

DETROIT

NATIVE SUN

God's Chair©

By Ma'at Seba
SUN COLUMNIST



I was talking to my friend one day and re-laying some things that Spirit had told me to tell him, and one of the questions was to ask him if there were things that he would not do or say in front of me? He said, "Yes". Then I was to ask him "Why not?" He said, "Because I respect you too much". My reply was to be, "If you would not do or say certain things in front of me, then why do you do it in front of God?" He was quite taken aback by the question. We discussed the awesomeness of what realization we were both just brought to. If one believes that God is everywhere all the time, then God is there when we are doing or saying those things that we shouldn't. After that, Spirit gave me the example of "God's Chair©", and that was to imagine a chair that you would create for God. It can be decorated any way that you want, draped with a beautiful cloth, studded with fine jewels, plated with gold, etc. This chair is magical in that it can be any size: normal, very large, very tiny, or invisible. The concept behind God's Chair© is that because God is everywhere all the time, when people see the God's Chair© it causes them to think twice before doing or saying something that they should not. If you are about to sign a contract, buy a home or car, or have an important meeting, pull up an extra chair. Explain to the other party that: "This chair is for God, and this will be an assurance to each other that these transactions will be fair, and that we will deal truthfully with each other". Imagine the look on their face! Also, pull up a God's Chair© when having a discussion with your significant other, your child, your employer or employee, etc. It might keep attitudes and words in check and hopefully promote honesty. Hang a little God's Chair© on your rearview mirror as a reminder for when someone cuts you off in traffic. Imagine what would happen if women ran and sat in the God's Chair© in her home during a potential domestic violence situation. If nothing else, the man would probably think twice before he acted or surely he would have to think about it later. A friend's young daughter used the God's Chair© concept in school when she was being teased. The students no longer tease her because she always pulls out a

God's Chair© and asks them to repeat what they said to her in front of God. Because of her actions, the school has instituted a "No Teasing Zone" within the school grounds. We have a God's Chair© in our home, and at work there is a small God's Chair© hanging on the wall.

The God's Chair© concept is not meant to incite feelings of guilt, but to just provoke thought, self-reflection, self-analysis and to be a visual aid for us to judge our own behaviors as being just, righteous, loving, peaceful and healing, or not. God gives us free will to make choices about our lives, which means that any choices that we alone make, might result in us experiencing pleasure or pain, and that they are just that, our choices. God will not punish us for anything that we have done, which were our choices, if that was the case then we actually do not have free will and God has lied, but God is no liar. The "punishment" (painful experiences) religions speak about are nothing more than the assertion of the laws (spiritual and universal) that God has put into place to maintain order in the universe and to govern human behaviors and morality. The laws are absolute and unchanging and play favoritism to nothing and no one; if one chooses to not act in accordance with those laws then a reaction of the law (not a punishment from God) will occur. The choices that we make which are deemed as "wrong, disrespectful, ungodly or evil" are generally defined by our societies. And in contrast, some of these same societies condone and sanction murder and the abuse of women and children. But the true judge is the Spirit within ourselves, we know if we have harmed someone, or if we have said or done anything that we would be embarrassed or ashamed about. And because we love and have a great respect and reverence for God, we do not want to behave in any manner that would make us feel unrighteous or unloving before God.

The potentials of the God's Chair concept are endless. To say that this concept has changed lives is an understatement. Put this concept to practice in your life and see what happens.

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What is the worth of a queen?

By Bobby Bostic
SPECIAL TO THE SUN

What is the worth of a queen? Sometimes I wonder if she even knows? I see her and I ask myself why can't she see her beauty? Why doesn't she know her true worth? I guess it all comes from a lack of knowledge of self. But only if she would look inside of herself she would realize that she is the most precious thing on the face of this universe. Nothing in this world can match her worth because she is priceless. But yet she will sell her body for a few dollars in her ignorance to her true worth. But if she knew who she was she would know that there is not enough money on earth to pay for what she is worth. So again, I ask what is the worth of a queen?

There are some things that cannot be placed at a price. Their value is beyond the limits of what man can give. And a queen is one such thing. Even when she is in her lowest state she still excels to greatness. While she is out on the streets and in the clubs, if she would just take time to pick up a few books to learn her true place in history she would approach life from a more determined and exalted position than she does presently. Again, I ask what is the worth of a queen?

