

INTRODUCTION

(The Why)

Why am I writing this book you might ask? The why that's why. Exactly! Confused are you? Don't be! As a child growing up on the island of Trinidad, I always had the need to know (the why) of things. Particularly the things that appeared negative and troubling to me. I was extremely observant and possessed a very high level of curiosity. As I grew older my desire to know grew even stronger. Not only to have a deeper understanding of those "whys", but more importantly to find the solutions to the more problematic ones.

This book is a comprehensive exposé of those troubling whys, and my recommended solutions to the problems they've been inflicting on humanity. It is about the solutions that have manifested in me as a result of my spiritual growth. This book is an unveiling of the wisdom and vision that was born through my relationship with the power that abides

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*within me. And that power is my **Inner God**...*

*This book is about doing what I truly believe I was born to do. Which is to passionately do all I can to inspire the transformation of planet earth into a united and peaceful world. A feat I fully intend to see fulfilled during my lifetime, and not somewhere in the distant future. This book is about **Truth**, the truth through my spiritual eye.*

"Without truth there's no reality, all that exists is fantasy. Without truth, there is no freedom, and without freedom there is no justice and no peace".

*Now before we go any further, I want to clarify my use of the term **God** in the context of being "The Supreme Being". So when I use the term God in this context, I'm referring to the **Creator** of the Universe; He, she, it, or maybe even them. In other words, whomever or whatever gave birth to this great Universe is what I'm referring to as **God**, or **The Creator**. With that, let's get back to truth.*

(Truth)

What is truth? Truth is power. Truth is honesty. Truth is liberation. Truth is, what is or what was in its exactness without deviation. Truth makes perfection possible. The more we embrace truth the closer to perfection we become. Truth brings us

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closer to God and God is perfection. It is precisely for this reason we as a people need to conform to the truth, and not the other way around.

*Sadly... Truth has become irrelevant in today's society. It seems that people are more obsessed with being politically correct or maintaining their personal and emotional agendas, than being truthful. One has to be extremely careful of what they say these days. It seems the more truthful you are, the more liable you are to have some power hungry mogul or enraged fanatic, threatening your life or your livelihood. We have become so corrupted and dysfunctional, truth is often seen as a threat. It is the prime reason our society has been so misguided and troubled. According to a line in a powerful song titled "**Shame**", by an equally powerful friend of mine, (Queen Ella Andall of Trinidad & Tobago) who says: "**Truth has taken a name change**". She is absolutely correct. The truth simply isn't the truth anymore, and it hasn't been for a very long time.*

The problem is; there are too many people in high places that are way too deep into their untruths to admit it. In many instances, their entire existence is built on them upholding and perpetuating these lies. Then there are others, who are just too embarrassed or afraid to admit they have been misled. They know

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*if they do, they're likely to be discredited. **Unless we embrace truth with unwavering urgency, there's no way we could survive.** Our world is now at its crossroads. We're in the midst of an extremely crucial transitional period the likes of which we've never seen before. This cannot be overstated. Our untruths have finally caught up with us. Our flawed cannibalistic system (as I choose to call it) is clearly falling apart. To borrow a boxing term, it's on the ropes receiving an eight count, literally on the verge of a devastating collapse, and greed is clearly the culprit. If we don't do something to significantly alter the situation, we could all be doomed.*

Why are so many of us suffering? How have we allowed ourselves to become so unhealthy? It seems insanity has become the norm. Toxicity levels are way too high. We have simply lost our soul and our conscience. The majority of people are becoming poorer and poorer, while a minute amount is steadily becoming richer and richer. Where has all the money gone? Maybe it's on Mars or Jupiter. The truth is, capitalism is a very sophisticated form of slavery. It has gotten so bad; we are now seeing some nations economically collapsing. It's only a matter of time before the 99% rise up to completely overthrow the greedy 1%. Not only here in America, but all across the globe. We've had a very serious scare just

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recently, but the next time we won't be so lucky. This blatant unfairness will serve to unite the 99% with unrelenting impartiality. Watch out!

