



Family & Friends

Fletcher Soul Traveler

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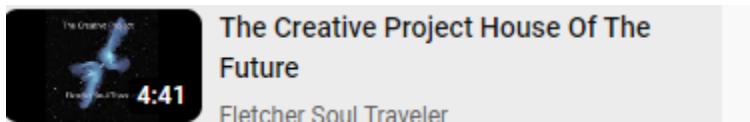
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Web Of Life



No Man is an island. The world around me helped me to where I am today. All my teachers, family, and friends taught me about the web of life. We are all interconnected in ways we can't even imagine. This book will help detail the web of people who helped me on this journey.

Childhood (House Of The Future)



My brother and I were born on December 24, 1952, in Pasadena Calif. We had an incredible childhood. My Dad and Grandfather owned an aerospace company.

The first house I remembered was near an orange grove. My brother and I would sneak through the fence and walk in the orange grove.

There was a tree house and we would climb up in it. We were probably three years old. Our house was years ahead of its time. My father and grandfather were both inventors.

They developed a house where you could walk in the house clap your hands and the lights would come on.

The outlets weren't on the wall but hidden in the carpets. We had sensors that when it rained the windows would close.



Move the lamp a where and it would light up. 1



Windows would close when it rained. 1



Move to watch us on TV 1

My mom would watch us in the backyard by video cameras while she was cooking dinner. This house was featured in the Los Angeles Times Home section. This was back in the early

fifties..



Steering wheels for kids 1





Floating frying pan 1

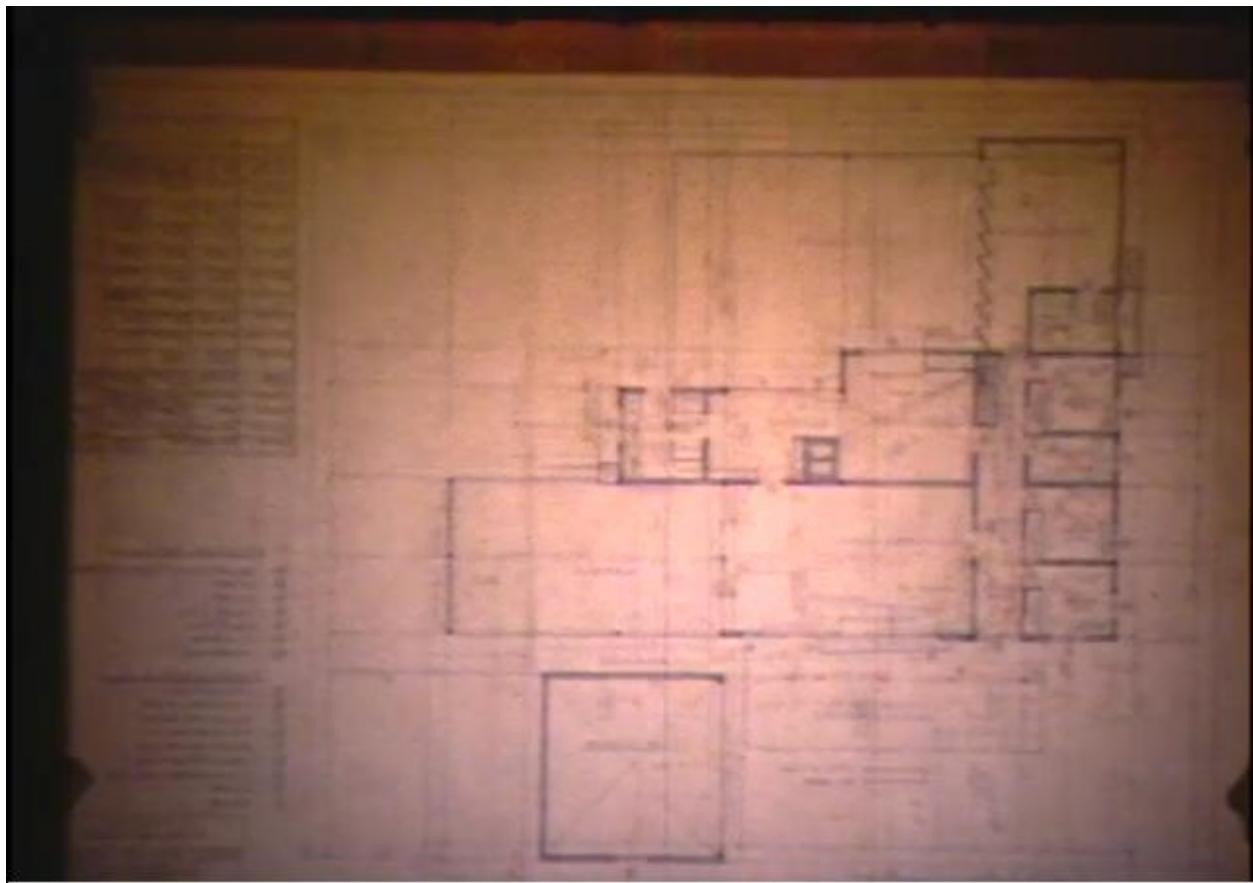
In the early 2000's I saw a Burger King commercial where my Mom was making hamburgers. The frying pan was floating in the air. The stove used induction coils. [Check it out.](#)



Control room 1



Designing house 1



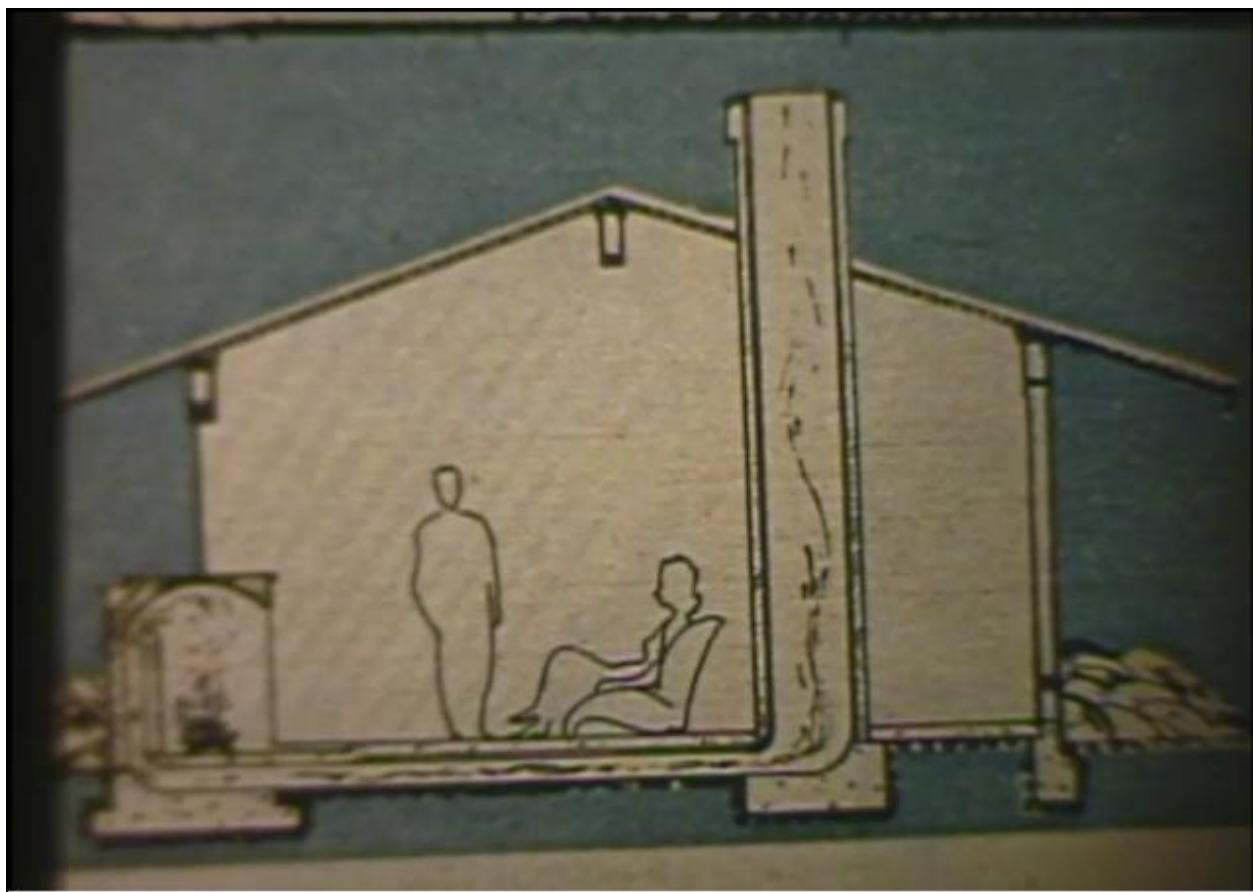
Plans 1

- House of Mechanical Surprises
- California's Wildflowers
- Rustic Ranch House
- Paper Sculpture

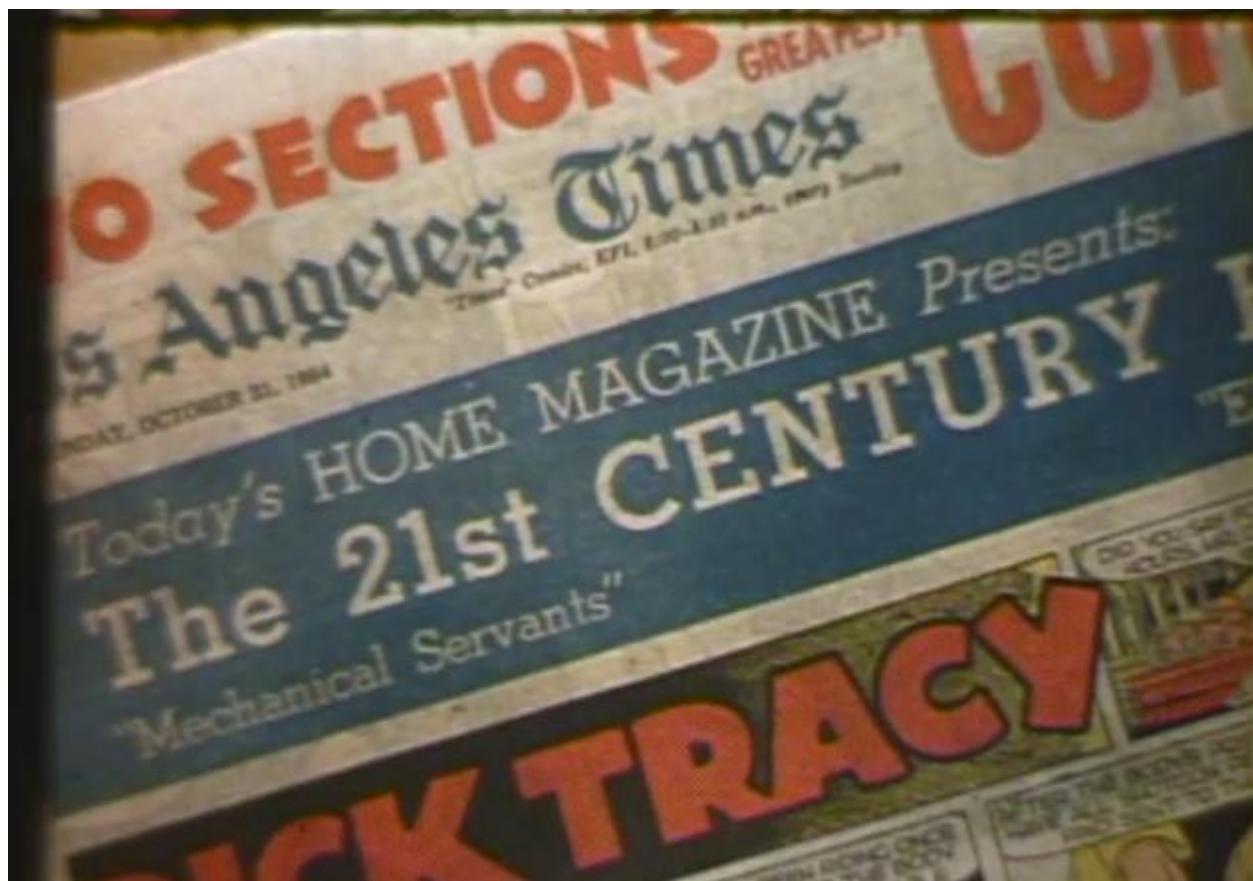


LA Times House section 1





chimney underneath floor. 1

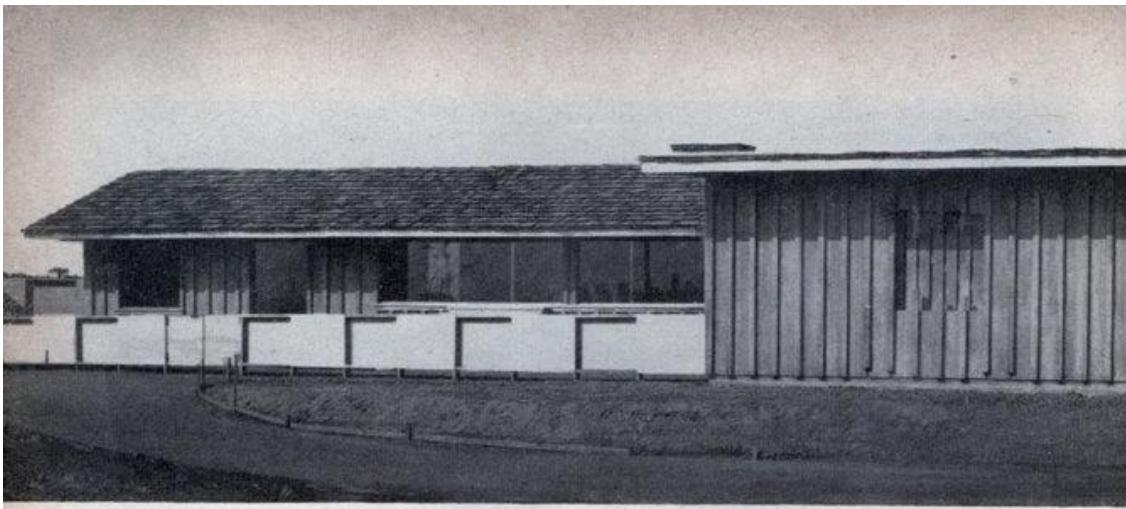




Lights turn on and off by waving a hand. 1



Could see out but not in. 1



"House of the 21st Century" has rustic shake roof and board-and-bat siding. Makeshift fence is only temporary

Built for Modern Living

A HOUSE OF MAGIC

By Thomas E. Stimson, Jr.

IN JACK FLETCHER'S new home, the windows close themselves whenever the wind blows hard for more than 15 seconds. They close automatically, too, when a rainstorm starts or when the outside temperature drops too low for comfort.

Guests never trip over the wires to a floor lamp in Fletcher's living room. The floor lamps in this "House of the 21st Century" have no electric cords. Their fluorescent tubes, in fact, could be burned out and still operate perfectly when placed over certain spots on the living-room floor.

Mrs. Fletcher's stove has an attractive hardwood top and she does her cooking over the stove, not on it. A concealed electromagnetic cooking element not only heats the pans but keeps them suspended in the air while the meal is cooking. There's no need for an "old fashioned" metal stove top.

If the children start quarreling in their play yard, Mrs. Fletcher can admonish them at once from the house via a loud-speaker attached to the play-yard wall. She sees the youngsters by means of a television camera that scans the yard area and is linked to TV receivers in the kitchen, living room and master bedroom. These picture tubes also receive standard TV programs.

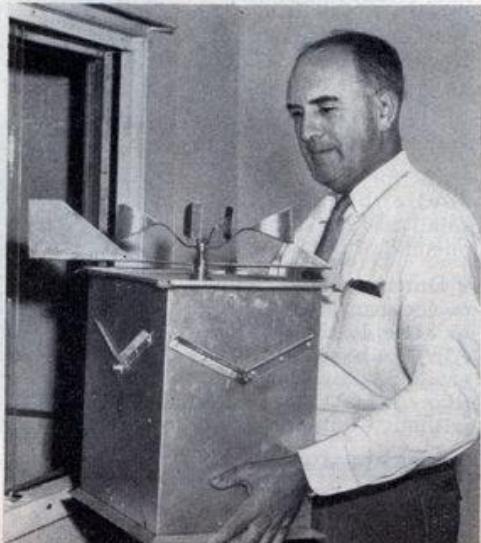
In the Fletcher house you don't need to press a wall switch to turn on the room lights; they turn on automatically as you

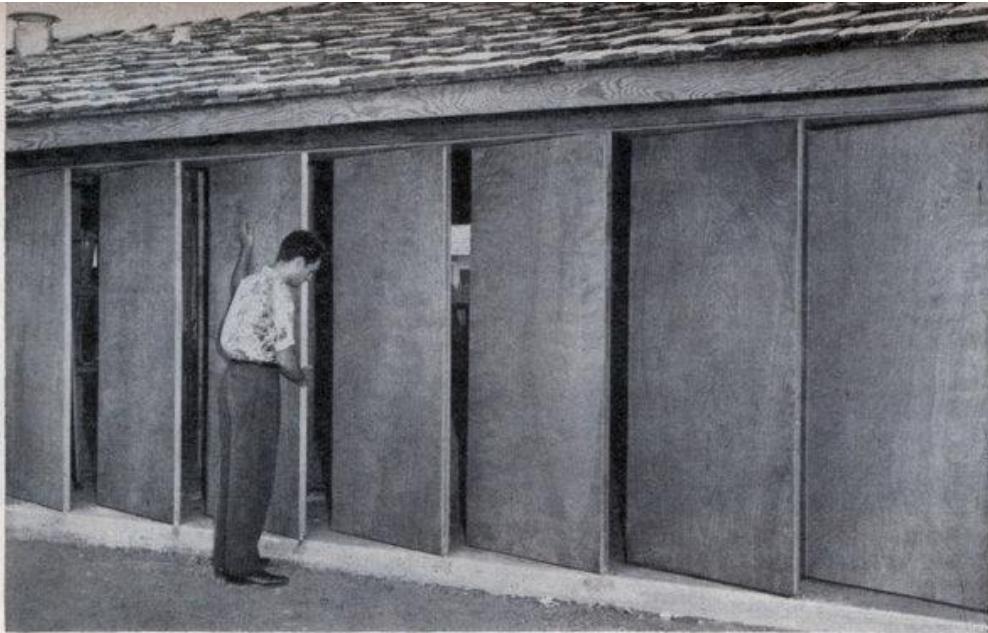
enter a room, then switch themselves off when the last person leaves. This "walk-a-light" switching system likewise rings the doorbell when a visitor approaches and serves as an alarm against prowlers.

To phone his office or various friends Fletcher presses a button opposite the name he desires, then lifts the receiver when a signal lamp shows the connection has been made. The actual dialing of the number is performed by a concealed rotary switch.

One of the fantastic features of Fletcher's

"Window brain" with rain troughs, weather vane and wind gauge, shuts windows exposed to bad weather





Bedroom wall consists of slab doors permanently set at a stagger. Movable glass panes will be between

thus can be simple nonload-bearing curtain walls built up from short inexpensive lengths of material. The wall panels, in fact, were assembled at a temporary factory instead of on the job. They consist of one-by-six-inch vertical stiffeners nailed to two-by-four horizontal spacers. There are no vertical studs in the ordinary sense. Any scrap lengths of wood as short as 29 inches can be used.

This wall core is erected, then building paper and insulation are added, and finally the exterior and interior wall surfaces are applied. In Fletcher's home the exterior consists of redwood boards and bats. Wall-board paneling is used in the interior.

Steel-pipe columns support the roof beams. The beams are hollow and are built in accordance with aircraft design. A typical beam may consist of a two-by-six on top, a three-by-six on the bottom with 16-inch-deep walls of one-half-inch plywood and with an internal wood stiffener every eight feet. One of these beams will support a 25-foot span and can be nailed and glued together "by the mile" at less cost than solid timbers. For some shorter spans two-by-fours are used for the top and bottom of the beam.

To provide privacy, light and ventilation in his bedroom Fletcher used slab doors for one exterior wall, the doors being staggered to create a louvered effect. The space between each pair of door panels contains a narrow pane of glass for ventilation.

Patio areas outside the house have louvered roofs that screen out the sun and yet permit air to circulate. The patio-roof boards are set on edge, in slots, and may be

removed when winter sunlight is desired.

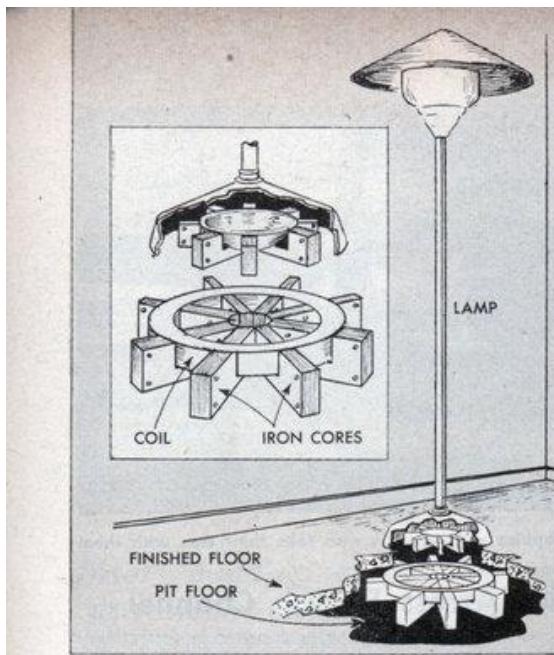
Fletcher's self-closing windows are actuated by a "window brain" located on the roof. The brain is actually a metal box with rain-catching channels on each side and with a weather vane and anemometer on top. Inside the box is a bimetallic thermometer. When bad weather strikes, the instruments actuate an electric circuit. Solenoids beneath the windows trip locks to release springs which close the windows.

Mrs. Fletcher's mysterious stove operates by electromagnetic repulsion. Be-

Wood louver roof over patio provides shade in summer, may be lifted out for additional sunlight in winter



POPULAR MECHANICS



Cordless floor lamp relies upon induction coil buried in concrete slab floor, secondary coil in lamp base

neath the hardwood stove top are four main lifting coils that also heat the metal pan floating above it. Three adjustable stabilizing coils steady the pan.

To operate his cordless floor lamps, Fletcher buried induction coils at various points in his living-room floor. Contained in the base of each floor lamp is a secondary coil. The current flowing between the coils provides enough wattage to fluoresce the gases in the fluorescent tube at the top.

The walk-a-light switching system throughout the house operates on the capacity principle. The presence of a person's body changes the capacity of a plate

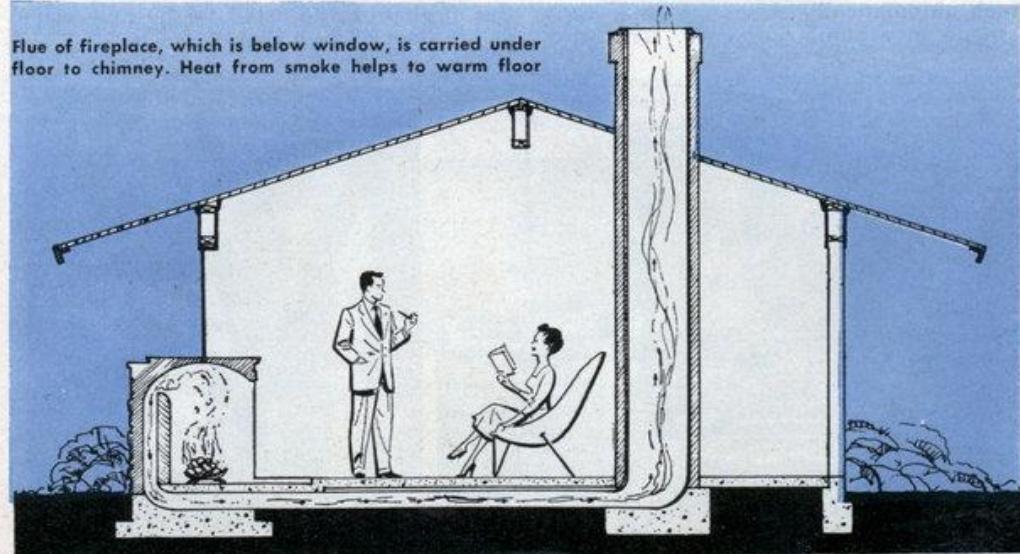


John Campbell shows that fluorescent tube of lamp glows brightly even when lamp is lifted from floor

connected to a vacuum-tube circuit. A relay then switches on the lights. The same capacity effect operates the doorbell when a person walks onto the porch. It is used outside the house to operate lights and on a burglar-alarm system.

By the time you read this, Fletcher may have added some other improvements to his house. He and John Campbell are studying the feasibility of an outdoor air conditioner that would keep the large patio areas at comfortable temperatures even on the hottest days. And they are thinking about an invisible ultrasonic screen that would keep flies away. ★ ★ ★

Flue of fireplace, which is below window, is carried under floor to chimney. Heat from smoke helps to warm floor



At that same period, they developed a jeep that you could shoot at the tires and nothing would happen. This jeep could float downstream. It was lighter and got more miles per gallon than the standard jeep.

They tried to get the US government to buy the jeeps but after several years of losing bids, they saw the handwriting on the wall. If you don't have inside connections with the government you could have a futuristic jeep and nobody would care.

During this time they came up with a way to make houses that would cost 1/10 of the present-day house. It was all modular. They could put up a complete house in a week. The trade union was strongly opposed to this.

Consequently, it was never marketed. I guess those early years had an impact on me. I subconsciously adapted to always look towards the future and bring that technology back to the present. One of my first was multimedia.

Even before multimedia was born I had a company with a good longtime friend John Slowsky. We developed a visual database for the real estate market.

You could put in a search for a house and all of the houses which matched the criteria of the house would come up. When you saw a house you liked it would take you on a tour of the house.

This program won awards at trade shows but it was too far ahead of its time. We developed some trial photo database programs for the Department of Justice but lost finally to IBM who bided one dollar for the job.



Our great Dane Carmel 1

One of my first impressions, when I was young, was that when my brother and I were born that I said to him you go first and check it out.

My brother remembers going down a long bright tunnel in ecstasy and then telling me to come down. I remember it was a rush and both of us laughed inside.

When we were young my brother and I had telepathic communication with each other. A lot of people thought we had communication problems because we didn't talk English very well. I remember our state of communication was non-verbal but with thoughts, pictures,



emotions, and experiences. It was like if you wanted to know about an apple and you have never seen one talking was one way to explain about the apple.

A way was to graphically send the experience of an apple. I remember hearing stories about tribes in the South Pacific Islands who would communicate with their loved ones telepathically.

Today we use telephones. Our sense of communication is more physical. It's kind of funny that people think it is mystical when it is probably very natural.

We have simply not used this communication so we forget we ever had this ability. So now we scoff at the idea that man can communicate in ways that we don't imagine.

Jokesters

Jokesters



My brother and I loved to play jokes when we were kids. I remember that one joke we played was on our bus driver coming home from kindergarten.

As the bus driver drove us home, we realized that our mom wasn't home. Usually, when that is the case the driver can't release you.

You have to return to kindergarten. My brother and I didn't want this to happen. As soon as the bus stopped my brother and I ran out of the bus and ran to our front door.

It was locked. So we ran to the back of the house and entered another door. The bus driver was amazed. He knew what happened.

He started to yell "open the door. You have to return to kindergarten. We both made faces. Fortunately, my mom came home and resolved the situation.

When my brother and I were babies my mom put fingernail polish on one of us to tell us apart.

We used this to our advantage growing up. In the fifth grade, we would switch classes for the fun of it. All the kids in the class would get a kick out of that.

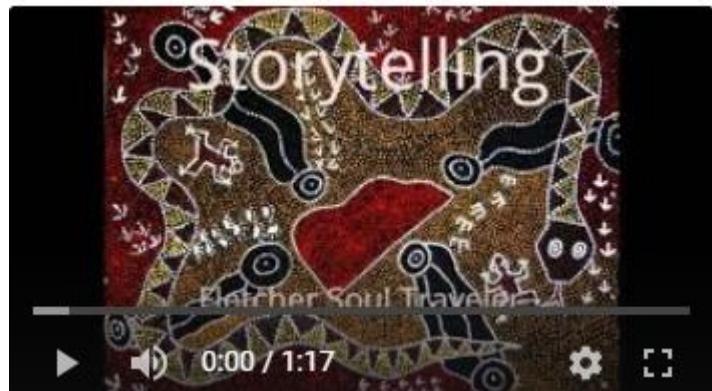


Mad World - Gary Jules

165M views • 16 years ago

orijimi

The original video of Gary Jules' and Michael Andrews' cover version of Mad World, directed by Michel Gondry. Throughout the ...

