

MY JOURNEY THROUGH TIME

*Where did the time GO?
Time waits for no-one
Harmony, Balance, Rhythm – Without -- life is out of whack*

Richard Craig Roshon

Everyone must follow his own star

I have a home on Maui, Hawaii. A two bedroom traditional wooden plantation cottage that I have been renting for nearly 40 years. Single wall construction. When strong winds blow I can feel the cottage flex and the wooden floors squeak at times when I first walk across them in the morning. When the wind whistles through the glass louvers – a familiar sound of my sailing days on the open seas as the wind whistles through the rigging. **A living natural structure WOOD.**



The water line runs along the perimeter of the property above the ground, and then across to my home, warmed by the sun, -- my water heater has never been turned on.

Evenings spent lying in my front living room. Candle, incense, accompanied by light quiet classical music, a good book, surrounded by stillness, -- time to think -- Peaceful Moments as I wonder **Where did the time go?**

I have lived a blessed, disciplined manner of life primarily upon the sea. A life devoted to our worlds oceans, its beauty, fragility and preservation shared through personal experiences, writings and lectures.

I think of the life of Henry David Thoreau as he writes from the cabin he built in 1845 and wrote about in his book entitled "Walden Pond". I think of living in a small log cabin, wood burning stove, a front deck with two rocking chairs just in case a friend comes by, and by my side a DOG.

I think of living a simple existence with a surrounding forest and a body of water in view –(for any surrounding body water (lake or sea) calms the mind and body. **(Yes, everyone knows meditation & water are wedded together)** Excerpt from Herman Melville's novel of "Moby Dick.

A short walk down a country road to a village close by, with a grocery, hardware, and drug store, a library, and a park. A life of stillness, silence and peace of mind. The quietness of open space surrounded only by rays of sunlight glistening through the forest trees, sound of the wind, rain, birds and other wild life. My longing for **OPEN SPACE.**



My plantation cottage may be the closest I will ever get to my Walden Pond, in which the sea is my companion which provides me with Peace. Keeping life simple as possible, for I believe, "To have more (so called material things, is to have less".

"Here lay before you a hundred miles of grass and open undulating land; there was not a fence nor a ditch and no road. After a while you become aware of how still it is out here". There was no human habitation except the Masai villages, and those were

deserted half the year, when the great wanderers took themselves and their herds off to other pastures. There were low trees regularly spread over the plain and long deep valleys with dry riverbeds of big flat stones, where you had to find a deer-path here and there to take you across. After a little while you became aware of how still it was out here. Now, looking back on my life in Africa, I feel that it might altogether be described as the existence of a person who had come from a rushed and noisy world into a still country. **OPEN SPACE**

Isak Dinesen (1885-1962 Author of (Out of Africa)

I remember the open space of South Africa during my visit as the guest speaker at the Hermanus Whale Festival in Hermanus, South Africa in 1999. **"Any feeling of emptiness is an Illusion".**

I left home at the age of 17 enlisting in the Navy, and never returned to my family home to live, but feel from my life experiences that we can be with family through our conscious or thoughts. I know from my life experiences that we can be in two places at the same time (Spiritually).

"As a diver at sea can plunge under the surface and find himself in a medium where all seems one and the same, so even a traveler who feels himself to be fully present, wherever he is at the time, thinks not of where he came from or of where he is going. He is equally in both places, in a sense, without being physically in either of them. The more one becomes centered from within the more he feels that he is in contact with things and with people who may even be far away. The best way to understand other people- and even abstract projects and problems is to be centered within oneself". I never returned to my home; however I have always been with Mom, Dad and my dear sister Marcia, in Spirit and conscience. Namaste

I cannot however help but wonder what my life would have been if I had gone home after my tour of duty in Viet Nam. I think often of Mom, and Dad of whom I never went fishing with, and my dear Sister Marcia of which I never returned to hold her hand.

I think of growing up, family, and sitting at the dinner table with Mom, Dad, and Marcia. **Where did the time go?**

Dad, working in his garage making birdhouses on his work bench by his wood burning stove and of course a cold beer.