*We are also seeing current efforts to minimize the amount of Americans being killed by gun violence blocked as a result of greed. Americans are killing themselves and each other at a level higher than any of their foreign wars combined. It makes me wonder about our humanity. Where's the love my people??? Where's the love we all need to survive? We are clearly in dire need of it as our children continuously cry out in pain... Can't you hear them? **"If you close your eyes and look within, you will not only see, but you will feel and know we are desperately in need of love and truth"**.*

(Lifestyles)

Our social behavior is in shambles. The lifespan of romantic relationships are increasingly growing shorter and shorter. The marriage institution is in a very dilapidated state. It seems to be doing more harm than good. The conventional family structure is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, particularly within the African American community where 72% of children are being raised in a single parent

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household. It is absolutely indisputable that what we've been doing thus far as a whole is clearly not working. For us to continue on in this same direction would be pure and unmitigated insanity. I don't mean to be negative, but if we intend to heal our world and ourselves, we need to discover why so many things keep falling apart. We really don't have much choice. We must get to the root and truth of the matter. It is the only way we can implement the correct changes and begin the healing process; with complete and total honesty.

(Genesis)

Just to give you a brief history of my beginnings. I was born on the twin island of Trinidad, with the sister island being Tobago. I am the eldest of eight children, four brothers and two sisters from both parents, with one additional brother from my father.

According to my parents (who by the way are still alive and together), I was the perfect child. I was obedient, highly intelligent and very peaceful. I had a mystical way about me. According to them, I was clearly special. Many of their friends would often challenge me at spelling words whenever they came by. Big mistake!!! The words were sometimes a little difficult, but I always seem to get them right. Words

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like Mississippi just to name one.

They said I would lift my head to the heavens and correctly spell the words. At the time I was just about two years old.

My parents' friends were so amazed by my ability to spell those words at such an early age; they would give me money for it. It is how I was able to fill my piggy bank.

This trend started, when a friend of my father by the name of Peter, asked me to spell certain words for him. When I did, he was so impressed he gave me five dollars. Back in those days, five dollars was a weekly salary to many Trinidadians.

*My childhood was extremely rich with love and happiness, and though we lived in a one-bedroom home, my siblings and I were all comfortable. We always had enough to eat, and always looked fashionable. Both our parents sewed professionally. My father was a tailor and my mother a seamstress. So clothing was never an issue. There was so much happiness permeating the air it was unavoidable. Laughter and excitement was everywhere. **It was very clear and obvious that I came into this world with unquestionable love, and not sin.***

(My Parents)

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What can I say about my parents? They are simply the greatest. My mother is the manifestation of true beauty; She was and still is the platinum standard. She is trusted and respected by everyone who knows her. She is the most loving, caring, hardworking and generous person you could ever know. She is without question, the embodiment of motherhood. She only has one tiny obsession (if you could call it that). She has a fixation with being in shape. Especially for herself and her family. So she goes to the gym three times a week. At age 75, after having seven children, her stomach is still flat. So you don't have any excuses. She would say, "I see you're getting a little chubby around the stomach there, what's going on?" And you can't even hide it because she has eyes like a hawk. Oh! I almost forgot! She's also a basketball fanatic. Warning! You can't say anything bad about Lebron James; you're going to get smacked. I'm not kidding; she might even kick you, out of her house that is. Well! Maybe I'm exaggerating just a bit, but my advice to you, is to keep your mouth shut. Other than that, she is an angel.