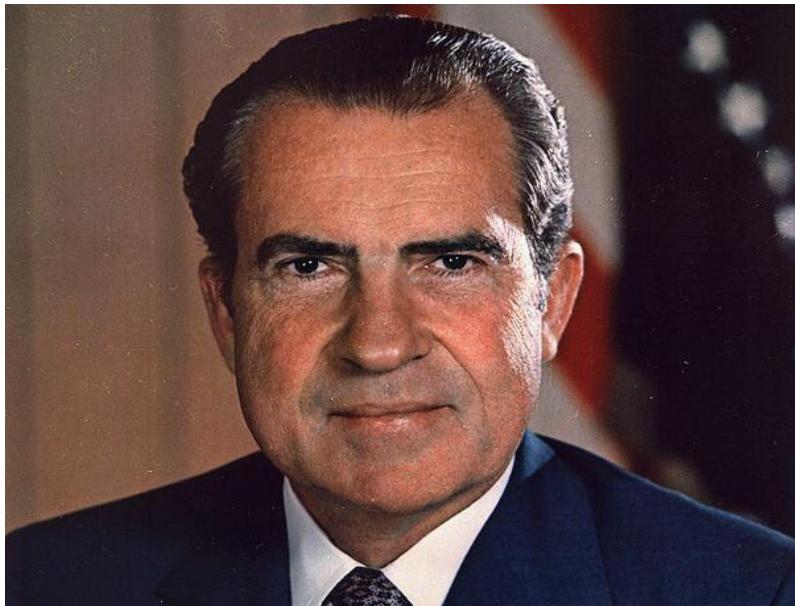


Ricky Nixon



One experience I remember was in little league. I was stepping up to the plate and the catcher Ricky Nixon the nephew of Richard Nixon told me that a young Indian boy born in India would someday come to the west and teach the knowledge of oneself.

Years later after meeting Maharaj Ji this experience filtered back into my consciousness. The Indians believe that the whole universe is being recorded like a video camera. Man has the potential to tap into the



energy fluctuations and bring back experiences from the past and the future.

Take Nostradamus the famous French philosopher. He could foretell the future.

Every human on the face of the planet has this potential but it has

remained hidden. I'm sure that years later Ricky Nixon never remembered saying such a thing. our minds are used as an antenna and prophesize things in the future and yet as humans we are unconscious of it.

I remember years later this episode. Even back then I had signs in my life to relax and enjoy this ride of life. Patience pays off. We just have to be persistent and in the end, everything will come to fruition.

It was kind of funny that years later Richard Nixon became president. I remember during the Watergate crisis I was glad that he had to leave office. Years later I have a different perspective on things.

Before he died I admired him for being a great statesman. He was crucified by the world and yet he came back and carried on with dignity.

My view of him changed. I guess you could say I had love and compassion for him. I felt he was an old wise man for America.

Over the years my feelings and thoughts change. During the Nixon era, I was very much against the war.

I was anti-Nixon but over time we can respect those whose ideas don't follow our own. I am learning to be more open and accepting of other people.

Years later I can see that God always provides hints that he is inside of us.



Ohio- Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young

3.2M views • 10 years ago

M Mitch Mumby

We had to do a music video for a song on American History and we decided to do Ohio by Crosby Stills Nash and Young, which ...

Surfing



I remember one event which changed my life. In 6 grade my brother and I had a paper route. My brother wanted to buy a surfboard.

My parents said save your money and you can. At that time I didn't care one way or the other. On Christmas day in seventh grade, my parents gave us money for a brand new surfboard.

From that moment on something clicked in my

consciousness. It took us only three months to buy our new boards. We bought a Gordie surfboard in Huntington Beach.

Mark McClellan's Dad knew Gordie. Mark has been a friend for around 60 years. We both got surfboards and started to learn how to surf together.

These boards were priceless for my brother and me. My father would take us after school and on weekends. My life from then on was the sea. I felt totally at home.

All of my problems would disappear into the ocean. My happiest moments in junior high school and high school revolved around the ocean.



It's hard to explain the excitement of riding a wave. Such joy and happiness come from this experience.

As a child surfing was a form of meditation for me. I would like to wake up early in the morning and my Dad would drive us to the beach. I loved the early mornings.

It was a spiritual experience to be in the ocean and experience the harmony of nature. During my summer of seventh grade, my brother and I would be dropped off at a

beach called Big Corona.

We would surf for 5 hours and then we would paddle home about 4 miles. Sometimes our dear friend Mark would come with us.

We would arrive home exhausted and my Dad sometimes made homemade pizza for lunch. We had a great summer.

Surfing taught me to leave all of my troubles on land and be in the majesty of the ocean. The ocean was a great place for healing. It was alive.

I will never forget my first wave riding a surfboard. My Dad gave my brother and me a surf lesson from a famous surfer of the time Mickey Munoz.



pushed me into a small wave.

It was probably one foot. But this one-foot wave gave me such exhilaration. I felt I was riding a 10-foot wave. Inside I was screaming "Yes Yes Yes". There were so much joy and bliss that I knew I was hooked.

Surfing from that moment on became part of my life. Years later I felt so grateful for my connection with surfing and the sea.

It saved my life. It was my home and refuge. It was a place on earth where I could go and be alone with myself.

I developed such a strong bond with the sea. Surfing at the time represented our primordial roots in life.

All of life is based upon water. Without water, our whole world would die. How incredible that human beings can ride the waves of life.

We take it so much for granted. I felt that without surfing I probably never would have survived my teenage years. Surfing was a vehicle to experience something far greater than I learned in school.

We got out of school early one day and drove 45 minutes south to a beach named Doheny.

We waxed our boards and paddled out to the waves. I remember when it was my turn Mickey Munoz gently

It touched the very source of life itself. I needed in my life practical ways to experience the glories of life and surfing provide me with that experience.

I knew as a youth that we were all going through the motions of life. We were taught to memorize and not to question our existence. So many times the dreamers would get scolded that how it is.

Don't ask questions. Just carry on. Surfing allowed me to ask questions and experience the wonders of life. I knew I was protected and my life was on track.

Years later I realized that surfing brought me in contact with GAIA the mother earth. I could go surfing and all the troubles of life would go away. The planet is alive and conscious.

I learned this at a young age. Surfing brought me the experience that the ocean is alive. It communicates to you by the power of love. Talk to any surfer and they will say the same thing.

Maybe they can't put words to it but they will agree that the ocean is a marvelous place.



One experience I remember in eighth grade was every day I would see this girl named Patty Tucker going down the hall between the fourth and fifth class periods. We would simply smile at each other.

I took her to the Sadie Hawkins dance. Years later I saw her at our 20 reunions and both of us remembered how powerful that experience was.

It's amazing how some experiences get carried along with you for the rest of your life. I'm sure years later this experience will linger.

How powerful we are as humans just the mere look and no words can generate such a powerful experience.

Our feelings were of inner connectedness. It was beyond boy and girl. It was a simple recognition that we are alive and we both recognized the beauty of it.

It was beyond words. Not one word was ever spoken between us in that hallway. How incredible years later I still can feel the magic of those moments.



Childhood Friends

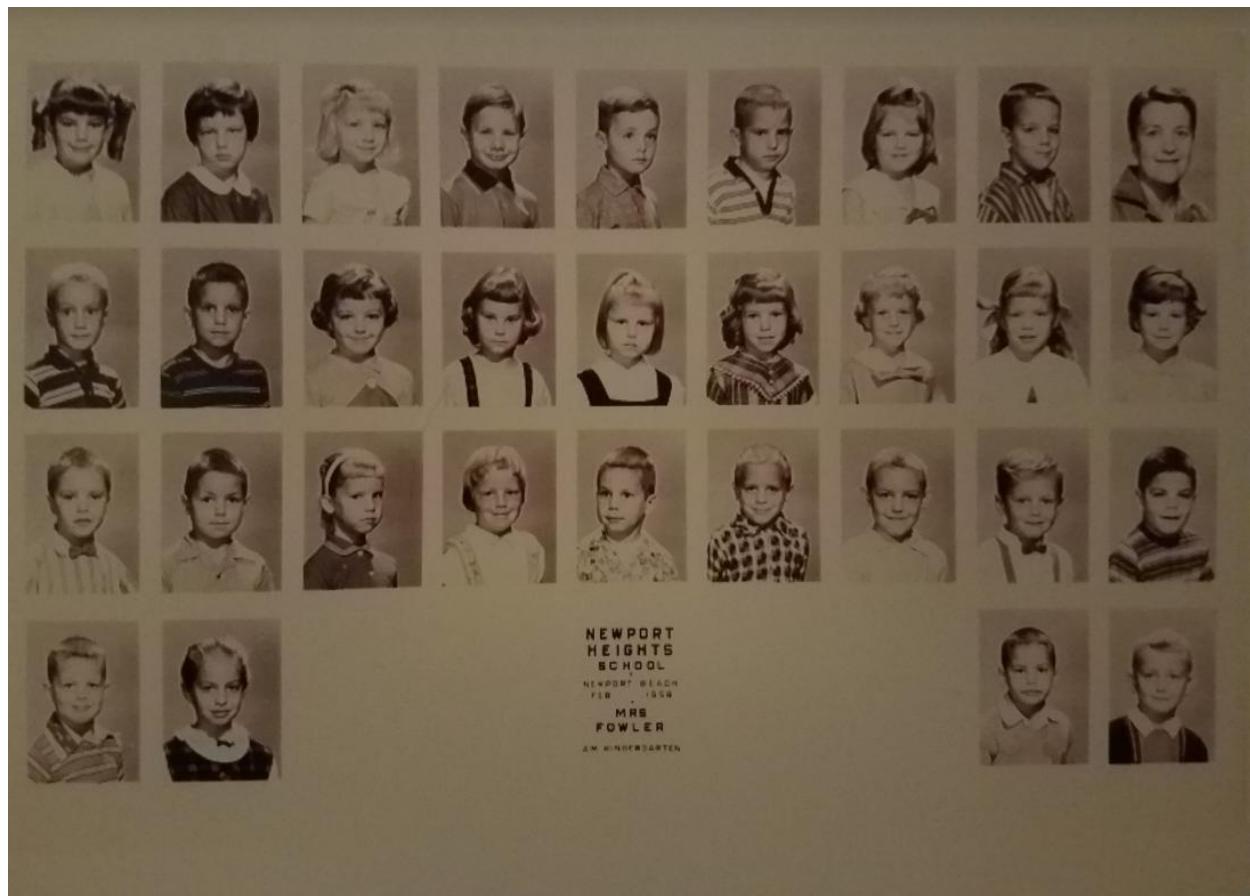


Figure 1 My brother John Kindergarten. Thanks to Liz Priest



Figure 2 7th grade

Mark McClellan



Mark had a huge influence on my life. We were neighbors. He lived across the street. I spent many hours with Mark and his family.

Mark is extremely kind and loves the adventures of life. He loves to snow ski and spent many years snow skiing. Mark introduced me to many different kinds of music.

He was always sharing different points of view. People liked to be around Mark. Kevin Charles another good childhood friend said to me about a year ago "Who wouldn't like Mark?"

Mark is the kindest person I have ever met." Yep, that's true. Mark has the spark of life. Maybe he gets that spark from his Dad. Spark is his Dad's name.

Knowing someone that long Mark has a deep place in my heart. We have had many incredible adventures along the way. I call Mark about 4 times a year to keep in touch with him.

Mark will forever be young at heart. He loves life and life loves him.

Mark had quite a wide spectrum of listening to music. He introduced me to Linda Ronstadt and Chad and Jeremy. Also, I remember the first time I ever heard the album sticky fingers by the stone. Mark played it for me.

Back then during our high school days, he went to a lot of concerts.

Linda Ronstadt

Mark, introduce me to the music of Linda Ronstadt. At that time I didn't have a clue who she was.

It was rare during this time to have a solo female artist singing. She said definitely out of the box.

"You're No Good" Live 1976



Linda Ronstadt "You're No Good" Live 1976 (Reelin' In The Years Archives)

6.2M views • 9 years ago

ReelinInTheYears66

This clip of Linda Ronstadt and her stellar band (Andrew Gold, Kenny Edwards, Waddy Wachtel, Dan Dugmore, Brock Walsh and ...

Feelin' better, now that we're through
Feelin' better, cause I'm over you
I've learned my lesson, it left a scar
Now I see how you really are
You're no good, you're no good, you're no good
Baby, you're no good (I'm gonna say it again)
You're no good, you're no good, you're no good
Baby, you're no good

I broke a heart, that's gentle and true
Yes, I broke a heart over someone like you
I'll beg his forgiveness on bended knee
I wouldn't blame him if he said to me
You're no good, you're no good, you're no good
Baby, you're no good (I'm gonna say it again)
You're no good, you're no good, you're no good
Baby, you're no good

The Rolling Stones Sticky Fingers Full Album 1971

This rolling Stones album was quite radical for its time. Even the name sticky fingers were quite controversial for its time. But it was an amazing album.



Gerry & The Pacemakers - Ferry Cross The Mersey (1965)



Lyrics

Life goes on day after day

Hearts torn in every way

So, ferry cross the Mersey

'Cause this land's the place I love

And here I'll stay

People they rush everywhere

Each with their own secret care

So, ferry cross the Mersey

And always take me there

The place I love

People around every corner
They seem to smile and say
We don't care what your name is, boy
We'll never turn you away

So I'll continue to say
Here I always will stay

So ferry, cross the Mersey
'Cause this land's the place I love
And here I'll stay

And here I'll stay
Here I'll stay

Source: [Musixmatch](#)

Songwriters: Gerard Marsden / U.s. Income Only

Ferry Cross the Mersey lyrics © Pacermusic Ltd.



Cookie Monster



Recently I had a phone conversation with my sister Jane and she told me a story about Mark that I had forgotten.

Many times when my sister would make her famous Chocolate Chip cookies Mark had this uncanny ability to either call or come over to our house.

This happened many times. In fact when at a certain point my sister would see that Mark would call or come over and he did. This was a great joke for us.

How did Mark know, good question. Was it by chance? I don't think so because it happened so often or Mark has a keen sense of smell he lived across the street.

Mark would have been an incredible Hatha Yoga practitioner. He could do yoga moves I have never seen before. I was flexible but Mark was off the charts.





My sister reminded me of another cute story. One Christmas my brother and I gave my sister 500 sticks of red licorice. That was her favorite candy.

After a few months, she was down to four. She decided to share the last four with the brothers. She handed each one a stick of licorice.

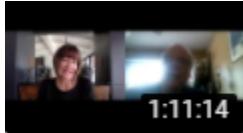
When she handed me I accidentally dropped it. We had a poodle who scooped it up and ran out of the house with us four kids chasing the dog. It was quite the scene.

It is amazing how each one of us has different memories that come up when we think about our childhood. I forgot all about these two incidents until my sister reminded me.

At that point, it was an easy recall. Just think all our memories are there but at times we need a trigger to remember them.



Joyce Caldwell



Talk Storey With Joyce Caldwell Ukropina
Fletcher Soul Traveler

1:11:14



I have known Joyce since fifth grade. She has always been kind to my brother and me. For example, she knew my brother and I loved to surf. Her Dad was a member of the Macco Corporation who at the time owned the Hollister ranch or known as “the ranch”. It was simply the best surfing spot in California. It was on private property and you needed permission to get in. If you had a boat it took

probably around an hour to the boat in.

Joyce was kind enough to ask her Dad and he said yes. My brother and I went to Joyce's house and met her Dad. My first impression was wow what a kind man. He had such a kind demeanor. So this is where Joyce gets her kindness from. I never met Joyce's Mom but I knew Joyce's brother Scott and he had the same kind demeanor as the rest of the family.

How kind was it for Joyce to ask her Dad? She didn't get anything out of it. She was kind and didn't think about herself. The same goes for Joyce's Dad. The Macco Corporation owned the place and could have said absolutely no. You're too young (We were 16 years old). But her



Dad was kind. I felt he included my brother and me as a part of his family. He trusted us and gave permission.

My brother and I had many great adventures surfing the ranch. Imagine being given the keys to heaven. This is what it was like. We surfed a place that was so pristine. During the spring wildflowers were everywhere. The wind was

predominately offshore to a surfer's delight. Offshore wind is rare in California except during the autumn months. It can be offshore at the Ranch and at Newport Beach a few hours south the wind can be blowing directly onshore. This place has perfect conditions for a surfer. This was the Disneyland of surfing without the crowds. What an incredible blessing we had. Many of our friends came with us. We were so fortunate to share this experience with others.



My brother and I were awestruck by the beauty. At night thousands of stars were in the sky. At times we were only the only ones on the beach for miles. We could pick and choose whatever surf break we wanted.

Years later each time I see Joyce I thank her and her Dad for such a precious gift. Kindness goes a long way.



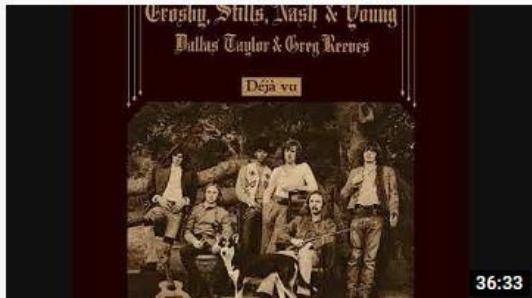
Crosby, Stills & Nash - Crosby, Stills & Nash (Full Album)

313K views • 7 months ago



A Simple Man From 80s 2

Crosby, Stills & Nash is the debut studio album by Crosby, Stills & Nash (CSN), released in 1969 on the Atlantic Records label.



Crosby Stills Nash & Young 1970 Déjà Vu

778K views • 10 months ago



ROCKcity 3000

For any concern, comments / suggestions & support, you can send your message at: rock.city3000@gmail.com Thank you very ...

Mark Blackburn



Your video

Talk Story with Mark Blackburn Part 2

I have known Mark since kindergarten. Mark has a place in my heart. We have been good friends for years.

He loves adventures. Mark is extremely intelligent and humorous at the same time. Good traits to have. He always has a wisecrack you can see from his mouth. He is listening to you. Another good trait.

We have been friends for so long that anything goes. We don't try to change one another. Another good trait. Both of us are in the same

field of IT so we know what's going on with the hiring and firing in our industry.

We both laugh and cry at the absurdities of life. We talk around four times a year. It's nice to hear about his life's adventures.

Mark just completed a childhood dream when he was 10 years old. Here's a Facebook post that Mark posted on April 19, 2017. It describes his sense of adventure in life.



Why I climbed the pyramid: The year was 1963. I was 10 years old attending Mariner's Elementary School in Newport Beach, CA. We had a school assembly.

The father of a student (that a handful of my friends might remember) gave a slide presentation in the cafeteria about their family's summer vacation trip to Mexico. Many things impressed me, but I was utterly astounded and enchanted to learn that Mexico had pyramids.

Up to that point, I thought only Egypt had pyramids. The slides clearly showed that this family was allowed to climb to the top of the pyramids. Since that instant, it has been a dream of mine to climb to the top of a pyramid.

So, yes, it took me 53 years to finally make good on that dream. The cost was minimal--\$300 RT airfare from SFO to MEX. Mexico is on sale right now. For whatever reason, the Peso is down against the Greenback. Rental cars can be had for \$4 a day, and decent hotels for \$40/night. A final inducement to go now was the fact that UNESCO is trying to make it illegal to climb all pyramids. A gringo borracho (a drunk American) fell off Chichen Itza a few years ago to his death, and it HAS been closed for climbing ever after. I wanted to go before all of them are closed.

It was a fantastic and surreal experience. I am extremely glad I went. I am now glad I was a spy for the NSA in Central America in the late 70s, and still retain much of my Spanish speaking/listening ability, which was mandatory for that job.

The classmate whose Father gave the presentation was Paul Cohen. Does anyone remember what became of him? (I suspect he went to CDM, not NHHS). Since I was sent to my reform school in Hawaii during my last 2 years of NHHS, I lost track of many folks.

That said, I must have at least 8 good FB friends who attended Mariner's with me, and might even remember that slide show. I cannot put into words how satisfying it was to be at the top of the Pyramid of the Sun on Good Friday.

Incidentally, I chose that day to go, believing I would have Teotihuacan to myself--because everyone in this Catholic nation would be at church! No, they were all at Teotihuacan!

Avoid holidays! On a normal day, the Unesco Historical Site 40 minutes north of Mexico City will have 10,000 visitors. On Good Friday there were 40,000! Bucket List item accomplished! I have 1 friend and 1 relative who has climbed these pyramids: [Les Jones](#) and my cousin [Gale Demmer Seiersen](#), both of whom climbed these over 50 years earlier. Who else has?



Paul Cohen



I believe in Synchronicity. This is from Wikipedia.

Synchronicity is a concept, first explained by analytical psychologist Carl Jung, which holds that events are "meaningful coincidences" if they occur with no causal relationship yet seem to be meaningfully related.

This post of Paul got started by the synchronicity of events. My friend Mark (see above) goes to Mexico and visits the pyramids at Teotihuacan just outside Mexico City. This is his childhood dream. When he was ten years old he listens to the adventures at a lecture given by Paul Cohen's Dad. Paul's family spent the summer in Mexico and Guatemala. Paul's Dad was a doctor and did volunteer work for the summer. Mark never knew that Mexico had pyramids.

So Mark goes to Mexico and posts his adventures on Facebook. I read the post and thought whatever happened to Paul. We go back to first grade. I haven't spoken or heard about Paul for over 46 years. That's a long time.

So here's where synchronicity kicks in. Mark post on Facebook. Mary Louise Piccard sees the post.



Mary Louise Piccard Paul Cohen is in Colorado Springs **Mark S. Blackburn!!** I spoke with him last summer! I'm sure he'd love to hear about your adventure and that his family inspired you! He's on FB - albeit very seldom - he does check it!

Like · Reply · 2 · April 19 at 1:50pm



Mark S. Blackburn Mary, Thanks so much! I found Paul's FB page. (which you are correct, he hasn't used since 2015). Still, next time I'm in Colorado Springs, I may try to look him up.

[Like](#) · [Reply](#) · [1](#) · [April 19 at 2:39pm](#)



Paul Cohen Mark--so nice to read your post and am looking forward to reconnecting with you. Wow--was nice reading of your trek to Mexico--very cool! Interesting how you had that intent for so many years--I think our visit to Mexico and Guatemala long ago led to a couple year volunteer in Laos, SE Asia.

[Like](#) · [Reply](#) · [2](#) · [April 20 at 5:53pm](#)



Mark S. Blackburn Paul, Great to hear from you & know you are alive (and presumably) well! I vividly remember your Father narrating that slide show to this day. Traveling that far from home was not so common in those days.....How long have you been in Colorado Springs?

[Like](#) · [Reply](#) · [April 21 at 11:47am](#)



Paul Cohen hah--yes, mostly well, thank you! Great to hear from you as well. Wow--this is an amazing story. So fun that you did that. I've been enjoying seeing your video posts. Looks like you've had an incredible trip. Are you back in the U.S. now? A friend and I made that same climb this time of year--just two years ago. We really enjoyed it. I moved to the Springs about 25 years ago and like it. Are you in Seattle?

[Like](#) · [Reply](#) · [1](#) · [April 21 at 1:18pm](#)



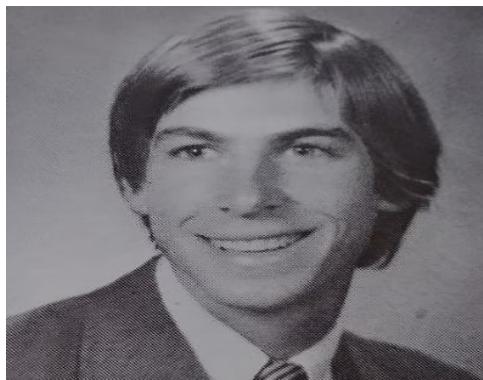
Gretchen Gribble Omg...[Paul Cohen](#). FB has become "old home week" for me recently. I don't know if you remember me or not. It's fun hearing what my classmates are doing all these years later. Happy to hear tidbits about you, Mark S. Blackburn, [Mark McClellan](#) and others. Yeah Mariners, Ensign and/or NHHS alumni!

Like · Reply · 2 · April 27 at 12:52am · Edited

I see that Paul is on Facebook so I send him a Facebook friend request. Paul responds **Richard, Paul Cohen has confirmed that you're friends on Facebook.**

So yesterday I was looking at Mark Blackburn's chapter I decided to add Paul's picture.

This is from the previous chapter.



The classmate whose Father gave the presentation was Paul Cohen. Does anyone remember what became of him? (I suspect he went to CDM, not NHHS).

I get out my Newport Harbor yearbook and snap this picture and insert it above.

I send Paul a message.

Hi, Paul, It's been many moons since we have last seen each other. I was visiting some friends last summer in Colorado Springs. I tried to look you up. Anyway, maybe next time.

Rick!!!

First Mary P, Mark- now my friend Rick!!!!

Haha

Can't believe it!

What's happening?!?

Paul

Wow

Earliest of friends!!

So then we get on the phone and start talking for a few hours. Now we haven't talked since high school but we had instant communication.

It's amazing to see how a series of events connect each one of us. If Mary Louise Piccard didn't contact Paul or Mark didn't do a post of his adventures on Facebook I wouldn't have been in contact with Paul.

I remember as a kid I was fascinated by Paul's house. It was a Japanese-style



house. From what I remembered they had a courtyard with the rooms coming off from it. Instead of having ordinary doors, they had shoji doors.

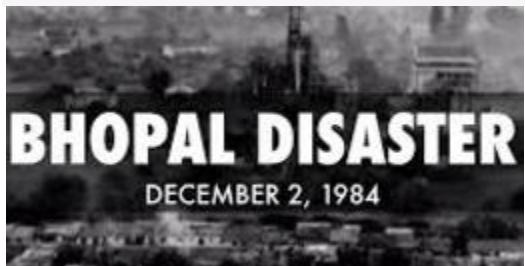
Now as a kid I love anything from the Far East. I loved things outside of the box. Paul's house was stuck in a neighborhood with all the standard houses of the time. The front of the house was

standard but nobody knew the jewel inside.

Paul's Dad was a doctor. I saw him a few times when I was a kid. Paul's Dad was my brother David's primary doctor. Back then it wasn't unusual for a Doctor to treat a patient smoking a cigar.

Paul and I were great friends in elementary school.

I learned over the phone that Paul has been to about the same number of countries that I have been. Around 35. He spent two years in Laos doing volunteer work.



Paul tried to go to India. He had his plane tickets but unfortunately, the Bhopal gas tragedy happened in India. When Paul tried to get a visa he was denied. Paul was a lawyer at the time. The Indian government wouldn't give him a visa. They thought he was going to

India to work on the Bhopal gas tragedy. Paul tried to tell them he was going just as a tourist but they wouldn't listen.

It's a small world. Paul's Mom got remarried. Her husband was a member of the Beek family from Newport Beach. I went to junior high school with his niece Carol.

This is a story from the Balboa Island Museum about the Beek family

In 1919 Joseph Alen Beek obtained the rights from the city of Newport Beach to provide a ferry service across the Newport Harbor between Balboa Island and the Balboa Peninsula.

Before starting the ferry service Beek owned The Ark. The Ark consisted of a giant rowboat with a small engine which Beek used as his first ferry vessel.

The Ark carried oars in the event of engine failure. There was no regularly scheduled service and customers telephoned Beek when they needed a ride across the harbor.

In 1919 Beek charged a nickel (5 cents) per person. Three years after commencing operation, Beek built the Fat Ferry. This vessel held twenty passengers. Beek later built a small one-car barge which the Fat Ferry pushed across in front of it.

In the 1950s Beek built three double-ended wooden boats for his ferry service: the Admiral, the Commodore, and the Captain. These three boats are still in service and have transported over two million persons.

Each ferry holds three cars and 75 people. As of 2007, the Beek family charges \$1 per adult, \$2 per vehicle, \$.50 for children ages 5–11, \$1.25 for adults on bikes, \$.75 for children on bikes, and \$1.50 for motorcycles. Children under the age of 5 are free.

The ferry boats need constant maintenance but this does not usually interrupt the ferry service. For two weeks in 2008, the ferry service shut down for an extended period, for the first time in 50 years, to rebuild the automobile ramp leading to the boats.

Currently, Beek's three sons run the business and it has been in the family for close to 100 years.

Paul tells me his Step-Dad is an incredible character. He is in his nineties. He has driven the same Volkswagen since the seventies. Who knows how many miles he has traveled on it? Paul says he has the unique ability for photographic memory.

photo-graph-ic mem-o-ry

,fōdə,grafik 'mem(ə)rē/

noun

1. the ability to remember information or visual images in great detail.
- 2.
3. He also loves computers. He was involved in the early days when computer science was still in its infancy. I would love to meet him someday. He seems like the character I would love to be around.



Paul said he loves to travel on the Amtrak train between Los Angeles and San Francisco.

His favorite part is when the train would pass through the Hollister ranch.

Paul said each time he would reflect that the

Fletcher brothers spent an incredible amount of time there during high school.

Paul went to the Thacher School in Ojai for two years. Paul met the family that sold the ranch to the Macco Corporation in the sixties.

I wonder how the family that sold the ranch feels today. For a surfer, it would be like selling the keys to heaven.

Paul said he would tell stories to his kids about my brother and me. Paul remembers a time in fifth grade when John and I would switch classes. Paul



Remembers that John and I would switch shirts and then go to each other class. All the students knew my brother and I were playing a joke. At some point in time, the entire class would start laughing.

Everyone except for the teacher was on to this joke. The teacher would wonder what was going on. Eventually, the teacher would catch on and we would all laugh.

These were simple times. I don't know if today the school system would appreciate this.



Bruce Charles 1

I knew Paul's brother Nat in high school. My brother and I were on the same track team and cross country team in high school.

Nat was best friends with Bruce Charles a great neighbor of ours. I remember in either fifth or sixth grade they dressed up as surfers and carried a surfboard for Halloween. I was impressed. I distinctly remembered when I said, "someday I'm going to be a surfer".



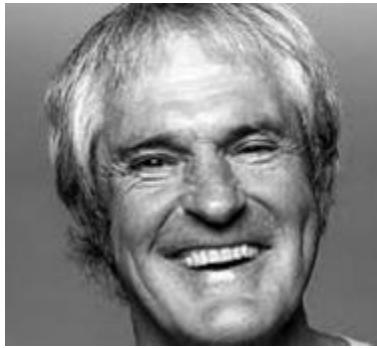
During my phone conversation with Paul, he mentioned that with my travels to India and my love for meditation did I hear about his second cousin.

