

DETROIT NATIVE SUN

UNITING & ENLIGHTENING THE COMMUNITY

www.DetroitNativeSunonline.com

To each her own

By Evelyn M. Bingham
SUN COLUMNIST & POET



Financial independence for women, is a subject dear to my heart. Each woman must gain, maintain and cherish her independence, and become savvy in the management of her money. By manage, I don't mean tracking or hand carrying, or ATMing

it from its source, straight to the beauty parlor, department store, boutique, restaurant, theatre etc., with perhaps a brief trip to the supermarket. Take care of your *income*, for it's a guarantee that the *out-go* will take care of itself!

Money management is knowing the source and amount of your finances, it is having a savings and checking account, understanding bank charges, taxes, about credit and debit cards and their wise use. It is in understanding and knowing the sources of investing and savings funds, and providing for your retirement. There are many companies and individuals available to assist you with your financial planning. Find someone in whom you can trust and have rapport with, and who will teach and guide you through the process and steps of learning, without making you feel totally mindless and inadequate.

Whatever your source of finances, whether you are self employed, in the work

force, receive social security, an allowance, allotment or stipend, or are retired, each of us needs the feeling of independence, even though it may not be actualized at the moment. Work on it, because without it, your sense of pride, dignity and self worth is greatly threatened. It is a gravely demoralizing feeling to not have your own! You may have heard the saying from years ago, and it still rings true, "Mama may have, Papa may have, but God bless the child that's got its own"! Many times it is not how much money we have, but how we manage and budget what we do have.

Having and managing your own money, makes you stand a little straighter, move a little more gracefully, feel a little prettier, feel a little happier and speak more confidently. It causes the best that is within you, to want to extend *beyond* itself. It makes you want to help others to get, maintain and enjoy the fruits of *their* labors.

A woman who has and who manages her money wisely, commands respect. She is respected by herself, her spouse or significant other, her children and her family and friends, and the world in general. She *can* be a mentor and model of what a woman of determination can be or attain. She should always be in a learning mode of self education.

Each of us, as women, should take every opportunity available to instruct the young girls and women with whom we are in contract with, that education is the key to a future of financial independence, and the tool to be used in the accomplishment of their dreams!

Women Arise

By Evelyn M. Bingham

Women arise, to help each other
Women arise, to save your selves from abuse
Women arise, to help your daughters
To avoid the tentacles of anger, intimidation and misuse!

Your *release*, is the start of a new life
A journey of relearning your place in the world
And with encouragement, and the help of others
Inch by inch, step by step, you are sure to find your way.

Always know that *you are worthy*
Of the *best* life you can possibly live
And the *secret* and *success* of your desire
Is to open up to others, and gift them, with the best you have to give.

Life is about exercising free will and making choices
Of loving yourself, and others and refusing to lose
It is taking responsibility for your actions
And consequently, paying your dues!

It is climbing up out of the dark pit of despair
By tying a knot at the end of your rope
And by *pulling* and *being pushed*, ever upwards
You will surely reach the surface, to face *light, life, love, and hope!!*
© July 7, 2007

The creamy white brick home

By Marie Zenon
SPECIAL TO THE SUN

The Creamy White Brick Home that sits alone on a hilly green smooth lawn; looking lavishly unoccupied, almost reaching to the sky with its cone shaped roof top, as if to expect something unusual to happen. I just couldn't help but notice something unique about this home that sit quiet and still. Some of the front windows were shaped differently. I admired the moon shaped ones. The windows had beautiful white lace curtains and you could see the designs and styles within; so heartwarming.

One day while I was walking by the home, I saw huge drops of water falling from the windows. I stopped for a moment with confusion. I thought within myself what is going on here. It appeared that this beautiful home was tearful. It was not at all raining because the sun was shining bright,

and hot enough to go swimming at the beach,

I found myself on the porch of the home to see if someone was on the rooftop hosing or repairing it, but no one was there. I was in a state of shock, to see the water coming from the windows as if they were crying.

I drew closer to the set of the lower windows in front of the home and I began to rub my hands as to console with songs of praise, so loud that anyone passing by would hear the sweet melody. Before long the water stopped falling and the windows were instantly dried from the hot sun. The creamy white brick home was glowing in its delight. This home portrayed a personality somewhat of a human being whose desire was pressing for a sense of belonging and the acknowledgement of a sentimental loving touch until the family returns home.