Mom worked in what was then called "Sweat Factories" where hundreds of other ladies sat behind their sewing machines, 8 hours a day in a factory where huge fans circulated hundred degree summer heat – no air conditioning in those days.

Memories of Mom canning vegetables from our family garden for the winter months.

Raised in a small village town in Eastern Pennsylvania when during the Holiday season Christmas lights were hung at all intersections and throughout the town. Looking out our living room window -- Christmas lights reflect the silence of a falling snow. Peaceful calming moments.

Ice skating with friends and a bon fire roasting marshmallows. Sledding down the road from our house, and making a right turn off the road and down through the cemetery.

Yes I even played an instrument and I guess my music teacher thought I was good enough in which I played for small groups.



Mom and Dad would take Marcia and I to the sea along the New Jersey coast for a vacation. I remember the feeling of attachment I felt to the sea --its open space. Mesmerized in wonderment of what is beyond?

Memories of sitting at my desk in my bedroom turning my world globe on its axis viewing the expanse of the open sea where there are no boundaries. Ironically my only respectable grade in school was in my Geography class. Perhaps this was the beginning of travel and my interest to this natural world and its oceans.

I think of the jobs I had growing up. The gas station in which I worked had a small showroom in the front of the repair shop displaying two new Studebaker cars for sale that I kept clean. I pumped gas for customers and cleaned their windshields. The hello's, how are you today – the conversation. A personal connection with customers in which today no longer exists. GONE.

And my first car – a 1953 Studebaker. Styling.

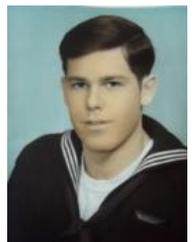
I also worked for my grandfather who had a plastering business, and spent days with Dad when he drove a cement truck.

The one person I remember from my grade schools days was Jesse Benner. Jesse had polio. Jesse would always smile -- I enjoyed her company. Today when I see unfortunate people I pray for them, knowing how blessed I am.

I truly believe in reincarnation. There was one place of travel that I came upon in which I felt I had been there before in another time – another previous life.

That place has been my Home since 1963 "Hawaii". I first came to the islands by sea. Upon approaching Hawaii I said to my mate "We are coming close to the islands". He asked me how I knew, -- I pointed out the stillness of the cloud cover, (which was stationary due to a mountain range) compared to the surrounding clouds that showed movement. Shortly after we came in sight of Oahu and I pointed out what seemed to be a familiar sight.

I was based in Pearl Harbor on a Navy Destroyer, with three six month deployments to Viet Nam. While in Pearl Harbor and on my off duty days, I worked as a dish washer in a Waikiki restaurant. After my discharge in 1966 I was promoted to waiter. Six months later and with a few thousands dollars in my pocket from waiting tables, along with backpack, surfboard and sleeping bag I jump on numerous sailboats for far away destinations in search of waves.



Haole Boy - A nick name given to me by the Beach Boys on Waikiki beach in the 1960's. They allowed me to keep my surfboard in their board rack. I laughed when they would ask me to play a tune on my ukulele for the visitors. "Haole Boy - What tune will you play for the guest today?" Well thank goodness each time I was asked to play my audience was different because the only song I knew was Pearly Shells.



I remember moving to the North Shore of Oahu as riding the bigger waves of Hawaii seemed to draw me to that energy. Next door our neighbors had a black Labrador called Riley. Riley was not playing with a full deck of 52 cards. All day, every day Riley would take off, and by the end of the day Riley would be seen lying in the front yard next to a stack of coconuts that he collected from other yards. What a wonderful life.



Today I feel grateful & blessed in that I have my health, a place to sleep, a healthy diet & exercise, and the many friends here on Maui.

