

Nu's News X-pression is Freedom!!!

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FIHANKRA

"House/compound"



Adinkra
symbol
meaning:
symbol of
security and
safety

Typical of Akan
(Asante)
architecture, the
communal
housing
compound has
only one

entrance and
exit.

The Power of Presence- Being Thankful For Hospice Volunteers

by Author Crystal Hickerson
from Get Crystalized



I have worked in hospice for over 17 years. During that expanse of time I am proud to say that I was, for many of our patients, one of the last people they ever saw before their death. I know, in this season of family and joy it's hard to think of death and dying,

but I believe it is in these sobering realities of our own mortality where true joy can be found. In hospice we care for the dying. Hospice patients will live for only a few months, and within that time our hospice doctors, nurses, aides, chaplains, and social workers will support them as well as their families. There is one part of our team which is an integral part of hospice, so much so that Medicare requires them; I am speaking of hospice volunteers. They are ones who sign up to sit with these dying patients, many being the very last person to be there when the patient takes their final breath. You might say, well, all they did was sit there, anyone can do that. Perhaps, but let me share a very personal story with you.

In 2013 I was diagnosed with stage 3 breast cancer. When my doctor gave me the news she asked that I bring a loved one

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with me.



I did not. I had worked in a field of giving bad news my entire career, plus I was a trained counselor, I could handle this. After hearing the news I went home to an empty house and dealt with it alone. I told my children, who are adults and the fight of my life began. In order to have chemotherapy I would first have to get a port placed in my chest. I was a more than a little nervous, I don't mind telling you, as I waited at the hospital in pre-op. My son had already been moved to the waiting area as I lay there. It was a simple procedure, nothing to be concerned about, yet the anxiety grew. My surgeon was running behind and a young resident came into the room to sit with me. The conversation was light. We chatted about traveling and flying on planes. He was pleasant and it took my mind off of my fears. Soon I was wheeled into surgery.

During my chemotherapy they ask that you invite a loved one to sit with you. I did not. Friends offered, my children offered, but I said No, I'll be fine. I have quite a bit of pride, you see. An out of state friend knew my schedule and "coincidentally" instant messaged me during the time I was getting treatments. He always acted as if he didn't realize that I was in getting my treatments but I later realized that it was fully intentional.

There were many times like this during my two year battle with cancer that friends and family didn't wait for me to ask, yet were there for me. Some just sat with me, gave me a phone call, and even just an email. Did their presence with me stop the cancer? No. Did them sitting with me or calling me alleviate the pain and suffering of the cancer? No. Yet had they not been there the emotional distress would have been much worse. I think about all of the times that I pushed people away when I could have used a human presence.

So what does this have to do with hospice volunteers? The human presence is a very powerful and healing thing, if not for the body then definitely for the soul. This is what hospice volunteers provide every single time they visit with a patient. You might think, and sometimes they even feel, that they have not done anything but sit at the bedside with someone, but those thoughts are wrong. That young resident may not have thought that he did anything when he sat with me or my friend may have thought he didn't do anything but text me, but they both did so much more. They both eased my soul when my body was going through so much pain. That is what hospice volunteers do. Granted not everyone can do it. And I will say that being present when someone is dying is not for everyone to do. Yet those who do are truly a blessing. So when you sit down to your Thanksgiving dinner and say your thanks for all that you have, give an extra thanks to those volunteers who are sitting vigil at the bedside healing a soul who

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is about to leave this world.

One fateful day it will be you. On that day I pray that you will have a human presence beside you.

Teach Young Males How to Talk to Women

by Talk2Q

Each day I get older, I see values that meant something to my parents get diluted or just flat-out ignored. What's so depressing about it is that society is okay with it. There aren't enough people to stand up and say "no, that's not how it's done." I'm all for evolution of values, but not to the point of eradication.



So many of today's younger parents are just lazy or too focused on themselves to be bothered with raising the kids they brought into the world. The end result is a society of young people who have absolutely no concept of the word "respect." I used to think the lack of respect was limited to those roughly 30 years or younger, but I was wrong. I've encountered people close to my age who have no concept of the word "respect." Not even on a friendship level.

One thing that needs to be focused on is how some dudes talk to women. There are some women who contribute to why guys can be disrespectful at times just by accepting the behavior. I've met quite a few "bad guys" with "decent women" because the women condoned what the guys did. But I don't think that a guy should allow a woman to dictate how he lives his life. Even if a woman *allows* a man to be disrespectful doesn't mean that he should do it. Being a man means doing the right thing *regardless* if doing the wrong thing is condoned or not. *Regardless* of what your friends think.

Guys now tend to take the shortest route to sex. That means that they will approach each woman the same way regardless of the woman. She can be dressed like a stereotypical THOT or like an attorney, but he'll virtually approach her the same because guys now are taught "quantity" over "quality." They won't waste their time trying to be the wolf in sheep's clothing. They just come right out and let you know that they're a wolf. If you don't like it then they've wasted what, 2 or 3 minutes with the "Say, Slim?" approach? If you buy what they're selling then they know that they can probably get what they want out of you.

Those who know better need to teach them that it's wrong to take that approach. That approach leads to heartaches and unplanned pregnancies with people you don't respect. It's up to us, especially men, to teach younger guys that it's okay to chat up women, but be a man about it. Understand that she's a mother, daughter, or sister to someone. Know that women, despite what some cultures of society promotes, should be treated with

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dignity.

Society has changed both men and woman in so many ways. Men are now becoming softer and more sensitive and woman are becoming harder and edgier. That makes it difficult to approach relationships more than ever, but we each need to be responsible for our own gender. We need to stop pointing fingers at what the other gender is/isn't doing and pay attention to our own. Men need to raise boys and women need to raise girls.

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**Tonight I
decided
to hate**

my job! by

Bella Boo

I decided to hate it because I don't love it! I decided to hate it because I'm forced to work this type of job due to the not so good choices I've made in life. I decided to have a baby after high school. I decided to fight for love to be with my baby's father. I decided to marry him and live to please him. After doing this for so long, I decided that I was tired of it. Then I decided to get a divorce. Afterwards I decided to try life again but I made the same decisions that I had made before so I got the same results as I had gotten before. Clearly I decided not to do anything differently. Not intentionally, but because I didn't decide

to think of a plan, strategize and come up with a way to get different results, you may as well say I decided not to do anything differently. As I did before, I decided to work a regular job, making a bit more than regular pay, achieving the same regular goals that regular people accomplish. It didn't feel right then, doesn't feel right now, and it never will because I'm not a regular person, but an irregular person who in the past decided to live a regular life. Then I decided that my life is just not meant to be that way. So now I'm deciding to try again. This time I've decided to make a plan. I've decided what I want to do, what I need to do it and how long it's gonna take to get it done. I've decided to

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delete some of my old ways, old string a longs, old clothes and old things that reminds me of anything or anyone that I am getting rid of. I decided to be new, feel new and become who and what I want to be. All of this generated because tonight I decided to hate my job!



[#latenightjxn](#)

Don't Ever Expect Reciprocation

by Talk2Q

$$\text{DISAPPOINTMENT} = \frac{\text{EXPECTATION}}{\text{REALITY}}$$

One of the hardest things some people are having to learn is how not to expect things from people. Some of us we're taught at a very young age that if you do thoughtful things for people that it will return in twofold. However it was never said that it would return from the people that you did the nice thing for.

I have a friend in his early 20's who is a really nice guy. He will do almost anything for anyone, sometimes at his own expense. What bothers him is that people will not do the same for him. I totally get where he's coming from on this because I once felt like that. It took me getting mad at myself over and over again until I realized that people aren't loyal to you for random acts of kindness.