He was somewhat a black sheep in the family. His name was Baba Ram Das formerly known as Richard Albert.

Did I know Ram Das?

During my late teens and early twenties, Ram Das was famous in the meditation community.

Richard Albert was a famous young psychologist during the sixties. He along with Timothy Leary began to explore the effects of psychotropic substances on the mind. Both of them worked at Harvard University.

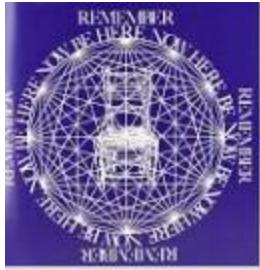


They began to do clinical studies on the effects of LSD and psilocybin. At this time they weren't illegal in the country. At some point, they got fired during the research. They had graduate students who actively participated in the research but one time they had an undergraduate study. Consequently, they were fired.

Timothy Leary's famous slogan was "Tune in, Turn On, Drop Out".

Ram Das wrote the book "Be here now" a popular book during the sixties and seventies. Today it is considered a modern spiritual classic.

I read this book at Ananda in Nevada City before I went on my journey. To be honest, at that time I didn't understand the book. Books like these take practical experience to understand and incorporate these ideas into the book. Ram Das stopped using drugs

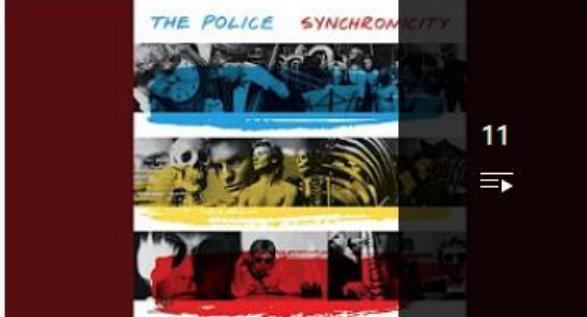


and meditated for the rest of his life. He used to say that drugs were training wheels. At some point, you don't need them anymore. I tried LSD once and never again. The state of meditation brings one into our natural state where we don't need anything artificial to open the door within.

So I was completely surprised when Paul told me his second cousin was Ram Das. I saw him speak in Santa Fe New Mexico during the seventies. I have been impressed by his work. He had a tremendous influence on the population at large. He helped to bring meditation to be common in our society. During the seventies, it was considered you were on the fringe of society if you meditated. You were strange. Now a day's yoga is mainstream. You can practice it almost everywhere.

Synchronicity is so common yet most of the time we don't see it. Signposts are everywhere yet we don't have eyes to see them.

Thanks, Paul for being my lifelong friend. I'm so happy that we are connected again. We are all on an incredible journey in life.



The Police - Synchronicity (Full Album)
Hueir Poludo
Synchronicity I • 3:23
Walking In Your Footsteps • 3:37
[VIEW FULL PLAYLIST](#)



Jefferson Airplane -White Rabbit-
66M views • 13 years ago
dustasdu
http://mx.youtube.com/view_play_list?p=3FAD6DF689FC6C23 Jefferson Airplane "White Rabbit" Live on The Smothers Brothers ...

Interesting side note



Zihuatanejo Project

During my phone conversation with Paul, He mentioned he went on vacation too. Zihuatanejo Mexico. He stayed at the Hotel California.

This is where the story gets extremely interesting. He found out that Richard Albert, the black sheep of the family used this place as a retreat center in the early '60s.

They were experimenting with psychedelic drugs. 2,000 people wanted to be in the program. Only around 20 were chosen.

After 6 weeks of being open, the Mexican authorities closed the site down.

Paul told me that there were some workers at the hotel. They still remember it to this day. Richard Albert and Timothy Larry staying there. What a coincidence and synchronicity that is!

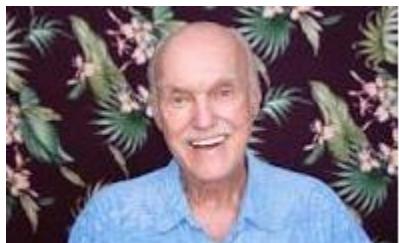


Eagles - Hotel California (Lyrics)

ALL MIXED • 16M views

Playlist-Slow Rock, Folk Rock & Country
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?...>

Ram Das



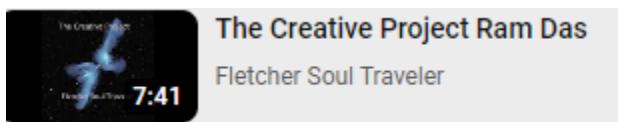
Ram Dass, also known as Baba Ram Dass, was an American spiritual teacher, psychologist, and author. His best known book, *Be Here Now*, has been described as "seminal," and helped popularize Eastern spirituality and yoga with the baby boomer generation in the West. [Wikipedia](#)

Born: April 6, 1931, Boston, MA

Died: December 22, 2019, Maui, HI

Movies: Ram Dass, *Fierce Grace*, *1 Giant Leap*, MORE

Education: Tufts University, The Williston Northampton School, Stanford University, Wesleyan University ¹



Quotes 1

- The ego is frightened by death, because ego is part of the incarnation and ends with it. That is why we learn to identify with our soul, as the soul continues after death. For the soul, death is just another moment.
- Watch how your mind judges. Judgment comes, in part, out of your own fear. You judge other people because you're not comfortable in your own being. By judging, you find out where you stand in relation to other people. The judging mind is very

¹ https://www.azquotes.com/author/3663-Ram_Dass

divisive. It separates. Separation closes your heart. If you close your heart to someone, you are perpetuating your suffering and theirs. Shifting out of judgment means learning to appreciate your predicament and their predicament with an open heart instead of judging. Then you can allow yourself and others to just be, without separation.

- True compassion arises out of the plane of consciousness where I AM you.
- We're all just walking each other home.
- Souls love. That's what souls do. Egos don't, but souls do. Become a soul, look around, and you'll be amazed-all the beings around you are souls. Be one, see one. When many people have this heart connection, then we will know that we are all one, we human beings all over the planet. We will be one. One love. And don't leave out the animals, and trees, and clouds, and galaxies-it's all one. It's one energy.
- Our journey is about being more deeply involved in life, and yet less attached to it.
- The game is not about becoming somebody, it's about becoming nobody.
- If you think you're enlightened go spend a week with your family.
- When someone we love dies, we get so busy mourning what died that we ignore what didn't.
- Ask yourself: Where am I? Answer: Here.
Ask yourself: What time is it? Answer: Now.
Say it until you can hear it.
- All you can do for another person is be an environment in which if they wanted to come up for air, they could.

Quotes 2

- The intellect is a beautiful servant but a terrible master. Intellect is the power tool of our separateness. The intuitive, compassionate heart is the doorway to our unity.
- The sooner one develops compassion in this journey, the better. Compassion lets us appreciate that each individual is doing what he or she must do, and that there is no reason to judge another person or oneself. You merely do what you can to further your own awakening.

- When you are completely identified with your thinking mind you are totally separate from everything else in the universe.
- After meditating for some years, I began to see the patterns of my own behavior. As you quiet your mind, you begin to see the nature of your own resistance more clearly, struggles, inner dialogues, the way in which you procrastinate and develop passive resistance against life. As you cultivate the witness, things change. You don't have to change them. Things just change.
- Suffering lets us see where are attachments are - and that helps us get free.
- The most exquisite paradox... as soon as you give it all up, you can have it all. As long as you want power, you can't have it. The minute you don't want power, you'll have more than you ever dreamed possible.
- The heart surrenders everything to the moment. The mind judges and holds back.

In most of our human relationships, we spend much of our time reassuring one another that our costumes of identity are on straight.

When we see the Beloved in each person, it's like walking through a garden, watching flowers bloom all around us.

- I would like my life to be a statement of love and compassion--and where it isn't, that's where my work lies.
- As long as you have certain desires about how it ought to be you can't see how it is.
- Everything changes once we identify with being the witness to the story, instead of the actor in it.
- The universe is made up of experiences that are designed to burn out your attachment, your clinging, to pleasure, to pain, to fear, to all of it. And as long as there is a place where you're vulnerable, the universe will find a way to confront you with it.
- It's very hard to grow, because it's difficult to let go of the models of ourselves in which we've invested so heavily.
- Each person tells you who they think they are, and who they think you are.

Craig Perkins



Craig and I became friends during my junior year of high school. Craig has a great sense of humor. I remember one time my brother and I went on an excursion to a mountain park in Orange County.

There was this small trail on this cliff. The trail was probably only two feet wide. Well, my brother and I were petrified of crossing this. I remember walking very slowly and being conscious of every step.

My brother John did the same. Yet here comes Craig dancing to the tune of tiptoe to the tulips.

He would kick one foot over the ledge and then do the same to his other foot. It was quite a sight to see.



Tiny Tim - Tiptoe Through The Tulips

31M views • 11 years ago

 Michel Sartre Sastre

The great Tiny Tim.

Craig loved the ocean. He was quite the surf photographer. He had a great camera for his time.

Craig was a kneeboarder. He could ride his knee board at the Newport Beach famous break The Wedge on a big day. I haven't seen Craig in many years.

I heard he is living in Mexico. My brother bumped into him in San Diego in the late nineties. He was in a fast-food restaurant and John



heard Craig's voice. That was a giveaway.
That was the last time we heard from him.



When I first moved to Hawaii I heard that an old junior high friend was living in Maui. I hadn't spoken to him in probably 20 years. Paul was a twin too so we had a lot in common.

Both of us were surfers. When I met him after twenty years I was impressed by him. He was truly a genuine human being.

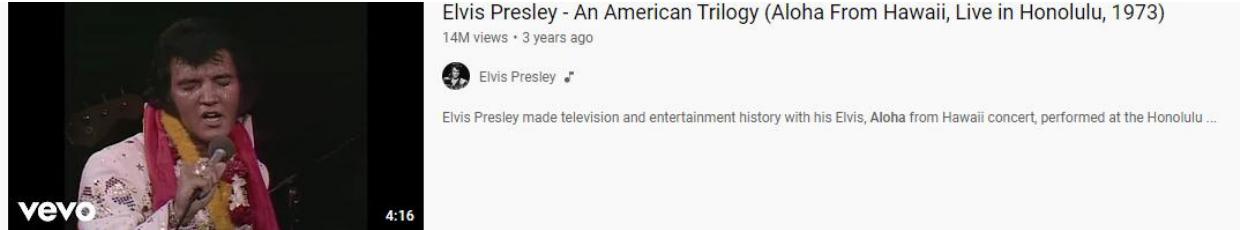
He carried that aloha spirit. He was a genuine human being. He was full of love and compassion. He had a lot of friends on this island and introduce me to him.

I didn't pick up any ego from him at all. We became greater friends. I would meet him very early in the morning at the beach. He taught me the ropes about surfing in Hawaii. He had a great sense of humor.

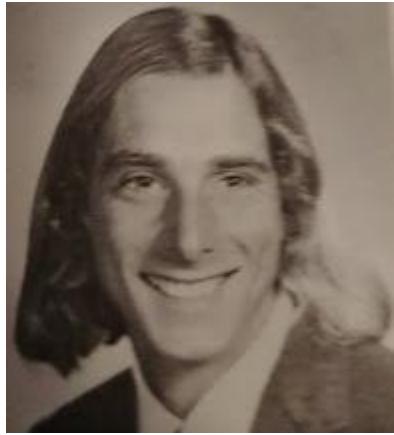
Both of us were involved in our quest to find God. We shared a lot of love and brotherhood. I found out that he was dying from cancer. He had cancer for five years.

It would come and go. Paul never complained about it. When I was in his presence I felt gratitude that I knew a human being like this. In the end, Paul died. Hundreds of surfers came to a huge party at the beach.

This is what Paul wanted. He wanted each one of us to cherish life. Even amidst his death, his presence was there. Paul where ever you all I love you. Aloha.....

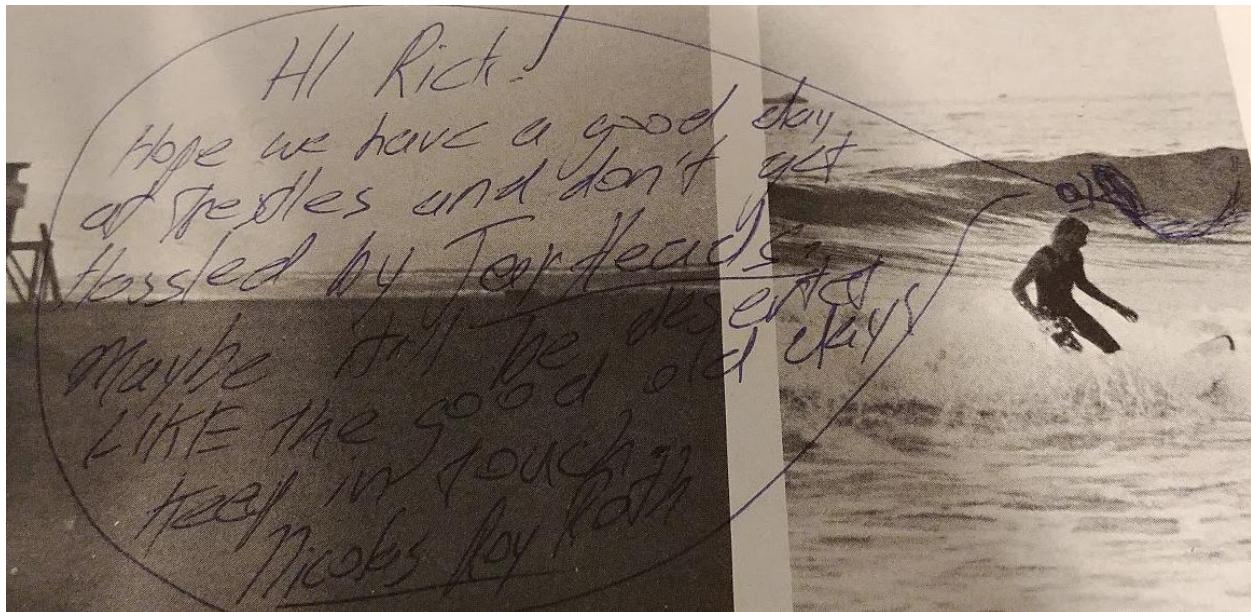
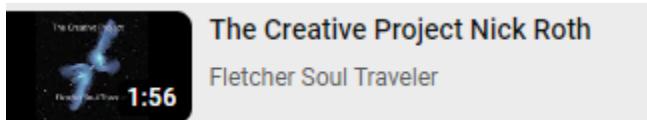


Nick Roth



I have known Nick since junior high school. We went on many surfing adventures in High School. Nick is one of those guys that whatever he touches turns to gold. He was good at whatever sport he played Yet at surfing he seemed he was destined to be a surfer. If Nick was young today he would be in my eyes one of the best surfers in the world. He would have

tons of money.



Nick doesn't surf for fame, fortune or glory. He surfs because it's a part of his life. He is an artist when it comes to surfing. He has nothing to prove. He just smiles like a wise man.

One funny story is about Nick and his Dad. He would call me electric man. He said my voice would sound like an electric computer.

Years later I stopped and pondered what he said. It seems like his subconscious was on to something.

He was picking something up about me and couldn't quite pinpoint it. To this day he was one of the only people who picked up that I was different.

Nick moved from Orange County to Depoe Bay Oregon about 10 years ago. He still surfs at 64 years old.

I saw him for the first time in years and we connected that time is endless. It seemed just like yesterday we saw each other. It was over 30 years ago.

Nick is the web in my life. We had many great journeys together.



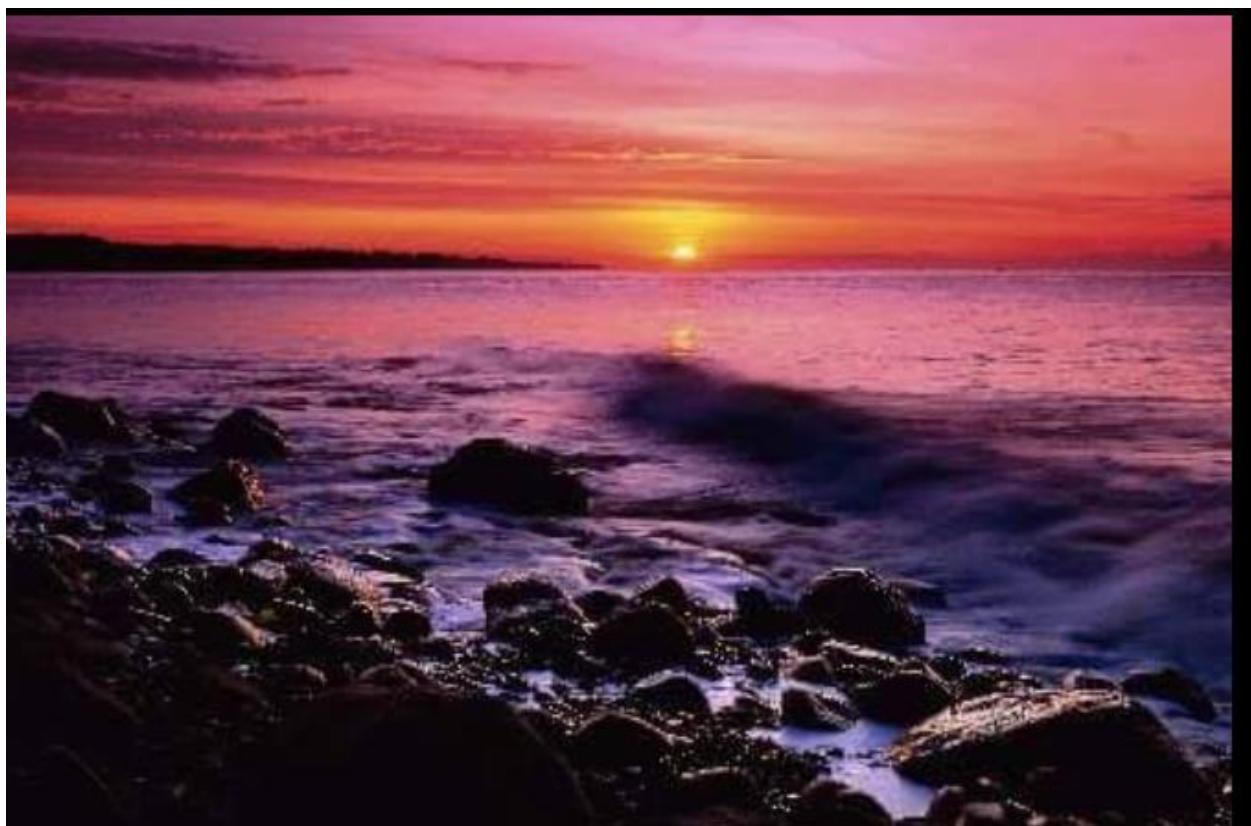


'Scott Price



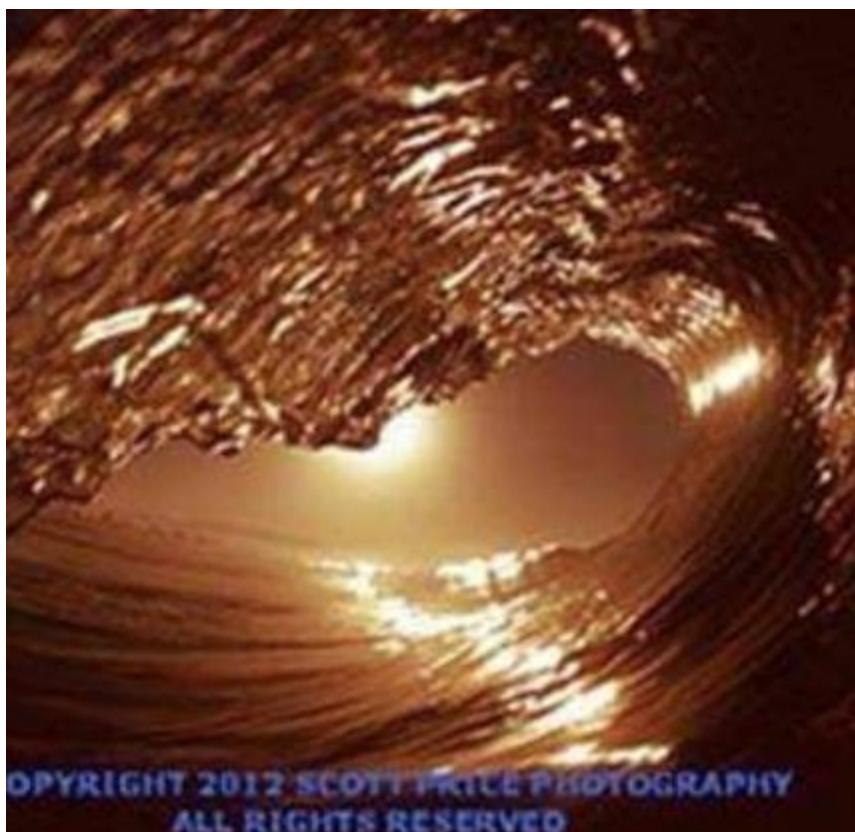
I have always admired Scott's work. He was an incredible surfer and photographer. We had many mutual friends. He is definitely a creative person.













Randy Stabler

a word of wisdom
from a fool
"Om"
Randy
Stabler

I just learned yesterday that a dear friend of mine Randy Stabler died last Friday.

In my high school yearbook, Randy wrote the following.

A word of wisdom from a fool.

Randy's one word was OM yet he used the letter Om as a ying-yang symbol.

To be honest it was quite profound for its time.

Randy had a great heart.

My twin brother and I ran cross-country and track together with Randy.

He was always a delight to be around.

I last talked to Randy only a few months back.

He talked about his kids and spending time in Iraq.

Both of us love to cook.

We both love the ocean.

We had so much in common.

I would see incredible posts on Facebook with Randy and his six kids.

They all had an incredible love for each other.

The day he died all six kids were there.

What a beautiful way to leave this world.

Randy's body died yet his spirit is eternal.

His ashes were spread across the universe.

Randy is still alive.

Close your eyes and go into the silence.

You will sense Randy's presence.

Randy lives inside of your heart.

He is a part of you.

So whenever you are sad about your dear Dad leaving this planet remember he is a part of you.

Those glorious memories never go away.

They are a part of you.

Randy is riding the incredible wave of the universe.

He is a cosmic surfer now.

Some things never change.

They just transform and go into another dimension.

Love you, Randy.

We will see your shining face again.

Jody



When I was young my brother had a girlfriend named Jody.

Now they weren't your typical boyfriend-girlfriend.

They never kissed or hugged.

They had a true friendship.

An innocent love.

You really can't quite describe it.

Both of them tapped into the source of love.

Words don't need to be spoken.

It was a natural experience.

Two beings simply experiencing the beauty of life.

It wasn't complicated.

There was no drama or heated discussions.

Kindness was the essence of the relationship.

Kindness is the building block of a good relationship.

Some people say that sex is the foundation of a good relationship.

Yet in my book kindness is the foundation of life.

The universe is kind.

I never saw them fight or quarrel.
That never entered their state of mind.
When you are innocent these things never enter your mind.
The door to negative emotions wasn't opened.
This is true innocence.
This is purity.
You love someone without any reason.
Both John and Jody were incredible at kickball.
They could kick that ball far into the sky.
Both of them were experts in catching the ball.
They knew where to stand and let the ball fall from the sky.
It was a sight to see.
Even Babe Ruth would have been proud.
They both had a knack for kicking home runs when it was their turn to kick.
Both of them were great athletes.
They were graceful and not awkward.
A sense of being in harmony was in the air.
Some people ooze coordination and harmony.
They both had it.
You can't manufacture it.
I was happy for my brother.
He deserved it.
He was kind and innocent.
John didn't have a sign of arrogance.

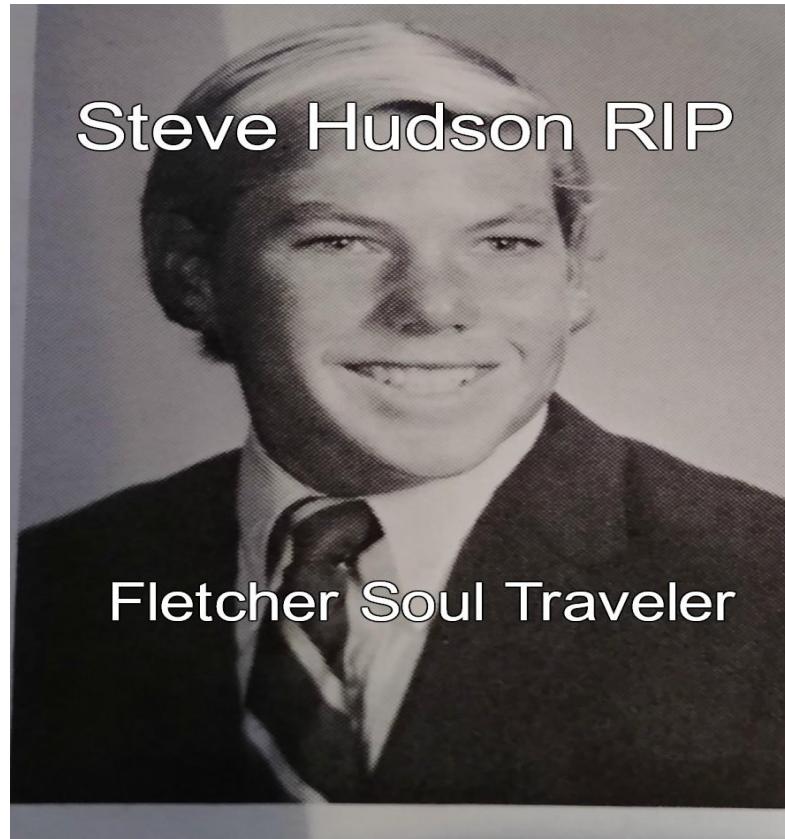
His heart was pure and open.

I'm sure my brother often wonders what happened to Jody.

I'm sure he has not forgotten how innocent and pure they both were.

That sets the foundation for life.

Steve Hudson RIP



Steve Hudson rest in peace.

Steve was a good childhood friend.

He was a surfer and loved the ocean.

We were in with a great group of friends.

All of us loved the ocean.

The ocean was a part of our life.

I always remembered Steve's smile.

It lit up his face.

Steve had a great sense of humor.

His mind had a lot of wits.

I only saw Steve two times since high school.

We were both living in Hawaii.

Steve lived on the Big Island and I lived on Maui.

We had a great time reconnecting.

It seemed just like yesterday that we played in the ocean.

Steve now has kids.

The circle of life goes on.

I will miss Steve but I know that he is still alive.

You see the body dies but the soul lives forever.

The essence of Steve lives forever.

Sure I miss the physical.

That's only natural.

Yet death is like a butterfly flying into the night.

Death is returning home.

Everyone gets applauded on the other side.

You see we are eternal.

That essence of Steve lives in our hearth.

Isn't that amazing that when a person dies they merge with the universe?

Their true essence never dies.

To realize this our perception of death changes.

Sure we will still have the pain but it will be less.

Can you imagine dying and become one with the universe?

Wow.

Every single one of us will return home someday.

I will miss Steve.

Yet a part of Steve exists inside of me.

I can still see his smile.

Steve rest in peace.

It was an honor to know you.

Sugar and Spice



On Tuesday of this week, I was visiting my Mom and my brother David's family. I was driving with my Mom and my wife Barbara.

We took the ferry from the peninsula to Balboa Island. Every time I go to Newport Beach I try to stop at Sugar and Spice for a frozen banana. It was a crowded island. It was spring break yet synchronicity came our way.

There was a parking space right in front of the building. We got out of the car and order our stuff. I told the person who was serving us that many moons ago I worked there.

She wasn't interested in the slightest. We sat down on the bench and began to eat our dessert. I see this picture on the store window saying taken in the '60s. I look at it closely and said that looks like Brad Schultz. At the same time, my wife said "Brad Schultz" is in the picture.

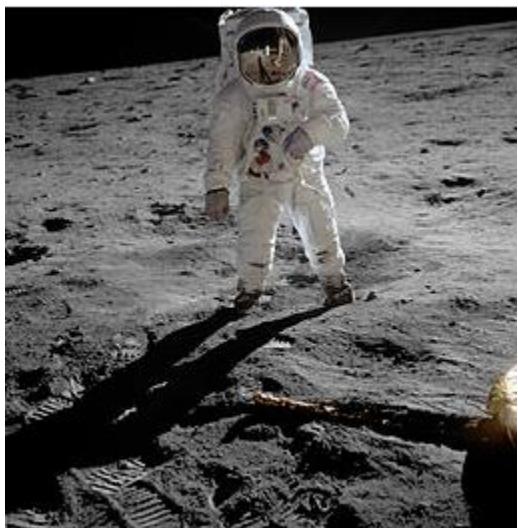
She read this from the sign.

Dot & Bob's was sold in 1945 and became Sugar 'n Spice. They began to also sell blocks of vanilla ice cream with a tongue depressor wedged inside, dunked in melted chocolate, and then covered with a topping – thus the Balboa Bar was born.

Brad Schultz (second from the left in the banana yellow uniform) worked at Sugar 'n Spice in the 1960s when Bob Fitch was the owner. Crates of bananas were delivered in the back alley each week and sorted by size. They were peeled, stuck with a stick, and frozen for 24 hours.

