

KAM REMEMBERED

by

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Chapter Three

Isaiah looks at the piece of paper Dr. Cumberland gave him. He stands on a street corner in Harlem checking the addresses of the buildings on the other side of the street. As he looks in the opposite direction and down the block he sees the subway stop he got off at the last time he visited the counselor. Finally, he sees the correct number and crosses the street; a stirring feeling rising in his stomach. As he approaches the buildings entrance a man dressed in all black is coming out. He holds the door for the youth and says, "Peace god." Isaiah nods in response because he is listening to his mp3 player and did not hear the gentleman's words. He opens another set of doors and enters the building's main room. There is a directory desk and Isaiah walks towards it while taking the ear-plug head phones out of his ears.

"Code 1221 please," he tells the security person at the desk.

She says, "Second elevator," and smiles before returning to her cell phone conversation. Isaiah heads to the elevator while putting his head set back in. He presses the up button and waits several seconds until he sees the number one light up and the elevator opens. He glances over to the security desk while stepping into the elevator and sees the woman at the desk yelling and laughing into her phone. He smiles and presses the twelve button. As the doors close Isaiah sees his reflection in the brass elevator. His phone beeps. He looks and sees a new text message. *Go to hell, you and your girl since you think she is so much better than me,* reads the text. He leans back and lets his eyes shift out of focus. He begins to get a serious head rush and thinks back to the day on the

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train. It was her that he saw in Harlem but she has no idea he is in town. He begins to feel heavy and the burdens of life sink in to the bone. By the time the number twelve lights up Isaiah feels as though his legs are leaden. He trudges out into a neat, colorful lobby and removes the music from his ears.

"Greetings, I am here to see Abeni Medina," Isaiah tells the receptionist.

"Yes, she is expecting you Isaiah. Please go through the door to her office," says the calm young woman. She is standing and motioning toward a black door with "Dr. Abeni Medina" written on it.

"Thank you," Isaiah says. She smiles and squints her eyes to the point that the coffee brown lids cover them so only the black pupils are showing. As Isaiah enters the door she sits down. On the other side is a short corridor. The walls are covered with a silky paper that reflect the dim track lighting. At the end of the corridor are strands of beads that ring bells as Isaiah enters the office. "Dr. Medina?" he asks as he steps in the cozy room.

"Please, call me Abeni," says the woman. She is shorter than Isaiah and very round-faced. Her skin is jet black and she is wearing silver and gold rings on her fingers with many jewels. She strides towards the youth and extends her hand. Isaiah grasps it and she meets his hand with both of hers. "Welcome. I have been eagerly awaiting your visit. Please, make your self at home."

"Thank you," Isaiah replies before taking off his shoes and walking over to a reclining chair next to a bookshelf neatly decorated with African figurines and several hard bound books. He eases into the chair and fixes his attention on the sagacious woman. She has her head wrapped in a lengthy piece of mud cloth-patterned fabric. Her eyes are full of light and it looks like there is a violet ring around her corneas. She is humble and fierce all at once and moves with innate grace. Every action is natural yet seems deliberate as she sits down at her desk.

"I spoke to Dr. Cumberland and he told me about your intense experience," she says with a slight Spanish accent. "I work in a similar field as Dr. Cumberland and we took some classes together at Princeton. My work is more focused on what Dr. DeGruy Leary would call 'Post Traumatic Slavery Syndrome'. You see, I study the shock that accompanies the aftermath of slavery within the African Diaspora. Sometimes, things happen in our community that are actually the by-product of a genetic memory that remembers being oppressed and tortured for generations. It is not permanent but it is deeply rooted in the collective consciousness of the African diaspora. I am a healer that balances out the shock through hypnosis and past life regression. I also work on an individual's future life projection in order to help resolve issues that come up during the regressions. Sort of *karmic* laundry. My work results in a resolute progression for people willing to know themselves. Marcus Garvey said 'A people without the knowledge of their past history, origin and culture is like a tree

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without roots.' My work reconnects one to their roots." Isaiah is still and looks uptight. "What is the matter? Did I bombard you?" she asks with a chuckle.

