one of the Black history facts that I learned from the curator while touring the church. I could have sat chatting with him for hours. By the end of the tour, I was depressed. I left reluctantly. I felt deeply attached to this place and challenged by the legacy which we have inherited and which remains for us all to live up to. This tour inspired this post.



God-sight continued...

Introduction: In the 60s and 70s, the song of the South was a [requiem](#). It was indeed a trying time and place in US history. Some days, it feels that the melody of this composition has spread throughout the country. I've seen the flag at half-mast so much since Sept. 11th, that it almost feels like our national anthem is *Taps*. In penning this piece, I want people to know that God is in control, even when we don't understand why things happen. Often we're powerless to change the world, but His grace is sufficient. During times of trial, this truth is difficult to accept; because we are creatures of habit. If we haven't seen it before, then we're inclined NOT to trust the presence of God in unusual circumstances. I call it the *Lot's Wife Syndrome*, which compels many to reject the supernatural. Conversely, we refrain from believing what we have seen over and over because it abuses our sensibilities. Some people still refuse to believe that unarmed Black men are being targeted and killed out of fear, resentment and false judgment. This is the *Rose Colored Glasses Syndrome*, which compels us to cling to Mammon. Yet, God's face is present in all things, despite the tragedy of some circumstances.

The depth of sacrifice realized by the King family for the sake of an entire people is much like the calling of Moses, as was alluded to in King's mountaintop speech. I believe the Bible is still unfolding today, as human history is not complete. And I know that King, his brother and his mother have their place among the saints, prophets and martyrs of history. Death is the ultimate sacrifice. God does not call us all to martyrdom; but, [He does ask us to be a living sacrifice according to our unique gifts](#). I pray that we all live up to this challenge. When we fail to speak and act boldly, it is a reflection of our doubt that God is in control. So, we embrace the familiar for the sake of ease and comfort. But, many can attest to a divine order in all things. I can testify. After being inspired by my trip to Atlanta, I thought I would share my own experience in the South of the 70s to explain why I have no doubt about God's presence in all things. *This is truly one of the most challenging articles I've written. [May the words of my mouth and the meditations of my mouth be acceptable in His sight overall.](#)*

Testimonial: In the early 70s, my mother was a Black professional woman in a State that was not ready for such paradigm shifts: Alabama under George Wallace, [who is best known for blocking little children from being educated in desegregated schools](#). While Blacks were inspired by her story, the "powers that be" (Pharisees) were planning and plotting. So much so that my mother once told me: "I will never teach you to hate a people, but always KNOW what they are capable of." We received death threats on our home phone during this period. I imagine no one bothered to try to carry out these threats as my father was an Army Ranger and would have no hesitation in doing the needful to protect his family. My mother's term in Alabama ended with her being framed for embezzlement. She was found innocent after numerous months of battling in court with her attorney [Fred Gray](#)--with whom she is still friends today. This chapter of our family history was one that seemed to be closed and forgotten; but in December of 2014, I had an experience which showed me how the struggles of my mother spilled over into my youthful life at the time. During my 2014 experience, I had two remembrances from my childhood. I recall the encounters very well but had largely filed them away as no longer useful. Well in 2014, they were accessed and brought to the forefront of my mind; but this time, I had a wider field of vision. Instead of seeing from my perspective alone, I saw the scenes unfold as an external observer with supernatural sight. God showed me these visions with His eyes to remind me that He has always been active in my life and would help me in my then circumstance as well. I was only to keep the faith.

The first remembrance occurred one day as my brother and I walked home from school. I was about six years of age and he was eight or nine. At the time, we were latch key kids. We had clear instructions to let ourselves into the house from the basement entrance and to play quietly until Ms. Borum, the babysitter, arrived about 30 minutes to an hour after we got home from school. *(What can I say? Rules about unsupervised children were very different back then.)*

Poetically Speaking: God-sight

God,
if I could reduce my ego down to the size of a grape
and squash it with a minimal of effort,
would I?

You alone are my strength, my fortress, my restful comfort.
So why do I take such comfort in sleep?
Is that why it often eludes me?

