

THE INDIGO APPROACH

A Guide to Conscious Learning



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Dedication

This discourse is dedicated to my parents,
Joseph and Sandra Perkins. You provided me with the
love, safety, and freedom to learn as a child. As an adult,
you have been my replenishing station.

It's no coincidence I completed this work in my old
childhood bedroom. My love and gratitude for you are
as deep as the Ocean.

Your Loving Daughter,
Melissa

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The Creation Exercise



Breathe...

Set aside the cares of your day and free your mind for a moment. Imagine you were granted the opportunity to create your own version of a learning experience. It would give you the opportunity to become a better version of yourself.

To aid your visualization, here is a set of guided questions.

- How would the learning location look aesthetically?
- What lessons would you create?
- How can you freely think without interference from others?
- How would you enter your learning environment?
- How would you exit?
- Upon exit, where would you go and for what purpose?

- Would you give yourself an opportunity to return to your school for further development?
- What role would others play in your Grand Design?

If you feel led, record your visualization in a journal or use it as a conversation starter with others. I invite you to go further and expand your awareness.

The Discourse



Welcome to “The Indigo Approach” (TIA); a discourse about a universal human experience; learning. It is a practice we can take for granted; however, it informs the way we think, create, and lead. Therefore, let's explore it beyond the proverbial classroom and examine an ancient approach made relevant in this present moment.

The set of “Seven Guiding Principles” presented is deliberately written from the perspective of youth and family because that is where knowledge exchange, work, and creative play begin.

Though TIA appears to be a work intended primarily for the Educational Sector, that is an illusion. It is actually written for Humanity as a whole to contemplate. It is highly recommended to be read by world leaders, with the chief among them being Parents.

Enlighten a Guardian, enlighten us all!

Read this work with yourself in mind first and avoid thinking you can teach it to anyone. We are the only assignment, and the ultimate outcome is to become a wayshower of the concepts we most align with.

Please note that what is before us is best processed in multiple reading sessions. Let's take our time. In itself, it's an exercise of the mind carried out by Soul to expand our self-awareness. Contemplating one section a day (or week) may serve us best.

This discourse is designed to empower and transform specific individuals seeking to use their intelligence to make a lasting impact on this world. It is meant to be processed personally before discussing it as a collective.

The principles are meant to be experienced not taught or imposed on others. This publication is organized by seven guiding principles:

- Five Declarations of Intellectual Existence
- Five Pillars of Higher Learning
- Parental Pillars for Guidance
- The Learner's Creed
- Community Education 101
- Indigo Infusers
- Knowledge Inhibitors

Each section opens with a set of inspired thoughts (Indigo Keys), followed by a mini-story (Vignette), and then, a “Deep Dive”. Finally, “Seeds for Contemplation” are offered to help you process the philosophy. You may incorporate these aspects into your everyday living and leadership immediately.

Note, the mini vignettes that follow each principle are informed by my self-reflection and observations of global citizens I’ve served throughout my life. Except for one story based on my childhood, all characters are fictional though inspired by people I actually know. The presence of stories helps to animate the philosophy so that it is more relatable.

Now, allow me to introduce myself in the next section.

The Philosopher



uThinkIndigo Founder, Melissa Perkins

My name is Melissa and I am the vessel through which this philosophy flows out to all. I will serve as your guide as you explore this work. I'm writing the discourse from a particular level of consciousness that I will simply call Indigo. The term "indigo," used beyond a color, may be new to some of you.

Allow me to share my definition. An Indigo is a gifted learner who is highly intuitive and can mentally process our environment in an accelerated unorthodox way. The intellectual energy flowing through us can become so intense that we find it challenging to exist in mainstream society. Yet, we persevere and find our way.

In addition, we typically evolve into change agents creating scenarios that can be perceived by some as uncomfortable, maybe even disruptive. Though perfectly imperfect, our actions are grounded in the love frequency. For those who bother to know us, our intentions will be made clear in the end. Most of us feel deeply compelled to take our abilities and be of service

to others. This is who I am, and I am not alone in this world.

We, Indigos, quickly discern and utilize our feelings to inform our mental processes. This allows us to not only solve complex problems in our own lives but also create new approaches that can improve our society as a whole.

Very often, it is assumed that this particular type of thinker lives primarily among those who embrace metaphysics or alternative belief systems. While I personally credit this enlightened segment of our population for publicly championing our existence, we are found throughout all belief systems, religions, physical appearances, and cultures. Indigo learners are not frozen in time as children.

Through this work, I hope to model what happens when an Indigo child matures into an adult who focuses on an issue of great global importance.

As a classically trained educator of more than 25 years, I could have easily opened this discourse by presenting my scholastic achievements, professional credentials, a research thesis on pedagogical theory, or scientific evidence that Indigo learners actually exist. That is how I was trained to conduct myself professionally and for years and trained my pupils to justify themselves.

Thankfully, I've shifted. I'm an ever-evolving being. Instead of proving my intelligence to you, allow me to peel my intellectual onion to the core so you can see me. I offer what I know from all that I have experienced. My Soul's intelligence is not something that can be quantified or qualified by anyone but me. So, behold. Seeking sources that agree with me does not impact my intelligence. Comparing myself with those who disagree with me is just as pointless. I hold that I am Soul and I exist because God loves me. Therefore, I have nothing to prove.

This work is global in scope because I view myself as a citizen of the world, not just my beloved country (The United States of America). In fact, for three years, I was graciously hosted by The People's Republic of China as an educator. While there, I was given the opportunity to freely be a leader of the teaching craft with minimal interference. It was refreshing to be among people who highly prioritized education and shifted their entire family culture around obtaining a quality one.

Overall, I felt valued and appreciated as an educator. I will forever cherish that experience.

However, it was a study abroad trip to South Africa that reconfigured me as a human being. As I witnessed a small group of African American teenagers reconnect with their ancestral roots, it proved to me that school could exist beyond walls and a set curriculum.

Many thanks to the incredible youth from Cape Town High School in 2007 who spontaneously enlightened us about their lives and learning

experiences. Additional gratitude to my colleagues, parents, and sponsors who made that dream a reality.

These experiences very much formed who I am as a philosopher. As a woman of African descent, raised in a Eurocentric environment, I bring a unique perspective to the intellectual and cognitive landscape.

Furthermore, living in the United States affords me exposure to the culturally rich contributions of Indigenous Peoples and Latin America. May the wisdom I've acquired be of great service to you all.

The Purpose



The intention of sharing TIA at this precise moment in human history is to build a global education wellness experience that strengthens families, liberates the individual, and maximizes creativity. As a result, we can evolve into a more balanced society.

The ultimate purpose of this philosophy is to share insights not generally acknowledged in popular educational theories. There is an inherent and natural way we were designed to learn that I have been tasked to remind us. TIA is not to be mandated or forced upon an individual. Imposing knowledge on another is indoctrination and will eventually be balanced out by rejection or revolution.

I view this approach and the community I've created as a humanitarian movement because I've observed and experienced trauma and dysfunction around the learning process. As a result, I'm compelled to reconfigure my life to be of service and bring more harmony to the way we educate and learn.

Here in the United States, I would describe the state of our collective educational system in one word; inefficient. Learning is happening for most individuals, but not at an optimal level. Reasons include low prioritization, overcrowding, inadequate funding and violence. Having traveled the world and observed schools abroad, I can tell you that we are not alone in this.

Our school systems are filled with professionals, experts, hard-working parents, and enthusiastic learners. Yet, millions leave their local schools frustrated, disillusioned, bored and lost. Even more shocking, some do not make it out of their schools alive or die by suicide because of what they experience there. It's a vicious cycle few seem willing to leave because they genuinely conclude it's their only choice.

For the majority of societies, school has frankly become a free child care that allows us to work and create a better economic outcome for our households. If you secure a home in an affluent tax base, you will attract well-funded schools with the likelihood of more

committed teachers working in better conditions to deliver premium education services. Others have amassed enough disposable income to procure specialty private learning experiences that give their learners a perceived edge in life.

There's yet another growing segment of global citizens who've decided to legally educate their children from home. The latter group has become my absolute favorite to learn with.

However, what about those of us in less fortunate circumstances? Is it possible to create an optimal learning experience with limited resources in a challenging home environment?

Of course, some listeners are a testimony to this reality. I witnessed a solo parent provide the highest quality of education for her son while living in a dimly lit basement. That very child witnessed his mother (with extremely limited means) purchase a home, quit a full-time job, and put herself through medical school. The young man had been reading at a college level since

middle school. As if that were not enough, the mom primarily schooled him at home without the support of a life partner.

It isn't necessary for me to project a doom-and-gloom analysis of modern-day education. Every day instances of love are expressed, basic needs addressed, and life-giving lessons delivered. My goal is to do all I can to make this reality more prevalent.

It's also to help us realize that home is the first place learning can and does happen. Other places are just an extension of what is already being fostered in our intimate lives. We should not expect an outside institution to do what we are not practicing in our homes.

Before starting this discourse, I want you to imagine you are a warmly invited guest in each vignette or story. Pretend as if the characters are speaking directly to your life. Receive whatever lessons are supposed to come through specifically for you.

Avoid reading this work like a fictional novel or textbook. It's designed to be internalized personally to

promote your intellectual expansion. Think of it as a creative mirror reflecting back aspects of your high intelligence for you to embrace. So, let's get started with the genesis of learning; play.

Elevated Play





Allow yourself to see a bubbly brown five-year-old girl fully immersed in her imagination. Let's actually call her Bubbly Brown. She was a peculiar child (if you compared her to others). First, she had a deep understanding that she would grow up one day to impact the lives of children and the world. Therefore, her play mimicked grown up routines and habits as closely as possible. She had to get ready!

In fact, the more precise the better. As the mother of her dolls, Bubbly knew intuitively when taking them out of their packaging to put them under her shirt near her stomach to give the visual illusion she was pregnant. Then she would push them downward out of her shirt to

birth them; even making the sound effects of a newborn baby.

The pretend mommy would gently rock them and sing self-composed lullabies, a bit fascinated her little one already had a full set of perfectly styled hair. That wasn't exactly accurate, however Bubbly overlooked all that. Her parents had recently bought her a dolly that could go potty if you gave it water and she was thrilled by the realism.

Speaking of her collection of dolls, Bubbly Brown had established quite the school for them. Arranging each "student" in a perfect arch in front of her chalkboard (a closet door) she immersed herself in teaching them their ABCs the way her teacher had taught her. Since she had no chalk, she grabbed wax crayons instead and went to town. Problem Solved! Not to mention she reasoned her students would enjoy the lessons in color.

Ring! Ring! Ring!