I had to explain to him that like my dad, I always believed in helping people even if it meant going out of my way a bit. However, I had to learn how to say "no." Some things aren't worth the stress that you'll endure. It may be easier said than done for most people, but for me back then, it was very difficult to say "no" to something that I knew I was fully capable of doing. I had

to realize that everyone *doesn't deserve* your efforts. Some people only deserve your minimum.

So when you bust your behind to accommodate someone, don't feel as if they're in debt to you. They don't owe you anything other than a "thank you" and any agreed upon compensation you two may have. But they don't owe you a favor, an undying friendship, or anything like that.

I explained to him that guys like him have a hard time understanding how it's so easy for him to be nice yet so hard to receive kindness in return. I told that's a good quality to have, but it will cause more heartache in his future. I wasn't trying to discourage him by any means, but I did want to let him know that a personality like that comes with a target. People will take advantage of you because of your willingness to give. It can be a friendship, relationship, or even family.

The bottom line is: I don't ever expect anyone to look out for me the way that I look out for them. It may sound sad to say that, but disappointment is doubled

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when you have unrealistic expectations. Gone are the days that I have faith in people to do the right thing. That's not the world that we live in these days. People look out for themselves and when they don't need you any more then you'll know it.

I still try to be a generous guy, but only to a certain extent. And I only give 100% to people who may have done nice things for me in the past. I know that it may not be the right attitude to have, but I just refuse to be disappointed again.

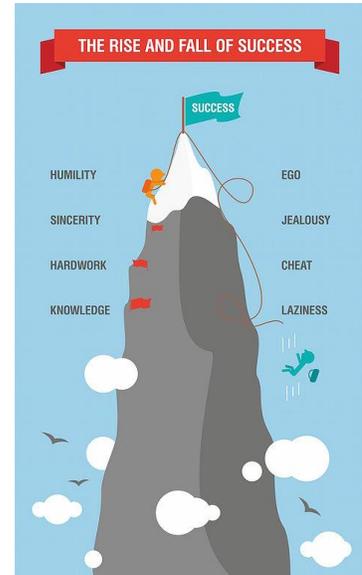


Humble Beginnings

by Writer/Author Carmen L. Hendrix
(from.carmenhendrix.com)

Humility is best defined as one who is humble or has a modest perception of one's

own importance. It is synonymous with modesty. In a world where social media has given everyone an avenue to express an opinion, to be bullies behind a keyboard, or to become overnight sensations, we find ourselves with more narcissists than those who are humble. In business, as well as in relationships, humility is what attributes to success. How many people have you seen rise to success by stepping on the backs of others, without gratitude, only to fall down and have to face those people they once shunned? One cannot be so arrogant to think that they made it to the top all by themselves. Surely they had help along the way.



There are many examples of people who made it to the top and fell because of a lack of humility. Newton's Law states, "For every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction." One should remember that when they treat others bad for their own personal enjoyment. History has continued to repeat itself over and over again. There was the rise and fall of Babylon, Greece, the Roman Empire, and Hitler. More recently, look at Blackberry; a company that once served as a powerhouse and leader in the smartphone industry. But it decided to change its platform to keep

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up with the times a little too late, passing along significant costs to its customers for servers and equipment. Billions were lost because they thought they had become a staple in the business world and that was changed with the emergence of Apple products; that did the same (or more) for less. Now, Blackberry is struggling to re-emerge in the market, recently releasing a newer device on the Android platform that is not doing as well as expected.

How can you maintain your humility and still be a successful leader in your business or industry? Recently, a video went viral about Hilcorp Energy, an Oil and Gas company in Houston that gave each employee (1400 workers total) a \$100K bonus. Forbes reported that this totaled more than \$100 million dollars. It was a bonus of appreciation, given to the employees after the company met its annual goal. This, however, isn't the first time that the company has given gifts. In the video, one of the loyal workers stated that a previous bonus was

a choice of a \$50K car or a cash payout of \$35k. Forbes reported that this bonus was given out in 2011 and the company is ranked 20th on Fortune's "Best Companies" list and ranked high as the magazine's "Best Workplaces for Diversity." In my opinion, this company will always be successful. They are investing in their employees and they have created an environment of loyalty, thus investing in their future. I wish that more companies would do this? Keeping in mind that I come from an environment where layoffs had become a part of the culture while causing stress to its employees during this practice twice a year, particularly at the end of the year during the holidays, it makes me wonder when that company will realize its antiquated ways will inevitably be their downfall. Taking the time to thank your employees goes a long way and it doesn't have to always be in monetary form. I have seen companies throw yearly parties, have lunch catered for their employees ever-so-often, give extra

vacation days as a part of their benefits package, and offer great medical benefits.

Here is a test for you. If you I were to walk into your job and ask you the name of the security guard, or the custodian, would you be able to tell me? Do you take the time to memorize the name of your waiter or waitress when you are eating out and acknowledge them when they are serving you? When you are in line at the grocery store, do you at least say hello to the cashier, or do you impatiently wait for them to give you your total? If not, take the time to get to know them. They are people too, and because of them you are in a clean environment that is safe and secure. Your waiters make sure that your food is hot and that you receive it in a timely manner. They also may throw in a few extras because they may not be used to someone showing them respect. The cashier will remember you and they will make sure to tell you about coupons and deals that are going on in the store.

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"WHEN YOU HAVE DONE SOMETHING WRONG,
ADMIT IT AND GENUINELY APOLOGIZE. NO ONE IN
HISTORY HAS EVER CHOKED TO DEATH FROM
"SWALLOWING PRIDE." - UNKNOWN

I have compiled a few tips to help you retain your humility while on your quest to be successful. I am using the term "team," but a team can represent a team that reports to you at work, a team you have that helps your business, or your familial unit.

1. **Be open to the opinions of others** – Your opinion is not the only one that is right. In fact, contrary to your beliefs, it isn't the only one that counts. Humble leaders seek the opinions of others to ensure that they have all of the facts they need to make decisions in the best interest of their team.
2. **Be attentive to the needs to others** – A team that feels appreciated is one that will perform

for you. Be attentive to them, what they need. In fact, getting to know them and what they need helps you grow.

3. **Admit when you are wrong** – Transparency is hard, but it also is necessary. Recently, we learned of Steve Harvey making a mistake at the Miss Universe pageant. He announced the wrong person as the winner. He immediately recognized his mistake and apologized. That is the sign of a leader. We are human. Humans are not perfect. In fact, have we not been taught that Jesus died because of our imperfections? You are not infallible. Own up to what you have done and you will gain much respect.
4. **Step out of the spotlight** - You don't always have

to take credit for everything nor do you have to always be in control. Learn to delegate and accept ambiguity.

5. **Self-reflect** – one of the most powerful things you can do is reflect on your day. Remember that calendar I spoke about? If not, read about it [here](#). Think about what went well, what you could have done differently or change.
6. **Let people do their jobs** – You don't have to be a micro-manager. It kills morale and is not very humble. Everyone is not going to do things YOUR way. As long as the job is done well, does it matter if everything is not done the way you would do it? Have enough faith in your team to know that they can do what needs to be done. After all,

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that is why they are on your team in the first place.

Find a way to practice humility daily, until it becomes second nature. I have never had better people in my life than those of humility, who have a genuine love for people. Dare to be in a league of your own. The people around you will appreciate you for it.

I will see you again tomorrow. Until then, I will continue to cross my t's and dot my i's. Period.

All My Love,

Carmen

The Element of El

1858



(Unlisted on the Periodic Table), is a collection gathered by NuRenaissance of

the post-statements and memoirs of RaSul El.