God,
today I solicit your help for increased understanding.
I know my weakness as a human being.
Unfortunately, I can only see a small fraction of the whole.

Please give me god-sight
that I may see through my ego to see only you.
I am blind.

A God-sight Revelation continued...

So on the said day, Earl and I chatted casually while walking home. As we came closer to our house, we noticed that two Black male teenagers were following us. They were about 19 years of age. I remember feeling a slight sense of foreboding as we kept looking back, and they were still there. They were following us. But, we were children. Even when children sense danger, they don't easily deviate from the instructions of their parents. So, we kept walking home. When we walked down the incline of our driveway towards the basement door, they followed us. When out of the vision of the street, both of our followers came at me and began to place their hands where they should not be. I can still remember seeing my black patent leather shoes and white ankle socks while squatting down to make myself less accessible to my attackers. I screamed and ran around the backyard trying to get away from them. I yelled, "Earl, open the door!! Open the door!!" In a child's mind, home is sanctuary and I wanted immediate relief. I caught a quick glimpse of Earl, who had bolted for the door. He had a very sad countenance. But, he stood stock still and did not make an attempt to open the door, despite my protests. Eventually, one of the guys approached Earl and tried to get the key from him, but it was not in his hand. It was still hidden where he always kept it. With me screaming and running through the

backyard, and I imagine since most of our neighbors were White, they got nervous and just left. When Earl was sure that they were gone, he took out the key and let us into the house. While he was opening the door to let us in, I yelled at him with every fiber of my being: "Why didn't you open the door?!" He said simply, "Someone told me not to." I thought about his words and forgave him instantly. I never asked him who, and we never said another word about what happened. Not even to our parents. Likewise, we never saw these guys again.

When this childhood remembrance was replayed for me in December 2014, I saw the entire thing all over again. But, this time, I saw the very tall angel with a sword standing between Earl and the entrance of the house. It told Earl not to look if it upsets him but not to open the door. So, he stood there helpless and obeyed. I thought: "Wow! Angels really DO have swords!" While observing the events as an external observer, I was infused with the knowledge that "*the powers that be*" were using these boys to punish my mother. They wanted her gone, and she would not leave. So, they would make her leave. I imagine the guys were not so diligent in completing their designated assignment because their hearts were likely not in it anyway. I never learned why they left and why they never

returned. After seeing this experience replayed for me in 2014, I asked Earl if he remembered it. He didn't; but, I remember it well. How could I forget the day I was almost molested? It's hard to imagine that such an order would be made simply to punish my mother for being a Black professional woman trying to do the work of public service. The psychopathy of this truth is too deep for words, if I'm honest.

The second encounter that was brought to mind was at my elementary school [Tuskegee Public](#). I was attending this school after a rather violent encounter in which my mother rather unceremoniously pulled me out of [St. Joseph's Catholic School](#). (The details of why are listed [here on Page 3](#), if anyone's interested in full context.) Tuskegee Public had an auditorium in one of the classroom buildings where we had assembly on occasion. Well on the day recalled to mind, we had just left the auditorium on our way back to class. I was walking with two other girls. One of them suddenly looked alarmed and said: "I forgot my pocket book. Will y'all go back with me to get it?" We both nodded and walked back to the entrance of the auditorium. When we opened the doors of the auditorium, the students and teachers were all gone. But when I looked up on the stage, I saw a Black man with a torch in his hand setting the curtains on fire. I immediately



"The most beautiful discovery true friends make is that they can grow separately without growing apart."

Elisabeth Foley



"Nature often holds up a mirror so we can see more clearly the ongoing processes of growth, renewal, and transformation in our lives."

Mary Ann Brussat

A God-sight Revelation continued...

retreated and ran down the hallway screaming "FIRE!! FIRE!! FIRE!!" I busted through one of the double doors and went straight to my classroom in another building. I don't recall much else about that day. The next day, I arrived at school and the entire auditorium building was burnt to a crisp. I saw the destruction and honestly didn't think much else about it. But, it took many months to be rebuilt. I'm not sure I ever saw the new building.