Time for a bathroom break. The miniature teacher would line up all of her inanimate pupils and gently

nudge them out her bedroom door down the hallway to the bathroom with her foot. Bored with the idea of acting out an entire potty break simulation, Miss Bubbly just quickly turned them around and kicked the line back to her lessons. That's where the real fun was happening anyway.

Lunch Time!

When playing with her floral design tea set made of hard plastic and tin, Bubbly rejected the fake food toy molds. Not real enough. Instead, she would gather her child size cookware into a paper bag and go outside to gather rocks for potatoes, green grass for string beans, and broken bricks around the yard for a nice ham. Now her imagination could make them the real thing.

No meal was complete without dessert, so she would put a handful of cocoa looking dirt in her pot, go to the water hose to the left of her house, and carefully trickle enough liquid to make a thick batter. On a warm sunny day, she would go to her conveniently heated driveway and turn her pot over on the concrete surface

to bake. She had not mastered the concept of time yet, so Bubbly just left her cake to cook and would come see about it later. In the meantime, she needed stuff to decorate her creation. Honeysuckles and blackberries from her local woods would be perfect. Off to the market!

After realizing her cake was ready she tried to shake it from the pan like her mother, but it would not come out. Unbothered, the master chef just left it in the pot and put her decorations on top. A true pancake. Another problem solved!

Bubbly Brown was a curious old Soul confined to a child's body making lots of observations and boldly expressing them. For example, remember the doll she gave birth to earlier? Where's the book on that?

Unbeknownst to Bubbly, her mother had purchased a book to teach her older sister about the "Birds and the Bees" (puberty and human reproduction). She left it exposed and the curious one found it. Bubbly, a new reader, made out the title..."Where Did I Come From?"

Oh joy! The precious learner was so glad she could read the cover. She quickly started making her way through the pages with very detailed illustrations.

“Hmmmm...the mommy and daddy cartoon images in this book don’t have any clothes on”, noticed Bubbly.

At that moment, Little Miss Brown intuitively knew this was no ordinary children’s book and could create tension for her. But she was too fascinated to care about the consequences of her knowledge acquisition.

However, she could not read all of the words yet. No problem. She just made her own narration based on her interpretation of the illustrations. Again, a natural problem solver.

Excited about her new research she couldn’t wait to tell her family every detail about her realization of how babies were really made. Yes, right there at the dinner table. She exposed the lie of some stork delivering children to the front door. Inaccurate and quite dangerous by the way!

The snicker of her older sister, clueless look on her little brother's face, puzzled expression of her mother, and utter shock of her father confirmed Bubbly Brown was sharing information her family was not prepared to discuss. She was out of context. Nevertheless, she was compelled to inform.

Bubbly's mother wasn't quite sure what to make of her lovable, yet very odd child. In some instances, she could see aspects of herself in Bubbly.

Mom and Dad never knew what was going to come out of their child's mouth. Bubbly sometimes knew intimately of topics that most children had no interest in or could not hold articulate conversations about.

However, Bubbly had no qualms soothing her mother about the impending death of her great grandmother, or telling her siblings where she had concluded her parents hid their Christmas presents. She had even predicted what gifts were likely purchased with great accuracy making her family quite uncomfortable.

Was she psychic? Actually, not in Bubbly's case. At a young age she could tap into a well developed intuition that made her extremely emotionally intelligent and hyper-perceptive. This young one had an exceptional ability to quickly anticipate human behavior and outcomes. She could even reverse engineer a scenario with a high degree of accuracy. However, none of the adults around her, including her parents, fully understood this about her. So, they just called her "bright".

Bubbly's mother's intuition immediately picked up on her child's plight. She began researching if there was any place that could help her understand Bubbly and how best to support her. She went so far as to take her to a local university research center to have her tested for paranormal behavior. In the end, they assured her mother she had an exceptionally intelligent child with a vivid imagination, but nothing extraordinary to worry about.

Witnessing her daughter's enthusiasm about the human reproductive system caught her mother off guard, but she gave Bubbly the only thing she could without scolding her curiosity. A listening ear. As a protective mother who knew her daughter's eagerness to share knowledge could create tension and bring her pain, she gave her child the following advice.

"Some things you say are best said at home. Don't tell everybody your business."

Bubbly nodded affirmatively, giving her mother a hug. However, when mom left her presence, the gifted youngster was already mentally crunching the probability of not always following her mother's wisdom.

Our first story vignette has come to a close. Before we leave, imagine Bubbly Brown comes to the edge of the frame and looks directly at you. Without speaking a word her whimsical eyes convey,

"I'm learning while I play, and I create my lessons from what surrounds me. If you give me guided freedom

within a safe environment, I will reveal to myself and all who listen everything I know."



We just observed one of the greatest abilities granted to humanity; the opportunity to learn from play. Through Bubbly Brown, we can also marvel at the thought process of an Indigo learner as a child and glean lessons from her.

First, let them play. This is how little humans master how to move their bodies, react to stimuli, and solve problems. During this highly important part of our development, we also acquire language (both verbal and nonverbal).

Next, let them communicate often with loving redirects when necessary. Bubbly said things that made particularly her parents very uncomfortable. However, she was verbally expressing her mental processes to her caregivers. What an amazing resource the very words of our children can be!

If we listen, they tell us who they are, what interests them, and how to keep them self-motivated. However, too often, as caregivers, we want them to be quiet.

Sit down! Do this! Do that! It's not because we don't love them. It's because they get on our nerves sometimes. They can also be noisy and redundant, which can annoy the more orderly and refined adult mind.

However, they are balls of developing energy. Part of our mantles as caregivers is to keep them from endangering themselves while allowing them to play and have fun. It's a balancing act and we can only do our best.

As your guide, I advise you to use their expressions of energy to their benefit and yours. Being a great observer and connector to an interest-based play can keep them safe and more focused on what they are doing.

Bubbly's a nurturer, so give her things to care about. She loves responsibility too; allow her to be a helper. This learner will happily and independently learn by doing tasks around caregiving. Just make sure she's

safe and not exploited or she may associate abuse with being of service.

Our young learner loves to cook which requires multiple steps and organization. It also gives her a creative outlet. Bubbly is learning how to be innovative when something doesn't exactly go her way. This child will enjoy grocery store runs and learn concepts like math around food preparation. She is a natural instructor and learns by teaching others, so allow her to share what she knows.

Bubbly is curious and naturally desires to research. So if she asks questions or seems fixated on an issue, structure appropriate research opportunities around it. Instead of being afraid of her interest in anatomy and physiology, celebrate the fact that she could be a future healthcare provider. Bubbly could gravitate towards being a gynecologist or obstetrician. Also, she's modeling one of the highest callings in the human experience; being a mother. We should celebrate this with her.

Be aware that intuitive knowledge about human reproduction is in our DNA so curiosity is normal for us all. Since our bodies are already equipped, it is natural for children to explore their body parts and seek answers to questions.

I advise in their early years to guide their inquiries around a basic study of anatomy and physiology so they can develop a healthy self-awareness and respect for their own bodies.

Fear around the body and how it works can lead young ones to acquire misinformation and experiment in an unsafe way. As they mature into puberty, I suggest calmly explaining the purpose of the reproductive act and the social responsibility that comes with it. Issues around hygiene and safety, including respecting another person's body should be addressed. Often, the latter conversations are heavily influenced by the belief system of the family. My thought on that is to consider from whom you would prefer your children to learn about such an important topic.

Note also, that Bubbly had a safe environment to play in and used Nature as a toy. Most children, when given access to the outdoors, love to play with the Earth itself as it is fascinating to them. Let them play in the rain and safely listen to the vibration of a thunderstorm. Don't be overly alarmed if they want to taste things. We develop our senses during our early years. We need lots of exposure to temperatures and textures to help our brain determine pleasant versus unpleasant or safety versus danger.

Freedom was afforded Bubbly in abundance and her parents avoided imposing their idea of play on her, even though her siblings were frustrated she would rather play alone. As humans, it is important we learn that we stop where another person begins. We all have our unique ways of being and boundaries are meant to protect and preserve our unique expressions. We learn this from our parents and caregivers since they are our first wayshowers.

Please do not underestimate the intellectual accelerant of freedom. It has nothing to do with politics or religion. It is inherent. Our thoughts freely flow internally, they can be influenced, and our expressions regulated. As humans, we have free will. We have the ability to change our minds. We can follow and then decide to go another way.

Control, on the other hand, requires agreement. Thus, governments and organizations expend a great deal of energy and time trying to control people. That's power.

It's a part of this world that will continue to exist until we individually choose to be ruled by the laws of love. The love of which I speak is not the romantic sentimental version but the one based on respect and value.

Play is freedom personified and fosters creativity. Creativity leads to innovation. Innovation is a pathway to self-realization and being a positive contributor to your society. Freedom, if nurtured with respect, keeps

children more occupied with being their best as opposed to boredom which leads to mischief.

So let our children play and encourage them to never stop. Be honest...you know you want to join them.

Seeds for Contemplation



1. Are you still making time for play in your life?
2. What makes you smile?
3. How can you prioritize doing more of that?
4. How can you promote more play for yourself and others?
5. What can your play individually prepare you for in life?

Principle I



Five Declarations of Intellectual Existence

Indigo Keys



1. We are Soul and inherently intellectually gifted.
Intelligence cannot be measured; only
acknowledged.
2. Our human body is our most brilliant tool and
vehicle for acquiring knowledge. Be grateful and
take good care of it.
3. The mind houses intelligence of all types and we
learn over time how our unique minds process
information.
4. No mind is the same, therefore learning ultimately is
an individual responsibility done collectively.
5. One's physical attributes cannot prevent the
acquisition of knowledge as it is a key variable in
self-mastery and personal evolution.

The Girl with All-seeing Eyes



“Why is Mommy crying, Daddy?” asked Daisy in the soft angelic whisper of a child.

She had discreetly observed her parents speaking by video on their smartphones. Her mother was with her second daughter, Rain, in the hospital for the tenth time in less than a year. It was exhausting for the couple to say the least since they had three other very active children at home.

Pete, had taken on more overtime at his job to compensate for Steph becoming, what seemed to him, a full time nurse mom. To keep their sanity, they decided to homeschool.

Rain was born with multiple physical challenges at birth including total blindness. In addition, she had a severely limited ability to communicate, or even walk.

Though five years old, when it came to bodily functions, there was very little Rain could do on her own. Like an eternal infant, her caregivers would be continually by her side so she could survive.

Daisy and her twin brother Daniel relished in being personal assistants to their parents and Rain. Their other baby sister, Sunny, enthusiastically joined in on the fun of taking care of “Sissy” as they affectionately called her. Their parents had the brilliant idea of making Rain’s health a learning experience and cause for celebration.