Nonrenewable Resources

by RaSul Tahir Hijaz El

The sources of Gold and Silver – both renewable resources – can neither be exploited nor expunged. Mercury must be removed.

Xenobic: An alien point of view . . . totally and impossibly difficult to practice and use for achieving a mating with domestic registrations of civility known to be Natural for the hosting of information and idea interchange between two or more citizen species.

“normalcey” is the actionable progression upon a process retained in focus as Communism – a regrettable,

(idea-path upon that which, by counter-intuitive commercial instruction, appeals an intent, to is-begin, upon an effect to socialize the individual by his capacity to selfishness and/or infused notoriety – on public translation of tolerable drug abuse, that, by comparison of

acceptable fractions of reasons, the tricked-out man should can retain a semblance of qualified value by his known residue of valued silence on the subject of his demoralizations, though snubbed into resistance by formal literary contradictions. That is the Jungle Book [R. Kipling] and its commerce.)

,but not unusual, not-regression into liberty outside of where normal, intuitive actions require mental assignment – in public-private socializations only – to those difficulties which hopelessly commit (a) One to the obvious (and/or guided) consciousness: Those persons existing between escorted stereotypes ..are normal ..by glamorous appeal ..and so is their “normalcy” - Social(ized) Execution: (sicknesses) A Logan's Run (A – by definition – worthless insurance plan: Sickness).

The Gatorade supplemental package was a five part lifestyle plan that – though I was not cognizant of all of the antagonistic tendencies

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resigned upon society to magnify – completely cured me of all disease save those few that, as I have stated, by integration, I was not aware of simply because I did not select a standard of living that could not be formulaic for the formula processes of biological phenomena worth considering.

Number two, I did not ever use steroids. Certain supplements I considered worth a look-and-see – such as tryptophan – which for me seemed to be consistent as an antidote to pasta poisoning – a meal that resists protein metabolism. However, that was a no-brainer – don't eat pasta much. I could live with that decision and I thought that tryptophan was pricey. Why not just eat turkey (turkey and salmon are dominant to native born North Americans for Calcium) and be done with it???

(Can, but ...“except”... a spiritual problem – I learned this later – can arise out of maintaining this habit too long.)

Water was the other number two. Malfunctions in those supported

biological functions related to increased protein intake because of dominant type misallocations of protein storage which have advantaged themselves as a result of mercury poisoning – to which I was exposed constantly – required more water as a result of the important impact of the original Gatorade formula and the “improved” Gatorade formula – which I believed helped to maximize Vitamin E efficiency by competitive biological counterbalance. By the age of fifteen, I valued the drink, not only as an investigative aid to dispel deviant behavior, but as a major evolution of the process that, prescriptively, was the integrated consequence of high-altitude organic mineral technology made efficient at Northern latitudes balanced by those reactive or readjusting low-altitude efficiencies of more Southerly latitudes (because of the Mississippi River and the Mississippi River Valley and its compounded nutritive effect upon the continent) – but only indirectly so. Each person is different and the program requires

exposure to sunlight for evaluation. When I watched the 1986 Olympics, I realized somehow that my process had caught on.

What I was deliberately omitting then, by admission, was that I had to tell why I did what I was doing and why I said what I said to certain people. I was tired of the enforcements and coercions used against me to establish a do not cross zone – for reference of who is in charge but it better not be me syndrome – that labored me of this psychology to produce answers that interactively eliminated the frustrations of the Gatorade mountain which was not in observance by less complex rationalizations on the matter where it suited my demeanor to explain or advise. They – the people in charge of me (and my hatred) – wanted me to define exactly what I was doing because I insisted that the Gatorade juice was effective “except that” . . . (I was scolded for being selective and/or secretive on many of the major points on Gatorade functionality) ... “this is

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(also) what to do" to avoid the Gatorade Wall. I didn't care that most people with defined fickle interests and schedules would run this risk of not asking me because they were looking, ready to condemn me, for almost anything else seemingly unrelated to the program.

I knew that Calcium – the number three – is a definite advantage I added after an early boyfriend of my older sister came by (632 E 100th Place, Chicago IL 60628) to ask me to make him something fresher. He thought what he got – presumably from my sister (she knew how to make it too [I showed her]) was old. I wasn't making the older Gatorade anymore, but I assured him that the first concoction was without blemish and could be used to satisfaction without troubles or undue complications. What he wanted to know was why I drank so much milk. Gatorade forced together too many competing inhibitions in the human body and demanding, by force, assumed the worst was over. Alcohol enjoyment is severely restricted to a point of

elimination by Gatorade where a person must actually stop drinking or think about when the last drink was.

People, sometimes, did not want to become that healthy and he (my sister's friend) – because he had to consider consciously if his job working in a liquor store was affected – presumably, needed to know if what he suspected was true. Gatorade was forcing him to consider eliminating alcohol – those were his now conclusions – as per his own thoughts on the matter – now supported by my affirmations that I did not want to veto, but did not want to suggest, except now – since I was asked directly – I did acknowledge. It was the combination of the third and fourth part of the Gatorade Mountain that exterminated or suppressed the urge to drink. A plan for increased carbon uptake had to be reserved or the results of increasing muscle mass became stagnated but not destroyed. I had been doing this thing since the age of one-and-a-half when I first noticed a page

in a book on science and molecules. I kept demanding burnt toast to check for carbon deposits where I had only formerly noticed them in the "crust" on the face of the bread when it came from the toaster. I knew that toast should be consumed like that – black-black-black – not toasty – but now nearly and absolutely tasteless in that state and with butterfat, because it was so dry crisp and the palate resists this item without fat. Burnt black-black-black toast – a source of carbon overload – became the number four principle of Gatorade health only because that critical molecule must first have its origins as charcoal or wood ash, though carboned toast is acceptable in its place but not a remedy when first-aid means fleetness . . . and not fight – but that too.

The number five principle of Gatorade health presumes that meat and all of its attachments is not in short supply. Along with moderate exercise, and Mercury levels at zero, this solves the Gatorade Mountain.

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It is cocaine that causes problems, however, with ascension of man over his compromised sexuality over steroids over aggression. That was the 1986 Olympics. Cocaine comes at a labour and a price. Cocaine-Carbon-Steroids spell speed and control where meat is a staple in the diet. I should not be in error in pointing out the obvious. Cocaine, itself . . . that's the story – that's the problem. Mercury is used aggressively to attempt to balance the equation because the human body is so full of tricks.

Previously, a guy my sister introduced me to – I thought she might have had some dating interest in the guy – came by. She never told me his name [I'm sure that she did – I just didn't care] but she told me that he played for the Chicago Bears. He was standing in the yard. Wilbur Marshall (I did not know who he was, but he told me his name.) dropped by, also to ask a few questions at least once (632 E 100th Place - Chicago). He was the guy my father "dreamed up" and to whom he

presumably sold the Gatorade franchise name on the phone (9656 S. Damen Avenue – Chicago IL – circa 1980), some four years prior to these events, after beating me constantly for no reason at all, behind a laundry list of punishments, until I finally withdrew into another world. I had come up with the second, enhanced Gatorade blend already but the name of Wilbur Marshall came up in circa 1981 [I think that I was seventh grade (Vanderpoel Elementary – 9500 Prospect Ave, Chicago, IL 60643)] – again in the Weekly Reader (soon after kids started noticing the brand as a chewing gum) as a second follow-up story to my initial Gatorade interview, circa 1974. I think my dad spoke to him once on the phone.