There was a vat of melted milk chocolate at each window so customers could watch their bananas being dipped and rolled in their choice of toppings – chopped peanuts, crumbled butter brickle, rainbow sprinkles, or chocolate sprinkles (jimmies). In 1995, Helen Connolly bought the business from a woman named Bettie Banto who taught her how to make the perfect Balboa Bar.

I'm hoping that Brad will recognize the rest of the young men in the picture. I think Steve LaMontange(a good surfing buddy of mine is in the picture). What a small world.



While I was working there on July 20, 1969, the first man walked on the moon. I will never forget that day. Just imagine that your cell phone has more power than the computers that were on board.

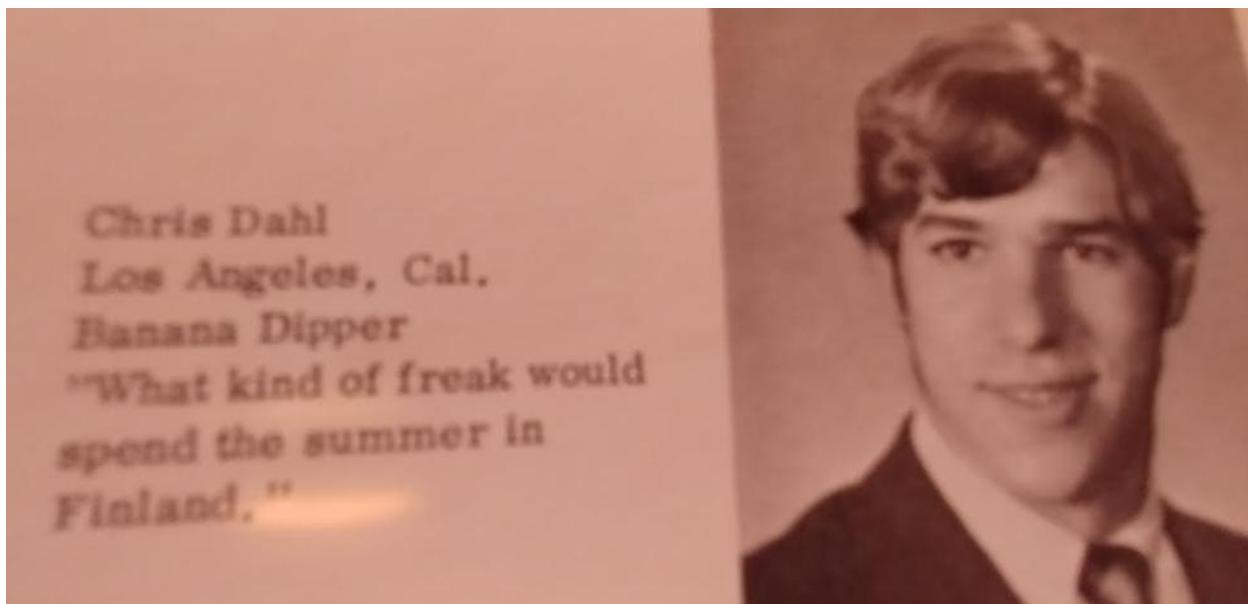
The technology at the time was highly advanced yet today it's primitive. Science was highly regarded in that time and place.

Unfortunately today we have a wave of people who totally disagree with the finding of our

scientific people.

It's amazing how we can see images from the past in the future. While I was eating my dessert a flood of memories came to the surface. What an incredible life we have. I don't even think that Brad knows about this. Hope you enjoy this Brad. Gary Dahl worked there for a few years.

Chris Dahl



Chris Dahl
Los Angeles, Cal.
Banana Dipper
"What kind of freak would
spend the summer in
Finland."

Chris and I have been friends since elementary school. My brother and I have fond memories of the Dahl family. We spent many days with Chris and his family. His family was very kind to my brother and me.

One of my favorite memories was making a film with his brother Greg. Chris, John, and I were in a scene where we were robbing a bank. Chris's Dad worked for Morgan Stanley and allowed us to film inside the bank vault on a Saturday. It was so much fun. Years later I heard that Greg won awards for being so creative at that time. This was years before computer automation.

I remember walking home with Chris, John, and me after our track workouts. The smog in California was so bad that our throats would get sore. We would stop at a building and get some water from a drinking fountain. I remember drinking the water and feeling my throat being so sore. Thank goodness the laws have changed. Hopefully, our current President won't reverse them.

I remember Chris and I collected samples from the bay for our biology class. That was fun. Mr. Hally was our track coach and biology teacher. When we had to study for a test we would study at the library before school started.

Chris liked to play pranks with his brother Gary. I remember one time Gary tried to get into the car and just before he got in the car he would speed up. It did this

for probably a mile. I was impressed by Gary's determination. Eventually, Gary got into the car.

My brother and I really couldn't stay up past 8:00. Many times Chris would come over to visit and we would just pass out. We couldn't help it. I'm sure it was amusing with Chris. Two teenagers who could stay up past 8:00.

Years later we are still friends. I call him about twice a year so we can catch up on things.

Rick Chatillion



Rick and I go back to junior high. We ran track and cross country together. Both of us are surfers. Rick is still surfing in his late sixties. Rick is an incredible storyteller. I love storytelling.

Some many surfers have caught there last waves in life. Yet they continue to surf on the other side. Probably the majority of them their stories were never captured and are dust in the wind. Rick is telling stories about surfers generations ago. Rick thanks for the incredible storetelling and keeping them alive.



This is an article by *Lynn Selich*.

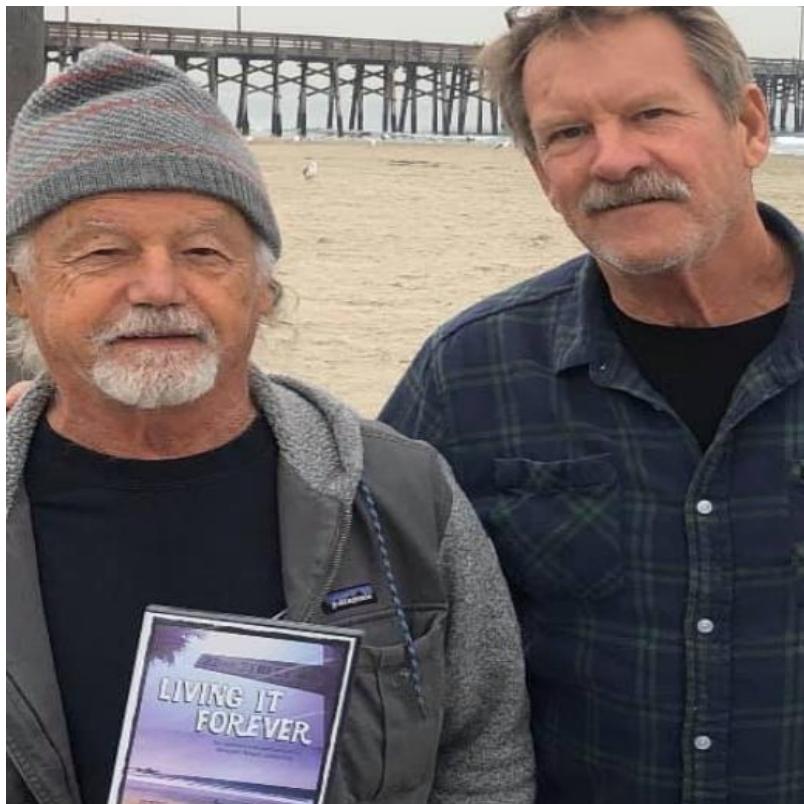
2

Nearly 20 years ago, Newport Beach resident Rick Chatillon was working at Newport Photographics when fellow local Ralph Meyers, Rick's long time 22nd Street surfing buddy, came in to have his collection of old 16mm reels

² <https://www.newportbeachindy.com/they%80%99re-%E2%80%98living-forever%E2%80%99/>

converted to video. Ralph, along with friend Tom Jewell, shot the movies during surfing's golden era.

As Rick worked converting the archival footage taken in the 1950s and '60s, he watched in amazement as the epic, early days of surfboard riding in Newport Beach unfolded before him. Rick couldn't keep his eyes off the screen, and instinctively knew the tapes held something special; they captured a magical, transformational time in Southern California history that has molded our American culture, continues to influence fashion and sports, and ultimately has emerged to become a multi-billion dollar industry.



Click in the picture to see the trailer.

"When I first started watching the old reels that Ralph brought in, I felt like I had discovered buried treasure," says Rick. "

I literally could not get them out of my mind. Over the years I began to obsess about making a documentary depicting the evolution of surfing in Newport and what it was like more than 50 years ago when this sport and lifestyle centered

on surfing began to take hold."

So in 2008, with Tom and Ralph's blessing, Rick and his wife, Ann, who also grew up in Newport Beach, began a quest to track down and interview all the talented surfers featured in the historic footage. The journey took them from Aspen to Maui to Malibu among other locations, and Rick's dream started to become a reality.

Ann worked tirelessly compiling numerous vintage archival film and photography featuring Newport Beach. She methodically searched through the historic collections of varied resources including Sherman Library, First

American Title, Newport Harbor Nautical Museum, Newport Beach Historical Society and the Balboa Historical Society. But mostly, Ann gathered stories, photos and movie clips from personal collections of longtime Newport Beach residents, including her parents and their friends, as well as those of the many interviewees.

Ann and Rick spent hundreds of hours combing through all of the content, painstakingly pulling together the inspirational story of the evolution of surf culture in Newport Beach.

They collaborated with Grammy award-winning music composer and avid surfer himself, Philip Marshall, as well as Orange County Register surf columnist Jeff Malanca, a popular surf report radio personality and voice-over artist.

The result is a film that is a masterful compilation of the rare home movies, still photos and unscripted raw footage intertwined with interviews of legendary surfers including T.K. Brimer, Bobby Russell Brown, Don Craig, Ed Hardy, Ilima Kalama (1962 USA Champion), Ricky Lowe, Greg MacGillivray, David Nuuhiwa (1968 and 1970 USA Champion), John Peck, Ron Sizemore (1961 Champion), Eric and John Vallely, Walter Viszolay, and a host of pioneering surfers who first called Newport's famous 22nd Street their home turf, living the dream every day.

Through it all, surfing's influence on fashion is readily apparent, and the clothes seen in the movie could be the same kids are wearing today. Bermuda shorts were the fashion statement of the '50s, the only difference is trunks were made then by talented moms with sewing machines. As Ann pointed out during our interview, "fashion doesn't evolve, it revolves – you can really see it in the movie."

In fact, some of the most recognized surf brands in the world started near 22nd Street Newport Beach. Bob Hurley of Hurley International was a premiere board shaper in the day and got his start there, as did Bob McNight, founder of Quiksilver USA. Think of OP, Hang Ten, Katin, Reef, Rip Curl, Billabong, O'Neill, Oakley, RVCA, Volcom, etc.... all have made a profound impact on the fashion industry.

Fast forward to the 2010 Newport Beach Film Festival where "Living It Forever" made its world premier to a sold out crowd at Newport's landmark Lido Theater. By the end of the festival, their documentary would become one of the most popular films of the event – with festival producers adding two additional screenings to meet demand. The Chatillons would take home the Film Festival's 2010 Orange County Filmmaker Award. Later that year, they also won the History/Archival Award at the California Surf Festival in Oceanside.

Even for those who know nothing about surfing or have never even heard of Newport Beach, "Living It Forever" unfolds in a way that has audiences yearning for carefree days, when hitting the beach and being with friends was all that mattered. More importantly, it brings full circle a time in history – that rare "tipping point" – when the obscure lifestyle of the surfer first began to influence mainstream America, ultimately becoming the legendary inspiration it is today.

On Thursday, Sept. 8, Ann and Rick Chatillon will be honored again, this time during a private opening reception of the "Living It Forever" exhibit that will be on display at Bloomingdale's Newport Fashion Island kicking off at the evening's "Fashion's Night Out."

The display, complete with vintage photos and surfboards featured in the film will remain on display at Bloomingdale's on the Men's Main Level through September 18. For more information, log on to www.livingitforeverthemovie.com or call 949-230-1557.

Lynn Selich resides in Newport Beach and can be reached at LynnSelich@yahoo.com.



Rick Chatillon ► Richard Fletcher

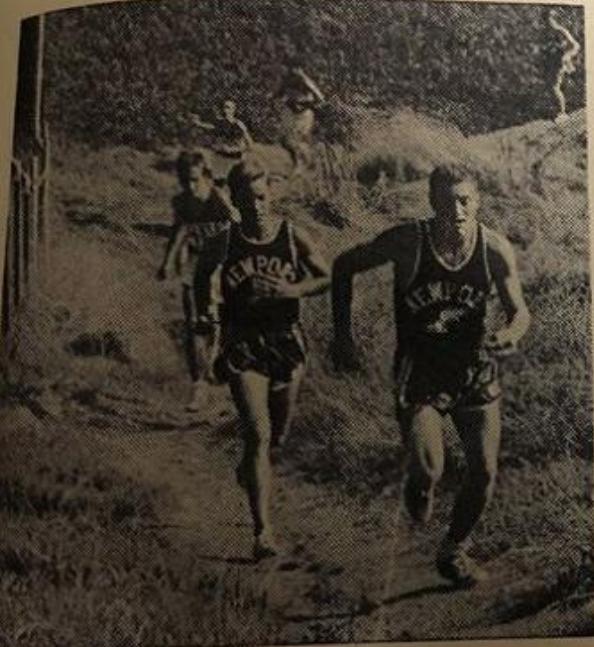
November 15, 2019 ·



Scrap book find.....we were fast hahahahahahha — with P Maestro Marshall and Richard Fletcher.

Join Running Ranks, Help Team Win

Cross Country



After trophy-winning performances in last Saturday's Westminster Invitational, Mr. Robert Donald's cross country forces travel to Irvine Park today for the Sunset League Finals.

In last week's action at Westminster, Dick Jaffe paced Newport runners to a third place team trophy by placing sixth in 10:12. He was followed by Tim Owens (10) in 10:21, Dan Mooney (16) in 10:28, Kevin Butler, Rick Pierce, John Thomas, and Don Meuse. The squad missed second place by a scant 7 seconds and first by only 15.

The JV squad was led to its third place trophy by Bruce Corzine, who placed second in 10:56. Other Tars were Bob Adams (14), Mike Flamm (19), Gary France (23), and Bill Becker (25).

The Soph squad placed fifth on the strength of performances by Phil Marshall (6) in 10:34, Rick Chatillon, and Bob Vogel. The Frosh were led by John Fletcher (16) in 11:39, Tom Schick, and Rick Fletcher.

HILLCLIMBING—Basketball player turned cross country runner Dale Reece leads the pack through the gulley in a recent meet. Phil Marshall is second.

(Beacon Photo by Dave Riley)

Surfing Adventure

Yesterday I received this wonderful message and pictures from Brad Schultz. Amazingly, we remember certain memories from past events. Even when going through the same event we have our points of view and memories.

Brad

Here's a blast from the past! Remember our surf adventure to The Ranch with your brother and John Schmitz. I think we drove up in your Mustang to Jalama and then hiked in. As I recall it was very windy and a minus tide.

One of you slipped on the rocks and dislocated an elbow. We scaled the cliffs and flagged down a Ranch security guard he took us back to the car and we drove to Lompoc hospital emergency where they popped the elbow back into place.

I'm not sure what happened next but recall resuming our adventure and your parents praising us for our quick thinking! Do you have anything to add? I'm sending this to John too.









MON 6:47 PM

Richard

Yep, that was me. I remember when we got back to Newport the next day you guys surfed at 22 street. I waited in the car and it was freezing. A very old cold

snap hit Newport Beach. The temps were in the forties. I love the photos. Never saw these before. Looks like another web of life tying us together. Thanks for sharing. I forgot that John Schmidt was on our journey. Thanks for reminding me. I'm going to put this in my book Family & Friends. It's a great surf story.

It is amazing what surfaces when you combine memories. I have no recollection of surfing at 22nd street when we got back and dropped you off. John said that he and I drove back to The Ranch to complete the adventure!

MON 7:58 PM

Richard

You did but before you did you guys went to 22th street. I went along for the ride. Afterward you guys went back to the Ranch. By the way, I never heard about your adventure afterwards.

And I don't recall what happened after we went back! 😂😂

Type a m

It's kind of funny. Brad didn't know which one broke his elbow and had to be taken to the emergence room. Well, I do. I was the one.

I forgot that John Schumtz came along on this journey, I have a picture for this. I remember how cold it was sitting in the mustang at 22 street. I still can feel the cold when I remember sitting in the car. Thanks, Brad for sharing this. It's another web tying us all together.

More Childhood Friends

Scott Adams	Johnny Coontz
 A black and white portrait of a young woman with long, dark hair, looking slightly to the right of the camera with a neutral expression.	 A black and white portrait of a young man with short, dark hair, smiling broadly at the camera.

Scott was our neighbor where we grew up. We became good friends when we took a cooking class together. She was my partner.

Johnny was my brother and my first surf partner. We had many incredible surfing sessions with him. RIP Johnny. Johnny was probably one of the best surfers back then. He could nose ride like no one else. When the short boards came along Johnny adjusted his style and ripped.

³Local man marched ‘to a different drummer’

BY LAUREN WILLIAMS

DEC. 31, 2012 12 AM PT

A man killed in a pedestrian-versus-bicycle accident on the Santa Ana River bike trail was a Newport Harbor High School alumnus, according to classmates.

Johnathan “Johnny” Coontz, 58, died at 6:58 p.m. Friday at Western Medical Center in Santa Ana about an hour after a bicyclist hit him near where Atlanta Avenue meets the bike trail in Huntington Beach, according to the Orange County coroner’s office.

More recently Coontz was homeless, and court records show several convictions for drinking in public, among other offenses.

One fellow student described Coontz as a jokester and skilled athlete who could do wheelies and other acrobatics on his Schwinn Sting-Ray in junior high.

“He seemed to make friends with everybody,” said Gilbert Barnes, who now lives in San Diego. “He just had that personality.”

Many classmates remembered Coontz for his surfing prowess.

His signature move was to walk the nose of an old longboard dangerously close to the rocks near the jetty in Newport Beach, striking a cheater five position before backpedaling, then dropping back into a bottom turn, former classmate David Kitchens said by phone from Henderson, Nev.

“We had a lot of good times together as kids,” he said.

Coontz’s athletic ability stretched to other aquatic sports.

He was on swim and water polo teams and was a lifeguard for Newport Beach, said former neighbor Gary Robertson.

“He was probably one of the most prolific surfers back in the early ‘70s,” he said. “One of the top guys in Newport Beach.”

Another former neighbor described Coontz as a blond surfer popular with girls and “Newport’s answer to J. Riddle.”

“He could run to the nose and hang five on take off, and crossover step back in time to make a regular bottom turn, a feat I still have yet to see from another surfer,” said former Dover Shores-Westcliff area neighbor Larry Conn.

Kitchens said about 20 to 25 years ago Coontz worked as a gardener and may have lived in West Newport before he became homeless.

The last time Kitchens saw Coontz was about three years ago at Garcia Recycling in Costa Mesa, where he gave his former classmate his recyclables.

“He was always kind of marching to a different drummer,” he said.

Fellow class of 1972 alumni missed him when Coontz didn’t show up for their recent reunion.

“All of us are pretty upset because we just had our 40th reunion and we were looking for him to attend the reunion,” said former classmate Lorie Smith Suntree.

Details for a memorial service for Coontz were unavailable as of press time.

lauren.williams@latimes.com

Twitter: [@lawilliams30](https://twitter.com/lawilliams30)

Scot sJohn Deimer	Suzanne Jackson
	
<p>I grew up with John and his brother Bob. They lived two doors down from us. I spend many hours playing at their house. We used to put a tent in our backyard and spend the night when we were young.</p>	<p>One funny store with Suzanne and her family. When we were probably in first grade our family was invited to have dinner at their house. They served lasagna. I still remember it clearly as day. It was made of cottage cheese and corn.</p> <p>Well to make a long story short my brother and I devoured it. They couldn't believe that two little kids could eat so much.</p> <p>Never the less we were never invited back again. I have fond memories of Suzanne. I haven't heard from her in over forty years.</p>

Sandy Peterson	Gary Hill
	
<p>Sandy was part of the CADIE program that went to Argentina. Wow-what a great time we had. I will never forget it.</p>	<p>Gary and I go way back to 7th grade. I remember that Gary gave me his brother's Surfer magazine collection for five dollars.</p> <p>My brother and I enjoyed these for years. Gary's family owned the marine gas station in Newport harbor bay. I have fond memories of Gary. He had quite a sense of humor.</p>

Lenny Foster	James Wilcox
	

I first met Lenny when he was in fifth grade. Even back then he was an incredible surfer.

Johnny Coontz introduced my brother and me to him. Lenny and Johnny Coontz were years ahead of their time.

The last time I talked to Lenny was in Hawaii twenty years ago. He was living in Kauai. I would love to talk to him again someday.

Our family was good friends of the Wilcox family. I will always remember their Christmas parties.

One year I first heard The Beatles Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band. Wow, that was a game-changer. My brother John loved James's Mom pancakes.

Unfortunately, I never had them. Best wishes to the Wilcox family.

Dale Christensen	Bob Sivers
 A black and white portrait of a young man with short, wavy hair, smiling at the camera. He is wearing a light-colored, collared shirt.	 A black and white portrait of a young man with dark, wavy hair, smiling. He is wearing a dark-colored shirt.

I met Dale through Nick Roth. All of us became surfing partners during high school. Dale was a great guy to be around.

My brother John, Dave Ball, and Bob would occasionally play tennis together. Bob was a good friend of my brother.

<p>Casey Weaver</p> 	<p>Dave Ball</p> 
<p>I knew Casey since grade school. I loved his family. I used to go surfing with his brother Buff to San Onofre. Wow, sweet memories. RIP Buff.</p>	<p>My brother John was good friends with Dave. He introduced me to the Ball family. Great family.</p>

Robert Stivers

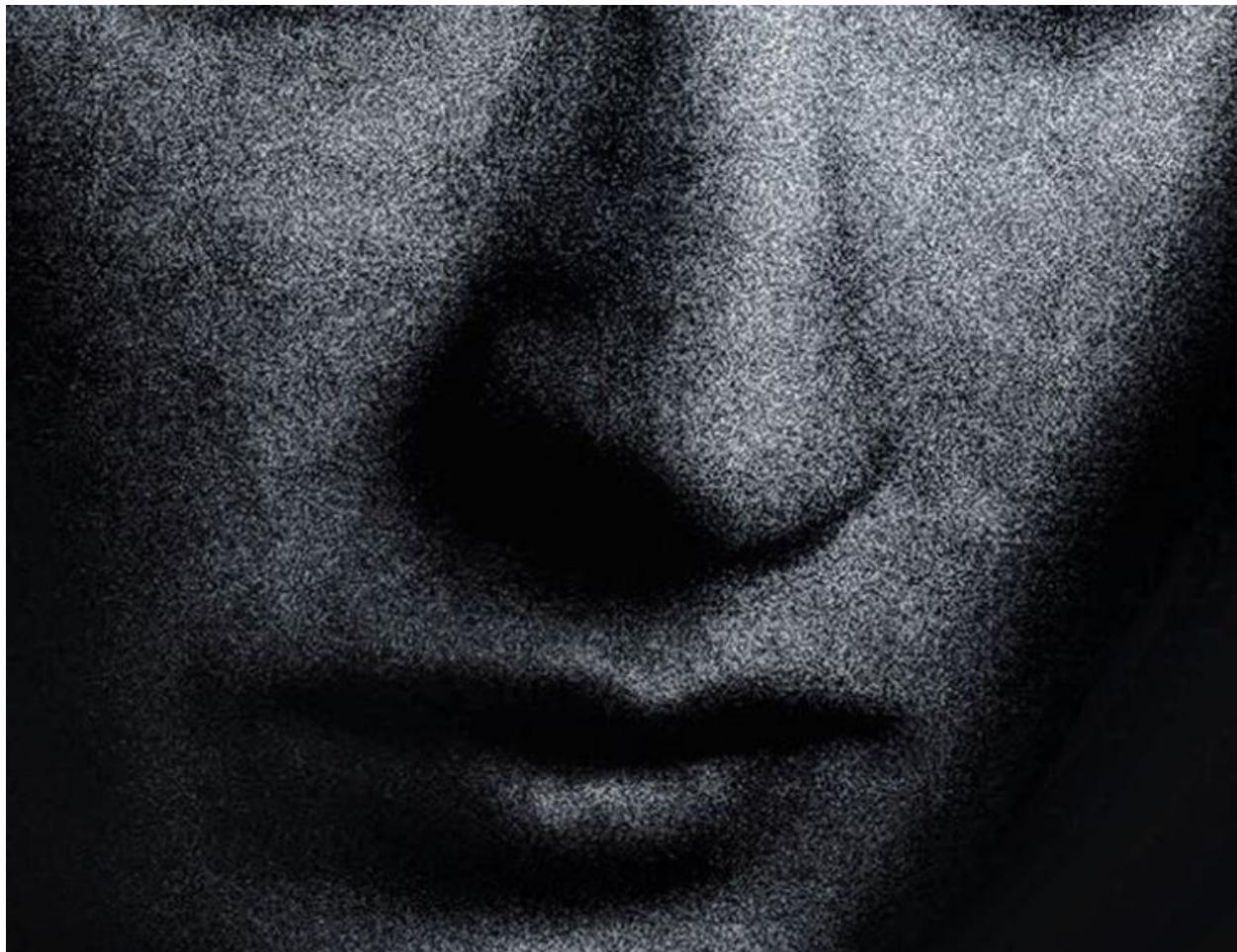


My brother John and I were good friends with Bob in high school. My brother John introduced me to him. Fast forward 49 years. I just found him on FaceBook.

I'm completely blown away by Bob's artistic ability. To me, this is a genius in action. Every photo is so different and unique.

During this worldwide shutdown, artists are striving. They can't promote their work. In Germany, the government has set up a fund for the artist, during this time we need the arts more than ever. <https://www.facebook.com/robert.stivers.944>

portrait of s. this is a personal favorite. gelatin silver print.



fishnet stockings



Clouds

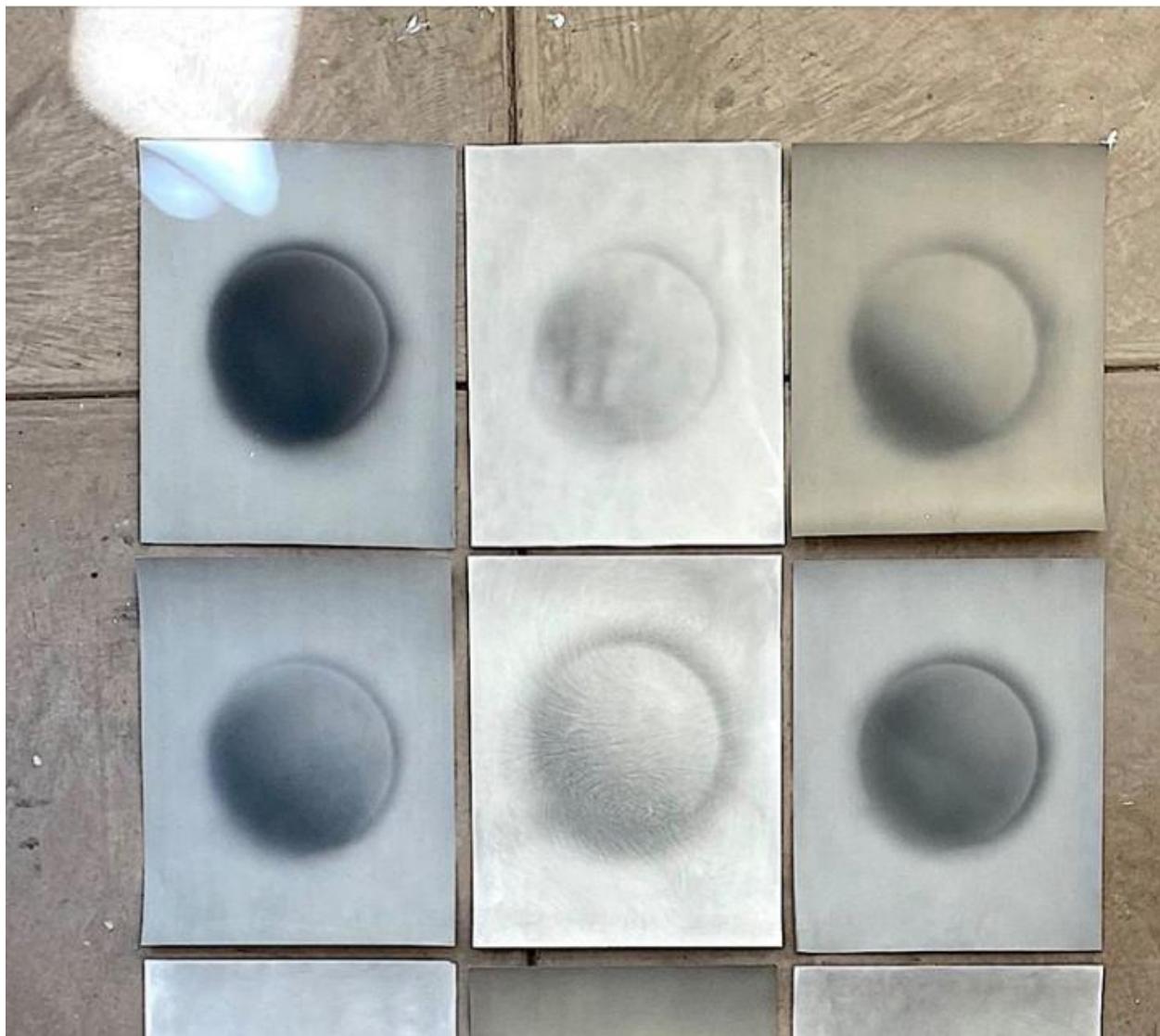


recently, I've been looking at my self-portraits. they go back quite a few years now. this one was taken in the fall of 1991. I had recently arrived in Santa Fe, nm. I was working on my "clay series". the house I was staying in was either in deconstruction or reconstruction... not quite sure. nevertheless, it provided a great location. here I am seated at the front door. I was covered in dry clay, so I looked much older... gelatin silver print.