I've sailed nearly as many miles as the circumference of Planet Earth. Sailing throughout the Southern Hemisphere, thousands of miles from land I sit in the cockpit during a night watch under a reflection of light brought about by the ????. Of stars which created one immense soft halo of light covering the entire universe. I felt as though I was sailing where there is no beginning – no end into the infinite. *Silence so vast only the air can hear it. What feeling one feels when for the first time there is no land in sight? A place where sky and oceans meet on the horizon, or do they? Alone on night watch the silence is broken by a swooshing sound as sea birds fly by into the infinite thousands of miles from land. "Any feeling of emptiness is an illusion".*



Light winds, thousands of miles from land, I jump over board and swim upon the long open ocean grounds swells. Looking down into the depths of Blue Indigo, turquoise beams of sunlight surround me reaching into the depths of infinity. A feeling of just how insufficient we as human being really are.

My introduction to the Eskimo sea kayak came from a sailing voyage to the Pacific N.W. And unknowingly the foundation of my life was being laid. Coming home and with the help of two friends I built my first home made kayak out of laminated plywood. I quit restaurant work after opening Kimo's Restaurant in the 1970's and took a job as beach boy at the newly built Kapalua Bay Hotel. Living in Lahaina, with no car I would leave Lahaina Harbor at 2AM and paddle the 12 miles to the Kapalua Bay Hotel.



I wonder where did the idea of lecturing come about? Perhaps from the miles of paddling to work. During the winter months in the darkness the sound of whales breathing and singing filled the atmosphere. Nature took a hold of me, and was my incentive to approach the general manager of the Kapalua Bay Hotel, Mr. Brett Huske and said "I WANT TO SPEAK".

During those early times of lecturing at the Kapalua Bay Hotel, Mr. George Peppard the late actor attended one of my presentations and took interest in my life. He wanted to produce a film of my life from the Eskimo Kayak. Mr. Peppard sent me to Seattle to have a custom kayak made; along with a video camera I mounted on the deck to record my life. Mr. Peppard's goal was a documentary for the National Geographic Explorer TV series. Unfortunately Mr. Peppard passed away before a feature film could be made. After a time I received interest from two other resorts on Maui, and suddenly I was sharing my life through my lectures at three major resorts. I did however produce two short films used in my multi/media, human/interest lecture presentations. One such film can be found on the homepage of my website. www.hawaiiwhalesrus.com



As a freelance artist and in being my own "one man band" as a writer, author, film maker, agent, marketer, lecturer & Private Kayak Guide, it took dedication, belief and faith.

As time passed in being my own marketer/agent lectures took me half way around the world to Colleges, Universities, and Symposiums from Maui to South Africa and back.

Throughout my lecture career I gained a notoriety as, The Kayak Man, The Whale Man, The Jane Goodall of the Sea even Professor Roshon however foremost A GREAT STORY TELLER. And to think I barely made it out of high school. Making lots of money -- gaining a reputation has never been a goal, as I have simply been FOLLOWING MY OWN STAR. My health & able to share has been a gift to myself.

My introduction to the Eskimo Expedition Sea Kayak extended my love for the sea and its species which became a way of life. Nights drifting between the islands of Maui, Molokai, & Lanai while during the winter months, North Pacific Humpback whales sing, breathe and lie by my side. Life with nature is truly a very delicate balance of living in harmony. I remember the chilly nights at sea in my kayak as I reach behind my seat for my medicine to keep me warm, my flask of Jack Daniels. **Where did the time go?**



I've logged over 30,000 miles by kayak in circumnavigating the Hawaiian Islands, crossing the open ocean channels, primarily under the stars of the universe. It did not take long to know that night time was the right time to journey across these open ocean channels when winds primarily back down. With only my paddle silently breaking the surface of a pristine sea, and my steady breathing created a peaceful, fragile existence.

Memories of my longest kayak venture, was from Maui across one of the most treacherous channels, the Alenuihaha Channel to Waipio Valley on the Big Island of Hawaii. Leaving from the Kaupo boat ramp on the East side of Maui I paddle up and over 10 to 15 foot mountainous ground swells no wind just unbounded energy. A 20 hour paddling endeavor "It's all in the mind, get your mind together" sung by Jimi Hendrix, accompanied by my inner conscience saying "Go forward".