Basketball was my favorite sport pastime. I enrolled after high school (Morgan Park – 1744 W. Pryor Avenue – Chicago IL) at Florida A&M University (I had \$40 in my pocket) where a few professors remarked to me – "I heard you wrote the Breakfast Club!" I thought that it was a joke that I would learn

the source of at some point. I didn't yet know what they were talking about, of course. I saw that it was from my adventures in high school and in my home room class (Mr. T. West). Another teacher told me that she was writing a screenplay and a book entitled, Immortal Beloved, based on my relationship with my "daughter" from another lifetime (She knows who she is) – also a graduate of Morgan Park HS (1986). I didn't count it out. I never knew her any other way it seems. Anyway, up and around Florida State University from mid-1986 until 1992 at the courts on Wood Street, (I was not a student there) I went on to create a several-headed offensive scheme (based in school-yard touch football) that nearly always resulted in a mismatch known as an illegal defense or created, from confusion, a fast-break style that left one man (Me) open to take and nail the three point shot. It could not be stopped. I think UNLV was using it the last time that I really paid attention to basketball on the college level. After too many players could not match up with me

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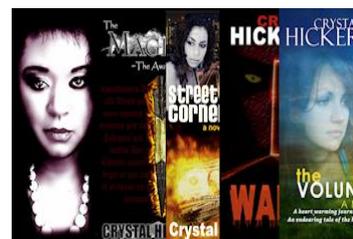
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effectively – even though they were taller and presumably more athletic [I have flat feet] – because of their complaining [and only because a player stopped the competition and asked me what I was doing], I shared with them several ways of controlling a more difficult man by way of subtle martial arts physics and psychological stratagems – some many involving what was later called trash-talk that were a result of insinuations against a weak-minded player who, by observation, could not or did not respect his coach (Reading was critical). I was only nineteen – almost twenty. Physical strength in reserve (for extreme quickness and acceleration), a calm exterior (an actor prepared to goofiness prepared to thuggish stereotypical), and a brutish attitude (stalking) was/is a must for this style of aggressive play, however, yet its demands (the player must be capable of hitting the shot every time) needs peace to function for the individual laborer (The 1 which plays both 4 and 5 to tie up the middle and create foul troubles, by

default is the 2 – a shooting guard who is also the coach at 3) who keeps the opposition always on defense where offense becomes a predictable problem for their center. Without proper meditation and thinking, the challenge becomes incredibly, increasingly difficult. I couldn't make any money. I was broke and I finally lost my wife because of poverty. I don't really ball now. I don't even watch it. The world is not real.

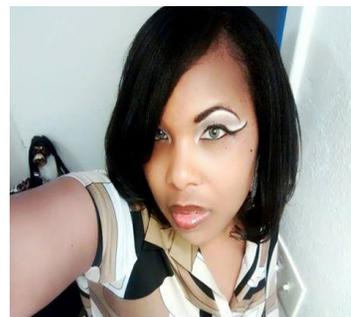
Did I do something wrong? This has to be about some bullshit. . . . motherfucker . . . I almost have no more thoughts on the subject of Gatorade . . . except . . . why I should not. First of all, I was three-years-old. I could not want to be a son-of-a-bitch. All I wanted to do was to watch TV. Nobody told me that there was anything really wrong with that idea except that I had to go to school – except – I had to wait because I was in too big a hurry. What the fuck just happened? That's what I think when I look back over my life. I'm not yet fifty-years old.



BUY Crystal Hickerson NOVELS

Crystal Hickerson is a [published author](#), host of [The Crystal Show](#), and female activist.

**BEING BLESSED BY MY
HANDS BY BRINGING
THE HEART OF ART
INTO YOUR HOME!!!**



*“Trying to
promote my*

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calling... I believe in bringing an idea into a vision, a vision into a smile, a smile into a memory. I channel my emotions onto an empty canvas or page and express who God sees in me. I have always had a rough life but overcome it through my art or music. I specialize in acrylic oils, pastels, dark wash,

watercolor, prisma color pencils, graphite and charcoal. One day I would love to transfer my drawings on Clothing. Do tattoos. Expand my territory in my craft. I do caricatures wildlife pets portraits landscapes still life mechanical drawing anime cartoon black art jazz anything that comes to mind I can draw." – Monique

GOD'S GIFT of ART



	PRICE LIST
	<p>CHARCOAL 11x14 (\$ 100 w/frame) or (\$ 80 w/o) 16x20 (\$150 w/frame) or (\$100 w/o) 18x24 (\$200 w/frame) or (\$150 w/o) 20x24 (\$250 w/frame) or (\$200 w/o)</p> <p>ACRYLIC OILS 11x14 (\$200 w/frame or gallery wrapped) 16x20 (\$250 w/frame or gallery wrapped) 18x24 (\$300 w/frame or gallery wrapped) 20x24 (\$350 w/frame or gallery wrapped)</p> <p>PASTELS 11x14 (\$150 w/frame) or (\$100 w/o) 16x20 (\$200 w/frame) or (\$150 w/o) 18x24 (\$250 w/frame) or (\$200 w/o) 20x24 (\$300 w/frame) or (\$250 w/o)</p> <p>NONE NEGOTIABLE</p>



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Forgiveness Is For You

by
Writer/Author Carmen L. Hendrix
(from.carmenhendrix.com)

I saw a meme yesterday that said, "I never knew how strong I was until I had to forgive someone who wasn't sorry, and accept an apology I never received." It was a repost from Instagram poster @QuotesFromTheHeart100 and it really made me think.



There was a time when I held on to grudges towards people who have wronged me. Though I have forgiven them, it wasn't to

ease their conscience. In fact, some of them have avoided me so that they would not have to apologize. So, whether they know it or not, I have forgiven them for me. I have the understanding that you cannot have a clear conscience, and peace of mind, if you are holding on to the pain that someone has previously caused you. The lesson here is:

You have to learn to the art of forgiveness.

Four Stages of Forgiveness

I can be honest; when it comes to those who have wronged me, it took a long time for me to let go of the bitterness that had festered in my soul. I was walking around sick because that ball of anger was like a cancer that was spreading fast. I had to understand that admitting it is the first step in adjusting my behavior. I started to realize that harboring the anger wasn't hurting anyone but myself. It also becomes a part of how you respond to others. Yes, I became a bag lady,

carrying everything that other people had done to me on my back while punishing other people for it. I recently read an article by Stuart Rothberg that explained 4 stages of forgiveness. He stated that the four stages are as follows:

- Hurt - Identify and acknowledge the hurt. Take time to find the who, what, when, where, why, and how that occurred in the offense against you.
- Hate – If you hurt, you hate. Hate the actions done to you, not the person who performed them.
- Hook – If you acknowledge your feelings, you can grab hold of what is keeping you from letting go to overcome the pain. Refuse to be the victim, cancel the debt, and move on.
- Heal – Forgiveness is an event and a process. Give forgiveness to the offender and

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participate in the process of finding relief from your pain.

Are you currently in the process of going through any of these stages? If so, be diligent about completing the entire process and remember that you are not innocent. In some ways, and at some time in your life, you have hurt someone a time or two. This is true whether you meant to do it, or not. Remember, one cannot expect to be forgiven if they do not first practice the art of being able to forgive. So I have compiled a few steps to help you get through the process.

Steps of Forgiving Others

1. Say what needs to be said and own up to the fact that you need to let it go so that it will no longer consume you.
2. Move on. Make it a habit to think happy thoughts. (I wrote a post about habits [here](#).)