"No, its not that," he replies. "I am just going through a lot right now."

"Tell me about it."

"Okay, so I recently lost my father. He died suddenly and as of yet inconclusively. We had a strained relationship to begin with so this leaves many unresolved issues. I suppose I feel like all my problems with my family are a result of the relationship I had with Kam."

'Kam, this was your father?"

"Yes."

"What kind of problems are you having with your family Isaiah?" she asks with concern.

"That's just it. It all fell apart at once. I was living with my girlfriend and our baby boy in Chicago. We were doing alright, struggling but doing good, you know? I thought surviving that first winter together meant we could make it through anything. Megnat is... was... is my girlfriend. Well, I got nervous about being able to commit and did something really stupid. I got drunk and passed out at my buddy's place with another girl. We did not have sex but when Megnat came looking for me the next day she found us. We had an argument and eventually made up but there was a trust issue from that point on. This was all before my father passed away. When that news came I sort of lost it. I was a wreck so I bought a gallon of tequila and left for three days and when I came home she was gone. I found a note and she told me that she knew I was sleeping with another woman. The truth was that I was drinking tequila and grieving in a major way. I just lost those three days forever. She was convinced I was cheating so she took Gabriel back to Ethiopia. I have not heard from them in almost six months now. I almost wish I actually had cheated. It makes me so angry!" Isaiah is now flushed and beads of sweat are forming on his brow.

"Please, relax. Here, drink some water," says Abeni. Isaiah gets up and goes to the water dispenser and gets a cup full. He takes a deep breath and then returns to his seat. He is still visibly vex.

"To top it all off, my ex-girlfriend has gone nuts. She texts me awful messages, sends me emails with subjects full of hateful tirades because she knows I won't open them. She even hacked into my e-mail account and sent fake messages that made Megnat not trust me, then changed all my settings to Swedish. I tell you, she is obsessing over our breakup and it has been nearly

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five years. We were only together for eight months. I am at wits end plus I keep having bouts with severe rage."

"Well Isaiah, I have to say that this is a very convoluted matter. Let me approach this from the angle of someone that can help you. The root of this problem is with your father. If we go there, we can unravel everything else. Here, put this on," she says while holding a length of cord with some sort of amulet attached to it. The stone charm is submerged in cold water as she holds it. Isaiah stands up and walks over to the woman. She removes the necklace from the water and towel dries the stone before handing it to the young man. "It is an emerald and amethyst pendant and will open up your chakras for this session. Please recline and get as comfortable as possible. I am going to burn some sage if you don't mind."

Isaiah does as told and leans back in the reclining chair. His feet are extended outwardly and the weight of the necklace causes him to feel secure. "Thanks for helping me," he says with gratitude.

"Don't talk, just listen to me." Abeni lights a smudge stick of white sage and makes three circles counter-clockwise before saying, "Take three deep breaths. On your third breath I want you to go to the life in which your problem with your father begins." Isaiah breaths once and feels a slight tingle just above his nose upon exhalation. His next breath sends the sensation to behind his ears and up the back of his neck. On his third breath the top of his head begins to tingle and his eyes close like a steel grate. He can view the two screens behind his eyes again. "What do you see?"

"I am next to a river. The sun is bright and everything is lush and green all around. It sounds like a tropical rainforest. The air is wet and heavy like there is water all around and a chorus of birds fills the air with sounds that are almost surreal. I am a small boy and my mother has died. She died giving birth to me and my father misses her so he takes it out on me. He says I am too young to learn how to fish so he leaves me alone with my older sister while he goes out with the other men. One day, strange men come and take us away. They give us strange names and force us to wear hot clothes. They make us read the Bible and eat strange foods. Then, when I am older I see him. He does not recognize me, or at least he pretends like he doesn't. I now wear the strange garments of the ghost people that came from the sea. I wear the small letter 't' around my neck like them and cover my feet with heavy vessels of leather. He does not acknowledge me. When I go back to find my sister she is gone and even stranger men are waiting for us. They look like the ghost people I already met but they have guns and dress like soldiers. They take our clothes and force us to a new place where we are to grow rubber trees and tap them for their essence. My sister is raped; I am beaten and starved. I long for the day my father will come for us but the day never comes. One night I run away. The men are distracted with my sister so I run back to what I remember as home but it is

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useless. The village has been captured and they share our fate. A grove of rubber trees is growing in a field where we used to gather. So I keep running, and running and running. I run for three days before collapsing. On the fourth day I am found by the ghost people's dogs. A different group of ghost people find me and force me to walk for forty more days to the coast. I have never seen the ocean and am weary from the journey."