My encounters with stormy seas were not uncommon here in the middle of the Pacific, however having the faith that I would survive, for the kayak became an extension of myself. Known as a creature of the sea, made from the skins of sea mammals - a natural element. I survived.

In keeping my complete medical coverage along with my VA pension and Social Security, I can no longer make a working income through my lectures. A long story but that's life. I live merely from my Social Security and my VA pension.

At present in lue this the COVID19 virus I'm not lecturing. However Paramhansa Yogananda writes in saying that he feels that he could reach more people through his writings than speaking. And that is what I'm doing at present. It's All About the Journey" www.hawaiiwhalesrus.com

I write personal letters, keep up with my journal, and write articles as to my life with the sea, its importance and beauty of all life. I take time out for the most important

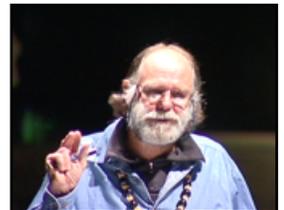
thing in life "myself". For if I don't take care of myself, "body & Mind" I'm unable to help others. A life disconnected from technology except for occasional email, as I choose to continue my connection from within. I communicate through personal phone calls, eye to eye contact and my writings.

The importance, beauty and fragility of all life, along with my desire to share through my lecture presentations are important to me.

***"The earth was made round so that we would not see so far down the road".
Isak Dinszen "Out of Africa".***

However I do want to extend my horizons in time and look a bit further down the road.

It's called "Giving Back" to this life I have lived here in Hawaii. My passion is to present a multi-media, human/interest presentation entitled **"My Life with the Sea,** by Richard Craig Roshon" Surfer, Sailor and Sea Kayaker, writer/author, film producer and GREAT STORY TELLER, to be featured at the Maui Cultural Center, Out Doors, under the stars.



All admission fee would go to a non-profit organization, one representing the Aina (Land) the other the (Kai) the Sea. This event will need assistance from others and may take a year to put together. My goal would be 2022. However I will also in time be open to other non-profit organizations in which all admission fees goes to the organization. In turn I can sell my books, and donate a portion of my sales.

Memories: The thousands of lectures and people I have met, I miss. It was a way of life for a long time. It's fun to share, it's important to give.

I am humbled as I occasionally hear from those that I have met through my lectures from as far back as 20-30 years ago. Asking me how I am doing and that I made a change in there life in taking time out for themselves, listening to the sounds of nature. I remember a full page article I wrote for the Maui News in 1991 "Slow Down Take A Look Around".



In 2002 I was guest speaker at Ball State University in Indiana. Afterwards a man from India dressed in traditional India attire, approached me, held both of my hands, and shared with me that the origin of my last name "Roshon" is from India, and means to lighten/enlighten. I distinctly remember a ??? Feeling when I looked into his eyes, that feeling still exists.

A passion I have in these later years of my life is that through my many sailing voyages – and my readings of discovery and exploration I feel like there was a previous time/life when I sailed around Cape Horn in a Square Rigger. I would like to build from a model a wooden square rigger. The kits come with paints, rigging, built from the keel up, just as if I were building the real thing. These kits could take a few years to build. Unfortunately the kits can cost up to several hundreds of dollars but for the time and peace it requires is well worth it. Perhaps a 3-4 masted square rigger such as the HMS Bounty, in which Captain Bligh sailed to Tahiti. Unfortunately there are no model building stores here on Maui.

I've always been on a somewhat demanding schedule as a freelance artist. Everyday was different. Much of my writing was created in the darkness of the early mornings, accompanied by candle light – It's quiet, still and I'm focused on the only real thing in life "The Moment". Perhaps placing myself in a time when authors wrote by candle light. Such famous authors as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Alexandre Dumas, Robert Louis Stevenson, Daniel Defoe and of course Herman Melville.

*"Ka'Aina, Ke Kai a me Ke Kanaka
He Mau Kako'o Nohona Mau a Mau
"The Land, Ocean, and Man, Partners for Eternity"
"Maui & Beyond"*

My self published book began on an electric typewriter. One day while working on a collection of several articles, I can only turn to my conscience which said to me "I think you have a book going on here". Today I've sold nearly 1000 books of a 350 page volume.