Steph had put her thriving interior design business on pause immediately after Rain’s birth. However, after Sunny’s surprise arrival, the family needed extra income. So, the creative mother decided to produce shareable how-to videos demonstrating ways to organize and decorate the home for multiple functions with children.



To help with her own grief, she featured Rain prominently in displays and promotions alongside her other children. Rain shined and before long, their family became a beacon of hope for others who had children with severe medical challenges.

Back to sweet Daisy and her father. Pete understood Steph's absence was taking a particular toll on their oldest daughter. He knew she loved to read and draw, so he suggested Daisy write a letter to her mom and sister.

"How about I write a story!" Daisy added enthusiastically.

“Go for it.” said Pete.

Dad found a fairly empty notebook amongst their learning materials and a container of washable markers. Then he set his daughter free to do her thing. Pete had grass to cut, so he summoned all the kids outside to their play area so he could keep a watchful eye while doing his chores.

Daisy made her way to a lawn table shaded by a lovely blue umbrella to set up her workstation. She sat for a moment and just took in her surroundings. There was her dad on the riding mower making careful patterns in the grass. Baby sister was playing beach holiday with her Barbie doll in the sandbox near their play set. Her brother, Daniel, was tying a long jump rope from the monkey bars to a low hanging tree limb for some daredevil stunt he would be corrected about inevitably. Daisy peaked beyond the umbrella to the beautiful sky with puffs of various cloud formations. Suddenly a thought formed in Daisy’s mind.



“I wish Rain could see this.”

Then what felt like thousands of electrical flashes went off in her mind.

“I’ll write a book for my sister describing everything I see so she can see it in her own way!”

Just like that, Daisy was scribbling away at her own book. She gave it a simple title, “My Sister’s Eyes”. On each page she explained a scene before her in the backyard. Then she had the clever idea to write and draw areas inside the house. Thanks to the creative home decorating of her mom, each page was alive with vibrant colors and trendy designs.

Daisy had to really think hard to come up with descriptions. Soon a realization washed over her. Rain had never seen anything in her whole life.

“I know! She can touch. So, I will tell her how what I see feels and then put something on the page that matches.” Daisy was beaming.

All week Daisy worked on this incredible book. One day her mother came home to take a shower and have a rest. Rain was improving, but would not be home for a few more days. When Steph walked into her room, she saw something magnificent on her pillow. Daisy’s book with a note.

“Please read this to Rain as a bedtime story.”

Steph just sat on the edge of her bed overwhelmed with emotion. She was simply too exhausted to cry.

“How does Daisy know how to do this?” She wondered.

What Steph had not shared with too many people was she was feeling like a neglectful mother and fake homeschool parent. In her mind she was too consumed with one chronically ill child to really pour into her other children the way she wanted.

Yet, as Steph turned page by page and saw Daisy replicate her interior designs from her childlike perspective, she felt the tension leave her body. Like Rain, her other children were very much alive and thriving too. Not only had Daisy become the eyes of her sister, but her precious mother too.

When Steph returned to the hospital with Daisy's book, she told Rain she had a very special book. Mom slowly read each page to allow Rain to feel the items pasted by her sister. The excitement on her daughter's face was priceless. She started giggling at the feel of the items. Steph hugged her precious daughter tightly thinking of the hugs she would give the others when she got home.

The frame of the vignette zooms closer in on Steph as she directly looks at us and declares.

“Even if our babies have no vision, our families have enough eyes and love to show them the way. My children are not dependent on me for their intelligence, but my example is their guide.”



Humanity has been conditioned to believe that if we are not raising our children or learning similarly to the way others are around us, then something is off with us. We surely must have a disability or be at a disadvantage.

But then I ask; if we are created to be different and do not have the same bodies or minds, why not conclude we were not designed to be compared? Is it logical to expect sameness in naturally diverse beings?

I've come to know that I am who I am, yet I remain ready to evolve into who I intend to be. My existence is my assignment. My body, its condition at birth, my environment, physiology etc., are a part of my inherent curriculum. Like a deck of cards distributed in a game, we are given quite a hand. Some of us are granted a lot to work with, while others have cards some would perceive

as less desirable because they are not equipped to take on their mission.

However, to become a master of the game of life, it all comes down to strategy. I've observed people with incredibly challenging conditions, demonstrating the greatest creativity to achieve personal greatness. They can also bring out the best in others tasked with helping them along the way.

What I'm about to say is quite countercultural in most societies; intelligence cannot be measured. This concept may be uncomfortable for some who've received confirmation in some form that they are intelligent according to popular standards. This is a huge esteem builder and allows our ego to experience a level of credibility and acceptance. No doubt if we've received high scores on certain tests, or obtained diplomas, degrees, or certifications, we feel a great sense of accomplishment.

Many of us worked extremely hard to achieve certain accolades in academia. So of course, my

perspective on this can be internalized as an insult or simply just plain wrong. My mission is not to dissuade anyone. All I can offer is that for me, knowledge acquisition is different from innate intelligence.

What I think is being analyzed as intelligence is actually the rate we acquire and process standard knowledge compared to others. This is neither good nor bad. This is where the concept of right or wrong comes from; fact or opinion as well.

However, we should also know that knowledge is susceptible to disagreement. Not all minds agree about a fact. This is the source of tension among us. For example, there is still debate (to this day) on whether the Earth is actually flat. Both sides conclude the other is ignorant, even sadly deceived. They passionately view their position as fact and they point to evidence. If anyone disagrees with them, they propose the reason is because of a series of deceptive practices that have led to the opposing conclusion.

Again, I contend this is neither good nor bad. It's part of what makes us humans. It is an exercise of the mind. It also introduces the game of Power. People tend to align with people who accept what they hold as common knowledge on matters of great importance like family structure and religion.

Like sorting columns, the knowledge we hold gives us access to certain people who connect us to specific lessons in life. Power (collective energy galvanized and imposed for a purpose) is held by those who most agree. They congregate around a set knowledge base that informs how they live and prosper. Those who want to tap into the benefits of that particular power must align as closely as possible to their standards. Otherwise, relations of any type will be a challenge.

This is why the concept of school was cultivated in the first place; to help us get sorted according to the popular knowledge of our respective power centers around the planet. The closer we get to our original

family unit, the more streamlined knowledge can become.

Yet, there is an opportunity here. Another energy exists that is more exponential than power and it is found in abundance the closer we get to the individual. It's love, the creative life force. Our more intimate social groups are full of it. It is in our inner circle of relationships that we can be the freest to cultivate our intelligence to the point that we can acquire knowledge more harmoniously.

In my view, intelligence is beyond the complex phenomenon of knowledge. It's given to us alongside the gift of life itself. It's our natural ability to process information at our self-determined rate. This is why I think it cannot be measured outside of a person. Frankly, the only one who can truly report on our intelligence is us. The ability to do so is based on our self-awareness.

When I contemplated this concept for myself, I asked; how can I measure the infinite probability and mental capacity of another individual (their intelligence)

in one moment? Do I have that level of access to just one person's mind? Even if I had the most scientifically advanced brain scan, could it tell me with 100% accuracy the will of the individual including every thought and mentally contrived decision they will ever make in their lifetime?

To do so, I would also need to know their exact time of death to attempt to calculate such data with accuracy. When did their intelligence start and when does it conclude so I can assess? Furthermore, how exactly do I evaluate all the thoughts going through one person's mind? Sit with that.

Are we as humans Omniscient (all-knowing)? I'm not. That's not why I exist.

Let's go deeper into the rabbit hole. All we can do with intelligence is acknowledge it. Acknowledge it within ourselves and know beyond a shadow of a doubt that it is also a part of others.

When we take tests or assessments, what happens is an analysis of how we interpret a set of data presented to us. It's an examination of how we think in accordance with the standards of another person, academic institution or governing body. This is esteemed as highly important in most societies, especially those that hold power as an ideal and a measure of a human being.

I'll keep reassuring you that this is neither good nor bad. It's tradition. However, we can choose when assessments are appropriate for us and how we use them. We can also choose to not use them at all. Quality work and efforts naturally receive more preference, and we adjust if we want to survive.

Rain, from our vignette, physically was not able to test the same way as her siblings. Still, she had the intelligence to be aware of Daisy's book and was processing the information brilliantly according to her set of circumstances. She was acquiring knowledge at her own rate in her own way. To me, her intelligence was just as vast as her fellow humans.

What I've come to know is that as the Soul encased in these bodies (powered by the mind), we come already with a supreme and divine intelligence that in time is awakened by our experiences on this planet. It is the series of life lessons we are assigned that reveal to us what we know to be true. Fortunately, that is forever being refined. May we develop all-seeing eyes like Rain.

Seeds for Contemplation



1. How do you view your own intelligence?
2. How do you allow others to individually express their intelligence?
3. How can you promote intelligence in your home without comparing one learner to another?
4. What other ways can you receive and give feedback on your intelligence?
5. What learning challenges do you have and are you open to receiving support?

Principle II



Five Pillars of Higher Learning

Indigo Keys



1. A competitive mindset isn't necessary for growth.
2. Cultivate impeccable patience for yourself and others.
3. Interest-based learning motivates best.
4. Guide versus Direct; detach from a learner's outcome.
5. Demonstrate versus Tell; be a “wayshower” versus a “way pusher”.

More Books than We Can Carry



Delia is greatly admired by her family and community as a model mom. In fact, since she was a child, it seemed most things came to her easily. She possessed physical traits most considered attractive, so it was natural for her to gravitate to exhibition sports like cheerleading and dance squad.

Delia graduated high school with top honors and went to university on a full scholarship where she met her college sweetheart, Jason. He was studying to

become a veterinarian, while she pursued a criminal justice degree in preparation for law school.

Surprisingly, during college, Delia experienced burnout and periodic bouts with depression. The high achiever found her perfectionist nature difficult to manage as a young adult. It was an extremely humbling situation for her.

Fortunately, her relationship with Jason was a great comfort and balance for Delia. After college graduation, they immediately began family planning.

Terrence came first, then younger sister Blair, with brother CJ rounding out the pack. With the siblings pretty close in age, it made life for their parents easier because the children really enjoyed playing together.

Delia excelled at being a wife and mother because it allowed her to love deeply. She felt a sense of purpose. Her creativity overflowed in building a beautiful home, partnering with Jason, and nurturing her three precious ones.



Terrence, the adventurer, was always getting into something, while Blair was known for her creative flair. CJ was more of a mystery and on the quiet side. His eyes definitely conveyed he was processing a lot mentally, but he kept it to himself unless asked.

Sometimes, Delia would stare at her family portraits over the years in awe. She was so fortunate to have her life. So, why was she experiencing these periodic anxiety attacks and depressive episodes?