"Where is your father? asks Abeni.

"He stayed in the village. He fishes and feeds the ghost people that rape his daughter. He becomes a hollow, careless man. I am taken away over the sea. The ghost people want me to tap rubber in another land. They put me with others that look like me but speak another tongue. We are the same color but they speak like they come from far away and it is different from the language of the ghost people. It sounds like ours but their words don't make sense to me. When we get to the new land the ships keep bringing more and more of these people that are brown like us but use different sounds to speak. Eventually we learn how to communicate with gestures and some of the words we both understand. The ghost people force me to teach the others the ghost language but I refuse to wear the 't' again. Then it happens. I see a girl and feel the barrier dissolve. We teach each other our languages and she learns the ghost language very quickly. We have children but one day the ghost people take our babies and sell them. They go out over the sea to the North and we never see them again but the ghost people bring us other children and we must raise them; teaching them how to tap rubber. Eventually we go to the North too but to a different place."

"Okay Isaiah, now I want you to go back to the first incarnation in which your souls met."

"When we met? Me and my father? When I met Kam? It was very long ago," replies Isaiah. "His name was Kam back then. My name was Yeshayah," he pauses. "Yeshayah bin Kam, but I am called Yishay. We speak Hebrew and live in a large house. My father is a blacksmith and my mother keeps cows. Everyone is Black and we live in Nubia, south of Kush. My grandfather is the ruler of the area and it is a peaceful place. I choose to leave home and he never forgives me as I travel to the East. I die far from home in a new land where our religion is taking root. However, we reunite several lifetimes later. We have the same roles only this time we are an African family living in West Africa. Our language is called Wolof only we learned Arabic as we are a muslim family this time. Again, I leave home only this time it is to the West, over the sea. We are following a great king from our area as he tries to find a far away land. His name is Musa, Mansa Musa. We make it to the new land only we never come back. I stay in the far away land until my death. I have a child with one of the women from the far away land. He is taken to where his mother's people are from; deep

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inland and away from the ocean. He will supply the bloodline to which I return when I lived as the rubber tapper."

"Isaiah, can you connect any more of your lives like this? This is the first time I have witnessed someone recall interconnected incarnations."

"Isaiah is not available," says a high-pitched voice. "He is with the eternal master."

"Who do I have the pleasure of speaking to?" asks Abeni.

"This is Tehuti. Isaiah is a special soul. He is a holy person that is protected by his ancestors. He remembers these lives because the memories are imprinted in his genes. He is the living testimony of the one bloodline that reaches back to the first thought and it is through him that humanity will remember that this oneness is the only reality. I can answer on his behalf while he is with the eternal master," says Tehuti.

"Alright, please tell me how he can remember more than one life at once?"

"Every life is just a piece of the one life; the everlasting life. Nothing is separate. It only appears so. It is true Isaiah and Kam have been connected since before time existed. They are descended from the original souls that are soon to return to your Earthly realm. The end of the suffering will happen within his lifetime. As for the past lives, his seed traveled over the seas and sprouted anew in the land now called the Americas. His life as a rubber tapper reintroduced him to the people he came from; the ones from across the sea that were stolen by the ghost people. You call them Africans. The woman he fell in love with was a princess and priestess from his original society descended from his royal Kushite lineage. The children they had are Isaiah's ancestors in this lifetime. The children of the slaves became the parents that ultimately bore Kam and Isaiah. Again, nothing is separate. It only appears as so."

"So you are telling me Isaiah is in essence reading the memory stored in his genetic DNA? This is truly remarkable!" exclaims Abeni.