3. Own your part and retain the learning. Let go of what was done to you but don't forget the lesson in it. What part did you play in it the treachery? Did you choose to turn a blind eye to what was going on? Were you inexplicably naïve? Are you guilty of giving them the benefit of the doubt when the evidence pointed to wrongdoing OR letting them get away with mistreating you until you decided enough was enough?
4. Release the hurt – let go of the pain by letting go of the resentment.
5. Be kind – Don't try to get back at the person. If you are going to dig one grave, you may as well dig two. Ask yourself if it is worth it.
6. Live in the present – Don't assign importance to something that has

happened or to a person who has moved on from you. There are plenty of people in this world who share your passions, value, and your dreams. Be the good person you want to attract in your life.

Forgiveness
is not an occasional act,
it is a permanent
attitude

- Martin Luther King Jr. -

Not taking the time to work through the pain and forgive others robs you. You are mad, upset about what they have done to you and they have moved on with their lives and not thinking about you. You have given them your power and are trapped in that anger. In that, you may make poor decisions going forward, including the decisions of how you treat other people. Don't punish other people for what someone else has done to you. Throw the baggage away and release yourself from the burdens that have been holding you down. This will bring you closer to God, and contribute to your overall

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well-being. After all, you can't "find your up" if you are bogged down.

I will see you again tomorrow. Until then, I will continue to cross my t's and dot my i's. Period.

All My Love,

Carmen

An Opus of Analogy "Ground Zero =0" by My

Mind

Reading is such a "ground zero" for the building blocks of education, and to a large degree a catalyst for criminal or negative precursors for kids with lower reading abilities. Reading proficiency requires that students be able to identify the words on the page

accurately and fluently; that they have enough knowledge and thinking ability to understand the words. The biggest challenge is that lack of motivation toward reading to understand and learn whether it is deemed interesting or not. Unless students are appropriately engaged, and they often do not fully apply the skills they have, nor will they be motivated too. The creativeness that is needed to try to engage interest is a challenge and a losing battle especially in public schools in urban or rural areas. Anytime there's been a proven direct connection to success and

literacy one would think it would warrant a more serious attempt to stress its importance, instead its stated as rambles of bullshit. The gauges of failure have been set, and "we" don't even see it.

**To void
the
existence

Justice
Done in
Cop**

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Rape

Case

by Author Crystal

Hickerson from Get Crystallized



Thank you, Thank you! **A rapist was convicted!** Former Oklahoma City Police Officer **Daniel Holtzclaw** has been found guilty of raping over 13 women who came forward and testified. I know that they are playing up the fact that he was White/Japanese and that they were all black women. But the point for me is that he was a police officer who used his position to victimize women. He, as all rapists and serial killers do, chose his victims specific. They were women who may or may not have had issues with the law, were poor, and who probably would not have been believed if they decided to file charges. This is something that many rapists count on.

And it is true in many respects.

Because rape is an act of violence which uses sex, it is hard for the general public to separate this from casual romantic sex. It is also hard for most people to comprehend that the woman didn't somehow "ask" for it. Whether it was the way she was dressed, her level of alleged promiscuity, or just her basic lifestyle and culture. With the negative imagery of black women in this country often we are thought of as highly oversexed creatures who are crude, loud, angry and lustfully enjoy being manhandled in the most filthiest way. It wasn't that long ago that blacks were looked upon as subhuman.

Taken from an article on UnderstandingRace.Org:
[See the Full Article Here](#)

Before the idea of race emerged in the U.S. European scientist Carolus Linneaus published a classification system in System Naturale in 1758 that was applied to humans. Thomas Jefferson, was among those who married the idea of race

with a biological and social hierarchy. Jefferson, a Virginia slave owner who helped draft the Declaration of Independence and later became President, was influential in promoting the idea of race that recognized whites as superior and Africans as inferior. Jefferson wrote in 1776 in Notes on the State of Virginia, "...blacks, whether originally a distinct race, or made distinct by time and circumstances, are inferior to the whites in the endowments both of body and mind." Scientists were among those who were influenced by these ideas, and began to develop their own theories about race.

With this ideology very deeply ingrained in the European American psyche it is easy to ascertain how race played a huge role in this rape case. Holtzclaw's attorney, **Scott Adams**, made the fact that these women were from the fringes of society, used drugs, and were often on the wrong side of the law as a cornerstone of his defense strategy. Thankfully the jury, who

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were all white, did not give into this line of thinking. It DOES NOT MATTER who or what these women did or did not do. He raped them. Period. Even though black community pastors and activists stood at the ready to protest against this judgement if they released him, they had nothing to fear. And this brings me much joy!



As a rape victim who have spoken out against rape and violence against women many times I feel that **this is a victory for all women**. We are not placed here on this earth to be the sexual property for men. We are not second class citizens to be beaten physically or emotionally by men and society. We must all stand up together to fight against the prejudices of all kinds that face women. Pay no mind to the taunts, jeers, and outright disrespect from those that try to deter our cause. FEMINISM is not a bad word! To be a feminist simply means that you are

for the advocacy of women's rights on the grounds of political, social, and economic equality to men. That's it. Do not be afraid to say that you're a feminist. Do not be ashamed to stand up for your rights as a woman.

So rejoice in this victory. Because a victory for one is a victory for all.



I Heard a Knock at the Door

by Bella Boo

Last night I was in my room working overtime (I work from

home). My husband had just left to go give away some furniture to a family in need. I heard a knock at the door & I panicked because it was hard, consistent knocking. Im so paranoid so I didn't move to see who it was. No one ever knocks at my door so I figured they would realize they were at the wrong door and soon go away. I called my husband to see if he had come back home and was possibly knocking because sometimes he'll play with me like that but he said no. So I was like ok. I continued to help my customer on my work phone and a few minutes later the knock came again. I was thinking this person needs to go away because I know they are at the wrong door knocking like

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that! Then I heard the person yell "police" so I'm like whatever, why would the police be at my door.. I was so in denial lol. I put my customer on hold and walked slowly to the door, but as I walked to the door, I saw red lights flashing over the balcony so I thought this may be the police for real. I opened the door and the police said ma'am is your house on fire? I said no, not that I know of. He said do you mind if I take a look at your balcony, I'm like sure okay. He walked out on the balcony and the laundry room was full of smoke. A fire had started in the walls due to faulty wiring but I couldn't smell anything because it was outside and the insulation shielded the scent. The smoke detector didn't go off because it wasn't

turned on but we had no clue of that. A neighbor walking by on the outside saw smoke coming from our balcony and called 911. Thank GOD this wasn't worse than it was. After the firefighters finished their duty, they advised that there was a gas tank right below the balcony directly under the fire in my neighbors laundry room. If it wasn't for the neighbor walking by, who knows how long it would have taken me to leave my room to even notice a fire coming from the outside in. This brings chills to me to yet again see how GOD is always looking out for me, even when I think I'm safe and sound and out of harms way. Just wanted to share my testimony because I was almost not around to talk about it but

GOD said not yet my child.
The next day following the incident, my husband and I had to take all of our clothes to the laundromat to wash the smoke scent out of them. We were completely humbled by this because neither of us had stepped foot in a laundromat for almost ten years now. When we finished, we came home and as we were bringing the laundry in, I jammed both my hands into one of the totes with clothes in it. It was cold and raining outside and my hands were freezing. When I got in the house, my hands would not stop hurting. The pain was excruciating and I didn't understand why such a small incident would hurt so bad. I ran warm water on my hands and held them in front of the heater

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but they still would not stop hurting. I finally decided to lift my hands upward as if I was surrendering and to my surprise, my hands stopped hurting instantly. I dropped them back down and the pain immediately resurfaced. I lifted my hands again and once again the pain went right away. It dawned on me that thru this entire experience, not once had I lifted my hands to say thank You GOD for sparing my life. Not once had I taken out the time to simply say thank you. Tears began to roll down my face and I starting praying and asking for forgiveness. Sometimes it's easy to get caught up in worrying about the things we go through and we forget to say thank You GOD. So I had to say Thank You for showing me what

could have been and what You're capable of doing. Thank You for Your grace and mercy. Thank You for every detail in this situation because every detail held a valuable lesson. Thank You GOD for everything.