My father is simply the greatest man. He is great at almost everything he does. He is the fairest and most generous person I know. I remember him taking a few ice cream bars and sharing it among all the children

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in the yard, and there were a lot of us. His belief was everyone had to get a piece. He would give you his last dollar, if he thought you needed it more than he did. He had zero tolerance for bullies and advantageous people. All fools who crossed that line in his presence met their quick demise. He would whoop that behind in record time. He was a great athlete and track star. Had it not been for injury, he probably would have been in the Olympics. He is also a great musician, songwriter and singer. At age 78, he is built like a ninja warrior. Everyone who knows him even some of the guys whose behinds he had whooped, love him. He is so good, that his peers named him 'The Lord' way back in the 1960's. I'm not kidding. Due to his ability to see things before they happened, combined with his sheer power and greatness as a man, that's what they called him. That name has stuck to him ever since. That's what I call him today, The Lord.

(Culture & Spirituality)

The yard I grew up in was a cultural and spiritual powerhouse. Along with my parents' home, my grandmother and two of my uncles also lived in separate homes in the same yard.

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Culturally! *My uncle is one of the greatest pioneers of the steel drum instrument, if not THE greatest that ever walked the planet earth...*

From that yard, he converted discarded 55-gallon oil drums into a complete orchestra of steel drums. The steel orchestras he constructed and led, often overshadowed many of the worlds top conventional symphony orchestras. He led his first steel orchestra to the United States in 1965, where they broke all box office attendance records at the world renowned Radio City Music Hall. His name is Herman Rock Johnston and his band was the West Side Symphony Steel Orchestra.

Later on in the eighties, he and my father formed a twelve member family band, which included my four brothers, some of my cousins, including my uncle's two sons, his wife and myself. The band, (The Johnston Fantastic Symphony Steel Orchestra), played mostly in the New York area and surrounding states. We played at Lincoln Center, The United Nations and at the Tanglewood Festival, in Lennox; Massachusetts (home of the world renowned Boston Pops) just to name some. Every time our band played, we would receive countless standing ovations. The audiences would respond with tremendous applause as if they never wanted to stop.

Before he passed in 2001, my uncle said that our steel

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band (the Johnston family band) was the greatest band he ever had the pleasure and privilege of leading or playing with. We were simply musical assassins.

***Spiritually**, my grandmother was at the pinnacle. She was undeniably at the mountaintop of spirituality. She built a small church in our yard where she performed some of her miracles. She was the most spiritually powerful person I have ever known, or laid eyes on. To look into her eyes in my opinion, was the closest anyone could come to looking into the eyes of God. To me, she was the greatest manifestation of Godliness in a human being. Her name is Beryl Belfor, but we all called her Mama. She was not only a clairvoyant, but she was a spiritual healer and advisor. Her arms were always wide open and ready to welcome and embrace everyone. She too, was an extremely giving person. She was the supreme spiritual warrior that feared nothing. Along with my parents, she is my greatest inspiration.*

I remember when I was about seven years old. I was playing in the yard with a friend, when she and some members of her church suddenly grabbed me and took me inside the church. I was kicking and screaming, but that didn't stop them. Mama and her

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posse (church members) proceeded to perform some type of ceremony on me. I remember them literally bathing my face with some type of oil, while singing and chanting. I am not sure if there were any men, but there were mostly, if not all women in that dark candle lit church. At the time, I just couldn't understand what they were doing to me, and why. No matter how hard I fought, they simply overpowered me and did what they had to do. Now that I've thought about it, it had to be some type of anointing.

*Throughout the years, I could never get anyone to confirm that event, not even my parents. I started to believe I must have imagined it. But one faithful day as I was driving through Brooklyn, New York, I ran into a childhood friend named Ray. As we sat in my car talking and the conversation got deeper, Ray suddenly turned to me and said, "**There's one thing I will never forget as long as I live.**" I said, really! What's that? He then proceeded to describe the incident with my grandmother taking me into her church. I was so shocked I couldn't believe it. I felt so relieved and exonerated. I was elated! It was as though Ray was sent to reveal that truth to me. And when I think about it, he was. Coincidence is not something I believe in.*

Ever since that faithful day in Brooklyn, I must say I haven't seen or spoken to my friend Ray.