My other publication, a story for young and old entitled, "Herman and the Kayak Man". Herman was created during my nights at sea in my kayak with head lamp, paper and pencil. Herman an imaginary man that stands 6 inches tall, stows away on the kayak mans kayak. Herman is discovered, and is accepted as crew. Ironically it is through Herman's eyes that truly describe the thoughts and makings of the Kayak Man.

I rise daily at 4AM; enter my meditation room accompanied by candle and incense. After which a cup of coffee, I read from the Bhagavad Gita, known as the "Song of God". Surprisingly Thoreau each morning in his log cabin on Walden Pond also read from the Bhagavad Gita, the Hindu Bible which includes many verses from the St. James Bible.

OR

With candle I lie in my hammock under a starlit sky. Dawn approaches, colors in the universe merge, puffy white clouds move silently, and birds begin to sing. A Peaceful time of living in the moment with nature.



I practice the Hindu/Buddhist faith which respects and recognizes all faiths, all cultures which are honored as equal, along with the belief as to the well being of all life. It is a life of living in balance with all.

This manner of faith was brought about by my closest friend "Mrs. Nakata" my landlady. Grandma I called her. She was my family. We had dinner together; I helped her in the beautiful orchid farm that surrounded this property. It was truly heaven, somewhat of a spiritual experience to wake each morning and look across from my picture window at beautiful orchids, and fruit trees. I



would give Grand Ma weekly massages; afterwards we would sit and have tea and at times never saying a word. Just sitting in silence (together) I am reminded of a reading that states, "*The best friend you can have is one you can sit with, never say a word, get up, walk away and feel like it's the best conversation you ever had*". I would help Grand Ma deliver orchids, and once a month we would go to the Buddhist temple for prayer. Unfortunately since Grand Ma passed in 2009, at the age of 92. The orchid farm is no more. I miss her dearly.

Early 2000, I was down for the count. I was bedridden for nearly 2 months with sciatica. Afterwards from time to time I would receive tingling down my right leg. Then I was introduced to Bikram Yoga. My life took a turn which began two weeks prior to my 60 the birthday.

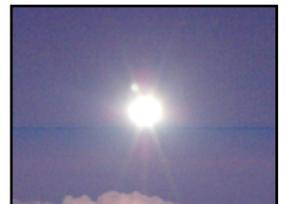
Each morning I would stop by the Jodo Mission, meditate with the Sensei, Reverend Hara, and then to my 8AM morning Bikram yoga class. The entire class consisted of a nice communion of friends. I remember at first I thought I would have to be carried out of class. 90 minutes in a 105 degree studio. I could hardly make it back home and into my hammock. But I stuck it out, and as an incentive I began marking each class on the back of my mat. The first year I completed 223 practices, and today more than 2000 practices in a studio I set up in my spare bedroom of my Plantation cottage, with heaters, mirror and me. I now do silent classes.



Mom passed away in Oct. 2019. I was with her on her last days and knew by the vision in her eyes that God was calling. I knew it, I saw it, and I felt it. She had already passed. I see that look in her eyes daily.

I feel my life as a writer, author and lecturer was a further extension of a previous life, and in my next life I'll further extend myself to my calling. **"Everyone must follow his own star."**

As I lie in my hammock looking out upon the universe and the billions of stars - I feel there are other planet Earths with human beings, living beings in a different time frame -- from the beginning of human life to a far advanced human being. A planet Earth where people live in harmony with each other. No wars, lies, stealing, but HARMONY. That is where I want to be. Planet Earth is just to perfect to be the only natural planet of its kind.



Parmahansa Yogananda writes that we are born into families as guests. Some of us have had a different calling, separate from our roots. And we answer (unknown as to why) to a calling, as I have. **Everyone must follow his own star**

So many of us here in Hawaii left our family roots, and made our home here in Hawaii. We tend to look after each other as family. It is just one of the blessings of a Polynesian culture. A solid hand shake, a hug and of course our way of saying "How's It" by waving the "Shaka Sign". Along with a positive energy, we know it's here. It's a feeling.

