

Excerpt from *Waves of Consciousness*

My eyes were set on fire. I was in a state of disbelief. Gone. Just like that. I was looking at the world through a cloud. I was being initiated into the society of the walking dead. My optical nerves were inflamed, and ...from that that reality The Sojourner Truth Method was born.

I have spent most of my career writing. But, I never thought of myself as a writer. As a non-profit executive, I wrote proposals, procedures manuals, strategic plans, operational manuals, and everything that was necessary for the successful development and management of a non-profit organization. When the lights went out and my eyesight was consumed by a fog which keeps the mind in a constant state of acute awareness, I was tossed into a foreign realm, a realm in which one is conscious of her existence in two worlds: the world of the physical and the world of the metaphysical. The intangible begins speaking in tongues that I was forced to interpret in order to survive.

I was a student of metaphysics and Eastern Philosophy, since I was fourteen years old. That was an advantage. But, I was a critical thinker who was raised as a Christian, and I had a foundation in Western philosophical thought, the reasoning mind. The reasoning mind dances in the realm of the intangible; but, it does not always have patience with the intangible aspects of human existence, and it often pretends that the world that quantum physicists acknowledge does not exist.

For five years and nine months, I walked through darkness and did little writing. I wrote a few articles, did some music reviews, and kept a journal when I was in the mood to record my experiences. But, I used this time to organize my thought forms and reassemble my world which had been beset by an upheaval, an earth quake, no, no - a fiery volcano spewing molten lava. I was forced to understand and interpret this reality.

My acupuncturist told me that he was happy that I had not fallen into that dark hole which traps the mind when life is altered or rearranged by the unexpected. He asked me: how did I do it? How did I remain mentally stable, pick up the pieces, and keep moving forward? He said that he had seen others fall apart and not be able to recover from a less traumatic experience.

I started thinking about what he had asked. I had experienced rage. I had bouts of "why me?" But mostly, I accepted this blow and sought answers, knowing that the experience was a part of some divine plan which I would someday understand...

My one true addiction had always been reading. Blindness cured me of this addiction for almost six years. But, I was hooked. I was hooked in spirit. I needed more than an occasional read from an abridged audio tape or a kind reader. The radio and music CDs were not enough. I needed my books. so, I became a member of RFB (Recording For The Blind) and the local library which supplied unabridged books and tapes of the classics or popular books with educative value.

And then, there was Toni Morrison.

I began reading a huge number of books. It was intellectually stimulating and it made me feel connected to my past life. I read Geoffrey Chaucer, John Milton, Deepak Chopra, and then there was Toni Morrison. I had read *Beloved* and the award winning *Song of Solomon* many years ago when I could see. I knew that one could not be considered well-read if she had not experienced the lore of Toni Morrison. I had all of her books in my library, but I had been too engrossed in my non-fiction literature to read all of her novels.

The Bluest Eye took me off guard. It was brilliant. Morrison's use of language and the way she sculpted her sentences captivated me. I couldn't believe that I had not taken the time to read all of her novels.

I knew Pecola. She was the child in one of the homeless shelters that I had developed. I had read her case files when I was auditing the program records for my agency's runaway shelter. I had looked into her eyes in the daycare centers for which I was responsible. I had watched her transform from an at-risk youth to an empowered young lady. I knew Pecola and I remembered those who were lost and at-risk of knowing her fate. Morrison had used fiction to record truth. Her willingness to convict not just society, but the community for its cruelty to Pecola, made me applaud. I had witnessed" the gaze" upon powerless, innocent children who had nowhere to turn and I knew that not just society, but the community had an obligation to help these innocent young children. Toni Morrison made my mind dance.

The boundaries were gone. Reality became one with fiction. Fiction demanded entry into the whirl of the controlled mind, and it would not keep its place. I could see the thin, invisible thread which linked the imagination and all its intricacies with the individual and the communal experience. The boundaries were gone. I allowed myself to bathe in the sea of consciousness, that realm where one witnesses her objective mind, and she is free to experience that oneness with all that is, all that has ever existed. It is that realm that does not deny experiences which cannot be

verified by research or in a scientific laboratory. It is that realm that quantum physicists are continually researching. It is that realm to which The Sojourner Truth Method gives voice.