When this remembrance was replayed for me as a vision in December 2014, again I saw things from a wider field of view. I saw the man with the torch in his hand setting the curtains on fire, and I ran through the hallway screaming "FIRE!! FIRE!! FIRE!!" Again I bolted through the doors of the building. But, I also saw my two friends. They were far behind me as I was not waiting for them at all. I was sounding an alarm. What I then saw was a teacher grabbing one of them and asking, "Why are you yelling like that?!" She said, "I don't know. I'm just yelling because she (meaning me) did." It took forty years for me to realize that those girls never saw what I saw AT ALL! During the remembrance, I was infused with the knowledge that the original plan was for the fire to be set and the doors of the building to be chained from the outside, trapping anyone inside the building. There were several classrooms in that building. Then, the vision showed me a closed door meeting wherein

school officials were seated at a table with the fire marshal (the only White person in the room) investigating circumstances surrounding the fire. All of the Black people at the table were saying, "You need to talk to that little Hawthorne girl! She's the one that set that fire! (My maiden name is Hawthorne.) The expression on the fire marshal's face was one of exasperation. But, he listened until he could listen no more. He then leaned forward and spoke with great intention and purpose while looking into the eyes of each person sitting at the table. "Let me be clear. This fire was set with an accelerant that was then..." (He recounted the details of how the fire was set. I don't remember those details--only the reference to the accelerant.) When he finished outlining in detail the facts of how the fire was set with his voice rising throughout the monologue, he then concluded by saying: "Don't you EVER let me hear you say again that a six year old set that fire!!!" And like good little N-words, that was the end of accusations leveled against me.

Around March of 2015, I was still in a type of recovery from my visionary experience. I doubted some of the things that I had seen and heard during that period. (*Reference the Lot's Wife Syndrome above.*) It was all so supernatural, and there was just no way to confirm all of the facts. Yes, the events were real; but in truth, I did not want to believe that God would

intervene so directly in my own life. Who am I that He should do this for me? Who are any of us that He has done so much more for us all. As Fr. Richard Rohr says, [darkness and unknowing is an integral part of the spiritual journey, which is why faith is so important](#). I was living that doubt at the time.

Well one day, my mother was going to visit my grandmother in Greensboro so I decided to ride with her. I was really trying to reconnect with family and enjoy the blessing of normalcy. While driving along, completely out of nowhere, my mother said, "Do you recall when we lived in Alabama and your school auditorium was set on fire only a few days after I held a town hall meeting there to recruit Blacks to fill vacancies for White staff members who left when I took office?" (The fact about her town hall meeting was news to me.) I said, "Yes." She said, "You saw that fire being set, didn't you?" I said, "Yes." She then said, "Do you know those people in Alabama were accusing YOU of setting that fire?" I then shook my head in disbelief. My mother and I had never before spoken of that experience since it happened. Forty years later as I'm questioning the validity of the visions that were shown to me, she brings up a subject that simply was never discussed since it occurred and tells me more about the story than I had known (before the God-sight vision). I now could not doubt the vision.

A God-sight Revelation continued...

I guess my parents wanted to protect me, so they never told me of the false accusation against me. I was clueless to that fact. But perhaps it explains why I was always getting in fights with kids at school. My brother never could understand why kids hated me so much, when I'm oh so loveable. (So says me.©) But then, *that's another story, isn't it?*

Summation: In short, these visions showed me how God was/is in active attendance in my life, even when I was unaware of His presence. In December 2014, I needed that assurance more than at any other time of my life. Why was I spared as a child? Why were my parents spared? I don't know; but, I give thanks. Premature death and abuse were not our calling; but, it is the calling of so many. So I honor them with this tribute. Some reading this post may ask: *Why wasn't I spared?* I can't answer that question; but, I can only imagine that as full as my parents' plate already was with battling powers and principalities in the Deep South, God may have decided that some things were just too much. I don't know. My only response is that you may not have been spared; but, YOU SURVIVED! And that is a powerful, most excellent testimony in and of itself. Now, you can help somebody else.