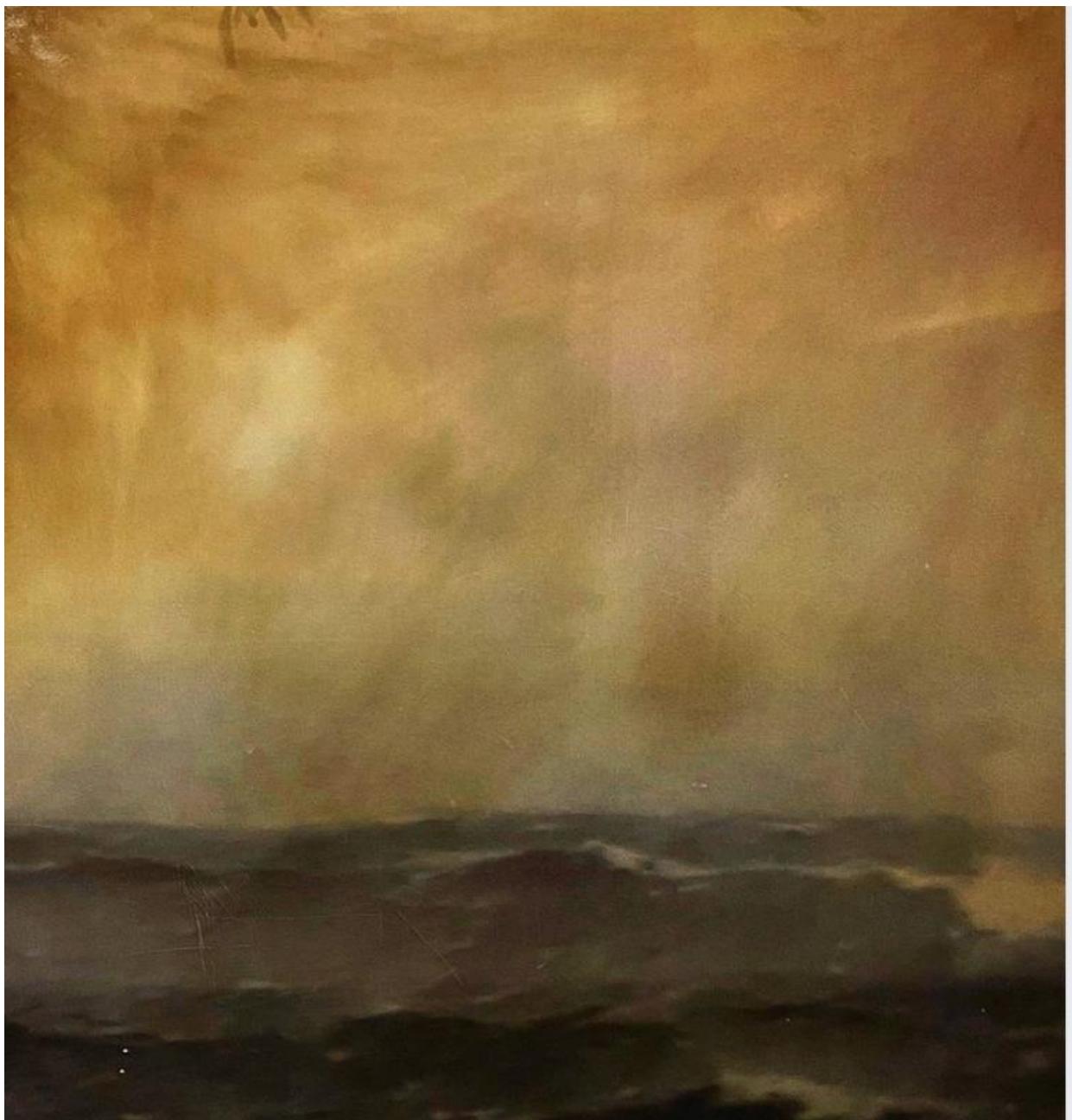
Self Portrait



[return to "0" / sphere series](#)



new ocean series



grid of nine flowers



two palms



ocean series.



Diane Barret	Rick Barret
 A black and white portrait of a young woman with long, dark hair, smiling slightly. She is wearing a dark, high-collared garment.	 A black and white portrait of a young man with short, dark hair, smiling. He is wearing a dark, high-collared garment.
<p>I always had a special heart for Diane and her family. Her parents were so kind to my brother and me. I used to meet Diane at the Balboa Bay Club to go swimming.</p>	<p>I admit I really didn't know Rick very much in high school. I have begun to know him through Facebook. I like what I see. Definitely knows how to enjoy life.</p>

Bill Bemus	Carrol Beek
 A black and white portrait of a young man with short, light-colored hair, smiling slightly. He is wearing a dark, collared shirt.	 A black and white portrait of a young woman with dark hair pulled back, looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. She is wearing a dark, collared shirt.

First met Bill in sixth grade in a basketball game between schools. Great guy. I would always enjoy my conversations with him. Enjoys life to the fullest.

First met Carrol in the seventh grade. In high school, we attended several exchange student functions. One was at her house. Had an incredible time. Great family. Her Uncle owned the ferry going from the peninsula and Balboa island.

Steve Bennett

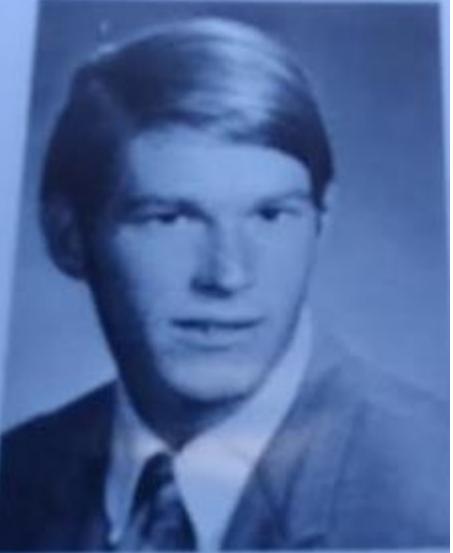


Shawn Bissonnette



I have known Steve since junior high. He was a great water skier. Steve was best friends with Mike Mors.

Shawn and I go way back to elementary school. He was a great basketball player. Definitely a smart guy. We used to love going to his house for treat or treat.

Don Bush	Kevin Charles
	
<p>Boy, could Don high jump. I had good times seeing him at the river jetties on his kneeboard. I last saw him 10 years ago in the mountains of Colorado where he lives.</p>	<p>Kevin and I go back to elementary school. He lived down the block from us. I spent many a day at the Charles house.</p>

Cathy Chichester	Jim Cokas
 A black and white portrait of a young woman with long, dark hair, wearing a dark turtleneck sweater.	 A black and white portrait of a young man with short, light-colored hair, wearing a suit jacket, white shirt, and tie.

In sixth grade, my brother and I took cotillion lessons. I remember dancing with her. In high school, we attended social activities with the exchange students. Loved her Mom and Dad.

Chris Dahl once took me to Jim's house. We were standing around the kitchen talking. I saw for the first time a Scientific American magazine. I never knew it even existed. I love being introduced to new things. Jim is an incredible poet. I enjoy reading his poems.

Jim Cokas



Chris Dahl once took me to Jim's house. We were standing around the kitchen talking. I saw for the first time a Scientific American magazine. I never knew it even existed. I love being introduced to new things. Jim is an incredible poet. I enjoy reading his poems.

Well, I tried to get another poetry video up while we were still in the month of April (National Poetry Month and all) but better late than never is my motto now. I'm posting a YouTube video of myself reading a poem I wrote about the Upper Newport Bay, taken from a series of poems I wrote on that subject titled Ascension. This type of presentation is still pretty new to me. Hope you enjoy it!



YOUTUBE.COM

Monica de Carolina	Mike Doner
	
<p>Monica was an exchange student from Argentina. I had a special heart for her. Recently we have known each other better on Facebook.</p> <p>Dear Rick; I am pleased with your initiative to compile data about your experiences in NHHS. In my case, I remember you as the first friend I had - even before arriving in Newport - when, through a letter, you welcomed me. I will never forget that gesture of friendship and I will forever thank all the company that you gave me at NHHS. I also remember your beautiful and kind family, in particular your mother and John, with whom I met a couple of times in Corona del Mar two years ago and as a result of that, we</p>	<p>Mike had several adventures going to the Ranch with us. Needless to say, we had an incredible time. Such great memories of perfect waves all to ourselves.</p>

had the opportunity to speak by phone. I doubt that my memories will be interesting for your book, but even so, I want you to know that I remember you with love and lately, I remember your recipes of oriental foods, as very healthy ones (Ha ha ha) I send you a big hug and I take advantage of Wish you Merry Xmas and Happy New Year !!!

Craig Eliker	Matt Greer
 A black and white portrait of a young man with dark hair, wearing a dark suit jacket, a white shirt, and a patterned tie. He is smiling slightly and looking towards the camera.	 A black and white portrait of a young man with light-colored hair, wearing a dark suit jacket. He is smiling broadly and looking towards the camera.

Craig was across the street neighbor. He was extremely funny. I have known him more by being on Facebook.

Matt was an incredible swimmer. I have known him since seventh grade. Mark McClellan and Matt were best of friends.

Jim Hart	Steve Hendrick
	
<p>Wow. Jim Hart. We first met in grade school. As a matter of fact we were even cub scouts. His Mom was the den's mother. I had a great love for the Hart family. Really loved their dog.</p>	<p>First met Steve through Craig Perkins. He was incredible at baseball and cycling. RIP Steve. I will always remember the good time we had together.</p>

Scott Holt	Pat Hubble
 A black and white portrait of a young man with short, wavy hair, smiling broadly. He is wearing a dark, collared shirt.	 A black and white portrait of a young woman with long, light-colored hair, smiling. She is wearing a patterned blouse and a dark jacket.
<p>Scott and I go way back to elementary school. I spent many hours playing with Scott.</p>	<p>Pat learned how to meditate and once told a friend he didn't realize the mind was so powerful. RIP Pat. May we someday cross paths again?</p>

Lesley Alward



Steve Alward



Lesley and Steve are twins. Recently I have been friends with her on Facebook. I love to hear about her adventures in life.

Steve and I were cross-country friends. My brother and I really enjoyed Steve. He was extremely kind to both of us. I have nothing but fond memories of Steve. RIP Steve. May you be running in heaven?

Jan Fitzgerald	Rick Fleming
	

I have known Jan since elementary school. Jan lives life to the fullest. She is a great example of someone who practices what she preaches. I love her posts on Facebook.

Rick was another great cross-country runner. Both my brother and I have great memories of Rick. I haven't heard any news about him since high school.

More Childhood Friends 2

Grant Gelker	Gretchen Gribble
 A black and white portrait of a young man with short, light-colored hair, wearing a dark suit jacket, a white shirt, and a dark tie. He is smiling and looking slightly to the right of the camera.	 A black and white portrait of a young woman with long, dark hair, styled with bangs. She is smiling and looking directly at the camera.

Grant was a great football player and body surfer at the wedge. I have known him since seventh grade. Great guy to be around. I loved his sense of humor.

I have known Gretchen since elementary school. She is retired now. Gretchen spent years as a teacher. With her easy-going personality, she must have been a good one.

RIP Grant Gelker

A few days ago, a dear old friend Grant Gelker passed away.

I haven't seen nor heard from him in 50 years.

We weren't close friends.

My brother John and I would call him the gentle giant.

Even back in junior high school, he had an extremely large frame.

Inside that frame was the heart of gold.

He had a great sense of humor.

He loves playing football.

Football indeed was a part of his life.

That gentle giant who was gentle outside the football field was a gladiator
in battle on the field?

I wouldn't like to have a half-ton truck come barreling down on me.

During my senior year, the football team went all the way to the CIF finals
and won.

That was quite an accomplishment.

I heard rumors he moved to Colorado many moons ago.

My brother John saw him one day in Newport Beach while he was on a
business trip.

That was the last we have seen or heard from him.

My condolences to his family and kids.

He was a great man.

I can tell by the picture he had a great sense of faith.

Rest in peace, Grant.

Julie Horman	Bruce Humann AKA speedy
	
<p>Julie was a classmate in my poetry class. I was shy back then. I gathered up the nerve to ask her to go to the prom. She had another guy who asked her out. Have nothing but fond memories of her. She was inspired to be around. One time we went to UCI expecting to see Maharishi Mahesh Yogi from the TM movement. The event was canceled.</p>	<p>Have known Bruce since elementary school. The nickname Speedy was because he ran so fast. Bruce was an incredible sailor for his time.</p>

Dave Johnson	Dana Kilroy
	
<p>David started shaping surfboards in his early teens. He still has a thriving business today. He is an exceptional surfer. I still remember watching a movie at the Newport Harbor High surf club where David is surfing rights and lefts at the ranch. Even Lenny Foster was blown away. That's real talent.</p>	<p>I really didn't know Dana very well in high school. I have since known her through Facebook. We are on the same wavelength in life. What more can I say? Her ideas on life seem to reflect what the same in me.</p>

Barbara Barrow	Steve Knox
	
<p>Barbara and I really didn't communicate much in high school yet I'm up to date with her on Facebook. I love to hear about her adventures in life.</p>	<p>My brother John and I have known Steve since elementary school. Steve was a great baseball player. We played many pickup games together. Remember at one school reunion Steve said to me if my brother John didn't stop playing baseball he could be playing in the majors.</p>

Rick Kover	Steve Kopanski
	
<p>Rick was friends with Chuck Cook and Craig Perkins. He was involved in the organic food movement. Both of us were involved in preventive medicine way before its time.</p>	<p>All I remember of Steve that he was brilliant. My brother John and I have known him since elementary school. I loved his humor.</p>

Christine Kopitzke	Ann Lawerence
	

I have known Christine since elementary school. She was another extremely bright person. I remember even in fifth grade saying to myself "wow she is smart".

Ann is another person I have known since elementary school. Her Dad was a leader in the boy scouts when my brother and I were cub scouts. Great family. I will always remember her great smile.

Stuart Lewis	Lynne Maguire
	
<p>Back in high school Stuart and Weiner Weiss were taking computer programming classes. Mind you this was way before its time. I didn't know back then that my entire professional career would be as a software engineer. Hey, Stuart, where ever you are I'm sending my kind regards to you.</p>	<p>Lynne was another classmate that I have known since elementary school. Back then her pride and joy were horses. I remember her bringing a toy horse to school and I could see her beaming talking about horses. Mind you this was in the early sixties and I still remember it clear as day.</p>

Rick Mayer	Mike Mors
	
<p>Rick was our next-door neighbor in grade school. His Dad was a professional golfer. In high school, he was on the cross-country team with my brother and me. During our childhood, I remember being invited to swim in his pool. Both my brother John and I loved that.</p>	<p>Mike was another great friend that I have known since elementary school. John and I loved the Mors family. His Dad was our baseball coach. He taught us to play for fun and to make the best effort we can. He was an exceptional coach. I played many hours of tennis with Mike. In high school, he was a surfing partner. I remember the time when his family took my brother and me to the Malibu area to go surfing. Had a great time.</p>

Marly Moore	Tom Newmeyer
 A black and white portrait of Marly Moore, a young woman with long, dark, wavy hair, wearing a dark turtleneck sweater and a necklace with a small pendant.	 A black and white portrait of Tom Newmeyer, a young man with short, light-colored hair, wearing a dark suit jacket, a white shirt, and a dark tie.
<p>I have known Marly since elementary school. Her brother Lee was a mentor to my brother and me. We both loved the Moore family. Being on Facebook I love to hear about her adventures in life. She is an inspiration to me and my brother.</p>	<p>I remember in elementary school I was totally into baseball. Mind you I wasn't a good player. One Saturday morning Tom invited me to his house to see a baseball signed by Babe Ruth who at that time was the greatest ballplayer in history. I still remember that day. Tom was a great friend of Chris Dahl. He definitely had a great sense of humor.</p>

Bob Ogle	Ron Oberndofer
	
<p>First met Bob in seventh grade. Bob was an incredible tennis player. I mean incredible. As a matter of fact, his older brother was an incredible player. I remember watching him practicing on my way home from school. I was totally blown away. He had tennis in his blood. The last time I saw him was at Kmart many moons ago.</p>	<p>Ron was best friends with Shawn Bissonnette. I have known Ron since junior high. I really didn't know him too well. I have attended the school's reunions and since then have had a better connection with him. Also through Facebook, I have learned more about him and have communicated with him.</p>

Doug Oliver	Buddy Owen
 A black and white portrait of a young man with dark, wavy hair, smiling slightly. He is wearing a dark, collared shirt.	 A color portrait of a young man with a full, dark beard and mustache, smiling broadly. He is wearing a light-colored, collared shirt.

Doug is another person who I have known since elementary school. Mark McClellan and Doug were great friends. Doug was easygoing and enjoyed life. I remember inviting him to some of my birthday parties.

What can I say about Buddy? I have known him since junior high school. Buddy was quite the character. I remember Buddy riding a bicycle to my house carrying a backpack. Inside was vegetables and a juicer. He made vegetable juice for my brother and me I. Buddy started to mediate after I came back to India. He was on the forefront mediating way before it's time.

Cheryl Peterson	Greg Poindexter
	
<p>Chery and I have known each other since junior high. We had many classes together. She was part of the CADIE program so we developed a greater friendship with each other. She went to Argentina a year before my brother and me. Her sister went along when John and I traveled to Argentina. I have fond memories of both of them.</p>	<p>I first met Greg in Junior high. Greg was another member of our incredible trip to Argentina. I have great memories of Greg. He has a zest for life. I saw Greg seven years ago at our reunion. We had a great time talking about our trip. Some memories carry you for life. Greg is one of them.</p>

John Schmitz	Mark Rasmussen
	
<p>John goes back to my junior high years. In high school, John and I played two-man volleyball together. He was an incredible spiker. John was an awesome surfer. Once he entered a surf contest at Doheny where he surfed under another friend's name who couldn't attend the contest. Well, John won the contest. I have many great moments with John. He has a great sense of humor. When I came back from my journeys around the world we tried to get into a Rolling Stones concert in Long Beach.</p>	<p>My brother John and I have known Mark since seventh grade. My brother John introduced me to Mark when I first started learning how to surf. Mark lived at the river jetties in Newport beach. It was only a block away from the beach. We stored our surfboards there. Mark was an incredible surfer. I have many memories of surfing with him and the boys at the river jetties.</p>

More Childhood Friends 3

Lenore Reday	Michael Reed
	
<p>Lenore is another person I have known since junior high school. She was a part of the exchange programs. She was a kind and caring person. Traits that I like. She was also the Prom queen. Furthermore, she was extremely smart.</p>	<p>Michael Reed and I were on the cross country team. My brother and I really liked Mike. Our cross country team supported one another. Mike was a great example of being a team player. We had a great time running together.</p>

Margaret Rogers	Todd Schlesinger
 A black and white portrait of a young woman with long, dark, straight hair. She is wearing a light-colored collared shirt and a dark tie. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile.	 A black and white portrait of a young man with short, wavy hair. He is wearing a dark collared shirt and a dark tie. He is smiling and looking slightly to the right of the camera.
<p>Margaret was another person who participated in the exchange programs. She had a spark for life and was delightful to be around. She had a brother Howie who my brother and I spent time together in track. I have fond memories of the Roger family.</p>	<p>My brother John introduced me to Todd in fifth grade. They became great friends. I remember going over to Todd's house and just hanging out. I haven't heard from Todd in over forty years.</p>

Tom Schick	Scott Schaefer
	

Tom was a great wrestler. During my freshman year, we would have lunch together and we became good friends. I'll never forget the friendship we had. I was extremely shy at that time and Tom was easygoing. Thanks, Tom for being who you are.

I remember in fifth grade Scott and I would ride our bikes to his house for lunch. His Mom would make bologna sandwiches for us. Scott had an incredible family. My brother and I looked up to his brother Rick. I have many great memories of Scott.

Scott Schaefer Mom and Dad

When I first started this project I thought about Scott's Dad. He had an extremely creative job. I didn't know much about what he did. My brother and I loved the Schaefer family. Here is the story told by Scott.



R-L: Lassie, Bob Schaefer, (sitting) Lassie's owner Rudd Weatherwax, my dad's writing partner, Eric Freiwald.

My Dad, Bob Schaefer, would do whatever was necessary to make sure me and my brother Rick's life were full of unique experiences that seemed to ultimately, upon reflection, to have some sort of life lesson tied to it.

He wasn't one to blow his own horn. Back in the elementary school days at Mariners, I would often ask him to come to talk to my class about what he did for a living, because, let's face it, he had a pretty cool job as a television writer and I was very proud of that. No matter how many times I asked, he would always beg off. I really think it was because he didn't want to appear boastful about how he made his living. He did have access to Lassie shows on film that I would bring to class and show on the projector during "show and tell" time. That went over

pretty well with the kids in class! It wasn't until my son Cameron was in elementary school in Arizona that we finally convinced Dad to speak in front of Cameron's class about his television writing career. It was a struggle to have him do it, but he finally conceded and the kids loved it!

Dad was a bit of a kid himself. I remember when we moved into the Terrapin house in 1959. Our neighbors directly behind us were the Curry's. Now, I don't want to say Jim and Bob Curry were hooligans, but, does anyone remember Eddie Haskell on "Leave it to Beaver"? His character was written with the Curry boys in mind. Now, the Curry boys were an athletic bunch, and one day, they had Rick and I pinned down during a dirt clod fight along the side of our houses. We were doing our best but we were outnumbered because brother Bill Curry was also participating. Dad and, I think his writing partner Eric too, came out, saw what was going on and, instead of putting a stop to it, proceeded to begin firing dirt clods back at the Curry's because he swore it was those kids who had been throwing dirt clods over the fence into our pool! Well, we kicked their butts! Over the years Jim and Bob have disputed that claim but, trust me, we did.

Another example of the kid in Dad is captured in the true story about our drive over to Phoenix to visit one of his lifelong friends, Jim Bryan. I was about 7-8 and Rick was about 10-11 I guess. Now, you have to understand that Rick and I were not big hypodermic needle fans due to our family doctor who would stick you if you had a hangnail. As we're driving over, getting closer and closer to the Arizona border, Dad casually mentioned we had to get shots to get into Arizona. "Shots!" we said. "Yeah, shots, but it's no big deal", Dad said. "It's real simple. All you have to do is roll down the window, drop your pants, stick your butt out the window and they'll poke you at the border as you drive by." There was a silence in the back of the car like you wouldn't believe! Rick and I bought it hook, line and sinker. Thankfully, Dad & Mom broke out in laughter before the two of us starting the pants-dropping process.

Dad meant so much to us. I don't have the time or ability to put into words all the many ways he influenced me. One would be to always respect and love your wife. Mom & Dad shared 59 years of marriage and overall, they knew each other

for 68 years. They first met when they were 12 years old. They married in 1947 when they both were 21, one year after Dad had returned from overseas in WWII. They got married two days after Dad turned 21 because he wanted to be the same age as Mom when they married. It's my opinion that Mom & Dad wrote the script for love affairs. Dad adored Mom. I remember it wasn't until I was about 14-15 years old that I ever heard them argue. They were in the other room having a minor disagreement and the sound I heard was so foreign. I walked into the room and asked "Are you guys arguing???" I had truly never heard them argue before. Mom & Dad both started cracking up as they realized we had never been exposed to them disagreeing before. It was Ozzie & Harriet all the way.



The family was extremely important to Dad. He didn't have a lot as a kid growing up. Grandma Gwen, Dad's Mom, did her best in raising Dad under difficult life circumstances. She did have the support and help of her sister, Dad's Aunt Amy. Aunt Amy and Dad had a special relationship up until the very end. Aunt Amy held a special place in Dad's heart.

Dad made life so comfortable for all of us. He gave up a lot by having to commute into Culver City every day in order for us to grow up in Orange County, but he did it. Every week, he and Eric would trek up to the studio where they worked. They would usually stay a couple of nights in the apartment they had up there as the travel was too tough to make the trip every day. I tell you what though, I really don't think he ever missed a sporting event that Rick and I participated in. We were his priority and he was always there to support us.

We had a great life growing up. Mom and Dad were the reason. We used to regularly visit the Lassie set and watch them film, wander the backlots and see where they filmed “The Andy Griffith Show” and others. Dad would bring home mementos like a Lone Ranger silver bullet, pictures, autographs, and many other tidbits. New Year’s Eve at the Disneyland Hotel, unlimited trips to Disneyland, family golf trips up the coast, playing Pebble Beach, trips back east to North Carolina and Williamsburg. All of these are special times etched in my mind.

He loved his golf. We played countless rounds of golf together.

Dad was quite a competitor up until he had to give the game up 15 years ago or so. He felt golf was a game that taught you a lot about life. Things like respect for competition, confidence, and self-control. I never once beat Dad in a round of golf. The reason I know is that I once asked “Dad, I forget. Did I ever beat you in a round of golf?” I swear, before I got the question out of my mouth, he almost screamed “No!” As I said, he was quite the competitor.

His grandkids were very special to him. Jennifer, Sarah, Nick, Cameron & Kaity meant the world to him. He was so proud of all their accomplishments. He would always ask for or give an update on how things were going with the grandkids. “How’s Jennifer’s new job @ Tiffany? Let me tell you about the latest with Sarah and the boys. Did you hear about the fire Nick fought? How’s Cameron doing @ Cal Poly? What’s up with Kaity’s college search? All of the updates were passed on to anyone within earshot.

Another influence of Dad’s that touched me was the connection of lifelong friends. Dad had a core group of friends that were very special. Jim Bryan, who passed away way too young, Dr. Jack and Frank Smith were friends forever. I may have the years off a bit but those 4 and were best friends from the time they were around 12 years old. They NEVER lost contact with one another. Those long-term friendships resonated with me. You see it with our group of friends who made sure they came to honor Dad at his Celebration of Life; Scott Holt, Jim Curry, Bob Curry, Stu Weedn, Jon Wild, Steve Gordon, Anne Gordon, Rocky Dixon, Buddy Owen, Jon Garner, Bruce Martin, Bobby Retmier. All of this group have been friends of ours minimally since high school, many from elementary school. Their friendships mean a lot to us and I think somehow, it’s all tied to that “friendship

connection" Dad instilled in us. I know he was smiling seeing all of them in attendance at his Celebration.

My message today is to simply give thanks to the Lord for giving us Dad. Proverbs 13:1 says "A wise son heeds his father's instruction". He was a wonderful father, a devoted husband, a mentor, and a best friend who is the reason I'm the man I am today because of his instruction. He had a lot of the same influence on a lot of people in his life and is sorely missed.

Our Mom, Jane Schaefer, was also a special person. She passed away 18 months after Dad as it seems that was about as long as she wanted to hang around without Dad.

While I wrote a lot about our Dad earlier, simply put, Mom was the rock of the family. While Dad was working hard and staying up in town many nights, she was always there for us as we headed off to school, always there when we returned, welcoming us home, asking how our day was, and making us a snack. There was a comfort in that that I don't think we fully realized at the time, kind of like it was expected and no big thing. Looking back brings a different perspective. It was a strategic decision made by Mom and Dad. Of course, it was a big thing that took a lot of work and allowed Rick and I to just be kids.

Carrying on the "kids" theme, at her Life Celebration, there were a bunch of "kids" (Scott, Steve, JW, Rocky, Buddy, Drew, Jon, Bobby) who were lucky enough to experience the welcoming way of Mom. Mom loved having all of our friends around the house as much as possible.

There was also a very impressive list of lifelong family and friends of Moms at her Celebration. Family and friends were an important part of Mom's life and each of those friends has their own memories of Mom that are special to them. Keep those memories close to your heart.

Mom was a great athlete. From her bowling teams where she would regularly have 200+ games, to her golf where she had a hole in one, (something that Dad never did, to his frustration), to ping pong, where she regularly beat up Rick and I until we were way older than we would like to admit, she was one of a kind. I really believe she attended every extra-curricular activity that I was involved in whether it was sports or anything else.

Mom was about as tough a character as there was. Over the last dozen or so years of her life, she was in extreme pain with her arthritis and assorted other maladies, but you wouldn't know it. The thing was if you asked her how she was doing, how her health was, she would say she was doing fine. In conversations with a handful of folks that were at her Celebration who spoke with her within a few days before her passing, those were the exact responses you heard from her. She just didn't want to be a complainer or a burden to anyone.

Rick and Pam had Mom spend the last four months of her life in their home. We moved Mom there after it became apparent she could no longer take care of herself. During those last four months, Mom was surrounded by her kids, grandkids, and great grandkids, looking out in the backyard at the birds, watching the different flowers and fruits begin to bloom, and of course, not missing one golf tournament on the tube! Attending to Mom during this time was a big commitment from Rick and Pam and no doubt challenging at times. Mom couldn't have been in a more loving and comfortable environment, and she loved being here.