Hawaii a place where we take care for each other. Such was the case on January 21, 2021, where close to the area in which I do my long swims into the channel, there was a shark attack. (The 3rd attack in the past 2 months) The life guards told me about this before I went for my swim. My morning long swims take me nearly a half mile from shore. I feel so much at peace upon the depths of the sea.

Word of a shark attack spread quickly. When I arrived home I received several phone messages hoping it was not me. I called each one with tears, to thank them for their concern and friendship. That is what island life is all about. We are all in this together, and being from so many other places around our globe, we look out for each other as family.

There is a Hawaiian myth called "Aumakua" meaning Guardian. There is a sense of peace within me when I swim out upon the depths. Perhaps through my life of representing our oceans, their importance, and beauty I feel I am taken care of, and will be safe.

I wonder, where are all the people I shared my life experiences through the more than 1000 lectures presentations here in Hawaii along with the colleges, organizations, symposiums from Hawaii to S. Africa and back. Those I worked with in restaurants here in Hawaii, California, Colorado and Idaho, where are they today?

Memories: I miss my surfing buddies. Greg Anthony, Willy Lesk, David Drown, Michael Steward, Tom Warren, Big John, J-Boy, Bill Haywood, Harlan Dyckman, Fat Johnny, Michael Rodrigues, Nathan Kamisato, Jim Sweeney, Sandy Stein -- they have all passed.

Those drop knee back side bottom turns, toes to the nose, the big surfing days, when suddenly someone yells "Outside" and we paddle for our lives.

After a good surf session, smiles, laughs, talk story with a cold beer. And who knows tomorrow, back again for the early morning glass off. I lie in my hammock and wonder, what is my destiny? Only God knows, but I know that myself I must stay healthy in body, mind and soul.



I have a nice library of books, having read each one several times, as it seems like you always pick up something new with each reading.

I wonder at times how I acquired the dozen or so spiritual books. From the writings of Yogananda, The Dali Lama, etc. How did this all come about. Living alone I find companion ship in my spiritual readings, along with my connection with the sea. "Silence" by Thich Nhat Hanh, "The Art of Stillness" by Pico Iyer, The Untethered Soul by Michael A. Singer, Awakening the Buddha Within, by Lama Surya Das and more.

Today I travel the world through the reading of books in my library. I write in the last chapter of my self-published book, *"Reading opens people's hearts and inspires them to act on behalf of the common good. It allows us to be connected with people all over the world and back in time."*



My library of books mostly consists of the Classics to all true to life exploration, discovery and survival. Exploration, discovery and survival are my favorite as they explore the most *incredible* miracle of creation "The mind – The power of the mind, the power of thought, and the power of Will", the Will to survive.

Also by my library are pictures, of memories, myself and friends, and again, **Where did the time go?**

I believe in the power of thought/mind. Twice in my life I came close to the end. Twice I saw my life go from my first to my last breath all within a split second. When I did survive seeing the end of life vanished.
THE POWER OF THOUGHT:

March 3, 2020 2:30 AM I wake from a sound sleep feeling as though I was in the presence of whales.

March 4th--My early morning swim – I'm far offshore -- As I look down to exhale a few arms length away a yearling North Pacific Humpback whale appears.

I again come up to breathe; then exhale, and "No Whale". As I continue through my swim, I think? Was this a dream/illusion??? From last night?

Minutes later, the yearling appears again only a few feet from my right side, and I know I am not dreaming. Together we swim to the rhythm/movement of the sea, in a weightless environment. A moment perhaps as close to being in heaven while here on earth.

The yearling and I swim for sometime together. Then only a few feet in below me a mother and her calf swim by, and are suddenly gone. However the yearling and I continue on for quite sometime. When the yearling begins to head out to sea, "I", feel as though my time has come and I begin to follow?

Is it a higher conscience that continually speaks to us? I am a true believer -- thoughts just do not pop into our minds – but are built on a foundation. However my inner conscience repeats and repeats -- saying to me "No No, No not yet, turn around, turn around --Reluctantly I slowly turn for the shoreline. However perhaps through this moment I discover a portion of my Soul.



