

A Soul Water Rising Publication
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*Yesterday makes love to today
so that today may give birth to tomorrow.
The circle of life is everything.
History is not facts. It is the essential river of life.
If you do not swim in this water
you cannot truly say that you are living.*

YESTERDAY MAKES LOVE TO TODAY

It is time to re-imagine the meaning of *history*. If you consider yourself to be a human being, then the history of any other human being is *YOUR* history. Black history, Asian history—all are fibers in your texture. Every life lived, every story told, is yours. The blood shed, that is your river. Let it wet you. Discover the power of rivers to take us to self discovery. The wicked plunge into hatred and genocide? That was your plunge. Stop passing off uncomfortable truth as the property of your ancestors, or of *THEIR* kind. This is your harvest. What does it matter whether you were the planter or the picker? Humanity is one farm, one soil, one unfolding circle.

Pity she who feels the history of *THOSE* people is not her own. She is the dying tree who could have saved herself had she only tended to each of her roots. The roots she fantasized herself as not being connected to. This is how we build prisons of human category and call ourselves safe. But the violence in a Black community becomes the violence in a White community, sure as sun kisses moon. All of our children suckle from the same marrow of life essence. There are no boundaries in that dimension. History isn't bland academic data; it is potent, raging energy. It travels in a flash. It becomes us. The slave masters of one generation produce descendants who become slaves to their own guilt and denial in this generation. The burdens of women become the blisters of men in time. The rich grow fat and fall. The poor grow souls and transcend it all. History is our warning. Our window. Our way out.

Human triumphs from our collective past wander in the desert of our memory-neglect, waiting for us to notice them and retrieve hope and possibility. But we smugly dismiss the past as the past. Congratulate ourselves for moving on, getting over, focusing on the positive. All this time, we walk toward our demise, repeating the same calamity that history would save us from. What child, once singed, forgets that flame burns skin? We do. What people raise their children to believe that only the air they breathe matters? We do. Who poisons a part of the glass of water and thinks the rest of it clean? We do, we who think history is a set of fragmented toy blocks to play with. Play time is over. Those blocks are salvation and they stream together; silken sorrow and triumphant beauty. This stream tells

which forest plant cures the child's sickness; that stream reveals the way through poverty; and this one, this stream, the one we say *SOME* communities don't possess, this stream runs through all living things and provides the capacity to grow a healthy family and raise healthy children.

If we have not read the entire book how can we say we know the story? And if that story is our own, how can we say we truly know ourselves? Let us end our narrowness, our blindness to our own humanity. We have the whole Earth, let us learn it. We have the all of time. Let us recover it. This is our humanity. Let us finally embrace it. And become the tree that goes on living, each branch showing up for the history celebration.

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