In closing, Mom engaged in my life at a level that allowed me to grow up being; confident, challenged, supported, respectful, appreciated, and most importantly, loved. Ephesians 6:2 says; "Honor your Father and Mother – that it may go well with you and that you may enjoy long life on earth". Mom, you are honored today and always. Because of you and your unconditional love, I am the person I am today. You were a special person who left a mark on everyone who attended your Celebration. I know you're no longer in pain and you're enjoying yourself with Dad, Richie, Opal, and Tady. I miss you tremendously; think of you always and you will be in my heart forever.

Doug Schneider	Brad Schultz
	
<p>I knew Doug mostly from playing for fun basketball. He was a great dribbler and shooter. I was a good shooter but less than average dribbler. He was fun to play with. In high school, he was a great knee-boarder.</p>	<p>My brother and I had great memories of the Schultz family. During my senior years Brad, John, and I decided to hike into the Bixby ranch. To make a long story short I broke my arm in the process. During my high school years, we developed a great friendship. I still have a place in my heart with Brad and his family.</p>

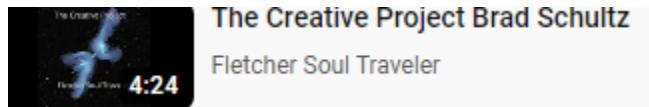
A few months ago I asked Brad how his Mom is doing. She is in her early nineties. I asked if he had done anything with her history, and Brad responded that he is doing a project on the little ted house, In this youtube video Brad interviews, his Mom and she tells the story.

There are tons of pictures. I was highly impressed. It was very touching and heartfelt. It captured the human spirit. Click in the image below to see this heartwarming story.

[The Little Red House](#)



All is One



There's a power
Surging through this universe
That makes us one

And like the flower
To this Earth, we do unfold
Before the sun

Chorus 1
From the smallest piece of matter
To the power of ten thousand suns
We all are made of stardust
Connected in the end
And all is one

She's a dancer
Blowing softly 'cross the floor
Like the wind

And when you're dancing
She'll be with you in mirror
If you look within

Chorus 2
From the blood that courses through us
To the oceans and the seas
The blood the sweat the tears

The same salinity
For we are one

And when we gather
To share all our memories
We are one

It doesn't matter
Our religious philosophies
For we are one

Chorus 1
From the smallest piece of matter
To the power of ten thousand suns
We all are made of stardust
Connected in the end
And all is one

There's a power
Surging through this universe
That makes us one

And like the flower
She bloomed briefly on this Earth
And touched everyone

Chorus 1
From the smallest piece of matter
To the power of ten thousand suns
We all are made of stardust
Connected in the end
And all is one
We are one
All is one...

Judy Schwarz	Pam Scopacasa
	
<p>Brad and Jody were items in high school. My brother John liked her in elementary school. I have a poem that I wrote about their relationship. Jody was a kind person. In elementary school, she could kick the ball better than most guys. She was in a league of her own.</p>	<p>First, meet Pam in seventh grade. We were in the home room together. She had a great personality. She lived across the street from the river jetties where we all had common friends. I read her Facebook posts with delight.</p>

Jody

When I was young my brother had a girlfriend named Jody.

Now they weren't your typical boyfriend girlfriend.

They never kissed or hugged.

They had a true friendship.

An innocent love.

You really can't quite describe it.

Both of them tapped into the source of love.

Words don't need to be spoken.

It was a natural experience.

Two beings simply experience the beauty of life.

It wasn't complicated.

There was no drama or heated discussions.

Kindness was the essence of the relationship.

Kindness is the building block of a good relationship.

Some people say that sex is the foundation of a good relationship.

Yet in my book kindness is the foundation of life.

The universe is kind.

I never saw them fight or quarrel.

That never entered their state of mind.

When you are innocent these things never enter your mind.

The door to negative emotions wasn't opened.

This is true innocence.

This is purity.

You love someone without any reason.

Both John and Jody were incredible at kickball.

They could kick that ball far into the sky.

Both of them were experts in catching the ball.

They knew where to stand and let the ball fall from the sky.

It was a sight to see.

Even Babe Ruth would have been proud.

They both had a knack for kicking home runs when it was their turn to kick.

Both of them were great athletes.

They were graceful and not awkward.

A sense of being in harmony was in the air.

Some people ooze coordination and harmony.

They both had it.

You can't manufacture it.

I was happy for my brother.

He deserved it.

He was kind and innocent.

John didn't have any sign of arrogance.

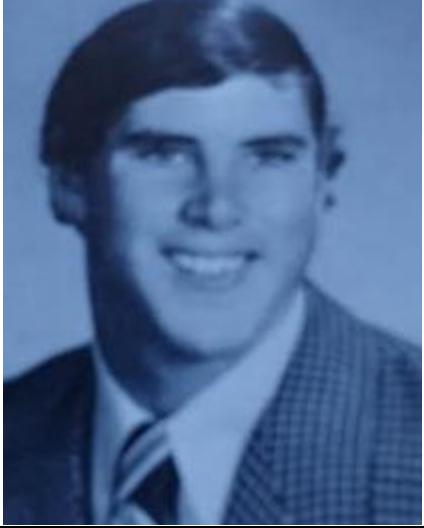
His heart was pure and open.

I'm sure my brother often wonders what happened to Jody.

I'm sure he has not forgotten how innocent and pure they both were.

That sets the foundation for life.

Linda Shotwell	Steve Silsbee
	
<p>First met Linda during junior high. She had a zest for life. I didn't hang out with her. During one reunion we talked about our adventures. We emailed each other for some time. I love to see her posts on Facebook.</p>	<p>Steve is another person who I have known since elementary school. I have fond memories of the Silsbee family. At Halloween time they would have the kids bobbing for apples for the treat. It was a great idea and a healthy one to boot. I send my regards to the Silsbee family.</p>

Jim Stansbury	Dave Smith
	

I knew Jim since junior high. During high school, Mark McClellan and Jim became good friends. Jim was a swimmer and water polo player.

First got introduced to Dave through Craig Perkins. We would go surfing together. At school, we would hang out. Great guy. Great-heart.

Werner Weiss	Eric Weiner
	
<p>Werner and I have known each other since grade school. One day he came to visit our house and walked into our bedroom. He was totally surprised. He didn't see one sports memorabilia. He was expecting a room full of it. We both laughed. Werner took a computer program class well ahead of his time. Mind you this was in high school.</p>	<p>My brother John knew Eric more than I did. Eric was fun to be around. For the last ten years, we have been in contact with each other. Eric loves to grow organic food. I love to cook organic food. I love to use ingredients from all around the world. Each year Eric goes on a Heliskiing trips to the mountains.</p>

John Wilcox	Valerie Wiggers
 A black and white portrait of a young man with short, wavy hair, wearing a dark suit jacket, a white shirt, and a dark tie. He is smiling slightly and looking directly at the camera.	 A color portrait of a young woman with shoulder-length, wavy hair, wearing a light-colored, patterned top. She is smiling and looking towards the camera.
<p>My brother and I have great memories of the Wilcox family. I have known them since elementary school. I will always treasure their Christmas parties. Hey, John do you remember using your window wipers to spray the customs control officer near San Onofre?</p>	<p>Valerie is another classmate I have known since elementary school. She was kind to all. It's amazing how the people we grew up with reflect our lives today. Personally I think many of Valerie's traits rubbed off on me.</p>

Bob Wilson	Taras Young
	

Bob was another person who I have known since grade school. We played baseball together. His Dad was our coach for one year. My brother John was a star pitcher. His Dad was a great coach. He didn't yell at the kids. Bob got a lot of his traits from his Dad. Where ever you are Bob my brother and I send our regards.

Taras is another great friend I had. His parents came from Ukraine. I remember going to the house and for a snack, we would have pickled herring and dark break. I loved it. It was completely outside my comfort zone yet I loved it. Taras was an incredible basketball player. I will never forget my time with the Young family. They treated me like a part of their family.

Liz Priest



I really believe in synchronicity. I posted my new book Family & friends to Facebook. I had a picture of Liz Priest but I didn't have any words for her yet. I was going to trust synchronicity in solving this.

Well lo and behold I get this message from Liz. It was perfect. You see there is a thread of love that ties all together. We are all trying to solve the puzzle of life.

Each of us has different pieces of the puzzle. Liz provided another key to understanding my life. I was so happy she sent me my brother's kindergarten picture. Liz and many childhood friends are in that picture.

That was a snapshot in time. Amazingly, we have the opportunity to connect with our childhood friends. I have followed Liz's post on

Facebook. Thanks again Liz for reminding us of the deep connection that we all have.



Liz Priest Tolison Rick this is great. Maybe you could put it on our NHHS class of 1971 FB page also.



Hi Liz

Thanks for the advice. I have a question for you. Were you the one who came up to me and said that my brother and I caused you to discomfort at the bus stop? This would be at our last reunion. If that is true on behalf of my brother and me we are sorry for any pain we have caused.

I have been reading your Facebook posts for quite some time now. I truly enjoy them. Do you have any good memories of my brother and me? I have a section in my book that I have for you yet I need some help here. We have known each other since grade school yet I need some trigger mechanism to fire off.

Anyway thanks for posting a comment. I believe in synchronicity and you responded at the perfect time. The person I wanted to write about was the only friend who posted a comment. Thanks.

Merry Christmas and have a Happy New Year. BTW congratulations on your retirement. What a great milestone.



Liz

No, I don't have unpleasant memories of you and your brother, and no of the bus stop incident. I think I picked the bus up for NHHS down by Santiago. I liver on Dover/ Doris from 6th grade through HS.

I just remember being intrigued by the fact that you were twins and that you both were very cute. Either you or your brother was in my kindergarten class. I have a copy of our kindergarten class picture which I think I got from Sheri Salmans. Mark McClellan and Mark Blackburn were also in the class.

I have reunited with a lot of our classmates through FB and reunions. Last year we went to Catalina again and Mark Blackburn came as well as Mark McClellan. It turned out that several of us like to trade/dabble in stocks and communicate through email/ text now. Diane Davidson Rippere, Mark McClellan, Mark Blackburn, and Gretchen Gribble.

Mark McClellan called me about a month ago and we talked about maybe getting together for lunch to talk stocks. By the way, since you were good friends with Mark M, did you know he had a heart attack and I think broken ribs earlier this year?

He had to wear a brace earlier this year. In our younger years I think we called you Ricky, how are you addressed as an adult? Well, I've rattled on enough. I really enjoyed your book and the memories of fellow classmates.

My early years memories are sketchy so being around former classmates and FB is helping. Sheri Salmans lived down the street from me when I was about 4 and has filled in some history for me. Merry Christmas Rick and I hope to see you at our next reunion.

Richard

Can you send me the kindergarten class photo? I would love to include that. Thanks. Have a great day.

Liz

I have to relocate it and I will. Do you know if it was you or your brother in our class with the 2 Mark's?

Richard

Quite frankly I don't remember. It will be a surprise.



Liz



Richard

Wow, thanks. That was my brother. Thanks. That was fast.



Liz

Here you go. I'm in the center, Mark McClellan is below me, Sheri Salmans is upper left corner, and Mark Blackburn is I think 2 to the right of Mark.

Richard

Yep, I definitely see you. Wow. Thanks. I have now kindergarten, second grade, sixth, and seventh-grade photos



Liz

You're welcome

More Childhood Friends 4

Jennie Farber Kosko	Robert Reed
<p>To be honest I really didn't know Jennie that well in high school. Yet I've been reading her posts for around seven years and they highly reflect my view on life. Amazingly, Facebook will reflect a person's views on life. I resonate with her posts. They are uplifting and inspire me on my journey in life. They reflect her state of mind and being. I like that.</p>	<p>Robert's Dad was the head of the Newport Beach lifeguards for many years. They live directly on the beach. I went to his house a few times and felt how lucky Robert was. I didn't know Robert well but many of my friends knew him extremely well. Robert is still surfing and enjoying the ocean. Keep on surfing Robert.</p>

Diane Davidson Rippere



You can pick up on people just by listening and watching what they post. Sometimes the thread of life is woven yet it happens and we aren't aware. We miss it by a few years. For example.



Rick! I just noticed you live in Overland Park. I lived in Prairie Village for 5 of the best years of my life (1997 to 2002). Are you still there? I was at Nall & 87th Street!

9/18/15, 12:23 PM

We still live there. We live around 155th and Nall. You live in Arizona? If you ever come out this way we would love to see you.

9/18/15, 1:41 PM



Yes we're in AZ, both job transfers for my husband out of CA. I had 2 kids in elementary school in Prairie Village and had a bunch of lovely friends due to that! If you come thru AZ please let us know, too! I miss gardening in KS!

12/24/17, 10:23 AM

It would have been delightful if our paths were crossed. Life has many different ways of weaving a web. This is one example.

Devon Doan	
	
<p>About a year ago I was visiting my Mom and she brought out some family albums. In one of the family albums was a Christmas card from the Doan family. I was in elementary school at the time. This was probably before I even met Devon. Our parents were friends together. Many times there is a thread which ties us together and we don't even know about it. Devon really enjoys life. She will always make enhance the room with her presence. I like that about her.</p>	

Jeff Wilcox	Rocky Dixon
	
<p>I have known Jeff since elementary school. Jeff's parents would throw a Christmas party which our family would love to attend. I have a special place in my heart for the Wilcox family. Jeff was an incredible swimmer</p>	<p>Good old Rocky. My brother and I like the guy. He was a year older than us. He had something in his aura that made people like this guy. His woodwork is out of this world. You can see he puts everything into his work.</p>

<p>and water polo player. He swam circles around me. I love reading about his adventures on Facebook.</p>	
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Kathy Kelly Krohn	Scott Sumner
	
<p>Kathy's passion was swimming. Here's a post-Kathy post in honor of coach Barnet who dies recently.</p> <p>RIP Bill. He was my first swim coach with Coast Clippers in 1964/5. When I went to High School (NHHS), he allowed me to work out with the boy's team so I didn't have to travel to CMHS for practice. Thank you, Coach Barnett.</p> <p>I enjoy reading her posts. She carries a passion for life.</p>	<p>I have known Scott since elementary school. He lived in the same neighborhood as us. I spent many days playing with him. Both my brother and I have fond memories of him and his family. They moved to Laguna Beach around sixth grade. I remember collecting bottles at the beach and getting refunds for returning them. There was also a freaky haunted house that Scott showed us.</p> <p>scott and I are on the same wavelength in life.</p> <div data-bbox="775 1389 1068 1670">  </div>

Michael Lawler	Gilbert Barnes
	
<p>I love to hear Michael's adventures of sailing around the world. Michael is extremely bright and used his wit to outfox his opponents in a dangerous situation.</p> <p>This is from the Orange County Register.</p> <p>They had adventures. Heading toward Fiji, Lawler, and Burdick, 53, spotted a distress flare and searched the darkness to find two fishermen in a small boat. They towed them back to Niue where they were greeted like heroes.</p> <p>"We saved their lives for sure."</p> <p>There are also stories not fit for children.</p> <p>They were concerned about pirates in the Gulf of Aden, but a British couple they met at the Maldives, Paul and Rachel Chandler, reassured them it wasn't bad.</p> <p>As the Traveler made its passage, however, they were approached by an unmarked speedboat carrying an armed man. They played dumb and never stopped.</p> <p>"We had to deal with the situation," Lawler comments. "They might have been beginner pirates."</p>	<p>What can I say about Gilbert? Gilbert was friends with Johnny Coontz. When I came back from India Gilbert was one of the few who was interested in learning how to meditate. This was many moons ago. Gilbert still loves to meditate. We haven't seen each other in a long time yet we still call one another. I love his sense of humor. I consider him a great friend of mine.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">RIP Gilbert Barnes</p> <p>Yesterday I learned from my brother John that Gilbert passed away last year. I had no idea that this happened. It was last year at this same time period that I spoke to him on the phone. Gilbert and I were great friends.</p> <p>When I came back from my travels around the world I introduced him to the world of meditation. For those of you who meditate you understand the connection it has for each other.</p> <p>We didn't socialize much. We had a great common friend Johnny Coontz. Johnny was our surfing buddy for my brother and me. Gilbert was Johnny's school friend.</p>

This is just the tip of the iceberg of their incredible journey.

I remember a funny incident that occurred around 1989. I was working for the Navy Seals. I was working for the Navy as a computer programmer. One day I got off work and was walking down stairs from the main building I was working in. All of a sudden this alien is behind me. He looks like a combination of a human and reptilian. I had a little fear but I knew I would be all right. As soon as I reached the bottom of the stairs I saw the guard look right at me. I was thinking do you see what I see. The alien was right at my side. I couldn't believe the guard didn't see him. I laughed to myself and walked out of the building. The alien still continued to walk by my side until I got to my car. I entered my car and the alien sat in the passenger seat. He drove with me about 10 miles.

To make a long story short Gilbert and his wife invited me and my wife to a Chinese restaurant in San Diego. Mind you this was only a few days after this incident. Well I tell my story. It was still totally on my mind. I could see

that Gilbert was fascinated by it. His wife did not. I could see it on her face. Well anyway that was the first and last time we had dinner with Gilbert and his wife.

Years later Gilbert and I had a huge chuckle about this. It seems like true friends can go years without seeing each other. Last year when I talked to him on the phone it seemed just like yesterday. Ironically it was my last time I talked to him. I was planning to call him in the next two weeks. RIP dear Gilbert. Your ashes are scattered across the universe. A part of you exists inside of me. Thank you for being my friend.

Dan Miller	Mark Dwyer
	
<p>I remember around fifth grade Dan came over to our house. We had this old funky piano that no one ever played. It was really out of tune. Yet Dan sat down and completely blew our minds. He played like Beethoven. He was a genius and a master at such a young age. He was older than us. My brother and I spent time playing many different sports with Dan and the gang. Dan has a great sense of humor.</p>	<p>Mark was part of the river jetty gang. We all loved to surf and enjoy life. My brother and I really enjoyed Mark. He was a year younger than us. I have many incredible memories of surfing with Mark. He also loves to ski. About a year ago my brother John attended a funeral for Steve Hudson. Mark organized the event. My brother loved to see Mark again. It was many years since they have seen each other.</p>

Jerry D. Smith	William Baker
	
<p>As I remember Jerry loves football. There were a group of kids that played football since grade school. Jerry was one of them. Jerry has a keen sense of humor. He laughs at life. Both Rick Chatillon and Jerry love to banter with each other. I love to read his Facebook post. He is a Grandfather and is proud of it.</p>	<p>William was best friends with John Mors. Many of my friends were more closely connected to William than I. Yet we knew each other. There is a web where we are all tied together. Recently I learned from William that his best friend John died. I wrote some words on his passing. William has a great heart.</p>

Lee Haven	
	
<p>When I was probably in the fifth grade I played baseball. Mind you I wasn't very good. My brother was. Anyway, we would play some games where Lee was the pitcher. To be honest I was completely petrified facing him. He threw the ball faster than anyone I knew. Not only that but he could throw a curveball which was quite unknown at the time. Lee was humble and had nothing to prove. We are still in contact through Facebook.</p>	

Rick Chatillon	
	
<p>I first met Rick in high school. We both ran cross country and track. Rick was an incredible runner. He also loved to surf. My brother and I have many incredible memories of Rick. He would bring laughter and humor to our workouts.</p>	

Steve Beyer (880), Ken Hurst (1320).
Newport Harbor — Brad Schultz (220), Kirk Chatillon (1320), ~~Rich Fletcher (1320)~~, Court Reeser (120 LH), Terry Albritton (SP), 880 relay.

Terry Albritton



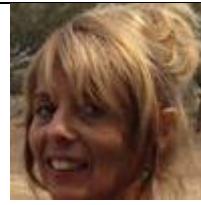
Terry Albritton went on to set the world record in the shot put. He is regarded as a pioneer in importing the training techniques from the Soviet Union to the U.S. These methods include power cleans, plyometrics, and other fast twitching muscle training techniques. Terry had a great heart. My brother and I truly respected him. He was years ahead of his time.

Steve Beyer (880), Ken Hurst (1320).
Newport Harbor — Brad Schultz (220), Kirk Chatillon (1320), ~~Rich Fletcher (1320)~~, Court Reeser (120 LH), Terry Albritton (SP), 880 relay.

Teri Horn



Paula Jensen



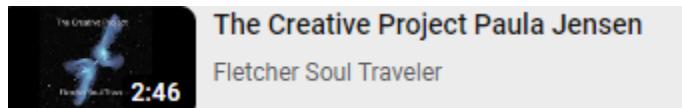
Terry and Terri Albritton were girlfriend and boyfriend. I really didn't know Teri that well. I read many of her posts about Terry's passing. I love to hear her posts. They are uplifting. Each one of us has bumps in the road that

After many years Paula has resurfaced in my life. I haven't heard anything about her in many years. Some of my friends said she moved to Australia. Yet when we messaged each other on my birthday she said it wasn't so.

we hit and Teri has a great attitude towards life.

Paula brings life to the party of life. She is kind to all. I love those chickens of hers. She moved away from the city and lives in the countryside.

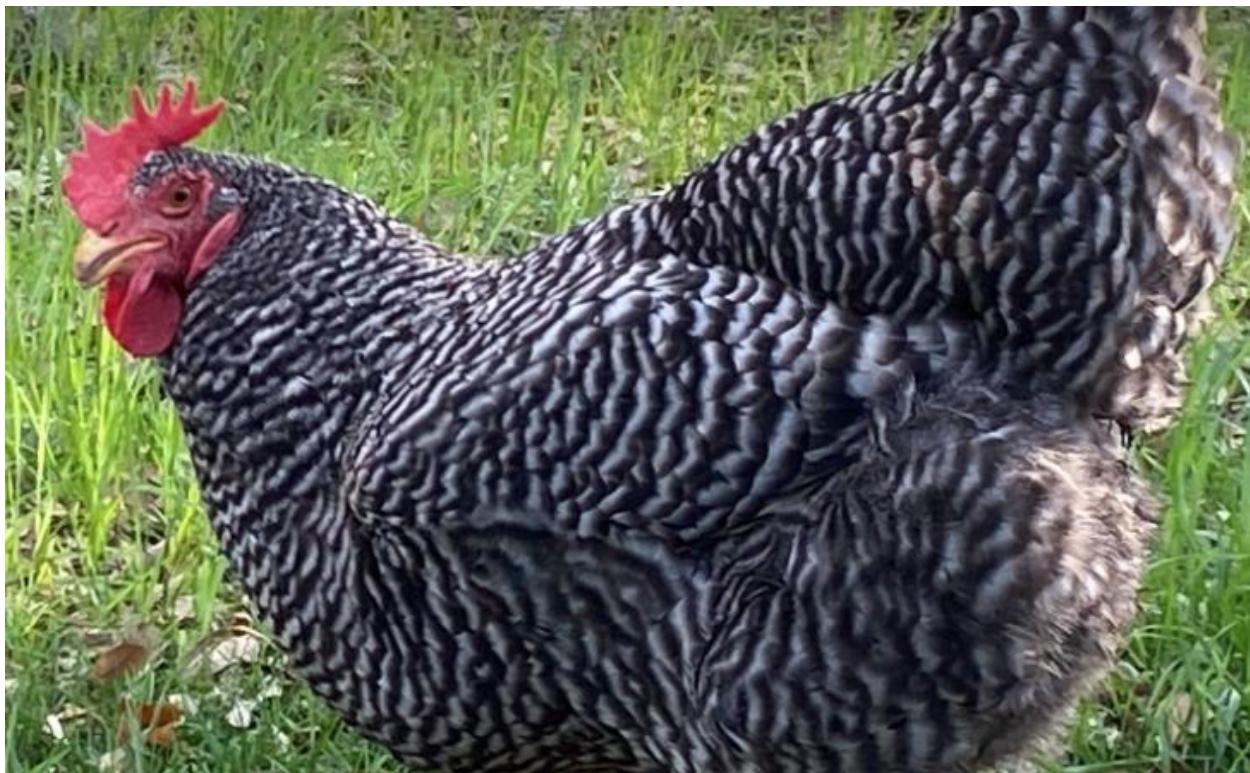
Paula Jensen



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Paula brings life to the party of life. She is kind to all. I love those chickens of hers. She moved away from the city and lives in the countryside.

Here's Henny



Henny The Lucky Penny

I have so many things to be thankful for...
Food and shelter and much, much more...

I was brought to a home where I was loved
for sure...

I was never alone and always felt safe and
secure...

I have many friends to share my happy
times...

Even a dog named Daisy who hangs with us
most of the time...

Lots of treats every day and beautiful
scenery along the way...

Plenty of space for me to explore, places for
sunbath's, lots of bugs and much more !

When I needed help it was always there, bandaids, ointments and my owner who cared...

She's watches me closely and makes sure I'm ok, I leave her an egg almost everyday...

I love sitting close to the door knowing I can look in, it gives me great comfort being together with all of my friends....

Who would have thought I would have made it this long, after being attacked by an opossum and having to hobble along..

I'm almost 8, which is getting up in chicken years, living the life with very few fears..

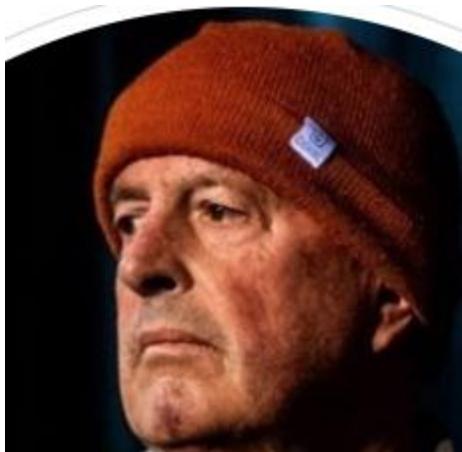
So here's to a good life I hope to endure it's been a fun ride that's for sure ...

Recipe for FRIENDSHIP



Blend conversation,
laughter, and fun together.
Add trust and acceptance
and mix well.
Stirring gently,
soften with teardrops
and sweeten
with understanding.
Sprinkle generously
with favorite memories,
decorate with hugs
and smiles, and enjoy!

John Burton



John has been playing music ever since I have known him since high school.

Harp Inn



Campus Jax



We got some great videos from our show at Campus Jax with [Michael Mills](#) on March 1, and this might be my favorite. I had an idea right before we went on and asked [Madeleine Colliere](#) if she would sing on Riot with us. She

wasn't sure but the next thing I knew there she was and obviously she added a lot! Also starring [Ky Michael](#) on lead guitar; [John Burton](#) on second guitar and vocals; [Rick Rolfe](#)s on bass and vocals; [Ron Ravicchio](#) on drums and yours truly [Jon C. Garner](#) on lead vocal and harmonica.

Here's Scott Holt singing with the band. I've known Scott since first grade.

Scott Holt



More fun from our March 1 show at Campus Jax. [Ron Ravicchio](#) really gets a workout on drums. Hope you watch this video along with Wine from the same show. In addition to Ron, Scott Holt handled the vocals, [Jon C. Garner](#) played harmonica; [John Burton](#) and [Ky Michael](#), guitars, and [Rick Rolfe](#)s, bass. A lot of humor and tight playing here.

Billy Folsom	Gary Dahl
	
<p>Last time I saw Billy was at my eighth-grade birthday. Somehow my Dad arranged for us to go to a baseball game. It was at Angles stadium. He arranged for us to go to the dugout and met the players and go to the dressing room. We all got baseballs signed by the players. Nolan Rylan was one of them. In seventh and eighth grade he was my buddy. I remember him talking about surfing the famous Tijuana Sloughs years ago. It's a famous yet unknown surf spot. I 'm still in contact with Billy today.</p>	<p>Chris liked to play pranks with his brother Gary. I remember one time Gary tried to get into the car and just before he got in the car he would speed up. It did this for probably a mile. I was impressed by Gary's determination. Eventually, Gary got into the car. I liked Gary's sense of humor. He was a great guy to be around.</p>

More Childhood Friends 5

William Becket



I first met Bill in junior high. Bill was definitely a character. He had a strong sense of humor. Bill was a great basketball player and surfer. His family belonged to the San Onofre surf club which allowed him to surf at San Onofre. Back then it was off-limits to the public.

Bill and his family were portrayed in a book.

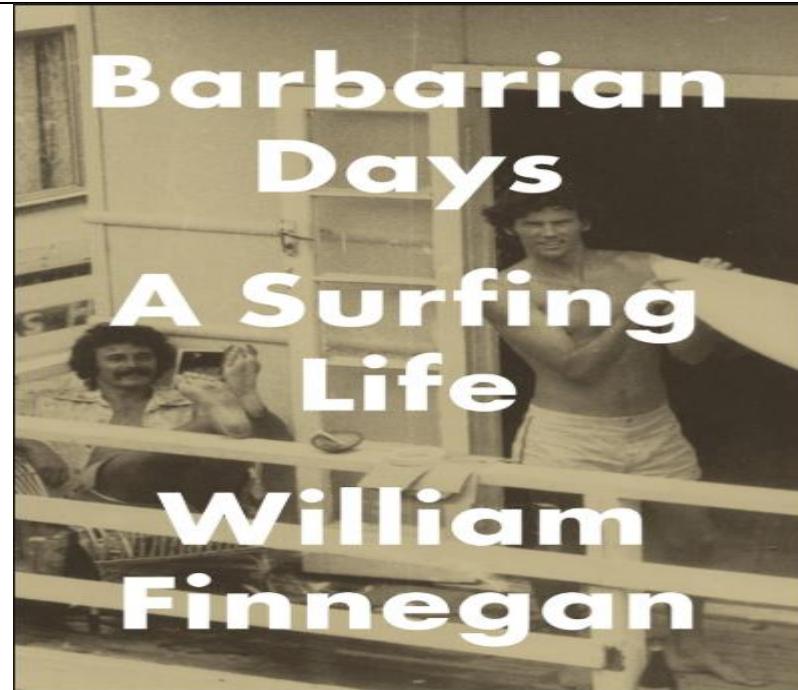
Barbarian Days: A Surfing Life

By William Finnegan

Winner of the 2016 Pulitzer Prize for Autobiography

**Included in President Obama's 2016 Summer Reading List*

I have read this book and highly recommend it. William Finnegan is a great storyteller and author.