One particular night, the anxious mother woke up in a literal cold sweat. She immediately hopped up, careful not to wake her husband so she could check on

the kids. Of course they were fine, but her heart was racing. She quietly sat in the dark hallway rocking herself in tears.

“This is embarrassing. Am I going insane?”

Delia had not allowed Jason or anyone else to fully see her in this heightened state of anxiety. She felt like she would be chastised for being ungrateful. But having an African American family in the era of George Floyd and school shootings, made Delia want to keep her babies close.

One by one, the concerned mother pulled each of her kids out of public school (more for her peace of mind than theirs). Overall, her children adapted well to the traditional setting. However, one reality that created unwanted stress for the family was the tremendous amount of homework for them to process alone.

It was as if the school assumed the parents would magically pick up where they left off. Delia and Jason were literally supervising about three hours of school

work a night for three different grade levels. The busy couple found themselves reteaching the information so much, they reasoned, why not just do it themselves and cut out the middleman.

When the couple made the switch to home learning, Delia personally found the experience easier said than done. Like her own education, she went about it like a scholar. She researched the best curriculums and homeschool techniques while watching online videos for how to best arrange her learning area.

As a family, they enjoyed the thrill of learning alongside one another. It allowed them to spend more time together and reduced everyone's stress significantly. The couple agreed Jason would spend more time with his practice to solidify the family income.

Delia served as the academic captain and joined a local homeschool co-op of families to make sure the kids had a nice social outlet and extracurricular activities. Delia was quickly tapped to be one of the mom leaders of that learning community, which she relished.

Even still, there was a gnawing worry within Delia that had not completely gone away. Slowly she was burning out on homeschooling too. Then one day, she saw a fellow full time parent educator on a social media live discussing the concept of “unschooling”.

“Wait. What?” She thought.

At first Delia watched with pursed lips convinced she had stumbled into the “Hippie Twilight Zone”. The term “unschool” made her nervous. She did not want her kids running wild around her house painting on walls, playing games all day, and not preparing for college. Not on her watch!

Yet, there was a serenity in this mother’s face that like a magnet drew Delia into her talk. What the woman was speaking about was being more open to different ways of helping her kids learn while being less rigid. The unschool expert mentioned something as simple as spending an entire day at the library to allow your children to explore topics of interest.

This suggestion resonated with Delia deeply. In fact, just the other day, her youngest son CJ had asked if he could go to the library to find a book on LEGO designs. She decided to be open minded about the concept.

That evening, while making dinner together, Delia proposed to her learners they visit the local library. Blair and CJ were excited about the idea. Terrence was less enthusiastic. An avid video gamer, he feared he'd bore easily if they stayed too long.

As planned, the next day they were off. The local library was a regional one, so it was two stories with a vast selection of books and resources. The parking lot was full.

Terrence quipped, "I didn't know this many people still read books."

Delia shook her head. She had her hands full with this first-born. When the family entered the building, they immediately noticed the place had been renovated and reorganized since their last visit.



“Geesh. Has it been that long?” Delia thought to herself.

“No running CJ. Calm down.” Delia said with joy in her heart.

CJ, the youngest, made a beeline to the children’s section. Mom had no idea a library could spark that much excitement in one of her kids. Blair, the social butterfly, went right to the help desk to ask where some great books on art were located.

Terrence, as predicted, walked alongside his mother casually glancing around for some hideaway

where he could sneak out his phone to peacefully play a game.

Normally, Delia would have been all over her eldest child to map out a strategy. But today she decided to do an experiment. She did absolutely nothing. She would be patient and let him figure it out.

Mom made sure to tell each child where she was sitting in case they needed her. In truth, this felt a bit uneasy. In the past, Delia only visited the library if there was a community activity or the kids needed access for a research project. Today was freestyle. She was actually enjoying the experience too. It was relaxing not having an agenda, so she could learn something for herself.

Within an hour, Blair came back with two huge books on sculptures from around the world and famous women painters. She was grinning ear to ear and opened both books on a table near Delia. CJ was on the colorful carpet engrossed in a fairly large picture book. She couldn't make out what it was called, but her youngest son seemed very into it.

Where's Terrence? No, she decided not to look for him. Two hours later, Delia was completely engrossed in a best selling novel she had been dying to read herself. She figured the kids would be ready to grab some lunch by then. So, she went in search of Terrence first, but was stunned to see he was already at the checkout counter with a stack of books.

"Ma! Look at all these books on cars! It's crazy right?"

Terrence easily had about ten books. CJ made his way over to them carrying his own stack centered around animals and nature.

Now where was Blair? Her daughter was sitting very close to her initially. Ah! There she was way on the other side of the room chatting it up with another media center specialist. Her daughter had made fast friends with a few of the library staff members. They had graciously given their newest local artist paper and color pencils to sketch out some ideas from the art books.



When Blair spotted her mom approaching, she asked with great expectations,

“Mom, when are we coming back?”

That day, her children had checked out so many books, Delia had to get her cloth grocery bags out the trunk of her car to help carry them out of the place.

On the drive home, she barely could get in a word because the children were talking amongst themselves about what they had found. I should mention her lovelies are 10, 13, and 15 with Terrence being the oldest.

Yes, teens can still find great joy in books. In fact, Terrence made sure everyone knew he checked out the most books that day. Delia marveled at how her family left the library with more books than they could carry. They were their own guides.

As they pulled up to their home, the kids hopped out of the car carrying their individual bags of interests. As we zoom into the frame of our vignette, we see a smiling and relaxed Delia watching them. She turns to us and says,

“They already know what they want to learn. I just need to create opportunities where I can guide them to explore their interests. I just need to breathe and be patient with myself and them.”



What's the point of it all? So many young people are thinking that to themselves as they sit through a lecture, online module, or pile of homework. Their minds are crammed with information within a short time. For most, the only reason they feel compelled to remember it is because they fear failure and the consequences thereof. Are these really the best learning experiences we can offer?

In my opinion, learning communities should cultivate the interests of their young people as well as the educators who serve them. The three foundational skills of reading, writing, and arithmetic amazingly can be integrated into various types of activities.

Instead of gathering a group of learners around one textbook, why not find out early all the topics that interest them? At that point, assorted resources could be

brought before them to select? Generic templates with open-ended questions would be distributed to the learners requiring more in-depth reflection. Then instructors can gather the learners in a circle to discuss what they just experienced. It could even serve as an assessment.

During a pupil's learning cycle, a portfolio documenting such reflections and evidence of task completion could be collected. This physical or electronic binder could contain evidence of learning experiences from multiple locations including the home.

This is more indicative of the adult experience because despite working in a place or owning a company, we approach it from our own perspective. The quality of our work, even if we collaborate, is determined by our individual efforts. Those considered great contributors in the adult world bring original ideas or solutions to issues or opportunities placed before them.

Many of us have encountered the anxiety Delia felt. The root cause is fear of failure. Can we keep a roof over

our heads, our children safe, enough food in the house, and income flowing? Will we survive?

Survival is a part of our journey. When humans first navigated the Earth, we were in more simplistic social structures made up of families working together. However, the experience of scarcity was introduced and humans developed the mindset of competition to gain better terrain for survival. This is why wars started.

Naturally, humans started teaching their children how to survive by comparing them to one another. To gain, we must compete. Who's the best hunter or in modern times, top student? And if there is a “best learner” in the group, what does that make the rest of us?

However, I'd like to propose a counterbalance; self-mastery. When a learner takes the time to become aware of their strengths and weaknesses, they can better identify who they are and what motivates them. We can recognize what activities or scenarios bring us the most joy.

Taking this approach requires impeccable patience. It also requires trust and surrender to the learning process itself. It can't be compressed into crowd-think or signaled by a bell. This is because learners may not gravitate to the topics we would choose for them.

Caregivers have an opportunity to observe and ask guiding questions that come from their wisdom which help learners reflect on their choices. We should not think for them because that is not how we're designed physically and consciously.

Very often, if youth gravitate to an industry that is high-risk or too competitive, they are strongly encouraged to pursue other interests that can help them survive. This is understandable. However, I'd like to propose that one does not have to abandon an interest to survive.

Let's revisit the concept of diverse resources and guiding templates. In a way, professions are templates. They have sets of norms or patterns that we configure

ourselves around. Even if we pursue a career in engineering, and we love music, we can still do both by specializing in the craft of sound design. Some of us may create entirely new industries and professions because we dared to be our most authentic selves.

It's also time to reimagine how we present the subject matter. Let's take the discipline of mathematics for example. Why do millions of people globally feel very bad at it, even intimidated? It's intuitively one of the most natural subjects. The earth is geometrics in all its glory! Mathematics is the cornerstone skill of our lives, but academia tends to breeze past the mastery of it because they want to hurry the learner on to more sophisticated concepts.

Let's spend more time allowing learners to practice and apply skills according to their interests. Then we can encourage them to explore and master more advanced concepts when applicable. Everyone shouldn't be enrolled in an advanced math course to prove they are ready for higher learning or adulthood.

Instead, how about more logic courses for solving problems in real life scenarios? Imagine how much better our societies would be if we had more of these types of lessons circulating in our institutions.

Youth have been crying out for decades for school to be made real for them. It's time to listen.

I'll close with one other observation from this vignette. Let go of the need to control a learner's outcome. Delia felt compelled to know and anticipate every need of her children. Invite them to do that. Our children can express for themselves what they desire to learn.

Don't worry. I'm not saying leave your kids alone to academically fend for themselves. How about we fully present them with a plan created with their input which expects them to be actively engaged in solving their own learning dilemmas? This is indeed higher learning.

Seeds for Contemplation



1. What are your interests?
2. Which ones are you actively pursuing?
3. Which ones do you feel the least supported in at this time?
4. Who are the guides in your life?
5. How can you develop being a wayshower?

Principle III



Parental Pillars for Guidance

Indigo Keys



1. Observe and offer feedback, it's the mantle of parenthood.
2. Structure learning opportunities.
3. Promote self-responsibility and personal organization.
4. Seek and provide daily creative moments.
5. Encourage individual freedom while being collectively considerate (kindness).

All the Household's a Stage



Stella stood up mesmerized. She couldn't move. The entire audience was on their feet. Some were in tears, screaming, "Bravo! Bravo! Encore!"

Behind the final curtain call, her daughter Lyric could feel a powerful rush of adrenaline flowing through her veins. Her fellow cast members and stage crew could feel the charge of the same energy. The Broadway hit musical, "O Mama!", was sold out for at least three months and this was only opening night!

Lyric's director had given the go-ahead to signal the crew and orchestra to reopen the curtain and give the crowd what they wanted. Hearing Lyric belt out the powerful anthem in celebration of mothers around the world moved hearts.