"I write" (Time is an Illusion) Think about it, time really does not exist. If it were always dark, No sunrise, No sunset, No Moon rise, No Moon set – "What time is it?"

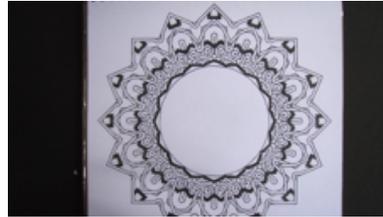
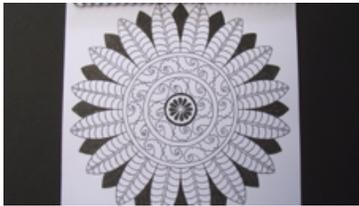
2017 I spent 10 quiet days at the Kirpal Meditation & Ecological Center, a Retreat in Pahoia, on the far East side of the Big Island.

"A Retreat/Pilgrimage is often regarded as a physical counter-part to the spiritual way of life. Both require a special attitude, careful preparation, a determination not to give up whatever the cost, courage to overcome what ever obstacles get in the way". Excerpt from "Touching my Fathers Soul" by Jamling Tenzing Norgay. Norgays father was the first Sherpa to reach the summit of Mt. Everest with Sir Edmund Hillary in 1953. Jamling then followed his fathers footsteps and in 1996 reached the summit with the IMAX film crew.

My cabin and the meditation hall at the Kirpal Meditation and Ecological Center



My early mornings began with the sunrise coming directly through my front door, and my time for meditation with the wake of a new day. Breakfast at 8AM, after which I would return to my cottage to read & work on my meditation etchings. Afterwards a walk down a forested area to the beach.



"I believe there is a spiritual mystery contained within nature". By David McCullough, Historian/Author – From the true story of "Seabiscuit" the famous race horse during the depression days of the early 1900's.

A female North Pacific Humpback whale that over the years surfaces slowly under my kayak. I slide gently from her side and for a moment we make eye contact. I reach out to touch her, the two layers of skin covering the blubber "Wrinkle". Nature's sensitivity a true indication of all life. There are no words to describe, "THE MOMENT". Only feelings, perhaps Spiritual. **Where did the time go?**

I feel I am never alone, and allow my conscience to be my guide.

Life is a Journey, and it's up to us to live that Journey to the best of our ability. I think I have.



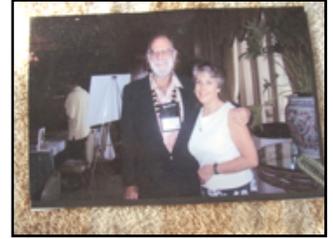
Where did the time go? Today for myself there is very little difference from the day before or the following day. This has been a hard adjustment, as for decades I was at sea, sailing to far away destinations, kayaking across these open ocean channels to the outer islands. Days and nights at sea in the presence of whales, living with nature and in turn sharing through my lecture presentations and writings. A private kayak guide, being my own agent/marketer to attain lectures, traveling with my lectures, writing articles, my self published book. Each day for decades was different. If I didn't do it, certainly no one else would.

A Private kayak experience. A description found on my website. I was donated a beautiful \$5000.00 two man skin kayak by a company the Feathercraft kayak company in Canada. Leaving at four AM during the winter months, I would paddle my guest upon a calm still sea into the darkness where for several hours only the sounds of whales breathing and singing could be heard. A moment with nature, a very fragile, calming existence where one may forget to breathe.



Now so much is gone, the kayaks have been sold; lost moments with whales bring tears of memories. However I must accept that nothing lasts forever, for I must go on and find new avenues to fill the voids. Not easy, but it must be done. I must live to my fullest, don't give up. Always go forward, for the past is history and the future? The present and the importance of each Breath, I eat well, exercise, and am thankful.

One of my most heartfelt moments was the surprised arrival of my sister Marcia who flew in from the East coast to be with me on my 60th birthday.