At life's intersection: Cross with caution

By Evangelist Barbara Colbert
SUN COLUMNIST



"WANTED:
CROSSING GUARDS
- IMMEDIATE
OPENINGS"

Years ago, the Lord inspired me to start an outreach ministry. However, already working full-time was a distraction, so I decided to step out on faith, and focus on accomplishing this task exclusively. To preserve my mental energy, and generate at least some minimal income, I took the crossing guard job. Even though it was well below my skill set, it offered flexibility and would not require much time or effort. Little did I know, that even a job so seemingly trivial, would provide a plethora of human experience to lay the groundwork for what I would do for the rest of my life.

By my third week as a crossing guard, I knew all the children and all the vehicles that frequented my intersection. I had developed a small fan club of bus drivers, police officers, and the former crossing guard who passed my corner daily, shouting out rather risque accolades better left unsaid. As simplistic as a crossing guard's job may seem, it did have its perks.

The mornings, before the children came, were quiet times used to simply reflect on this unusual juncture in my life. I found the early hours inspiring, as trees bristled in the wind, and the sun made it's brilliant debut from behind the billowy clouds. My thoughts flowed freely and uninhibited. I confidently planned the course of my endeavors, provoked by the beautiful kaleidoscope of autumn leaves swirling about in the warm autumn breeze, providing an atmosphere of supernatural inspiration.

Then came the business of doing what I had been hired to do; safely lead-

ing people from one side of the street to the other and becoming acquainted, one way or another.

First to travel past my corner, were the elementary school children. In a whirlwind of youthful exuberance, they traveled in groups of three or more, like colorful balloons loosed in the wind, racing to my corner, halting just short of my STOP sign. Then, as I lowered the sign off they'd go, carefree, full of joy and innocence, never failing to provoke a wistful tug at my heart.

Next were the junior high pre-teens, who always traveled in pairs, girls with girls, boys with boys. Endlessly chatting away, their gait light and quick, tolerating my crossing commands, as long as I kept my distance.

Periodically, I'd get a high-schooler. Interesting creatures for sure. Generally walking alone and self-absorbed, their body language spoke volumes. They were never candidates to engage in conversation. I knew to give them their space. Reluctantly, yet wisely, I'd leave them be.

Finally, came the seniors. Their gait was much slower, rarely were they in a hurry. My most enjoyable pedestrians. Welcoming my assistance, they were always engaging and never failed to impart into my spirit kind words of wisdom and many times, encouragement.

I came to realize that I had observed life full circle. From the energetic youngster; to the caterpillar-to-butterfly pre-teen; to the self-absorbed teen; and finally, the seasoned senior. I came to learn that in God's divine scheme of things, His purpose is not only on a grand scale, but a personal one as well. Graciously, my experience as a crossing guard prepared me to cross an intersection in my life that would equip me to minister to people from all walks of life. But more importantly, it taught me to never forget that God's divine providence can be seen even in the business of something so mundane, as standing on a corner and crossing folks across the street.

Embracing the Goddess Within: Mind over matter

By Addonna AKA Goddess Godis
SUN COLUMNIST



Our mind controls everything. The good news is that we have power over our mind. Our mind is like a muscle we can train it to think positive. When-

ever we become aware of ourselves thinking a negative thought, we can replace that thought with a positive one. As we do this, we are training our mind to think positive, and we are being made new by the renewing of our mind. Our outer world is a reflection and projection of our inner world. As we change what we draw into our life changes, and what we create and how we see, and experience life changes.

So focus on, and only give power to thoughts, and conversations that will create and give birth to a new life.

Rise goddess rise. Embrace the God-given power that is within you. This is your time to shine.

A Goddess is a woman who knows that she is a daughter of God. She is a woman of great spiritual

beauty in touch with her creative and spiritual gifts. She is committed to birthing the vision that God has implanted within her.

GODIS is a spiritual artist who uses her gifts as a spiritual photographer, garment designer, writer, speaker and author of the Book of Wisdom. A Goddess is woman who knows she is a daughter of God. To contact GODIS, e-mail GODDESSGODIS@GMAIL.COM