I'm sharing this information with you because I want all readers to know: God is active and omnipresent. I am NOT special! I bet each reader of this post can recall experiences in your own life and the lives of your family

members that make you wonder how you survived. I don't doubt one bit that each one of us has had these experiences. Each of you has a testimony. I'm here only to confirm to you that you survived by God's grace. He alone numbers our days and writes our script. You may ask: "What about Trayvon Martin, Tamir Rice, Michael Brown, Nykea Aldridge, etc.?" Well, to that, I can only say: [God's ways are not our ways](#). [God is in control](#). And when he finally does call us home, it's at His appointed time. Did you know that Michael Brown told his family that he was going to be famous one day? The Word says that ([like Jeremiah](#)), [God knew us in our mother's womb](#) and [He knew the number of our days before we were born](#). And so, Michael Brown knew in his heart of hearts that he had an important mission, though he knew not of what nature: to be a martyr for social justice like [Emmet Till](#) so many years before. We have a responsibility to these martyrs, to our sons and daughters and to our future generations to [be active in our resistance of powers and principalities](#), lest [we be counted as Lot's wives of the modern era clinging to a societal corpse](#). Selah.

Afterward: *Sharing this message is a risk. I've had to consider very carefully whether I would share something so intimate with readers of this post. So I reflected, I prayed and I wrote. Writing in this open way is a large part of the reason why my posts are not on a blog for public*

consumption. My format allows the reader and their opinions of me and whatever I've said to remain anonymous. My message is always shrouded in love. And those who wish to see that do. Those who have other intentions will receive no social media brownie points by tearing me down. And so, the trolls keep trolling for bigger fish to fry, and I remain free to write as my heart and spirit dictate. I give thanks.

I have mostly shared these experiences with my inner circle. But a friend recently encouraged me to share wider as the testimony might help someone. So, I pray this is a blessing and encouragement to someone. I know however that in the realm of duality, there are two sides to all things. I had a sister who is Christian and called me friend who I shared some of my testimony with back in late 2014. She promptly stopped dealing with me completely. I guess my life experiences didn't fit within her narrow definition of what the life of a believer looks like. Yet my experiences were/are a powerful testimony of what God's grace looks like. I was deeply hurt. I couldn't figure out if she abandoned me out of self-righteousness (i.e. fear for me) or doubt (fear for self). I sense it may have been a little of both. But, I feel if you're a true friend and if you sense I need help, why leave me hanging? She had given me a plaque some time back which read: "Sisters are forever." I cherished it and



"I truly believe that everything that we do and everyone that we meet is put in our path for a purpose. There are no accidents; we're all teachers - if we're willing to pay attention to the lessons we learn, trust our positive instincts and not be afraid to take risks or wait for some miracle to come knocking at our door."

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Embrace the beauty of you.

A God-sight Revelation continued...

kept it on my station at the salon. I have since thrown it in the trash. Not because I'm righteous; but, because I'm weak. In short, I didn't like the constant reminder that the true depth of meaning which I apportioned to those words was merely a shadow. But, that problem was mine. Not hers. Perhaps she was just choosing to love me from

afar. Who am I to judge? In the meantime, the plaque had become somewhat of a dust collector. And so, it took flight. I also share these words because I've always been fascinated at the way we are so sure about what we don't know much about at all. 'If it hasn't happened to me yet, it must not be from God.' God said we know in part and

prophecy in part; but, I guess we're just not comfortable with God's truth. So we choose the law over grace. My heart bleeds to know that such is the state of our existence. But God alone knows why and how. We give thanks for grace. I pray that we give it as much as we hope to receive it. And I pray that my sister is well. Amen.

About Our Organization

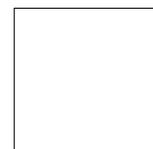
As the first natural hair salon in Raleigh, NC, Schatzi's is the one-stop shop for all of your natural hair care needs. With a warm and nurturing ambiance for clients to "Embrace the Beauty of You," Schatzi's is located in the Park on

Millbrook Condominium complex, near Millbrook Rds.

Schatzi's design gallery provides services that nurture natural hair and help to guide you through and beyond the transition process. Our art gallery is

provided courtesy of local artist Jasmine Hawthorne. 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.

SCHATZI'S
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RALEIGH, NC 27604



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