The Element of El

1858



(Unlisted on the Periodic Table), is a collection gathered by NuRenaissance of the post-statements and memoirs of Rasul El.

California Heart

by RaSul Tahir Hijaz El

“See . . . You not going to be able to tell a 'ho naughwthaan. Not the first time and definitely not the last time. The bitch ain't

gonna lish'n.. .. but she gonna do exactly what she say she gonna do. Got to catch it – a batch – somewheres in between'so's that she can't carries evraeythings along and thow's that somewheres else. A heifer, on the other hand, won't do nothin she say . . . unless because she wants to be useless.”

Jake was his usual self when it came to self-interest. She and He never agreed the first time on any one subject except where He knew it was the only way, Calie supposed. She realized, too, that even though her demands were just a little bit tiresome, Jake – often enough – never chose to defend anything else. Otherwise . . . He could become a bit preachy.

“The nexts times you's takes anythan'gs at all back to the stowhes, don't get yo'selff all caught up in fussin. Just leaves it there. They'lls figgoer it out. They ain't about to loose no money on nothing ex'cept a batch'ez attitude. They owez you fo'ah poin'tan out the obvious. Ho'ez these days payz a

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'ho'e and she . . you . . she gotts to pays to fire a 'ho then . . . From security . . ? .. !”

Ninety-five dollars was all that they could afford for him to buy her a new dress. Her crying didn't help, so Calie was sure that this was true.. Since everything else was on sale, Jake offered to give her the extra thirty that they had been saving for something else. It was just a one-time deal. They already had all the wine they could need . . . and for the past couple of nights at least, Jake hadn't gone back on his word. He never did this close to their birthday.

Calie examined the seam – where it had ripped and the zip was left hanging. One of the buttons on the inside, where the dressmaker had lost interest, had also . . . well . . . Maybe “wash-by-hand” meant gentle cycle not recommended? She didn't know the material. How many mistakes can a girl make? Jake wasn't sure, but he wasn't angry about his clothes at all this time. None of his suits had come up missing . . . just his

time. Most of the laundry was done and all of the rent was already paid. She had picked the new landlady herself. Every last bit of silk in the world didn't seem to comfort her and yet here they were. So that he knew that she was not listening to rumors, Jake waited on her to tell him the obvious. Calie didn't want to disturb his thoughts on the matter either. Nobody would call. He had already had enough of her gossip for one evening and Calie sensed it.

“Fa'sho. Fa'sho. Fa'sho..” Calie went about her fussing with Jake as he never-minded her for asking asking him crazy questions about her hair and “twirlin' about so . . . ,” he claimed – Something she never did, of course. He was very relaxed – sleepy-eyed and dreamy – like a baby . . . and chastising her could wait and wait. She was as happy as could be and they both knew it – massaging his neck in places she knew that he needed and would not entirely deny tonight . . . “But . . ? . Ain't you iz fuh-gettin on somethin'?” Just to ridicule his attitudes

towards women, Calie sometimes emulated Jake's manner of speaking anyhow. She liked it when he smiled.

“Huh . ? . What's that, shugga ! ? !” Confusion started up in Jake. A frown lit across his face. Calie had taken him, momentarily, by surprise.

“Daddy doan be playin' do He ? ! ! My purse! Doan'chu like it?!? Ann it match'yo' hat jus' right. . . .”

The downstairs could always hold. The only thing left for them to do was to try their new bottle of wine. Calie never had a job that she could keep.

The Element of El

1858



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the post-statements and memoirs of
Rasul El.

California Vacancy

by
RaSul Tahir Hijaz El

"He "nevwer" does anything . . . Right until she makes him Until then . . . they're both in trouble." Monica put the phone away.

Calie eloped upon the idea to study a local dog racing circuit. It was as unlikely to meet anyone there to qualify as a matter or an answer in her troubles with Jake's new urgencies as it would be for her to find fault with not trying. "If there's a lazy bitch to be found, I'm sure that she'll turn up. ! . !" Calie responded to the stubborn young man's invitations to accompany him and his associates – as they called themselves – at their leisure and pastime, with an admission that she had, then, no definite plans. Allured by the belief, she first grimaced in mock horror, but nevertheless agreed – while her tastes, sighting behind and beyond this newfound beau, steadied to accommodate a new

gentlemanly prospect – all studied laughter now – but deftly – thoroughly – seated next to her imagination. The evening seemed brighter already. "Still . . . it was puzzling . . ." The afternoon events were only just beginning to heat up, and Calie – noting the time – remained a bit distracted, but undismayed, by her escort's recount of his work and escapades. The young man, feeling so-much-more-the-so and all too sure of himself, still continued to apply his pressure . . . She had not spent anything on the track that afternoon which could not be recovered easily. He had offered her this reminder and, by her laughter, took her going away all in good cheer. Lovingly, she thanked him for his party and, being careful to match smiles, departed, taking her leave of her brand-new company of friends. Calie – having had the urgency to drop in on the landlady – the fortieth time this year she assumed by now – just to see what her fuss was all about . . . heard all of these things from the other side of the window where she had stopped to watch the

woman at work. The woman, Monica, spoke so naturally . . . So casually. Tipping off Jake, however . . . it wasn't the best thing to do . . . He didn't like to be weight down with accusations. Calie, uniquely, had always been nervous so. Her moods attracted his attention . . . imperfectly so . . . and she knew this. It had been best to stay away for a while or not go home at all. She saw that the woman had purposefully abandoned the idea of escape – that Calie had not enforced upon her, but it was clear, by the evidence of her own convictions, that such was absolutely necessary. Worried looking stacks of papers sat about the room – her office – She "won't have time" that's what she gave as her frequent opinion whenever Calie offered her a different set of solutions to her impending crisis. "Tomorrow just will not be soon enough!" . . . and another assumption . . . Finally Jake walked in. She knew his walk as well as his knock. After all of this time Monica still did not. She would not have enough time to offer an apology. None of the work

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– hardly any of it – had been done according to their instructions. Some of the untyped sheaves had even been dumped onto the floor as waste and into trash.

“I guess there won't be another way .. ? .. ? . . .” Monica broke the silence. She tried to run. The way was closed. Jake never moved an inch. She was stuck right where she stood. Seconds later she was at last . . . trying . . . slowly picking herself up from the floor was natural . . . It had at last become common sense.

“Love has a place.” Jake explained these things to Calie during one evening, nearly eight months ago. He had been at an impasse for more than a week . . . nearly a month . . . over the right way to satisfy Calie's new probings. His body language – some many of those movements solved – still spoke of wonders, only because she was not yet domesticated and entirely impoverished when they first met.

“There are times,” Jake went on to say as he pondered his movements. Calie noted this, his difficulty. Could this have been a suggestion or an

invention? Considerable effort and grace were a part of his every character. But now, “When older and wiser . . .” Jake had not meant for that to apply to her yet. . . . Calie pushed Jake almost as far as he could go on this one. “Please don't make any more errands for this woman . ? ! ?” Calie argued – cutting him off for the first time – but Jake wasn't finished. . . . “This isn't going to be easy. . ? . . is it?”

All of those trips that the woman had made with Jake while she wasn't around. Now who is misspending our money? Jake did not want to yet admit it. How could she have become so foolish? Calie admonished herself, but she knew right away that at least Jake couldn't say it to her this time. Questions were the problems and neither were they imagined. Calie had wanted to say this, but she waited . . . hoping to hear a better or a different answer.