Stella's daughter locked eyes with the leader of the stage crew to facilitate the encore performance. Like the legendary play, *Hamilton*, the multiethnic cast poured back onto the stage in a mighty chorus. The crowd roared.

A blended family of 8, Stella and her husband Frank were beyond proud of their children. They had raised their family from the humblest of circumstances. Rooted strongly in their faith, the couple leaned on it to overcome personal battles and the economic challenges of raising a house full of diverse personalities.

Devoted community leaders, the couple was very active in their local public schools. Frank served as a sports coach for every youth sports league his kids

joined. The daughter of a retired teacher, Stella was the go-to-mom for several school principals for this or that parent initiative. She had six children so they figured if she wasn't passed out from exhaustion, she had to be the most organized woman around.

They were right! Stella lived by her activity calendar which had her on this field trip, attending that football game, or up to her elbow in some hands-on project. She found the time to do random school pop-ups and made sure her children's teachers knew she would be observing them in action during the class, not monitoring their professionalism. They loved Stella for that and as a reward, showered her with extra academic resources to help her kids.

Stella had eyes and ears all over the school including the essential team members (custodians, bus drivers, and the mighty school secretary). She made it a point to build a wonderful rapport with the media center specialist and guidance counselors. Because she had one child with asthma and another prone to accidents, the

school nurse was on speed dial. Even the cafeteria workers were her chat buddies and knew all the food allergies of the kids by heart.

Stella couldn't quite read her multi-talented middle child. She just knew Lyric loved music and dance, so the busy mom kept her in lessons. When Stella enrolled Lyric in a New York theater camp, Lyric was hooked. She had found her calling. Absorbing the genius of the great composers and scriptwriters pouring into her, she began working on a play about a day in the life of her mother. In many ways, it was a tribute to all parents doing miracles to give their children every opportunity to thrive.

After the performance, Stella just let her tears of pride stream shamelessly down her face. Like many parents, she had wondered if her children noticed how hard she and her husband worked to prepare them for life. Seeing her daughter and the cast receive a standing ovation forever changed the way Stella viewed being a parent. It was her consistent support that guided her precious children to their destinies.

The vignette slowly fades with Stella surrounded by the thunderous applause of the adoring fans of her daughter. Lyric successfully located the face of her mother in the crowd. Stella's eyes conveyed,

“You, my child, are the ultimate outcome”.



The Curriculum of Family is very important to our development as a Soul Realized individual. Whether born to a couple who planned for us or a mother left to figure it out for herself, I want to isolate the moment we all have in common.

Birth.

A very special being decided to give of themselves (at great risk in some cases). Our bodies were incubated creating epic physical shifts and discomfort. She underwent enormous mental and spiritual shifts during this process as well.

Birthing involves an uncomfortable experience most of us try to avoid in our entire existence; pain. For us to exist, we come through an uncomfortable gateway.

May we always remember this was a choice and pay our respects.

The mother (again our host) personifies the act of creation in that decision. She sacrifices herself so that our physical body (or temple) can be formed. She gives of her breath, her blood, and her nutrition. This is before we even breathe on our own or make eye contact with her.

How miraculous!

How kind of her!

This is our first physical contact with love.

Beyond the Glorious Host (most call mother), there are others who have been alerted of our pending arrival into this world. They each have their internal marching orders or mantles to fulfill in our lives. They are activated when we take our first breath. Some will form our inner circle of adult guardians and protectors, others an outer ring of support.

The most capable and self-equipped of the guardians is the Father or Provider Energy. This magnificent being is the highest of the Earth Council of Guardians for our developing lives. They have the enormous capability of providing maximum love energy around the mother and child in the form of mental and physical protection.

They also help to ensure all resources necessary for healthy healing and development are procured. They can immediately help mold the first impression we have of this world.

Our Host is greatly depleted during the birthing process. In the most ideal scenario, she'd have a partner to help restore her balance as she heals. If not, her guardianship will compensate or she will learn in time how to form a support system for her mission.

In some cases, a mother decides it is best to relocate her newborn to a separate guardianship of which she's not a part because it has been determined

that it is the most optimal experience for the developing human. Something to note; if we survive the journey of childhood enough to become self-sustainable, we are proof a guardianship existed whether all the cast members were clear to us or not.

Beyond our guardianship, if we are so fortunate, are siblings; a specialized group of individuals. They are our first companions and social group. We help one another become aware of the range of feelings which can be expressed via emotions.

By playing with one another, we learn how to laugh in happiness or cry for what we want. Siblings allow us to share or hold tight to our possessions. They teach us how to bond beyond our mothers and guardians. They help us master the fantastic curriculum of relationships.

As always, if this subgroup is not available, our guardians introduce us to others like cousins, friends, or classmates. As we mature, we can choose to become lovers and find a partner so we can become hosts and guardians ourselves.

Our Intimate Family is within our humanity. It is where we first realize our story (who we are) which is learning in itself.

We are not alone. We are Humanity.

Seeds for Contemplation



1. Focus on one positive memory of your home life, no matter how small.
2. Why do you remember it?
3. If given an opportunity to create a family moment, what would it be?
4. What lessons have you learned from your household?
5. How can you support those who are parents or guardians in your life?

Principle IV



The Learner's Creed

Indigo Keys



1. Make learning fun for yourself.
2. Continuously locate or create a happy space to gain knowledge.
3. Learn with and from others.
4. Ask how this or that information applies to you.
5. Avoid rushing the learning process.

The King of Graffiti



Lucas paced his room. He was really going to do it this time. Standing in front of his bathroom mirror, he rehearsed what he would say to his mom, Tricia.

“I’m 16 and it’s legal, Ma. School just isn’t for me. Plus, I can get a job, work and help you with the bills”.

Lucas really meant the last statement. He was still hurt and angry at his father for allowing his addiction to get to the point he stopped coming home. That’s why they had to relocate and live with relatives. Overnight, his mother became the sole source of income. Lucas figured if he could contribute, maybe she’d change her mind. If it was about money, he’d provide for them. He understood Tricia’s plight, but her decision was breaking his heart.

An only child, Lucas's friends were more like family and had his back when times were rough at home. His crew was his sanctuary. They were the Kings, a fun nickname that would pump them up every time they said it in unison and did their signature dance. What bonded them at first was sharing their original sketches and cartoons in the school cafeteria.

Then their artistic play elevated into their decision to beautify their neighborhood with original illustrations. The crew got in trouble one time with a shop owner who cussed them out and called it graffiti. He threatened to call the police so that whole weekend, they had to repaint his wall to keep the peace.

That was it! The Kings made a pact to go stealth, learning every clever trick in the book to sneak out in the cover of night to tag the city with their creations. A tilted crown in the lower right corner of a drawing was their mark. These gifted artists were masters of vibrant colors and drawing faces with emotional expressions.

In Lucas's school, they did not have an art teacher and all he kept hearing was they were a failing school that needed to get their scores up.

"Not my problem", thought the leader of the Kings.

Eventually, Lucas mustered the courage to tell his mom his intentions. As predicted, she got passionate with him about how it would ruin his life. Then she started crying, which made Lucas feel deeply sad for her.

"Lucas, please give this move a chance! Try just one year. If you hate it, I won't stand in your way. I need a fresh start and I want you by my side," his mother offered more calmly.

Tricia's son listened deeply to her words and decided to heed her advice. Later that week, Lucas grieved the loss of the only place he had ever called home in his own way. He partied all night with his crew and tagged the living daylights out of his beloved city. As a parting gift, his boys gave him a can of their favorite color

of spray paint with their kingly names scribbled in memoriam.

Before Lucas knew it, he was off to an unfamiliar home. The new place they moved to was, in Lucas's opinion, a strangely cool place with a bunch of tourists. Nestled in the mountains, it had an eclectic vibe. It was very different from what he was used to, but at least, it wasn't boring.

His mom's sister had bought a house there and welcomed his family with warm open arms. The first week in his new school, Lucas barely spoke and refused to look directly at anyone. He just observed.

The new school was weird but welcoming. The student population was quite small compared to his former school which had more than a thousand students. The teachers were different too. They dressed well enough but were quirky. Some had tattoos and nose rings. One even brought his guitar to class and played original tunes to the delight of his students.



At first, Lucas was a little annoyed by the trendy atmosphere. It was like the faculty was trying too hard to be down with the youth. However, the principal was high energy and very funny.

Ms. Greene rocked dreadlocks and talked loudly. She was always popping up when Lucas least expected, startling him a few times. But he secretly admired the woman because she was high on life without taking drugs (unlike some people he knew).



Something else was elevating this energetic school leader and maybe one day Lucas would figure it out. Clearly Ms. Greene had tapped into the joy of learning.

“What’s up, Lucas?” There she was again, coming up behind him without warning.

“Hey, Ms. Greene.”

“Ask your mom if you can meet me here this Friday after school”. The busy principal handed him a flier and was gone in a flash. The handout said, “Claim Your Wall”; it was a mural festival downtown in the art district.

Then like thunder from down the hall, Ms. Greene shouted, “I peeped your skills on that backpack Mr. Lucas. I see you!”

Lunchtime came and Lucas was making his way to his lonely corner of the courtyard when he noticed two guys and a girl making their way to him. The girl definitely had his attention.

One of the guys stepped up to do the trio's introduction. “We heard Ms. Green shout you out. I’m Chris. This is Lila and Paul. Your bag says it all, Son.”

And just like that, the displaced King was reawakened. That day, they all exchanged gamer IDs, phone numbers, and most importantly...their graffiti signature. His new art crew informed him about how their city was pro-youth and art. They introduced him to the mysterious instructor with the guitar; their art teacher.

As this vignette closes, we see Lucas making his way to his guidance counselor's office to change his elective class to "Foundations of Art". He turns to us as if looking in a mirror and says,

"I'm not missing another day of school, because today I am creating my own for the first time."



Dear Learner,

Your “Deep Dive” is the only one that I have structured as a bit of a love letter. The reason is that I want you to know how incredibly excited I am for you to awaken to a new way of learning.

In case no one has ever told you, you are a highly intelligent being capable of guiding your own learning experience. You just have to simply make the decision.

If you are unsure of what interests you, tune to your feelings. Feelings are a gift that you have inherited to give you information about what stimuli in your environment make you feel good or bad. Your emotions trigger thoughts that can become ideas sparking creativity.

Creative ideas become interests that when pursued can have a positive influence on your life. So choose wisely what you give your attention.

The reason this is so important is because when we are aimless and lacking in direction, we can become easily discouraged, frustrated, or inefficient. Over time, this can greatly diminish our motivation and even result in a lack of engagement.

This is a very risky rabbit hole to go down as it can often lead us to becoming bored, disinterested, and distracted. In a learning environment, this can create tension because we are not in the flow of productivity.