Much of my daily life has always been to give. I'm constantly baking and giving my baked goods to others. I've taught young children of guests how to swim, snorkel, and the experience of listening to the songs of North Pacific Humpback whales during their annual migration. I don't give or share in reference to receiving anything in return. I give to place a smile on someone's face and I give to myself, as it makes me feel good inside.

So as the sun goes down, I pour a glass of wine and retreat to my hammock as the Moon rises over the West Maui Mountains. All is still, quiet, and I am at peace from within.

The birds have gone to sleep, I hear from time to time the shore break of the sea. During the winter months the lobtailing and flippering of North Pacific Humpback whales slapping the surface can be heard. Stars appear, and I talk to Mom and Dad that I so truly miss.

Twice, about 40 years ago I swam the 10 mile Auau channel which flows between the islands Lanai to Maui, of course with an escort boat. Since my kayaks have been sold, I'm now back into my daily swims to about 1/2 mile from shore. A turquoise beam of sunlight surrounds me, in a weightless environment. I'm not alone for I feel there is a higher entity watching over me; along with a small pouch of Mom's ashes I take with me. I am free without thought. During the winter months, I end my swim by listening to a symphony of song by the North Pacific Humpback Whale as it echoes through the world's largest echo chamber, THE SEA. Just one more avenue of meditation.



My day ends each evening by the ring of a bell in my back yard along with my evening prayers. A ring for Mom, a ring for Dad and a ring for my dear sister Marcia.

I pray in time as a world community humanity will get along with each other; learn from each other for we are all in this together. Variety of different cultures is a spice in life. Since the beginning of time WE the human species have been using this planet as a commodity, always take, take, take. Nature is in control. What we do to this planet we do to ourselves.

On a very personal and sincere note: FRIENDS, from here on Maui, the U.S. mainland, Canada, Switzerland, Austria, France, S. Africa, New Zealand and beyond that keep in touch to see how I am doing. FRIENDS ARE MY BACKBONE – MAHALO for your FRIENDSHIP. NAMASTE – BE WELL



Please take time to view my website along with information as to my two books which are available only through myself, as each one is personally signed.

Portrait by
Arlene Marcoe

It is a Japanese custom to give on one's birthday. My gift to you are these thoughts:

*As the wind agitates a candle flame
So Breathing agitates the Wind
Deep Breathing –
Calms the Mind & Body*

*Be like a divine bird, which enjoys singing
Without trying to impress or to gain
Anything from anyone.*

*"If you separate from...everything you have done
In the past, everything that disturbs you about the
Future and apply yourself to living the life that you
are living- that is to say, the present---you can live
all the time that remains to you until your death in
calm, benevolence, and serenity".*

*When you arise in the morning think of what a
Precious privilege it is to be alive – to breathe,
To think, to enjoy and to love".*

"The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts"

*Don't be sensitive about the body and material concerns, nor let anyone hurt you.
Keep your consciousness aloof. Give good will to all, but develop a state of
consciousness wherein nobody can ruffle you. Try to make others happy every day.
Share your wisdom with others. Do not permit yourself to lose interest in life.*

Nothing worthwhile may be gained without effort, and without concentration.

"Reflect on the Kindness of everyone you meet"

"Be kind to you web-footed friends, for a duck may be somebody's mother"

*It has been a wondrous life guided by belief, faith,
dedication responsibility. and sharing*

This is my Journey, This is my Story. This is Who I Am.

*Me Ke Aloha Pumehana
With Warm Aloha*

The Moment

A Memory

"Suddenly a mighty mass rises from the depths"

"There she blows".



From the Eyes of a Kayak

ALONE – HOWEVER NEVER ALONE



***TIME – WHERE DID THE TIME GO?
IF IT WERE ALWAYS DARK – WHAT TIME IS IT?***

***FROM THE EYES OF A KAYAK
I ENTER THE SEA AS I WOULD ENTER ONES HOME
PEACEFULLY AND WITH RESPECT***



***EVERYONE MUST FOLLOW HIS OWN STAR
ME KE ALOHA PUMEHANA
WITH WARM ALOHA***