The landlady had, over-and-over, once-upon-a-time, told them each that they were not a problem . . . and yet – still ! ! ! . . . She would not spend her

money the way that they both instructed her! ? ! There could not be that much confusion in the world! ? ! Jake could not have meant anything to the landlady. Calie watched and reflected upon all of this from a new position, now in the shadowed hallway just outside the still opened door.

Jake had already told her that Monica, their landlady, the woman now on the floor, would say these things. “She is certain to claim anything.”

. . . and Calie trusted her eyes. “Don't believe her.”

That's what Jake had also said to Calie before she went to see what the problem was . . . where they couldn't pay rent anymore. That is when she had finally enough. Not yet a year later . . . Calie told herself that she needed to stop pretending . . . and come back home. Jake was enough.

Jake turned and walked out on the woman. . . . just like she knew he would... Jake was too much. . .

He must have come here not intent on staying. Calie knew that Jake would go looking for her at home. So this was love ? . ? Calie caught Monica's eye as she

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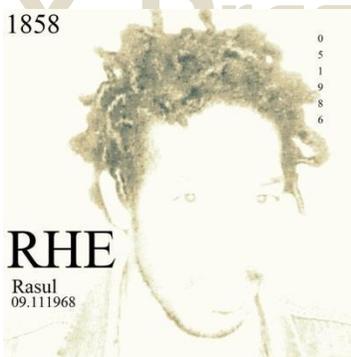
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slipped from the shadows. She enjoyed puzzles, but not like a nut . ? . ! .
 "... all-in-all ... " Calie thought on this – the last few words from the gifted... " ... What can be done now . ? ." Questions beg answers, not forgiveness. Jake would be here at any moment. He will know what to do. They will have to move .. ! .. ! .. ! Jake never really does anything for free.

The Element of El

1858



(Unlisted on the Periodic Table), is a collection gathered by NuRenaissance of the post-statements and memoirs of Rasu'l El.

California Permissible

by RaSul Tahir Hijaz El

"Naw, baybee, Them is ho'e-showghts . ! . . ! . .

.That's right . . . the ones with the skirt attached. . . . Okay . . . See, what's you'is lookin' at ta get is some 'ho'-pants. Right . . . okay. . . . If you feel like getting' yo'self some of those, get them's as well too, okay . ? ? –Get 'em . . . We'll make us a bahrgayn o'r sometha'yn elthse. . . . Yes . . . like Trick?-or-Treat? ? ? . . . I do, Know. . . ? ! .. ! . . I know that hoe-pants is in, –but don't-quote-me . . !"

Crying, even though he hated it, didn't usually matter much to Jake. He liked to give in, but, he credited his success in the world with a care to never drift away from a place that is near. "Give in when the feeling is right! !! " Jake's words, of course. Calie naturally trusted them too. She never believed in anything else. So much for our car, Calie thought. I guess we'll have to walk.

The man, the investigator, told him that "Robbery was a motive, not a job." Of course, Jake agreed and then told him that, "He" "could-be-right .. ? .. !" – because he had to ask the investigator his name. Jake, despite his reversal on the man's handicap, the

investigator had never seemed so thankful for much, other than wanting, when he wasn't needy. Though it was early in the morning, not every thief – outside of facts – could carry The Man into the night – a case which never covered the ground between suspicion and actuality. Only Jake taught Calie everything that had to be said about reality. There's always a number one reason why a potential broad is not for Jake. ..!She has to just discover it in herself. .. ! . . . and so you wake up in a new place. . . "A bitch like you'll be the one's to believes it . . ." She, Calie, One Is, too, to believe is Is – that's Jake – because I am his will – "you'll" – Callie automatically translated his words into a thinking man's business. She did not rationalize number two. That's a fact, "it" – Who wouldn't agree ? ? ! "The motherfucker stole the car in the first place. When he finally figured out that vanity and jealousy leads a man to thievery, it was too late. He only thought that he might get away with it. Now the car belongs to him. He should have it

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because he didn't want me to have it." Calie gave Jake the first synopsis. Jake gave her the silent-treatment. Over-and-over. He wasn't mad just glad. "Finally, a bitch to see things my way." he later said to her. Calie had to find a way to find the bitch. He was that undercover and that out-in-the-open. Why he called himself the investigator is a mystery . ? . He couldn't love Jake that way? ! ? "A nigga – like that – is intent on gettin'na free riyaude from No-place-To-no-place." Jake's words, again. Despite the cost, Calie decided then to get everything Jake described. Sometimes a phone can be useful, but it doesn't always work. These things can get expensive, but a case of rape will never pay. Jake pulled him off. He must have been surprised. "Reality'll be that last one-son-of-a-bitch that which won't – ! nNev-Vaaahh !. !. !. let you down, home-boy.. . ." Jake never wrestled with the devil on this . . . his off-topic advice. Can't be mad at the world-you-live-in. . . . – A-Nigga-Like-That.. !no, Blood –no enemy.

Two minutes later, the investigation was over. Blame the street.



Finding Your Up: Hooking Up With the Right People

by Writer/Author Carmen L. Hendrix
(from.carmenhendrix.com)

In today's blog discussion, I would like to talk about surrounding yourself with the right people to help you achieve greater things. These people are, as Bernada Nicole Baker calls them, "people-on-the-grow." I like that phrase because it embodies what one needs to do to continue to develop. You have to be willing to grow. Many

of us outgrow childhood friends, classmates, maybe even our significant others, and we feel guilty about leaving them behind. The truth is, every person that comes into your life serves a purpose. They are a representation of the necessary circumstances you needed to learn and be molded into the person you are today. They are the people you have "hooked up" with throughout life in your pursuit of growth. I want to discuss how to select a mentor and your evolution of growth so that you can have a better understanding of how you can hook up with the right people.

Selecting a Mentor

The bible says, "Iron sharpens iron, so one man sharpens another," in Proverbs 27:17. Now that we understand that no decision to allow a person into your life is a bad decision, it is time to talk about how to insert the right type of person into your life. There are plenty people of whom you can find beneficial to your development that can act as a guide for you. A mentor can be a family

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member, a spiritual leader, a school teacher/professor, counselor, or respected co-worker. Don't think that age is a factor. Your mentor does not have to be older than you and may have extensive experiences of which you can learn valuable lessons. Life has a funny way of making people of all ages have a story to tell, or affords them the experience and opportunity to excel in a particular field that can help you. Figure out what you need from a mentor. Create a list of qualities you are looking for and then choose your mentor using the list as a guide. Don't think that you can find all of the qualities you desire in one person, you may need two-three people of whom you can consult during different times of your developmental period. And remember, just like you can outgrow people, you can outgrow your mentor. That means, you may have to move on to another person to pick up where one mentor may leave off. It in no way gives meaning to you cutting them off, it just means you understand their limitations and move

forward as necessary, maybe even becoming your mentor's mentor.

Evolution of you

There are other ways to surround yourself with people on-the-grow. You can join some local organizations in your field of interest and use those groups as a networking opportunity. These opportunities allow you to be among a group of like-minded people who can give you pointers about how to achieve optimal results in your field. Take each day to learn more and evolve. Your evolution into the greatest "you" is dependent upon your desire to learn and change daily. You should not be the same person today that you were last year. Doing so means that you are stagnant and have found contentment in your own stubbornness. Have you ever wanted to be around someone who was stubborn and set in their ways? No. So why would you follow that same mold? Read books by people you respect and who have done well in their careers. Volunteer at your local food bank,

speak at local schools, or help out at a homeless shelter. You can even become active in your church or find something in your community that you feel needs to be changed and create a program to make the change happen. You have to truly be the change that you want to see exist in the world and the best way to do that is to find a circle of people who can help you turn that dream into a reality.