Eventually, this can lead us to becoming a disruption; negatively impacting the knowledge acquisition of others around us.

Why waste valuable time when you could be enjoying learning something new and participating in activities that bring you joy?

If you pay close attention to the vignette, Lucas did not come from the most supportive home environment. He had to deal with a lot of issues that made him want to escape. Like some of you, he wasn't resonating with the

school he was assigned; to the point that Lucas wanted to leave. The problem with exiting that particular learning situation is that his alternative was to go immediately into the workplace with limited skills.

Employment can be an amazing opportunity for learning if it is aligned with your interests and skill set. However, from looking at Lucas's life, we could see his true passion was art and he hadn't been formally trained in how to maximize that skill to make steady income for himself.

There is nothing wrong with getting a job to support one's family. But we should do so at the most optimal time so that it does not interfere with our personal growth and development.

One final thought; we live in a society that is quick to blame. You don't have to stay too long on the television to hear this person blaming the government, or that person blaming another.

However, who is ultimately responsible for your life?

Who ultimately makes the final choice for you?

Even the toddler can choose to listen or not. That's the real miracle of life we don't spend enough time contemplating. You have the freedom to obey or not to obey. Accept it or not, it all comes back to your individual choice.

Surely, if you're a minor, you have to listen to adults because they are your caregivers. But it is our thoughts that ultimately create our behaviors and experiences.

And you, my friend, are the King/Queen of your life. Therefore, take advantage of this glorious opportunity to create your own learning outcome.

May your light shine on,

Melissa

Seeds for Contemplation



1. What motivates you?
2. How do you organize and prioritize the interests in your life?
3. How is your current learning environment serving you?
4. How are you cultivating a support community to nurture yourself as a learner?
5. Create a gratitude list of all the topics or skills that enhance your learning experience.

Principle V



Community Education 101

Indigo Keys



1. Assess the needs of the learner first then explore how you best align before proceeding.
2. Always seek regular input from the learner's parents or caregivers and invite them to observe and participate in the learning process in the best way.
3. Regularly ask the learner how your approach is resonating with them and adjust according to your capacity.
4. Be a connector to even better resources and experts as this makes you a more trustworthy guide.
5. Celebrate learning progress regularly.

Saltwater Conversion



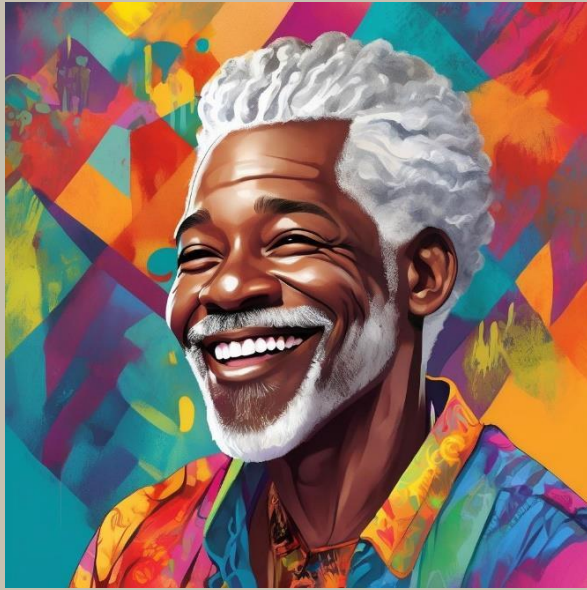
Kossi inhaled a deep breath of salt air. He located a quiet, secluded area on the familiar beach where he could finally cry. He had held on to the grief of losing his beloved wife, Anne, until he made it back to his homeland of Togo.

Located on the west coast of Africa, Kossi felt aligned in this place like no other. He had emigrated many years ago to another country and built a successful business, married, and raised two children to adulthood. However, after laying his wife to rest, he had a deep inner

call to go back to his ancestral home to reclaim something he had lost. But what was it?

When Kossi's children were young, his favorite activity with them was storytelling. He typically managed to get in from work before bedtime. His son and daughter would be so excited to see him; they would climb on him like a jungle gym, wrestle him to the ground, and ask him to tell them one of his elaborate stories. This memory brought a warm feeling over Kossi and an immediate smile to his face. Happiness, a feeling that had eluded him for some time had returned.

At sunset, the renewed storyteller emerged from a day by the ocean inspired and ready to give of himself. Later that week, Kossi connected to a dear childhood friend, Cecily, who led a local primary school near his home. He told her about his experience on the beach and to Kossi's surprise, his normally reserved friend was beside herself with joy. She enthused, in their local language, how her friend would be a most welcome addition to her school community.



Kossi could do storytime in the afternoon a few days a week to allow more time for older siblings or relatives to arrive and safely guide the little ones home. His mind began racing with ideas on how to make this special initiative more memorable for the children. The community educator began collecting fun props and makeshift costumes to help him look more like the different characters portrayed.

The first afternoon Kossi gathered the children around, it seemed only a few of the teachers and students were interested. They were busy trying to wind down the

day, get the kids organized, and somewhat corralled. His presence was seen more as a disruption than a help.

That was until Madam Marie (a respected teacher) took a liking to Kossi's presentations and enthused about them in her class. Their excitement for storytime was contagious and soon spread to the other groups within the school.

Eventually, the courtyard was brimming with laughter and the smiling faces of children. Kossi brought his stories to life with vibrant colors and funny voices that made the learners giggle while their teachers slapped their knees in laughter. He was able to experience the joy of fatherhood with each story shared. As a result, so many children received an extra dose of love and support before returning to their homes.

The vignette slowly narrows in on Kossi's face. He turns to us and says, "The inner call was to bring joy and laughter to the children around me in my own way. Teachers come in many forms. I've been transformed. I am renewed."



A monumental shift in education will occur when we recognize and utilize different types of educators in our learning communities. We, of course, have trained experts like me, who can help others become more skilled in knowledge delivery. However, the focus of Principle V is the Community Educator, the least acknowledged instructor among us.

The most adept of this talented bunch are experienced parents who have mastered home life management and child-rearing to the point they are the clear go-to people in their sphere of influence. They are quite easy to spot. Whose house in your neighborhood do most of the kids tend to congregate at on a given day? Which parents do you always seem to run into at school or sports outings? Who's the mom who makes those cupcakes that all the kids want to have at their birthday celebration? Where's that barbershop where the village

gathers to process the latest events while learning how to fix this, take that apart, or get the best bargain?

What's so wonderful about this concept is that it is already a reality and occurs naturally in our communities around the world. The learning experience isn't age-specific and the pupils can be 100 years old plus if they choose.

Here in the US, our schools have these events sprinkled throughout the year called field trips. They are learning opportunities that take place outside of the school. I'm proposing something a bit more radical. I suggest we sprinkle "school" and spend more time learning in our communities or inviting them into our schools as long-term embedded activities.

Our local medical facilities host live symposiums about health and wellness. Local construction and architecture firms give us all a chance to apply our math and science skills in community revitalization projects. Local merchants make use of the entertainment value

within their local schools for major marketing campaigns and festivals.

Local sponsors provide coaching opportunities for sports enthusiasts to help them reach peak performance. Exhibition matches raise funds for local charities. Area farms host community markets at public events showcasing home gardening. This results in better health and nutrition all around.

Law firms and government centers organize research projects and town halls to collaborate with local youth and citizens to solve community issues.

Police, firefighters, and our heroic emergency responders would host training on personal and community safety awareness, building a bond of trust and respect. It's important for young people, especially, to be on a first-name basis with those given the mantle to protect and serve them. Where there is genuine love and concern for others, less law enforcement is needed and crime is easier to manage with minimal violence.

Community Education is all about prioritizing. It starts with small initiatives done consistently and championed by local leaders who have a respected voice in the community. Madam Cecily, in the above vignette, was such a leader. She immediately saw the value of Kossi's storytelling ability to both him and her school. Then her colleague, Marie, used her influence as a respected educator to build excitement around the initiative.

But it was Kossi's willingness to serve that made it all possible. Sometimes it is during major turning points in our lives that we tap into a greater purpose. May we listen to our individual calls and the greatest faculty ever assembled—Humanity.

Seeds for Contemplation



1. If time and resources were not an issue, what skill or ability would you be happy to share with others?
2. Are there any initiatives you can connect with at this time that allow you to be of service?
3. What about this skill or ability are you the most passionate about to the point others could see you as an expert?
4. In your local community, is there a person or group that could benefit from your talent?
5. Is there someone in your network who could mentor you? If so, what would you say to them about your mission?

Principle VI



Indigo Infusers

Indigo Keys



1. Nature is the ultimate learning experience and life enhancer.
2. Seek out creative individuals in visual and performing arts who inspire excellence.
3. Witness and study a craft from an industry expert.
4. Visit museums and other exhibitions to expand your conscious awareness.
5. Experience different cultures and seek out experiences that expand your global awareness.

Super Snake Goes to Space



Hannah is a ball of energy. Her parents Eva and Mike have no idea how two extremely laid-back introverts produced such an extreme contrast to themselves. No matter what they do as a family, Hannah has endless questions and wants to immerse herself in everything. No one is a stranger and she is already a master conversationalist at eight years old.

On one occasion, they visited the Museum of Natural Science. There was an opportunity to pet a harmless corn snake. By Hannukah, Hannah had

convinced her parents to get her one. When Dad took her on what should have been a quick grocery store run, his curious daughter noticed another child in a Tae Kwon Do uniform. The poor boy was interrogated about the color of his belt for five minutes. Next thing Mike knew, Hannah was leading him to the studio within the same strip mall to sign her up for lessons.

The attentive parents enrolled Hannah in a nontraditional school that promoted a more self-directed learning approach when she was five. While the family loved the school, Eva and Mike noticed Hannah was all over the place there too. Did she have ADHD (Attention-deficit/hyperactivity disorder)? Should they put her on medication?

After many discussions and a few doctor visits, they concluded this was less about diagnosis and more about discovering what works best for their child. Hannah was just very different from the learners around her (including her parents). She could be interested in many

things at the same time and they were going to have to train her themselves on how to start a task and finish it.

A dear neighbor told them of a learning community that could help them create a customized learning plan to guide their home learning efforts. Eva acted on the tip right away. The family support specialist, Yasmin, resonated with Hannah immediately and had a way of helping Mike and Eva feel calm and relaxed about educating Hannah themselves.

Once a week, Yasmin connected with the family or just Hannah for virtual exploratory activities. Sometimes they would even meet face-to-face for a learning adventure.

At first, Eva wasn't sure if Hannah would have the attention span for working with Yasmin. But then she noticed something interesting. Hannah was using her tablet as a panoramic recorder scanning her bedroom and learning area for all the exciting projects and experiments she was working on. Hannah loved sharing her knowledge and not knowing things so she could

research information for herself. She was a natural explorer.