Here's a sample of the book.

SCUSE ME WHILE I KISS THE SKY

TOWN WAS FLAT. The whole island had been flat for a week. I had the day off work; Becket had some acid. We dropped (that was the strange, sinking, truncated phrase people used for ingesting LSD) before daybreak, then stood around a fire in Kobatake's backyard and waited for dawn. Old Kobatake never seemed to sleep. He jabbed the fire with a crowbar, his face a golden oval against the velvety blackness of his yard. He cackled when Becket joked about the roosters waking up his wife. Maybe our scheming, bewhiskered landlord wasn't such a bad guy. We took my be-flowered car, the former Rhino Chaser, and headed north.

Our plan was to ride in the country away from the maddling town.

Bill is a great guy. I will always remember him.

Bruce Lymburn



Bruce was our student body president. I recall he spent much time in Sacramento working on a state-wide board. I remember Bruce had a wily sense of humor. His passion is flying. Bruce and I are friends on Facebook. I have gotten to know him better. We are on the same wave length.

Andy Williams	Vince Horpel
<p>I have known Andy since junior high school. He lives in Seattle Washington. I love seeing his post with his grandkids. Andy loves to attend sporting events.</p>	<p>I have known the Horpel family since elementary school. One of my fond memories was when Vince invited me to his house to see a rabbit. That was the first time I ever got close to one. There was a period in my life that Vince and I would go surfing together. This was after I came back from my journey abroad. My brother John at this same time would bicycle a hundred miles with Vince. The Horpel family was incredible at WRESTLING. His brother Chris was the coach at Stanford University for over twenty years. Their family is famous in the wrestling world.</p>

Katherine Horpel Chernick Fauvre	Kerry Dalebout Peters
	
<p>I love that Kathleen thinks outside of the box. She has been an advocate for the Enneagram process since 1985.</p> <p>Here's an excerpt from her website.</p> <p>Katherine is a personality expert. She has been working as an Enneagram transformational author, researcher, teacher, trainer, and coach since 1985 and has an integrated and holistic view of the Enneagram. Her 'In-depth Inquiry Process' helps you discover new ways of working with old problems. Katherine's vast knowledge of many systems allows her to effortlessly track your words, expressions, tone, and body language in a way that will help you identify what is at the root of your current issues. With this insight, you can transform relationships, achieve your potential and understand more about your own unique path to wholeness. Most importantly, Katherine works to quickly and radically deepen your understanding of yourself and others, which empowers you to develop the critical self-awareness needed to live a more meaningful and fulfilling life.</p>	<p>Kerry and I go way back to elementary school. She was extremely good at Tetherball. I remember she won almost all her matches. Many of my close friends were close to Kerry. Joyce, Devon and Patti come to mind. They still socialize for over fifty years.</p>

Mark Jacobi	Gary Robertson
	
<p>Mark passed away a few years ago. We both love to cook up a storm. We thought it would be good to get together and cook up a meal. I will never forget his humor and laughter.</p>	<p>The Robertson's were another family who lived in our neighborhood. His brother Jeff was on the same cross country and track team. Gary was a year younger than my brother and I. My heart has many fond memories of the Robertson family. I will never forget the time your family made it into the Ranch and surfed rights and lefts. That was an incredible day.</p>

Jeff Daly	Brad Croul
	
<p>Jeff is an incredible waterman. I remember even in junior high he was surfing at a high caliber. Jeff still surfs and bodysurfs today. He is a legend at body surfing at the wedge and pipeline. I love to read his posts. He loves to ride the waves of life.</p>	<p>Brad is another childhood friend. He lived in the same neighborhood. Brad was good friends with Carter. Carter moved to Europe for some years during high school. I hitchhiked from Germany to Denmark to see him.</p> <p>Here's an excerpt from my book Fractal Fairy Tales.</p>

We hitchhiked from Germany to Denmark. We were looking for a friend name Carter Robinson. We arrive at the dock where Carter lived and found out his boat left a



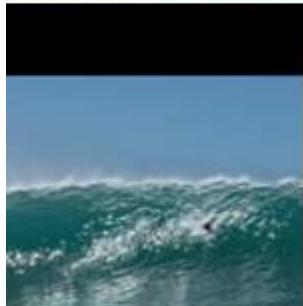
few days earlier. The person told us where they might be for a few days. We hitchhiked to this city and found Carter. It was quite a surprise. We stayed for about a week. They were planning to go to Norway for a while. They asked us if we wanted to go but we declined. Carter had a guest named Brad Crowl who was an old neighbor of mine. We grew up together.

Brad I would love to talk to you again someday.

Jeff Daly



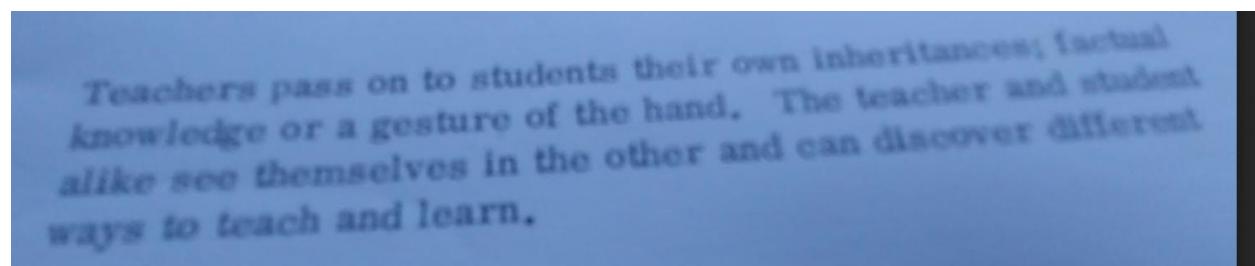
What can I say about Jeff? We went to the same high school together. Just think he is still surfing and bodysurfing at places like the famous wedge in Newport Beach and the Pipeline in Hawaii. Hey, all you kids out there he is in his late sixties and still ripping. Probably less than one percent of the surfing world would even attempt to go out at the wedge and pipeline bodysurfing on a huge day. Talk about creativity. He is painting in motion and being in harmony with the wave. Most people would be scared out of their wits. I know I never could do that.



Mentors

I found this in my high school yearbook. I find it quite profound. The web of life exists everywhere.

Teachers pass on to students their inheritances, factual knowledge or a gesture of the hand. The teacher and student alike see themselves in the other and can discover different ways to teach and learn.



We are all shaped by our society. No man is an island. We all learn from each other. These are the teachers who helped shape my life for the better.

Jim Cokas was kind enough to post the following on Facebook. I had teachers I wrote about but now have included many more.

[Jim Cokas](#) [Richard Fletcher](#) This series you've been so thoughtfully compiling from our year books of classmates made me think you might continue it with teachers that were important in your life. That generation is quickly passing away.

3

Delete or hide this

- [Like](#)
- [Reply](#)
- [1w](#)

- [Richard Fletcher](#) [Jim Cokas](#) I have some coming up. Thanks.

1

Edit or delete this

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- [· Reply](#)
- [· 1w](#)
- [Active Now](#)

[John Fletcher](#) [Jim Cokas](#) and Richard, awesome idea! We all had some awesome teachers!

2

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- [· Edited](#)

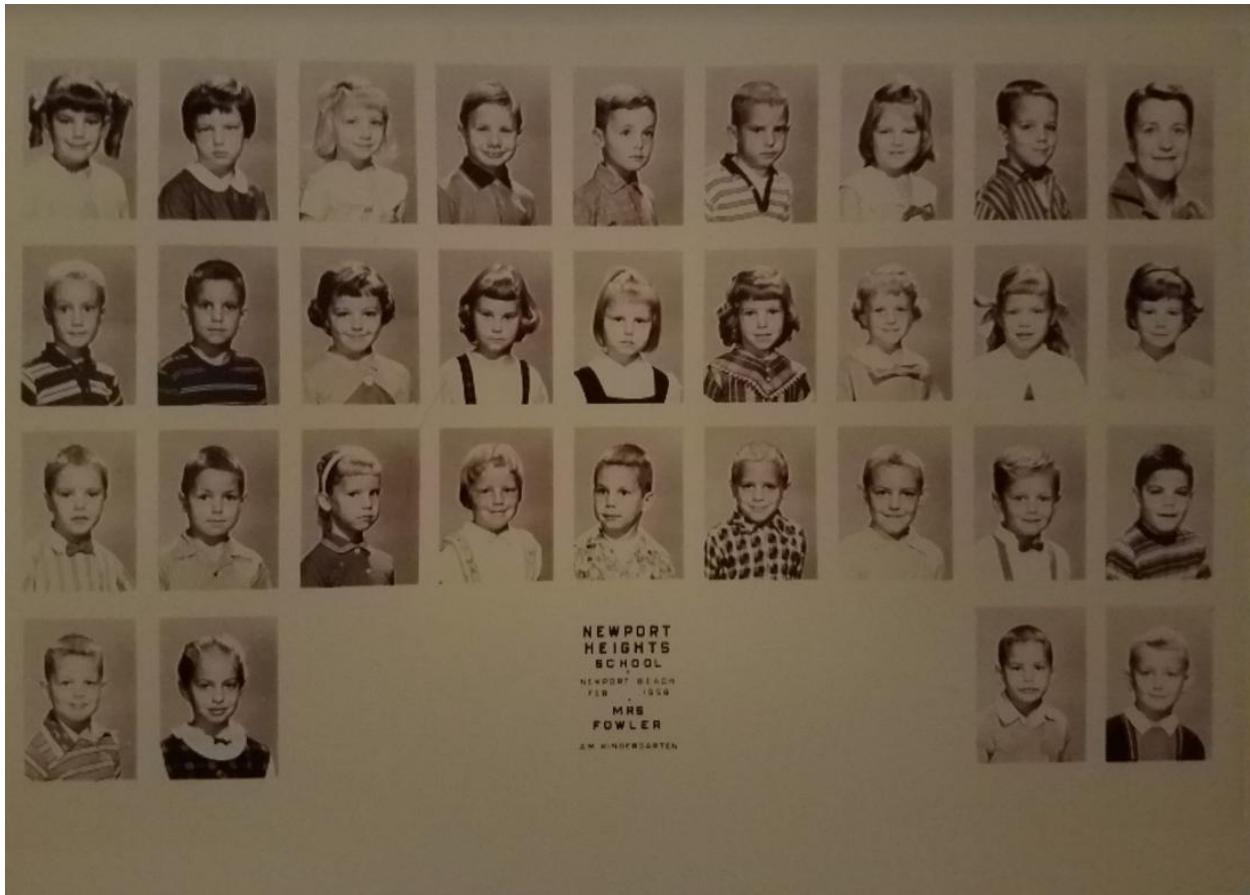
Kindergarten Newport Harbor need picture

First grade Mrs. Ireland need picture

I will always remember Mrs. Ireland. My Dad for a short time worked with her husband. I remember going to a restaurant with our family and the Ireland's joined us. I learned that she had a pet ocelot. That was way cool. I got my love for reading from her.

She made it fun and exciting. I have love reading ever since then. The first book she gave us was the cat in the hat. I remembered she asked the class does anyone know this word trick.

I was the only one in the class that knew this word. I think that boosted my confidence level to a higher level. I was hooked on learning.



NEWPORT
HEIGHTS
SCHOOL
NEWPORT BEACH
CALIF. 1958
MRS.
FOWLER
2M. KINDERGARTEN

Second Grade Mrs. Werner



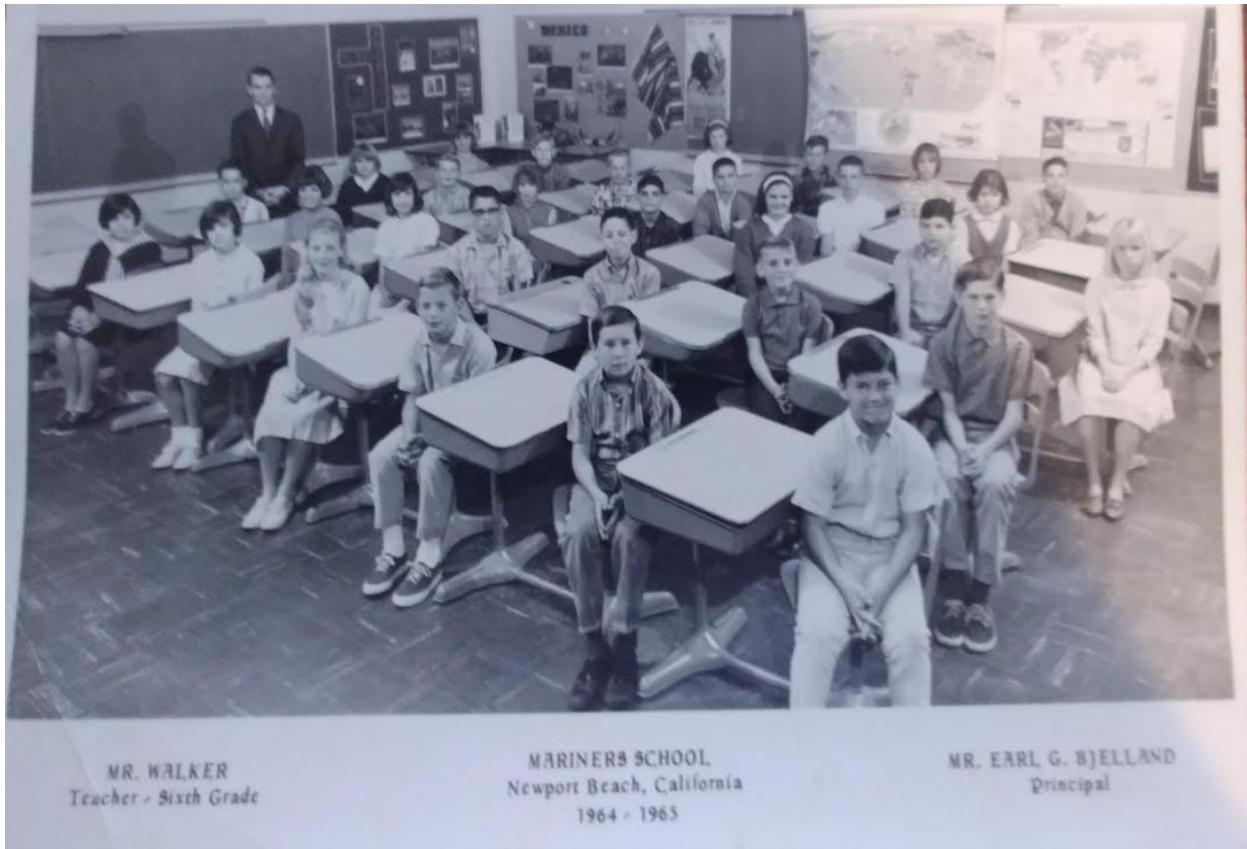
One day our class made homemade butter. Mrs. Werner made the entire class try the butter. I remember Paul Cohen tasted the butter and didn't like it. I still remember his wiping the butter on his pants so he didn't have to eat the butter.

[Third grade](#)

[Fourth grade](#)

[Fifth grade](#)

Sixth grade Mr. Walker



I loved Mr. Walker. He made learning fun. He had quite a sense of humor. I remembered him treating us as young adults. He helped me to get interested in all sorts of subjects.

The class had great dynamics. Everyone help brings a unique perspective to the table. We were still quite young but our personalities were quite defined. I remember being quite curious about life. I have fond memories of this class.

Seventh grade



This was quite a dynamic class. Nick Roth and Roman Beck were incredible surfers. They were so far ahead of the times. RIP dear Mark Ernst. Good old Tom. I have fond memories of Carol Beck. Whatever happened to Randy Ivy and Monty Grimes? Haven't heard anything in over 48 years. I see Pam's post on Facebook. There's Gary Hill. I loved his zest for life. Victor Nelly is another I haven't seen or heard from.

In seventh grade, I started to learn how to surf. The rest is history.

Eight grade

RIP Gilbert Barnes

Yesterday I learned from my brother John that Gilbert passed away last year. I had no idea that this happened. It was last year at this same time period that I spoke to him on the phone. Gilbert and I were great friends.

When I came back from my travels around the world I introduced him to the world of meditation. For those of you who meditate you understand the connection it has for each other.

We didn't socialize much. We had a great common friend Johnny Coontx.

Johnny was our surfing buddy for my brother and me. Gilbert was Johnny's school friend.

I remember a funny incident that occurred around 1989. I was working for the Navy Seals. I was working for the Navy as a computer programmer. One day I got off work and was walking down stairs from the main building I was working in. All of a sudden this alien is behind me. He looks like a combination of a human and reptilian. I had a little fear but I knew I would be all right. As soon as I reached the bottom of the stairs I saw the guard look right at me. I was thinking do you see what I see. The alien was right at my side. I couldn't believe the guard didn't see him. I laughed to myself and walked out of the building. The alien still continued to walk by my side until I got to my car. I entered my car and the alien sat in the passenger seat. He drove with me about 10 miles.

To make a long story short Gilbert and his wife invited me and my wife to a Chinese restaurant in San Diego. Mind you this was only a few days

after this incident. Well I tell my story. It was still totally on my mind. I could see that Gilbert was fascinated by it. His wife did not. I could see it on her face. Well anyway that was the first and last time we had dinner with Gilbert and his wife.

Years later Gilbert and I had a huge chuckle about this. It seems like true friends can go years without seeing each other. Last year when I talked to him on the phone it seemed just like yesterday. Ironically it was my last time I talked to him. I was planning to call him in the next two weeks. RIP dear Gilbert. Your ashes are scattered across the universe. A part of you exists inside of me. Thank you for being my friend.

[High School](#)

[Joan Condon](#)



Mrs. Condone was my English teacher. She had a sparkle for life. I remember one day a student played on a record player “all over the watchtower” by Jimi Hendrix.

She led a beautiful discussion on the lyrics which I still remember today. She was innovative in her teaching style.

It was entertaining to go to her class.

Jimi Hendrix and Bob Dylan

All Along The Watchtowe



The Jimi Hendrix Experience - All Along The Watchtower (Official Audio)

Jimi Hendrix 208M views

Official Audio for "All Along The Watchtower" by The Jimi Hendrix Experience Listen to Jimi Hendrix: <https://jimihendrix.lnk.to/listenYD> Subscribe to the official Jimi Hendrix YouTube Channel:...



Bob Dylan - All Along the Watchtower ORIGINAL 1967

13K views • 11 years ago

K Koen

from the album John Wesley Harding, released December 1967.

Lyrics

There must be some kind of way outta here
Said the joker to the thief
There's too much confusion
I can't get no relief

Business men, they drink my wine
Plowmen dig my earth
None will level on the line
Nobody offered his word
Hey, hey

No reason to get excited
The thief, he kindly spoke
There are many here among us
Who feel that life is but a joke
But, uh, but you and I, we've been through that
And this is not our fate
So let us stop talkin' falsely now
The hour's getting late, hey

Hey

All along the watchtower
Princes kept the view
While all the women came and went
Barefoot servants, too
Well, uh, outside in the cold distance
A wildcat did growl

Two riders were approaching
And the wind began to howl, hey

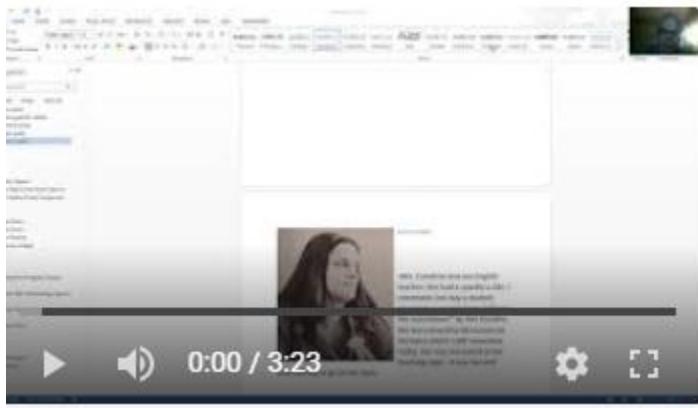
All along the watchtower

All along the watchtower

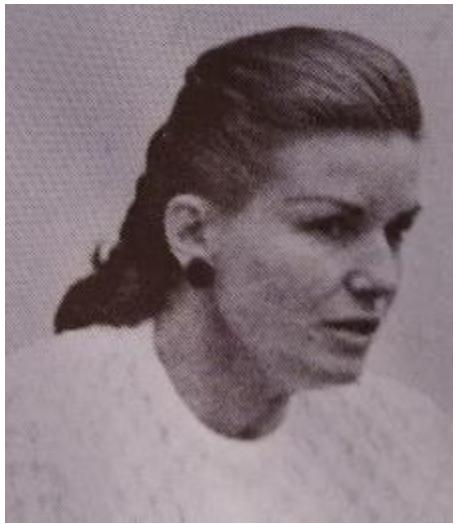
Source: [LyricFind](#)

Songwriters: Bob Dylan

All Along the Watchtower lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group



Betty Topalion



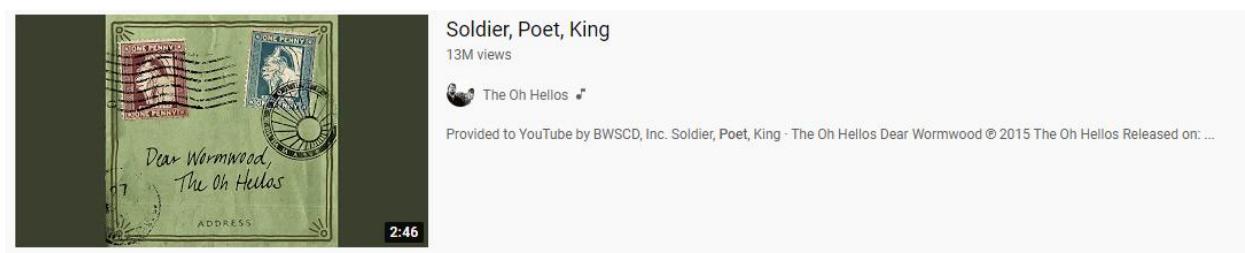
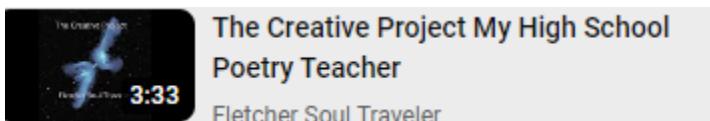
Mrs. Topalion was my poetry teacher in my senior year. She taught me the love of poetry.

I remember one day we had an assignment to read a poem. I found a spiritual poem and read it to the class.

She asked me what it means and I said it was self-explanatory. To be honest I had no clue.

She knew that and was kind not to go further. She inspired me to look at ways that are different from society.

There is a world where words come up to the surface to be a creative force for mankind. She helped me to dive deep to discover the pearls of life.



Each year someone
Good things happen
To me — ~~all~~ time to
Know you & How
was one of them
This year — Have
a marvelous time &
on your trip —
Mrs. Sopalian

Simon & Garfunkel

The Sound of Silence



Lyrics

Hello darkness, my old friend
I've come to talk with you again
Because a vision softly creeping

Left its seeds while I was sleeping
And the vision that was planted in my brain
Still remains
Within the sound of silence

In restless dreams, I walked alone
Narrow streets of cobblestone
'Neath the halo of a street lamp
I turned my collar to the cold and damp
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light
That split the night
And touched the sound of silence

And in the naked light, I saw
Ten thousand people, maybe more
People talking without speaking
People hearing without listening
People writing songs that voices never shared
And no one dared
Disturb the sound of silence

"Fools" said I, "You do not know
Silence like a cancer grows
Hear my words that I might teach you
Take my arms that I might reach you"
But my words, like silent raindrops fell
And echoed in the wells of silence

And the people bowed and prayed
To the neon god they made
And the sign flashed out its warning
In the words that it was forming
Then the sign said, "The words on the prophets are written on the subway walls
In tenement halls"
And whispered in the sound of silence

Source: [Musixmatch](#)

Songwriters: Paul Simon

The Sound of Silence lyrics © Paul Simon Music, Sony/atv Songs LLC



Ryan Bingham - The Poet

101K views • 9 years ago

 Hauskonzerte

<http://hauskonzerte.com> Munich's Finest Live Session.

My High School Poetry Teacher

When I was in high school, I took poetry.
I had an incredible teacher.
She inspired me.
We read from many different poets.
I learned about the power of words.
The poetic reflects human life.
His soul is on fire.
Life is passionate.
The poet's words have meanings.
The poet teaches us how to listen.
The poet says we are all poets.
We have simply forgotten.
We speak at a surface level.
Throughout time the poets have been here.
They reflect our needs.

Betty Topalion Poetry Assignment

I remember one day Mrs. Topalion gave us an assignment. We were to find a poem that we like and had to read it to the class. I just started to learn how to meditate. I choose this incredible eastern poem. I don't remember the name of it.

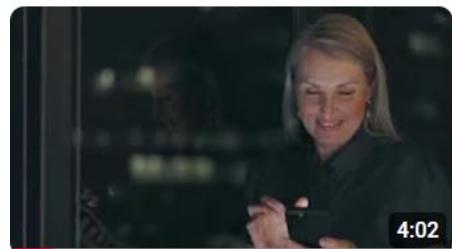
Somehow I gravitated to it. I didn't know its meaning. Anyway, all the students gave their readings. It was my turn to read the poem. I read the poem and my teacher asked me if could I critique the poem.

I said it was self-explanatory. To be honest it was at such a deep level I didn't have the life experience to say anything. She has such compassion. She didn't press me on it. Most teachers wouldn't let you get away so easily.

Yet a seed was planted and she didn't crush the seed. Years later I love to ponder life and its meanings. I often wondered how my life would be if she was a typical teacher who had her rules. If you don't follow them exactly you will feel the consequences.

To this day I am grateful she had great intuition and saw my struggle. She gave me the inspiration to follow my dreams. That is what a teacher is all about. I'm still learning the power of words in my everyday life. I feel so honored to have such a teacher.

Betty Topalion Poetry Assignment updated



Betty Topalion Poetry
Assignment

Fletcher Soul Traveler • 1 view

Mrs. Topalion's Seed

Dig this— A classroom, where sunlight spilled like quiet dreams across young desks, and Mrs. Topalion stood, sharp yet soft, a wisdom wrapped in wool.

She gave us an assignment: “Find a poem, read it, let it breathe.” We were kids with matches in hand, flicking sparks in the shadows of meaning.

Me? I’d just found the hum of stillness, the doorway of breath opening to another realm. An Eastern poem caught my eye—ancient vibes, a whisper of something newborn in me.

I didn’t know its name, couldn’t grasp its meaning, but it magnetized me, like light finding its way through dusty blinds. My turn came, shaky yet steady, words spilling from a place I couldn’t decode.

“Critique it, break it down,” she asked. But how could I? The poem held secrets not yet shared with my unfolding chapters. “It’s self-explanatory,” I said, hiding behind truth I didn’t yet know.

She could’ve pressed—most teachers would. But not her, man. Her compassion held the shore, soft, endless, knowing when to recede. She didn’t crush the seed beneath rules’ boot; she let it rest in the soil of my uncertainty, where life and time could nurture it.

Years later, I still think of that seed, how her choice, her grace, her light touch, let my roots grow wild and untamed. I wonder how the story would read if she’d been another teacher, wielding rules like a whip, turning dreams to brittle dust.

But no—she had the sight to see a kid trembling on the edge of discovery. She inspired me to dream, to hold the fragile threads of thought and weave them into something luminous, something real.

Even now, I chase the poetry of life, learning how words carve paths, how they leave echoes in their wake. I owe her that—Mrs. Topalion, who taught without crushing, who let the universe whisper wisdom through the cracks in a classroom’s walls.

Dig this— a teacher isn’t just a guide, man; they’re gardeners of the mind, the soul, planting seeds in shadows, trusting the light to find its way.

I still feel her gift, a poem unspoken, her grace wrapping around my journey. I honor her every time my own words bloom.

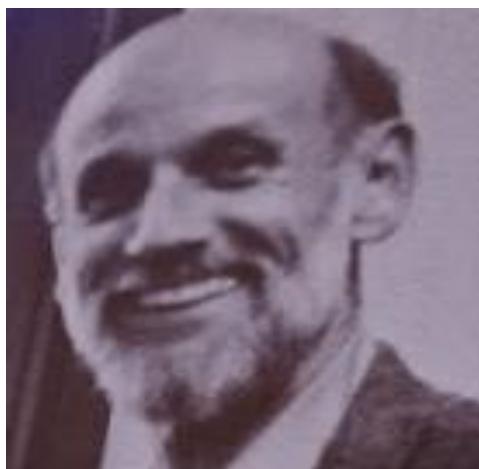
Bob Wentz



Talk Story About Bob Wentz 2

Fletcher Soul Traveler

2:47



What can I see about Bob Wentz? He was a figurehead at Newport Harbor for many years. He was my speech teacher. He thought outside of the box.

Nick Roth and I had to give a speech together. We asked Mr. Wentz if we could do a talk on Surfing at the beach.

He said yes. He somehow managed to arrange a bus to take the student to Newport Pier where Nick and I did a surfing demonstration and a talk on surfing.

He cared about his students and would do things out of the ordinary.