I want to end by saying that your evolution means that you need to stay focused. The bible says in Proverbs 13:20, "He who walks with wise men will be wise, but the companion of fools will suffer harm." Don't get sidetracked by people who are not on track.

Tomorrow we will talk about looking up and loving yourself. It will be all about you. Until then, I will continue to cross my t's and dot my i's. Period.

All My Love,

Carmen

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What Happened to Being Sweet?

by Talk2Q

I'm as old school as they come which means there's a huge disconnect between me and a lot of folks. Because of that, people younger than me tend to not understand why I shake my head at some of the things going on in today's society. Especially when it comes to how men and women interact.

I had a gap in dating from 2002-2012 during the time that I was married to my late wife. Unfortunately, when I got thrust back into the dating world, I had no idea how much things had changed. What a difference a decade makes!

Right before I first started dating my late wife in 1998, there were two or three other women who had my

interest. All of them brought something different to the table, but the main quality all of them had is that they were sweet. Not just to me, but to everyone around them. They knew how to treat me (encouraging). They knew how to treat their elders (respectful). They knew how to treat children (nurturing).

Those days are gone.

Fast forward to 2015 and things have changed quite a bit. Many women try to put guys in "their place." Many women have no idea how to conduct themselves around their elders without being offensive. Many women will curse around or even *at* their kids. So many women don't carry themselves like ladies.

Because in 2015, it's been put in our heads that none of that stuff matters. It's okay to do whatever you want and those who don't understand it, forget them! They don't pay your bills so who cares what they think, right?

One of the main things that made me smile when

thinking about a woman is no more. Sweetness is gone. Women now are just as hard if not harder than men and it's quite an adjustment. The sweet, nurturing, inspirational ladies that once made me feel 10 feet tall are rarer than ever these days. To some women, to be sweet is to be weak. If she's too kind to a man then he may use it as leverage in the relationship. Can't have a guy thinking that you actually like him, right?

A man is supposed to be a visionary, leader, teacher, cultivator, provider, and protector. All six of those things come to us naturally, but society teaches us how to suppress them. The same applies to women. Social media and TV encourages women to not worry about their reputation.



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Look at that photo of Nicki Minaj an read her quote again. She thinks that being "super-sweet," "sexy", or "nice" is *hard*?

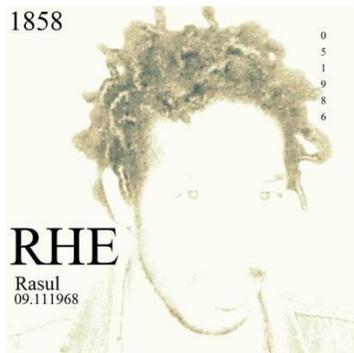
SMH.



<http://www.t2qradio.com/>

The Element of El

1858



(Unlisted on the Periodic Table), is a collection gathered by NuRenaissance of the post-statements and memoirs of RaSul El.

Your Peephole

by RaSul Tahir Hijaz El

The United STATES, a fabrication of Reality, does not, itself, exist as a literal and truthful corporation, though the means, X (why?), exists in prospectus. The Veteran's Hospital name is, in itself, at best, an incorporated construction that – because of written agreements and considerations due upon obligate veterans – must can be upset for those privileged and guarded rights, without aid to welfare status; where a Constitutional State is legally in participation with an annexed civility of the People, who – despite well-regarded Privacy Acts – find themselves potentially impoverished and underserved by all legal-representations within their combined fortuitousness to gain, now that federated nullification of non-impaired jurisprudence remains in fact and as a service supported by a standard outlet for a cannabis route

not matched by Federal equivocation – where that cannabis remains intolerable and jurisdictionally, functionally disapproved for public funding. A Constitutional State must can and will be abolished upon conversation with those same improvements where those improvements to accessibility remain solvent to jeopardy alone. Only legal misrepresentation can proceed for those in need of this public service expenditure. For now, however, iTs liens and gratuities cannot be resolved without undue hostilities.

Because of name confusion which automatically (in)asserts itself upon affiliation with the once Constitutional America – (or) A United States Upon Demand of/to (capitalistic) profitability and resigned to history, is, too, defunct as a rational present day construct of actionable welfare. These accounts, as a reminder of chronicles past, where The Republic (a debt owned by public intuition) clearly made sense as the normalized law of the land

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in practice (. . . Earth, Terra, etc., for its regional inhabitants . . .) and which remains necessarily valuable to familiar prosperity (the "I" In "I" – Me . . . Consciousness...) inasmuch as individuality (without invisibility) must first define the notion of serviceability before attachments to documents are got for examination by those who thoughtfully – without fictional, unprofessional artifice or attachment to psychotic tolerances – remain in non-counterfeit possession of accumulated and assorted faiths and dispositions – (Universal Law "KARMA": Known and Unknown Real legislations to intellect which are Created or made active as a result of Being because of guided, summed values or, alternately, trespass upon a living core principle of manicured awareness.)

For Example:

A Demonic entourage may not exist where the rights of Family belong to Being. YourSelfes may only come in peace.

No More Tipping – Yae!!

by
Author Crystal Hickerson
from Get Crystallized



Danny Meyer, founder of **Shake Shack** chain, announced that his restaurants will do away with tipping. He plans to pay his staff higher wages and pass the cost to customers by raising prices on menus. Will others take

his lead? I don't know but I for one think its a great idea! Why? Well because I hate to know that waiters and waitresses pay is based on what change I decide to give them. I personally don't think that's fair. However I get the idea of tipping because it encourages those workers to do the very best they can for you in order to receive that tip but what about the workers who go above and beyond but they are faced with a jerk who's had a bad day and is treated with disrespect AND doesn't leave a tip? Or what about the people diners who feel that the server is now their personal slave for two hours who they can boss around simply because they are going to leave some sort of tip?

Maybe if the tips were nationally mandated and it had to be written on your final bill for you to choose from based on the quality. Perhaps that would make me feel better. Mainly because most people do not know how to tip or how much they should be

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giving and to who. There is no "tipping" class in high school that deals with financial courtesies, maybe their should be. I mean what do I give the pizza guy? What do I give the concierge at my hotel, or the guy who helps me with my luggage at the airport, and what in the hell do I give the person who brings out my food at the carside-to-go place??? I mean so darned confusing!! And if I get it wrong then my pizza may be late or they hate to see my car parked on the side waiting for my take out order. Is it the customer's fault that they don't know what to tip?

I'm just going to say it – I hate tipping!!

Because of this fear of being blackballed in the service industry, I now probably over tip. I find out the

percentage then I add a dollar or two. I have had friends say "Wow, you're giving that much?" or I have had the pizza delivery guy stop and say with tears in his eyes "Thank you so much!". Should it be this way? Should patrons be stereotyped as a group of people who don't tip well so they get horrible service, which could perpetuate the bad tipping because they are pre-judged and get bad service. So why not just take it out all together. Waitresses don't worry about talking endlessly on a busy shift with people you don't know or care about simply to get a bigger tip. Wouldn't it be nice to make a decent wage and just have to deliver the meal to your table without having to be extra perky or

funny or plaster a fake smile (with teeth) at the pervert looking down your blouse?

I would love not to have to think about what I should be tipping every single person I encounter on my vacation. Can I get to my hotel or eat dinner without having to think back to my high school algebra class? And can I have lunch with my friends without the inevitable Emily Post conversation on the etiquette of fine dining?

Unless the service industry as a whole follows the lead of the groundbreaking Danny Meyer, I suppose I will have to continue to over tip everyone. <sigh>

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