One evening, Mike noticed his daughter typing while looking up at her snake. She also had her tablet glued to a NASA website tracking a recent exploratory craft launch.

“What are you doing, Funny Bunny?” he playfully asked.

“I’m sending my snake into space.” Hannah didn’t even look up.

This brilliant mind of a child was immersed in writing a script for her movie, “Super Snake Goes to Space.”

She was conducting research for her scenes so they looked real. Mike looked over her shoulders and was amazed Hannah’s script was 20 pages. He didn’t know she had the attention span to work on something that long. The proud dad caught a glimpse of his wife and quietly signaled her over to witness an everyday miracle.



As the vignette closes, Mike rests his chin on the top of his wife's head and says,

“Look at our child creating something out of everything. Let's continue to allow her to electrify her own learning experience.”



"I'm bored!"

This statement has been the source of some contentious conversations in households, schools, and organizations. Instinctively many of us retort...

"Then do something about it."

However, what I've observed is that people inevitably tend to scramble to find something for the bored individual to do, leaving them to critique or capitalize off the creativity of others. This fosters dullness and a lazy approach to learning that will in the end produce a low-performing participant in the community.

When one is aimless and disengaged from the experiences in their lives, it does not cultivate the discipline of being self-responsible. When as adults, we

take control over the planning of our children's or learners' activities, we leave little room for them to be invested in the moment.

Instead, guide and train them to seek out infusers in everyday living that motivate them to explore something new. This can often be triggered by simply asking; "What excites you?"

I have a niece who came home one day from high school and politely informed her parents she planned to be a foreign exchange student in Germany. She had done the research and even found a program to address the funding. My brother and his wife had never been to this country before, however, they stood behind their daughter's dream.

Today, she is a graduate with high honors from one of the most prestigious universities in the U.S. and off to work at her dream job in Washington, DC. Needless to say, I'm one proud auntie. I'm just as proud of her parents for allowing her multiple learning infusions that inspired

my niece to start the journey of fulfilling her destiny. Way to go Taji!

As guides, let's surround our learners with more growth opportunities because it promotes creativity and joy. The happier we are doing something, the more likely we are to do the best we can. It's fun being excellent, so let the infusion begin!

Seeds for Contemplation



1. What place in nature brings you the greatest joy and inner peace?
2. Where in your home do you feel the most comfortable learning?
3. What type of subject, industry, or profession generates curiosity in you as a learner?
4. List places, events, or locations you would like to visit that would increase your knowledge or ignite your creativity.
5. What do you know currently that would be of benefit to others?

Principle VII



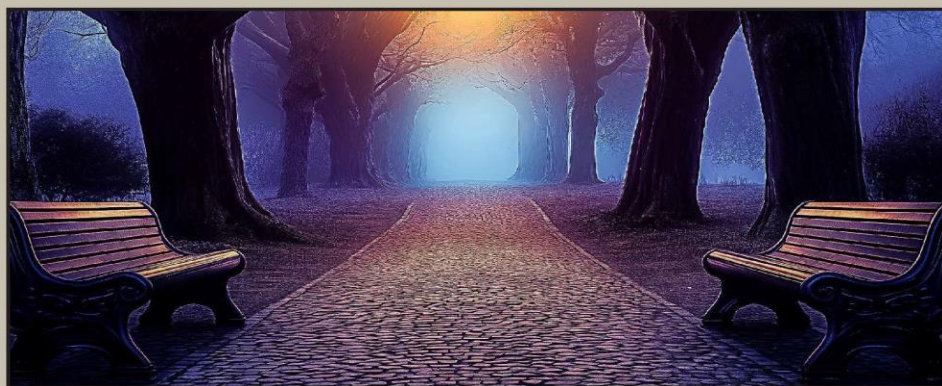
Knowledge Inhibitors

Indigo Keys



1. Avoid criticism of others. Ability is for the learner to primarily determine. Note: Correction or redirection is absolutely healthy and necessary for growth when done with love.
2. Reduce fear and tension around the learning process. See failure as a temporary lesson that when mastered leads to excellence.
3. Neutralize the habit of arguing or putting others down to elevate one's position. Choose discourse or offer one's position with evidence; then listen to the other side with respect.
4. Minimize physical discomfort because it becomes a distraction. It's ok to be comfortable while we learn.
5. Eliminate self-doubt or thinking of yourself as incapable of growth. Instead, pursue discernment which concludes whether a pursuit is best or more natural for yourself.

Master Teacher by the Tree



Gao Bingwen (Bing) was an extraordinary educator located in a moderately populated area in mainland China. He loved meeting foreigners so he could enlighten them about facts they may have never learned about his culture. Naturally inquisitive and full of enthusiasm, it seemed he was destined to be a teacher.

To some, Bing was overly enthusiastic about everything he knew. However, few were annoyed by it because he struck them as genuine and sincere.

When Bing enrolled in the university, his professors strongly encouraged him to become an English instructor. They reasoned that with all that

energy, he would surely keep a class awake and motivated. Learning the English language is considered a high priority in Chinese society, yet it is one of the most difficult subjects to master.

Initially, Bingwen lacked confidence in speaking what is considered the language of commerce openly. In his area, there were very few native speakers of English to learn from directly or practice. In time, he developed a love for English-speaking action movies. There was less commentary to read and he could understand better the overall meaning of the words used. Bing also enjoyed repeating some of the famous great one-liners from Hollywood movies.

Bingwen's level of fluency in English earned him a place of high respect within the faculty. His task was to prepare upper-grade students for a high-stakes exam that determined their academic future and ultimately their career opportunities. Cooperation and order are very important in his culture given the large population

of people. Keeping harmony and staying in flow is encouraged and highly valued.

However, like many Chinese, Bingwen cherished the moments away from a group where he could be alone with his thoughts and share his most authentic self. On his way home from work, Bing noticed a lovely set of benches had been placed under a nice grove of trees in his local park. It was absolutely beautiful and stirred up something wonderful within him. He was thrilled to notice quite a few of his students were enjoying this new-found treasure in their community. Some were having a quick snack before heading to after-school tutoring sessions.

A very popular teacher, Bing's students excitedly waved him over to come join them. They found him clever and funny which helped them relax. Education at their level had very high stakes and was stressful at times.

Like so many kids around the world, Chinese learners are expected to make the most of their schooling

in hopes of securing a better economic outcome for themselves and their families. They sat on hard desks most of the day and were moved through lessons quite swiftly as a collective.

Too bad if you fall behind. You and your parents had better figure that out on your own time. Yet, something very interesting started happening amidst the grove of trees. Bing had the clever idea of asking his gathered students what they learned that day. The only caveat is that they had to try to say it completely in English, ending their thought with a clever one-liner from their favorite movie. This made it super fun.

A few sat on the bench with him, but others sat around him on the ground. They laughed at their funny sounding pronunciations between bites of yummy snacks. Here, they could just relax and not be evaluated or compared to one another. Naturally, they would help one another figure out the better words to use or correct pronunciations.



Bingwen's students couldn't stay long, but these moments with him made learning fun. It was also building up their confidence. He noticed they were more enthusiastic and participated more in his lessons when they came to his class.

One day, after an informal session under the tree, an elderly woman approached Bing. She was a retired school teacher who lived close to the park. The former educator had been quietly admiring him and the children for weeks.

The lovely woman reverently walked up to Bing and asked him to open the palm of his hand. To his surprise, she placed a fresh piece of fruit. Then she leaned forward and whispered, "Laoshi Confucius!"

Stunned, Bing graciously accepted her gift offering. This brief exchange impacted him so much he could feel himself getting emotional. However, Bing willed himself to show very little in keeping with the spirit of the moment.

When he got home, he allowed himself to feel the subtle warmth of love for his people. The moment he had just experienced with his students and the former teacher is why he was so proud and eager to tell visitors about China.

At that moment, Bingwen walked toward the frame and declared in Mandarin,

“I will dedicate my life to showing others how to be like a grove of trees for their youth. May I continue to master the art of teaching so I can be worthy of the fruit. Xie Xie.”



Love wins.

Competition isn't the only way to grow. I'd like to introduce love as an alternative to competition.

My definition of love is expansive. For me, it's more than a feeling or intimate emotional expression. I see love as an energy, a creative force that can literally reconfigure our existence. Incorporating more love in one's life is optimal for living and learning.

Love is something we inherently have in abundance because we simply exist. If we contemplate this concept for some time and adopt it as a truth, we'll notice a reduction of tension in our bodies immediately. The compulsion to argue will dissipate.

If there is a conflict with someone, we find difficult to stop thinking about, it can make us feel very uncomfortable. Now, dwell on the thought that we have

abundant love energy flowing through us regardless of how others view or treat us. If this is so, can we ever be at a deficit?

To be clear, I have this knowledge. But in daily practice, it is difficult for me to consistently accept it. There is something within my mind (and ego) that wants to be acknowledged and appreciated. If it is not, I'm going to perceive whatever is slighting me as a problem. This can cause me to feel the pain of disappointment impacting how I relate with others.

However, this is a choice as there is an alternative. I can realize I'm more than my ego and already fully validated. When I falter, I've learned to pick myself up and go at it again. That's how I became a "Master of Myself!"

There's nothing wrong with wanting and even needing the love energy of others. Such a pursuit is a lovely dance because it calls those around us higher. But when what we seek is not received, we do not have to

fight or compete for it. Like Dorothy in “The Wizard of Oz”, the solution is already within us. We can set those who do not meet our expectations free in our hearts. It allows for better alternatives to emerge.

The Competition Curriculum is a staple of our planet and offers many valuable lessons. I’m grateful for what it has taught me. However, it’s not the only way to grow. It’s not the only way to gain either.

Completing a task or pursuit, or simply loving myself can also give me the opportunity to experience victory. Even better, I can invite as many people along with me on the journey as I like. Of course, there will be obstacles or great resistance. However, I have the opportunity to realize there is no opponent but my own mind.

This is a great shift in consciousness because I no longer allow others to determine my value. Even better, I get to choose the best course of action for my success. The rules for my game of life can be completely created and carried out by me. What love has allowed me to

realize is that humanity has been and will continue to be at play within itself.

We are conditioned to see one another as either problems or members of our life team. The latter is more desirable in my opinion, because how could acquiring the talents of others not be a net gain?

In a shifted paradigm driven by love, we get to problem-solve pain points together. Sometimes we may choose to go about our challenges alone. But what's interesting is that we cannot lose, because it is the lesson that was the point in the first place. Did we grow? Checkmate!