Look at her beauty, look at her features, listen to the music and harmony in her voice, adore her strength, peep how she turns fifteen cents into a dollar. What is it about her? I don't know because every time I try to put a value on her I find something else more beautiful and magnificent about her that raises her worth. Even when I think

I have thoroughly studied her and got all of the facts she does something that amazes me all over again and I have to go back to the drawing board. But no matter what picture I draw of her I have to repaint the picture all over again because a queen grows more beautiful and wiser every day. I know that my worth is nothing compared to hers. What is her truth worth? The scholars in this field will give you a definition but even the learned ones are forced to admit that the worth of a queen is beyond the field of study and words that we can put together in an attempt to define her worth. She is that super thing. She is that wonder that is beyond the threshold of human language. Then as we look to her soul we are just blown away. The soul of such a one that connects the universe in all of its elements. Her ether and her spirit is so potent that she effects all of the elements of the earth. She is more than poetry, she is poetry even when the words are standing still. Because she moves the world just by her very presence. Even if she lays in a casket we are forced to praise her worth and mount her on the highest pedestal because she has lived a life worth celebrating because all of the heartache and pain that she has been through. As a mother, as a sister, as an aunty, as a niece, as a grandmother, as a friend she has been the greatest force in a man's life. In our times of trouble she has been the strength and our light. I could go on and on with these words but as I bring this essay to an end, I must say that in the end there is nothing that can match her worth. And now myself and everyone else knows the worth of a queen.

Mom on the Rebound

By D. L. Gibson
SUN LIFESTYLE COLUMNIST



Oh no, what's the crazy deacon doing? Oh no he didn't just try to push Officer Sweetie out of the way.

The crazy cop grabbed onto his cousin's leg to try to get up off the ground.

They both insisted that they weren't going anywhere, until they got inside of Sister Girl's brother's house to get the pictures and the video.

Her brother walked up to the crazy deacon and told him to leave off of his property. This was their final warning. If they didn't turn around and walk back to their car, they were going to be sorry.

The crazy cop managed to get onto his knees and reached for the handrail to try to stand up. The emergency technicians had loaded the deacon's son into the ambulance. They asked the crazy deacon if he wanted to ride with his son to the hospital.

He declined, saying his son would be alright and he had other matters to attend to.

Black women deserve R-E-S-P-E-C-T

By Toby R. Davis
SPECIAL TO THE SUN



IN THE HISTORY of mankind, there's never been a better display of authentic love than that of a woman's love to her child or her

man. In the past, Black men have strongly depended and relied upon their Black women for strength, encouragement, and inspiration to help them overcome some of life's most difficult struggles and hardships.

Our strong Black women have been the backbone and driving force behind the greatest achievements known to man. Without their contribution to this world, men could not have accomplished nearly as much by themselves. According to the Biblical text: God fashioned the woman from the rib of man (Adam) to be the companion and helpmate of man. In Genesis 2:23 Adam said, "This is now bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman because she was taken out of man." So why not the head or the feet, you may wonder? Well the answer can be found in the modus operandi of God. As with everything else in divine order and creation here on Earth, God does everything intentionally and purposefully; and this case isn't an exception to the rule. If He'd created the woman from his feet, then she would be considered beneath him. If He'd created her from his head, then she would be considered above him. Therefore, He purposefully created her from the "rib" which is the midsection (or middle part) of the body of man to be symbolic of equal value and worth. At that

He then helped his cousin to get onto his feet. They then took a step toward the porch.

Sister Girl's brother then drop kicked the deacon and he went flying backward into his cousin.

The kick was so hard that they landed by the curb, which was a few feet away.

"Stay off of my property," Sister Girl's brother shouted. "If you take another step this way, you'll be joining your son at the hospital."

The crazy cop was moaning, but still refused help.

The crazy deacon was gasping for air and grabbing his stomach.

Officer Sweetie then asked both of them to leave, before someone gets seriously hurt.

The crowd shouted that his son was already hurt. That should be enough for them to stop.

They laid on the ground for what seemed like hours, although it was only a few minutes.

The crazy cop shouted for someone to help them up.

Officer Sweetie then walked over to give them a hand, hoping they would get into their car and leave.

very moment she indeed became a physical extension of man to be held in high esteem and to be protected from any physical or emotional harm on Earth.

Without our women as our helpmate and life partner, life as we know it would cease to exist. Human civilization is only possible because of her God-given ability to reproduce life inside her womb. Surely man provides the sperm or the seed to fertilize the egg inside her uterus; however, it is her body and her body alone that will protect it, nurture it, grow it, and deliver it unto the world as a new manifestation of life.

With the woman being so precious with her price far above rubies, why does she continue to be the most underrated, undervalued, and underappreciated by her male counterparts who fail to fully acknowledge her worth and magnificence? The truth is: Every man is forever indebted to the women of the world; especially his mother for birthing him into this physical realm and for enduring nine (9) months of pregnancy for him. Her entire anatomy had to undergo an extreme adaptation just to produce another human life - his life! She had to endure hormonal changes, night sweats, strange cravings, uncomfortable weight gain, sleepless nights, swollen feet, intense labor pains and an enlargement of her vaginal walls in order to push your infant body out into the doctor's arms. She endured all this just so you could have the life experience you have at present. With that in mind, when was the last time you even thanked your mother for giving you life on Earth? When was the last time you embraced her? Or said I love you to her? Did you know that your actual birthday is really supposed to be her day to be celebrated and honored for making it your birthday? Just food for thought!

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