"The history of your race is encoded in every person that is born and dies."

"The African race?" asks Abeni.

"No, the human race," replies Tehuti. "Human's early ancestors could communicate with us, the divine beings. Only recently have humans remembered how to do this and that is part of why we are communicating through Isaiah to you. Work like this and the work of others like you bridge the gap in genetic memory that will reconnect human beings to their divine ancestry. You will recall the original names of your people and land and the coming

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generations will lead your species back into cosmic balance with nature and the universe."

"I will take what you are saying to heart," says Abeni.

"You must. Also, you must tell Isaiah that his father is still and forever will be with him. He died because his heart would not grow. Kam was not letting love into his life and it is ultimately love that causes the heart to pulse. He refused to acknowledge this and thus his heart gave up on him. However, do not tell him until the time is right, you will know when. Now, Isaiah is done speaking to the eternal master. I am leaving you for this time but you must continue your work if the future is to be fulfilled."

"I will," replies Abeni.

"You will what?" asks Isaiah. He is looking refreshed and quizzical as he stares at Dr. Medina.

"Oh, nothing... I will tell you later. How do you feel Isaiah?"

"I feel good, like waking up from a dream. I can remember things this time and there was this voice telling me that my time to awaken the inner eye is coming with my next birthday. I will be twenty-seven next May so that was interesting. Did you record the session?" he asks.

"Yes, I did," replies Abeni. "I will have to get the recording to you later but don't fret that. For now we can move forward. The next thing I need you to do is take this and swab the inside of each cheek," she says as she hands the young man a sealed pouch with two long q-tips inside. Isaiah opens the pouch and does as told. "When you are finished please place the swabs in these plastic tubes." Abeni hands the young man a set of plastic tubes and waits for him to finish the swabbing process.

"What is this for?" asks Isaiah.

"Part of your treatment is to have your paternal DNA tested to see where your ancestry originated on your father's side. As you should know, the Y-chromosome is directly inherited by every male heir and can be traced back numerous generations with modern DNA technology. I will be sending your DNA sample to a company in Washington, D.C. called African Ancestry. They will do what is called a "patri-clan" test to determine where your paternal ancestor descended from fifteen generations ago. They then trace that genetic sequence to find where current populations of your relatives are living today. It is really exciting and in six weeks you will know where your forefathers originated."

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Isaiah is a bit stunned at this information. He instantly recalls being in a Chicago hospital room where his blood is drawn in order to complete a paternity test that eventually determined Kam was his biological father. "This is unexpected but okay," he says as he hands the plastic tube back to Dr. Medina. "I wonder where in Africa the result will be."

"We shall wait and see. In the mean time I think you should take a little time to yourself and relax."

"Relax? I have been trying to relax but all you doctors keep doing is pick my brain for whatever reason instead of actually resolving my issues!" exclaims the youth in a temperamental outburst.

"I am sorry Isaiah, it may seem that way but these sessions will help you get to the root of your own anger. It truly is something you must do for yourself albeit with the help of Dr. Cumberland and my self." Abeni takes a deep breath before proceeding. "Tell me what this anger feels like."

"It only comes sometimes. It is not a regular thing but every now and then it is like a stream of rage will spring into my mind. Insulting words, negative feelings and an urge to strangle who is annoying me all boil over into my head and leave me feeling drained and guilty. It is not like I really feel that way about the person it is just in the heat of the moment it is all I can think about. It really only started after my farther passed on."

"Do you meditate Isaiah?"

"No, I have not meditated since I was a child. What does that have to do with anything?" Isaiah snaps.

"You must learn to control your breath and in turn your emotions. Meditation will give you the key to controlling your breath." Upon hearing this Isaiah closes his eyes and takes three deep, long breaths.

"You're right, I am not focusing on myself." He stretches his arms and stands up before returning the pendant to Abeni. "Thank you for your insight."

"It was my pleasure."

"When do I see you again?"

"Next Friday."

"Is there anything else for today?"

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"No I will see you in a week Isaiah," says Abeni while standing to see the young man out.