Seeds for Contemplation



1. What is currently driving your decision-making?
2. How do you cope with the stressors in your life?
3. How relaxed are you around learning?
4. How do you make space for joy in your daily life?
5. How can you make choosing love an everyday practice?

The Philosophy Distilled



The philosophy I'm bringing forth comes from an internal knowing for which I am a wayshower and practitioner. Over five years, I have cultivated and refined this philosophy in an approach that can be used by us all when learning new concepts, growing a business, or elevating our career pursuits.

In addition, this work has been like a magnet that attracts some of the most brilliant thought leaders to my firm thereby forming a dynamic team. They lend their genius and expertise to make our collective goals a reality.

Together, we formed a premier global think tank called "uThinkIndigo". We currently serve great thinkers and are in the business of high intelligence. That is why we have no doubt about yours.

For the record, gifted learners are simply more tapped into their innate gifts and willing to openly express them in some form. However, let me make it very clear; genius knows no bounds. If we choose to accept

this awareness, we will realize there's a version of it in us all. One does not have to identify as an Indigo learner to benefit from how I think.

This discourse is written for everyone who wants to improve the quality of education for themselves and others. The human mind can be the abyss of an ego that is unquenchable. It is rarely satisfied and highly likely to criticize what it cannot understand. This is what causes tensions and arguments among us resulting in the deterioration of relationships. Taking it a step further; it breaks down our family structures and eventually the surrounding society.

This is why we have corruption, crime, and war. Conditioning ourselves to be less critical and more discerning will do more to build up our self-esteem and mutual respect. It will improve community and international relations too. Let's become humans who use our minds for personal growth which in turn elevates our thoughts and manifests into greatness.

Humans can accelerate our evolution if we remove invasive mental processes and social interactions that disrupt natural intellectual growth. A person's socioeconomics, genetics, culture, religion, and access to guidance cannot prevent the natural progression of Soul Intelligence (a concept we cultivate at my firm).

This type of intellectual knowing is inherent in us at birth. It is simply our ability to learn because we instinctively already know how. This means we came here with intelligence before we were overtly taught a thing.

Everyone is capable of learning. But will we choose to? What I present is a certain level of consciousness that informs a self-directed approach that one creates. If parents choose, they become guides who nurture their learners in creating an environment that promotes natural unfoldment. Learners have an opportunity to become masters of themselves. Community educators and fellow leaders become role models and guides that

elevate their communities. Combined, all three can become better versions of themselves.

The vibrational undercurrent of “The Indigo Approach” is love versus power. The former is the incorruptible conduit of knowledge exchange and personal development. Applying the approach leads to interpersonal balance and optimal alignment with one’s destiny.

Acts of power hinder individuals by limiting their ability to solve problems for themselves. When humans go within, we tap into our natural ability to create. This gives us the intellectual freedom to evolve at our own pace within polarity (positive and negative experiences).

What’s marvelous about “The Indigo Approach” is that the principles can be integrated in part or as a whole. Sincerely, I would not advise that TIA be made into a school because it is a state of consciousness. The concept of “school” (including those based at home) lends itself to be definitive. However, I view consciousness as

infinitely expansive. Therefore, I suggest we not mix the two.

Use the approach to influence and enhance the way learning (at all levels) is facilitated everywhere including universities, companies, or government agencies. It can also inform other pedagogical theories and modalities used to develop children. The philosophy can also be adopted as a mindset to inform how we go about parenting, learning, and leading others.

When taught and applied, these principles can become a positive influence in our global community. Wise leaders will come to know that creating safe learning environments that allow for self-directed creativity affords each individual the opportunity to reach their highest potential. At that point, the collective community will be nourished, optimized, and elevated.

There are numerous techniques already available that have high resonance in our societies. “The Indigo Approach” is not here to challenge or debunk any of

them. The reason this work exists is not to elevate a specific person or population as having superior knowledge to others. It's actually to do the opposite. I'm here to demystify what it means to be intelligent and liberate those who doubt theirs is good enough.

It's time to reimagine the concept of school and our individual roles in it. Furthermore, let's expand our definition of a teacher as well. An instructor is anyone who shows us the way.

Therefore, are we not all teachers? If so, I propose we globally respect and elevate the craft. May those who specialize and become experts in the technique be valued and live abundantly.

In my opinion, it is inhumane to not compensate at a premium those who professionally educate our societies. We can and will do better!

The Emergence of Your Intellect



Some years ago, I ran across a clever children's book called "The Emperor's Moth" by Harold Klemp. It tells the heart opening story of a scientist tasked with researching the metamorphosis of a rare moth.

Upon observing the final stage of development, the researcher noticed his subject struggling to emerge from its concrete-like cocoon.

Concerned, he tried to accelerate the process, but in the end, it did not fare well for the moth. The scientist was so distraught, he asked his colleagues what had he done to experience such a negative result. They shared, regardless of his good intentions, he had inadvertently interrupted the sacred process of the emergence from the cocoon.

What the scientist viewed as a struggle was absolutely essential for the development of the wingspan of that precious moth he had cared for all that time.

This I've come to know. Genius cannot be rushed and my unfoldment is definitely worth the wait. Built

into my life is what is true and necessary for me. May I be kind to myself and others as they become self-aware.

This world of polarity is our concrete cocoon and poses epic struggles when we attempt to break away from its confines. Thank goodness we are not alone and have each other.

TIA is speaking to the good intentions within us all. It's advising we avoid interfering in the sacred process of unfoldment, but instead take responsibility for our personal evolvment. The approach mentors us in how to be guides who offer support when necessary. Above all, it says our personal example should serve as the main teacher. That's what it means to be a wayshower.

Speaking of cocoons, there's another metaphorical one I'd like to leave us with, the miraculous human body. We are an encasement of various functions facilitating multiple experiences by the second. The mind is our processor and designed to help us survive the simulation of life. However, what exactly is enclosed within this shell?

Once I had the life-altering experience of sitting with a loved one as she took her last breath. I was a young woman at the time, barely in my twenties. Her eyes were opened and she had this look of amazement in them. It was difficult for her to breathe as her life faded and I watched in sadness as she labored. Then her chest stopped rising and no more breath. I looked in her eyes and they were vacant. She was no longer there.

That experience shook me to my core, because it confirmed something I already knew, but had not fully realized yet. Where did she go? As important, why am I still here?

Thank you, dear Listener, for allowing me to present this discourse to you. May it serve you well in your pursuit of higher personal expansion. Spread your wings, flying courageously into your destiny.



Acknowledgements

First and foremost, all that I am, I was allowed to be. So, thank you God! You are my Supreme perfect friend and confidant. You're the only one who gets me. The only one I sincerely care to please.

Next, I express gratitude for my family. You are my first school and bring me many lessons, especially how to love unconditionally. I treasure every one of you whether in silence, long conversations, or laughter. I'd like to especially recognize my nephew, Marquise, for taking such a thoughtful interest in me as a person and checking on my well being. Thanks for caring always!

In May 2022, I rebranded from Blue Star Virtual Learning to uThinkIndigo. It was an overwhelming experience to endure as an emerging start up. I want to personally thank my colleagues during that time who held my hand and helped me reimagine my vision.

Specifically, I want to remember Jade Adjibi who was the first person to view the discourse and kindly created an e-book for it. I deeply appreciate Christel Brewer and Danne Smith Mathis who withstood the test of time and still serve in our community. Gratitude to the several colleagues and families that put BSVL on the map and shined their lights brightly. You were the inspiration for this work and I will forever cherish you.

Thankfully, within months I was gifted another brilliant leadership team to assume a new era of service. Special thanks to my colleague, Juliana Huang, for being the lead coordinator of our relaunch efforts. You really get what TIA is all about and lead beautifully with it. Thank you to Evans Momodu for your timely publishing consultation. For the record, this is a high frequency

work that is extremely difficult to edit, so I take full responsibility if things are perfectly imperfect.

Special recognition to our Junior AI Graphic Consultant, Angel Franciscah Naimasia (15 years old at time of publishing) for creating images that brought two of our characters to life (Ms.Greene and Kossi). The rest of our stunning images, including the cover, were custom created by Nate Miller of AI Picasso.

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I cannot express enough love for the leadership team at uThinkIndigo; especially our long-serving brain trusts like Wanda Rose and Michelle Woolfolk. You guys are my rock!

Though no longer in active service, I will never forget the timely contributions of Shelia New, Iset Asan-

té, and Antonietta McGoey. These women gave their all to the mission of this firm and I will always remember them for that.

Starting a global firm with no start-up capital took a proverbial village that literally opened their hearts, homes, and financial resources to our mission. May the blessings be around my divine Yayas (Sharon, Marie, Lani, Carol), Madea, Megan, Tia, Abiola, Que’Ron, Irene, Karon, Ejidiah, Scholasticah, Peris, Millicent, and Mercy for answering her call. Honorable mention goes to Dr. John & Dr. Alyce Macharia of Kenya for incubating our mission in their home. My eyes well up with tears of gratitude when I contemplate the contributions of these beautiful Souls to this precious work.

Finally, to my longest champion in the firm who demonstrates that “The Indigo Approach” is a transformative document, Chiagozie (Gozie) Osonwa.

Congratulations on your new book, “Reclaiming Home: The African Diaspora’s Guide to Nigerian Real

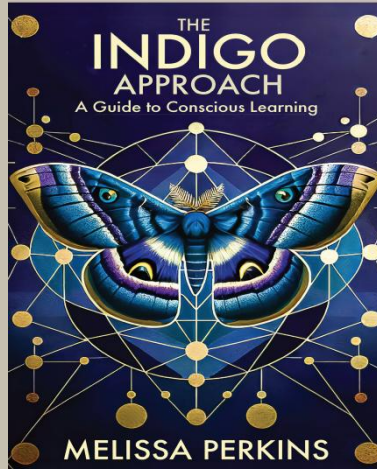
Estate". Thank you for being the primary caretaker and guardian of this firm and my work.

I love you all and may your lights shine on.

Learn More about Us



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Enlighten a Guardian, enlighten us all!

What I present is a certain level of consciousness that informs a self-directed approach which one creates. If parents choose, they become guides who nurture their learners in creating an environment that promotes natural unfoldment. Learners have an opportunity to become masters of themselves. Community educators and fellow leaders become role models and guides that elevate their communities. Combined, all three can become a better version of themselves. I invite Humanity to experience The Indigo Approach, a Guide to Conscious Learning.

About the Author

Melissa Perkins is a Philosopher, Wayshower, and Master Learner. Starting her career as a Historian and prestigious North Carolina Teaching Fellow, she ventured beyond the traditional classroom to build and lead English language centers in mainland China. After observing education systems and corporate structures around the world, she decided to shift popular leadership and learning paradigms by creating her own approach.