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Spiritually I am extremely proud to say, I have for the most part followed in my grandmother's footsteps, only without the conventional church.

(Approach)

The approach I've used to write this book is a spiritual one. Most of what you are about to read came from within my spirit, my Inner God. I purposely avoided using the opinions of external sources as much as I possibly could. The fact that our world has forever been plagued by war and colonialism, made it highly unlikely that our doctrine and our history can ever be trusted.

My hypothesis is that our spirit possesses infinite knowledge. The knowledge of all there ever was, all there is and all there will ever be. So it makes perfect sense to tap into this pure and superior source, as opposed to a deceptive and biased one, that's assuredly inferior and contaminated...

I actually spent a lot of my time lying on my back in a meditative state, literally staring up at the ceiling fan while writing this book. I've got to tell you, it has been completely enlightening for me, and I sincerely hope it will be the same for you.

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(Purpose)

My purpose as I implied earlier in this chapter, is to complete the task countless people of goodwill have sacrificed their lives in trying to accomplish. People like Nelson Mandela, Bob Marley, Mahatma Ghandi, Martin Luther King Jr., Abraham Lincoln, Malcolm X, Mother Theresa, Harriet Tubman, John Lennon, Muhammad Ali, Marcus Garvey, Medgar Evers, John F Kennedy and his brother Robert: The list goes on and on.

*Some may say I'm crazy. Some may say I'm arrogant. Some may even say I am a naive dreamer. To be honest, I am not the least worried about that. **Right now, I'm ready to Rise! Rise up and help to bring peace to this world through my message...** I refuse to accept the notion this world will never be at peace. I refuse to accept, that we will never see an end to racism and bigotry. I completely reject the notion, that we will never end hunger and poverty. I reject all these things.*

The world I envision is a world of love and peace, where we are all united in our freedom. A World of enlightenment, where we are healed of our psychological and social shackles, and is free of war, poverty and ruthlessness. I see a world of truth, where people of goodwill are the ones making the

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decisions.

*My mission is to provide the enlightenment that will free us both mentally and spiritually. By dismantling the barriers that has for far too long kept us apart. I intend to expose what I perceive to be unhealthy and toxic **untruths**, by showing how highly improbable they are; and replace those lies with intelligence that's far more probable **and closer to being truthful**.*

*Though I am sure it's going to be extremely difficult. I truly believe this will be our time of liberation. Which is why I've made the pledge to be the voice of truth that unifies: The voice that will forever be on the side of peace, freedom and justice. I will be the voice of love that brings healing. I have made these things my life's purpose, and I absolutely intend to fulfill it. **So right now, I'm ready to Rise!***

*Approximately seven years ago I received three divine words that not only beautified my consciousness, but also elevated it to an extremely high and simplified level. Every fiber of my being knows those words were placed into my consciousness by the divine **Creator** of humanity. At the time, my son Nigel aka Rah and I was in my music production studio (situated in the basement of my home in Queens, New York): As I was about to*

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complete the music for a song I was working on.

*I Suddenly became consumed with an overwhelming desire to communicate with the Creator. A feeling like I've never felt. So I held hands with my son Rah, and simply expressed thanks for our life and all the blessings we had received. Almost immediately, I received this indescribably and unexplainably cool, calm, warm and powerful yet simple message of truth. Three words of truth that we all know but somewhere along the way have lost sight of its full depth and simplicity: A truth that has been maliciously contaminated by mankind's religious rewrapping of its purity. A truth I've embraced with all knowing and sureness as being the very essence of who our divine Creator is, and who he has created us to be. Three words of truth, which I've used to write the lyrics and title the track I had completed the music for on that faithful day in Hollis, Queens New York. Three words, I now have the distinct honor, duty and privilege of reintroducing to the entire world. These three words in their exactness are: **"I Am Love"!!!***