Leonard Cohen

Suzanne (1967)



Leonard Cohen - Suzanne

12M views • 9 years ago

 Jan Hammer

Perhaps his most memorable song from Canadian poet/songwriter & performer Leonard Cohen. Cohen specified, notably in a ...

4:31

Lyrics

Suzanne takes you down to her place near the river
You can hear the boats go by, you can spend the night beside her

And you know that she's half-crazy but that's why you want to be there
And she feeds you tea and oranges that come all the way from China
And just when you mean to tell her that you have no love to give her
Then she gets you on her wavelength
And she lets the river answer that you've always been her lover

And you want to travel with her, and you want to travel blind
And then you know that she will trust you
For you've touched her perfect body with your mind

And Jesus was a sailor when he walked upon the water
And he spent a long time watching from his lonely wooden tower
And when he knew for certain only drowning men could see him
He said all men will be sailors then until the sea shall free them
But he himself was broken, long before the sky would open
Forsaken, almost human, he sank beneath your wisdom like a stone

And you want to travel with him, and you want to travel blind
And then you think maybe you'll trust him
For he's touched your perfect body with his mind

Now, Suzanne takes your hand and she leads you to the river
She's wearing rags and feathers from Salvation Army counters
And the sun pours down like honey on our lady of the harbor
And she shows you where to look among the garbage and the flowers
There are heroes in the seaweed, there are children in the morning
They are leaning out for love and they will lean that way forever
While Suzanne holds the mirror

And you want to travel with her, and you want to travel blind
And then you know that you can trust her
For she's touched your perfect body with her mind

Source: [LyricFind](#)

Songwriters: Leonard Cohen

Suzanne lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Hallelujah



Lyrics

Now I've heard there was a secret chord
That David played, and it pleased the Lord
But you dont really care for music, do you?
It goes like this, the fourth, the fifth
The minor falls, the major lifts
The baffled king composing Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Your faith was strong but you needed proof
You saw her bathing on the roof
Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew her
She tied you to a kitchen chair
She broke your throne, and she cut your hair
And from your lips she drew the Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Well, maybe there's a God above
As for me all I've ever learned from love
Is how to shoot somebody who outdrew you
But it's not a crime that you're hear tonight
It's not some pilgrim who claims to have seen the Light
No, it's a cold and it's a very broken Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Instrumental

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Well people I've been here before
I know this room and I've walked this floor
You see I used to live alone before I knew ya
And I've seen your flag on the marble arch
But listen love, love is not some kind of victory march, no
It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

There was a time you let me know
What's really going on below
But now you never show it to me, do you?
And I remember when I moved in you
And the holy dove she was moving too
And every single breath we drew was Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Now I've done my best, I know it wasn't much
I couldn't feel, so I tried to touch
I've told the truth, I didn't come here to London just to fool you
And even though it all went wrong
I'll stand right here before the Lord of song
With nothing, nothing on my tongue but Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Hallelujah

Source: [Musixmatch](#)

Songwriters: Leo Robin / Pete King / Vincent Youmans / Clifford Grey

Hallelujah lyrics © Octopus Music, Leo Robin Music Co, Macdara Music,
Peter Mary James Publishing, Dave Clarke Music



Talk Story About Bob Wentz



Talk Story About Bob Wentz 2

Julia Smart



Julia was my culinary arts teacher. Wow, what can I say? She taught me by following a recipe you could make anything you want.

This opened up the world of cooking. I never took two and two together. Since then my passion for ethnic food cooking has skyrocketed.

It has opened up so many new doors. My cooking partner was Scott Adams a neighbor for many years. We had a lot of fun cooking together. I still remember the good times.

[The Box tops](#)

[The letter](#)



[The Box Tops - The Letter \(Upbeat 1967\)](#)

24M views • 13 years ago

 vinylsolution

Upbeat 1967.

Gimme a ticket for an aeroplane
Ain't got time to take a fast train
Lonely days are gone, I'm a-goin' home
My baby, just a wrote me a letter

I don't care how much money I gotta spend
Got to get back to my baby again
Lonely days are gone, I'm a-goin' home
My baby, just-a wrote me a letter

Well, she wrote me a letter
Said she couldn't live without me no more
Listen mister, can't you see I got to get back
To my baby once-a more
Anyway, yeah

Gimme a ticket for an aeroplane
Ain't got time to take a fast train
Lonely days are gone, I'm a-goin' home
My baby, just-a wrote me a letter

Well, she wrote me a letter
Said she couldn't live without me no more
Listen mister, can't you see I got to get back
To my baby once-a more
Anyway, yeah

Gimme a ticket for an aeroplane
Ain't got time to take a fast train
Lonely days are gone, I'm a-goin' home
My baby, just-a wrote me a letter, my baby just-a wrote me a letter

Source: [LyricFind](#)

Songwriters: Wayne Carson Thompson

The Letter lyrics © Concord Music Publishing LLC

Rick-

Well I've known you
for a really long time, but
~~you for a~~ I really didn't
get to know you like
I did this year.

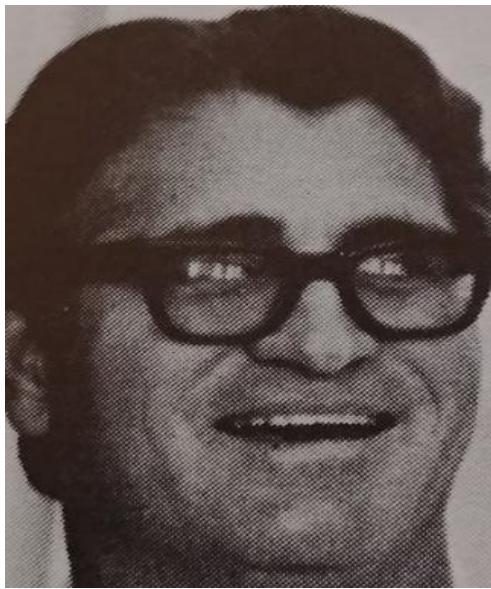
Or out-of-sight hope
I see you later

Come see me when
you get home from
your world travels.-

Later

Scott

Jim Hemsley

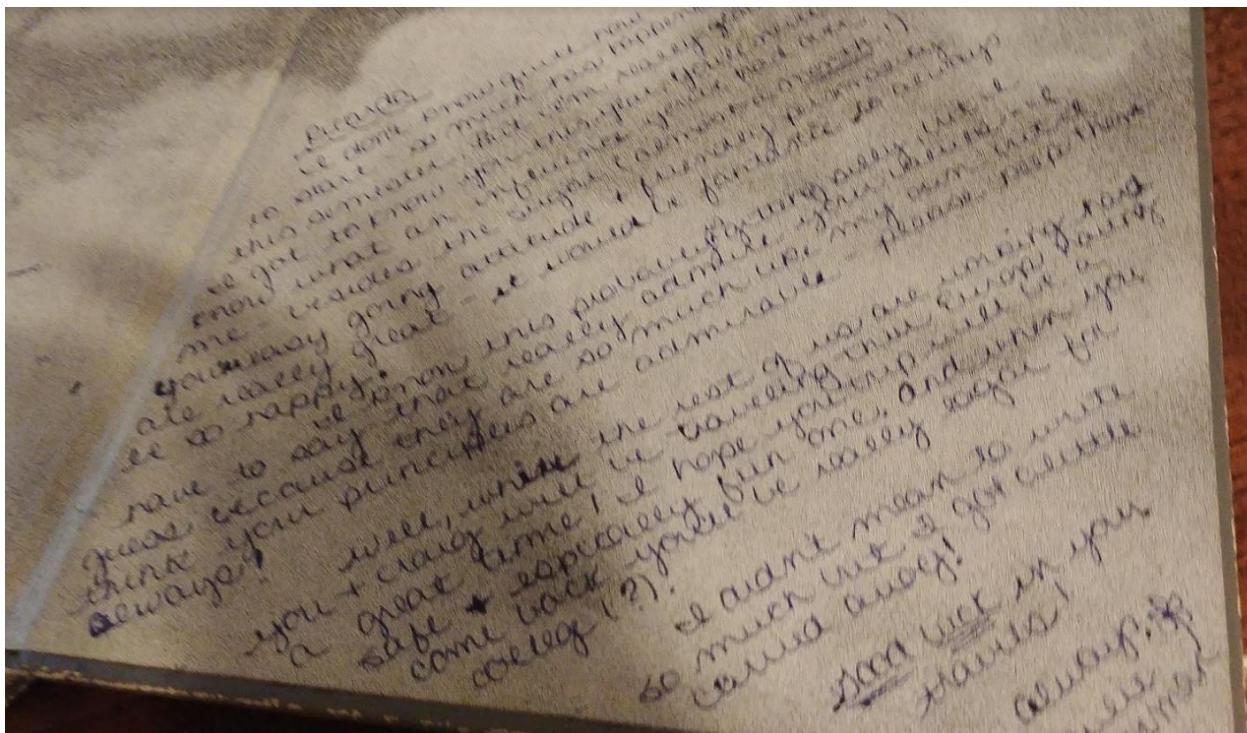


Mr. Hemsley was a surfer and a teacher at our High School. I remember surfing at Huntington Pier one day and I see Mr. Hemsley swimming to shore.

It was quite a big day. I said "Hi Mr. Hemsley. Do you need any help"? He said yes. So we slowly paddled to shore on my longboard.

We made it to shore and then I paddled out again. The waves were quite good that day. About six months later my Mom bumps into Mr. Hemsley and said your son save my life.

Without him, I would have drowned. I nonchalantly didn't think anything at the time.





Beach Boys - Surfin Usa HD

38M views • 11 years ago

 ThePANOS77

Beach Boys - Surfin Usa - teen wolf - m. fox - soundtrack - mix by stathis sach ...

Elenore Hodges



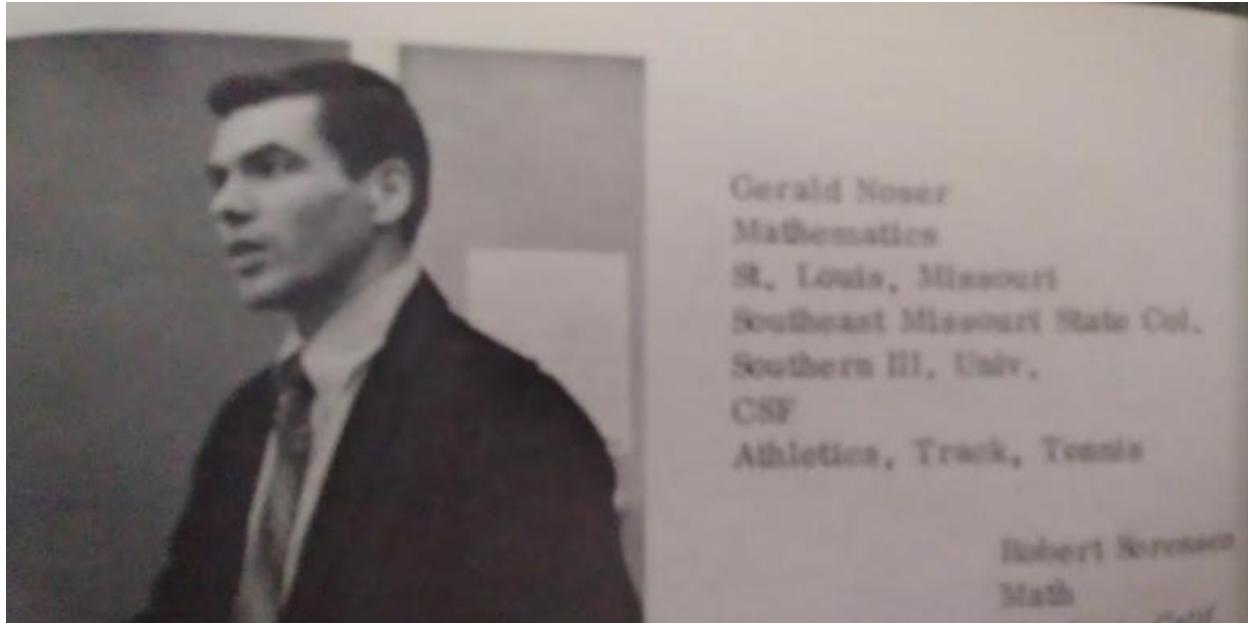
During the summer of my senior year, my brother and I went on an adventure to South America. You can read about this journey in this book. We came back to school three weeks late.

Anyway, I was quite proficient in speaking Spanish. Yet I almost failed her class. She gave me a passing grade due to her great heart. I remember a classmate who came from Mexico and she failed the class.

To be honest, at this point I began to see the nonsense of our school systems. A person learns a language so one can go to a different country and speak and have conversations with different cultures.

I was proud of what I did. Yet we spend so much time on rote learning and take the fun out of the picture. For me, I can't learn if I'm not having fun. Humor is an incredible way for humans to learn anything. I liked my teacher. I just think as young adults the school system needs to change how we teach.

Gerald Noser Algebra Teacher



Gerald Noser
Mathematics
St. Louis, Missouri
Southeast Missouri State Col.
Southern Ill. Univ.
CSF
Athletics, Track, Tennis

Robert Sorenson
Math

Mr. Noser was an incredible teacher. I loved Algebra. He made it so fascinating. It was a challenge but my mind loved it. He had an incredible teaching style that made you understand the concepts. They say you like either Algebra or Geometry. I can truly say I loved algebra.

Coach Bob Hailey Biology Teacher



Wow-what can I say about Mr. Hailey? He was my track coach and biology teacher. I still remember him saying that he would rather have his athletics drinking beer than soda. He would say you breathe in oxygen and breath out carbon dioxide. Sodas contain carbon dioxide. I never forgot that statement. It was quite profound for its time.

I love biology. Chris Dahl and I would go to the library before school and study our biology homework. Mr. Hailey made it fun and interesting. RIP Mr. Hailey.

Coach Robert Donald



Mr. Donald was my cross-country and track coach. To be honest our workout was grueling. At that time the smog was horrible in California. After each workout, my lungs were burning.

You could say he had a hard style of coaching. It wasn't easy by a long shot. Yet he had a heart of gold. He cared about you. During my junior year, I opted out of track and cross country.

He came to my house to try to change my mind. I didn't budge but I was glad he cared about me. I saw him once again many moons ago when I came back from India. He was running and he stopped and we chatted for a while. Great man. I truly respect him.

Carroll Tatro



Mrs. Tatro was a teacher who taught outside of the box. I loved her teaching style. Forty-eight years later I still remember her. We had incredible class discussions. The Vietnam War was going on. Tensions were in the air. I never had a teacher who discussed the critical issues of the day. It was like a college class. I have nothing but great respect for her.

CADIE Program

The CADIE program deeply affected my life. Unfortunately, many of my classmates were unaware of their existence.

The CADIE program was an exchange program from Argentina. Students would come here for a month in either January or February. I was introduced to this program when I was a freshman in high school. My sister Jane had a student Marisa Pena from Buenos Aires. Tyra Hansen sponsored Graciela Di Iorio from Mar Del Plata.

What I liked about the CADIE program was how it instilled in me how to appreciate the web of life. The Argentine culture is very family and friends-oriented. I like that. I love the richness of their culture. They have a zest for life. They are quite dramatic. Take a look at the Tango. There is a fire of communion between the dancers.



The Argentines loved to dance. Back then Creedence Clearwater Revival was the main dance music that was played. I loved the parties. There was no alcohol. I was young but I was accepted by all. There was a spirit of friendship in the air. We would all talk about all sorts of topics. We wanted to learn and understand our different cultures.

To this day I still have the same feelings. I love to see the diversity of life. I love to see it when the younger generation has the same feelings. For example recently on Facebook Tyra's son, Matt married LJ who is from Thailand. Their wedding was in Thailand. I loved it when I saw this. Quite frankly the world would be in a better place if we all took personal interest and had friends from around the world. The CADIE program was instrumental in expanding my horizons in life.

Graciela



When I was just fourteen I had this incredible friend from Argentina.

She was wise beyond her age.

My family really adored her.

She became my friend.

Most people her age wouldn't associate with me.

She was so mature.

I remember the joy she had with life.

It reminded me of a flower in the spring.

We wrote many letters.

I remember writing about my love for surfing and life.

I remember checking the mailbox for her letters.

They gave me such an inspiration in life.

I went to Argentina and visited with her and her family.

I only spent three days there.

But I'll never forget the hospitality.

She was in college and was so open.

I remember when I returned traveling around the world; I sent her some letters.

Both of us we're still on the same wavelength.

Both of us discovered mediation.

Graciela

Thank you for being in my life.

May we someday have our paths cross together?

You are an inspiration in my life.

AFS



Figure 3Soccer game with AFS students. Eduardo Pena and Richard are in the picture.

The AFS known as the American Field Service Program is an exchange program between the US and countries all around the world. During my junior year our family sponsored Eduardo Pena for an entire year.

The Dahl family-sponsored Tord Olson from Norway. During the year there will be a get-together where all the AFS students from all the different schools would get together and socialize. It was a great way to learn from different cultures right in your own backyard.

While I was on my surfing adventure I stayed for a few days in Venice Italy with an AFS student who attended Corona Del Mar high school. We had a great time meeting his family.



[Eduardo Pena RIP](#)

Our family was very close to Eduardo. He became a member of the family. Eduardo had a great sense of humor and was always upbeat. My twin brother and I considered him a brother. My brother John and I visited his family during our South American adventures. We had quite the adventure. Several years later my Mom went to Ecuador and stayed with the family.

When I lived in Miami Beach Eduardo and his family came to visit. We had such an incredible time. I met his wife and family.

Well, fast forward 10 years. I was living in Maui with my family. I discovered Eduardo's phone number hidden away in some box. I dialed the number and said "puedo hablar con Eduardo". Notice my Spanish isn't very good. May I please talk to Eduardo?

The kind lady only speaks Spanish. I get the gist of the conversation that Eduardo has died. I thought it must have been Eduardo senior.

10 years later passed and I tracked down Eduardo's brother who is a doctor. I send him an email and a few days later I learned that Eduardo died 20 years ago. Life is so precious. He left behind a lovely wife and two kids.

Eduardo had an incredible life. I will never forget his kindness and the great adventures we had. Our entire Fletcher family loved Eduardo and the kindness his family had in opening up their house to the Fletcher family. RIP Eduardo. A part of you resides in me and all your friends and family.



South American Travel Friends

During the summer of my junior year, my brother and I went to South America. We went to Argentina, Brazil, and Ecuador.



Our first stop was in Brazil. A good surfing friend Steve Lemontange had a roommate in college. He was Chinese and lived in Brazil.

John invited us to visit him and his family in Rio de Janeiro. His family owned a Chinese restaurant. This was the first time I ever lived in a Chinese household.

Every morning we would have a delicious bowl of soup. This was standard for breakfast. My brother and I loved the Brazilian culture.

We went to the Christ the Redeemer atop Mount Corcovado and were captured by the incredible view of Copacabana and Ipanema. We saw the dire poverty of the shanty towns.

I don't think you ever get over when you see poverty of this kind. Human beings for thousands of years had to live in such an existence.

My brother and I visited Cabo Frio a small beach town about 3 to 4 hours from Rio. It was off-season. We met a beautiful Portuguese

family and they showed us around this town. It was wintertime in Brazil and it was probably in the low sixties (cold for Brazil).



"The Girl from Ipanema" Astrud Gilberto, João Gilberto and Stan Getz
17M views • 12 years ago

catman916

"The Girl from Ipanema" ("Garota de Ipanema") written in 1962 by Antonio Carlos Jobim with lyrics in Portuguese by Vinícius de ...



We stayed a month in Argentina. There was a small group from our high school who were exchange students. I stayed with Pedro Vascena and his family.

Pedro stayed with us two years before. In Argentina, they have café con Leche (coffee and milk) and croissants for breakfast. This was the first time I ever tried coffee.

The croissants were served with butter and jam. The Argentine family was nice and treated me like a member of their family.



Meat is king in Argentina. I was amazed to see that street cart vendors would serve steak sandwiches.

You have better be adventuresome if you go to a BBQ. I visited a family that took me to their ranch in the Pampas.

The cowboys provided an authentic Argentine BBQ. In Argentina, they eat parts of the cow that Americans would never eat.



My brother and I had a Forrest Gump movement. We were taking a tour of this government building. They had a person giving a tour in Spanish and I was told

to translate it into English.

We entered this one room and saw a window and two people were playing chess. One of the players was Bobby Fischer (one of the greatest players in the world).

We stayed for only one moment and the tour then continued. I think back now and laugh. There was a historical moment in chess history and we nonchalantly nod our heads and go along our merry way.

The Argentines drive like crazy. I thought I drove radical. They would drive fast and furious. Imagine driving down a city street at 90 miles per hour and not stopping at stop signs or street lights.

If you got a ticket they would give a bribe to the officer.



If you were going to a nightclub or party it would start around midnight. Nobody ever came on time. A 16-year-old could go to a nightclub and order a shot of whiskey.



The Best of Tango
2.3M views • 2 years ago

C Cordless Music

The tango is probably the most passionate musical and dancing style in the world – enjoy this electrifying selection of the most ...

Jose Basso - La Cumparsita | Sexteto Mayor - El Choclo | Hector Varela - De Vuelta Y Media | Anibal... 20 chapters

The most important aspect of their society was family and friends. This was the backbone of life. Yes, a job was important but there was a great balance between the two. They knew their priorities in life.

The bus service in Argentina was first class. We took a bus from Buenos Aires to Mar del Plata. Imagine the same service you would get on a first-class ticket on an airplane. The service was incredible.



I stayed with Graciela Di Irio a friend of our family. Mar de Plata is a seaside resort. There is a grand casino overlooking the Atlantic Ocean.



Creedence Clearwater Revival: Have You Ever Seen The Rain?

248M views • 14 years ago



masterofacdcucks

Creedence Clearwater Revival Have You Ever Seen The Rain? Pendulum Lyrics: Someone told me long ago There's a calm ...



We spent about 4 days there. Surfing was a new sport there. I never had the opportunity to go. When I was there it was freezing.



We parted ways with our friends and took a plane to Ecuador. We stayed with Eduardo Pena and his family. Eduardo stayed with us for 1 year. He was an exchange student. As you can probably see I love different kinds of ethnic foods.

Eduardo had a housekeeper who made the best batidos in the world (smoothies). She made all sorts of exotic fruits into a delicious drink. Mangos, bananas, papayas, and many others I can't recall. I remember eating fried plantains with rice.

Eduardo's family had a friend named Victorio Piscado (a famous Spanish bullfighter) who was a surfer. He would take my brother and me to surf trips to Playas.

It was about a 2-hour journey from Guayaquil. Playas was a sleepy beach town. They had this small but long wave that broke along the point. My brother and I could see its potential. The



beach town resort was known for its fresh fish. It was a delightful time spending time with Victorio and his family. We went several times with him to Playas.

Eduardo took my brother and me to Quito and Cuenca. In Cuenca, we stayed at his grandmother's house. It

was a beautiful place.

We were there during winter and there was no heating. Burr, it was cold. Cuenca is a city in the southern Andes Mountains. Temperatures are around 58 degrees year-round. Lately, a lot of Americans have moved there to take advantage of the great standard of living.



Quinca Ecuador 1

While in Ecuador we heard the Ecuadorian Navy allowed tourists to go on tour with them to the Galapagos Islands. We called our parents a few days before school was to start.

My parents said it would be OK but they had to talk to our teacher and principal. We received a phone call a few hours later saying it was all right.

Our principal said we would learn more about traveling than in school. We came back to school three weeks late.



The Galapagos Islands was a trip of a lifetime. We went on this old US Navy (WW2) ship. At this time there was a tuna boat war between Ecuador and the United States.

The Ecuadorian navy was looking for US tuna boats. We visited Santiago,

San Cristobal, Isabel, Fernandina and Espanola islands. While there I could see why Darwin came up with his theory of evolution.

The Galapagos Islands at that time weren't a tourist destination. They contain one of the only giant tortoise populations in the world. My brother and I were amazed by the size and age of these incredible creatures.

I have pictures of seals jumping over my brother's head. You had to watch for Mom and Dad. They were huge and would chase you out of the water and then run after you.

I remember vividly looking at the waves and I counted over a minute while it broke perfectly. No one had ever ridden this wave. I saw years later they now have surf excursions to this beautiful place.



The first time my brother and I saw iguanas we were standing at the same spot looking at the waves and we sensed something was looking at us.

We looked around and there were hundreds of iguanas were looking at us.

They were completely camouflaged. The Navy personnel was very kind to us.

There were a couple from the US and a poet from Argentina onboard. We learned a lot about nature. It would be hard not to. Never before have I ever been in such a pristine environment.



Andina Inca Music from Ecuador

573K views • 5 years ago

 Traditional Music Channel

Andean music is a group of styles of music from the Andes region in South America. Original chants and melodies come from the ...

05-02-2021 One Thing Leads To Another



One thing does lead to another. This is an incredible journey. I remember in my junior year at Newport Harbor High an elective class that changed my life forever.

The entire student body had a choice of three or more electives that one had to choose from. Quite frankly I only remember the one I took. The one I took was a three-week Yoga class that took place on our basketball court.

Did anyone out there take that elective? I remember Michael Folk brother of Missy taking the class. The teachers were Ramakrishna Ananda (Graham Ledgerwood) and his lovely wife at the time.

The class blew my mind. It opened up doors that I knew existed yet didn't know how to open myself. It was love at first sight. Yet it was so radical. At that time there was only one yoga studio in our area.

I was 17 years old at the time. Surfing and yoga became my passion in life. Does anyone know how they were invited to our high school? It was extremely radical for its time.

It was like a communist coming to our school and teaching communism. This was 51 years ago. Today the area is flooded with yoga studios. Even my Mom took classes there in the eighties.



Here's the address 445 E 17th St, Costa Mesa, CA 92627 next to the car wash. It has been there for 51 years. After I took this three-week course I took classes at their yoga center.

The incredible wife taught yoga postures and Graham taught meditation. This helped set my foundation for life. I still practice both today. I think I remember Buddy Owens taking both classes.

I don't remember. This series of events lead me to go on my surfing odyssey and meditation odyssey around the world, especially in India. That my friend is even more of an incredible story. One thing does lead to another.

Click on the link for the Youtube video.

[I Will Sing Thy Name](#)

Paramahansa Yogananda chant.

Om guru Om guru Om guru Om

I will sing Thy name I will drink Thy name
I will sing Thy name I will drink Thy name
I will sing Thy name I will drink Thy name
And get all drunk oh! with Thy name.

I will Sing Thy Name-Om Guru
605K views • 9 years ago
Swami Hanuman Das
Beautiful song calling upon Sri Guru to come to us. Sung by Self-Realization Fellowship monks and nuns.
11:16

Peter Lingle and Richard's Journey



Your video

Talk Story With Peter Lingle 2



While I was in France one day I woke up and saw huge waves breaking. The waves were probably 15 feet high. The surfing spot was at Le Barre a famous but now extinct surf spot.

I took off on a huge wave stood up and the next moment I was free-falling down the wave. Back then there were no leases. My board got carried to shore.

Le Barre had a jetty and 15-foot waves were breaking on the rocks. The rip was so strong it was like a river. For the first time in my life, I said "Lord if you exist you had better do something real fast. I closed my eyes and saw an incredible light and a small Indian boy.

The next moment I was on shore. Everybody on shore said it was a miracle. The next day I decided to go to India. As I look back at that experience I feel the hand of grace in my life.

I felt so protected. Here I was only 18 years old but I knew my life was protected. I was about to start the adventure of a lifetime. This was a near-death experience for me.

In the early seventies, I read books about the death experience and my experience closely resembled that experience. I saw a great light that filled my being with bliss that is boundless. I saw a figure which told me without words that everything would be all right.

This experience I knew could be experienced consciously. It didn't have to be a hit-or-miss affair.

I knew a human being could experience the source directly no matter if he/she was sleeping, dreaming, or in an awake state. Man can tap into the source of life.



Five Summer Stories Soundtrack

18K views • 3 years ago

Stratovision Media

Five Summer Stories Soundtrack by Honk.

34:11

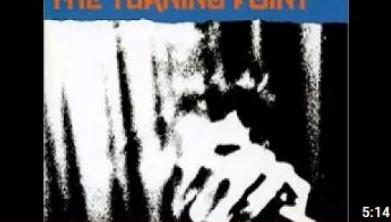


After my surfing accident, Peter and I started on our trip to India. I was very excited. I knew that something wonderful was going to happen in India.

All of my dreams would come true. We drove from Biarritz to Venice where we stayed two days with an Italian friend from high school. We drove through Yugoslavia.

At that time it was a communist country. The people at that time were very suspicious of outsiders. They weren't very friendly. The countryside was amazing.

We were high up in the mountains and could see the Mediterranean Sea. Peter would drive and have this harmonica he would play. He was a good player.



John Mayall - Room to Move (The Turning Point, 1970)

634K views • 8 years ago

TheSuperEnigmatic

May seem peculiar How I think o'you If you want me, darlin' Here's what you must do You gotta give me 'cause I can't give the best ...

5:14



We drove to Athens in Greece. We spent a week there. I loved going to the Parthenon. Here I was in the cradle of such an incredible civilization. I was in awe.

We sold our car and took an airplane to Turkey. When we landed in

Istanbul I knew this is where east meets west. This city was so different.

The Muslim mosques were so beautiful. The policeman had submachine guns. I had never seen that before.

I remember staying at this house where a lady came in and said we had better leave because the police were going to raid the place. She said people used drugs and the police were going to bust the place. I felt someone was taking care of me.

I didn't want to end up in a Turkish jail. Especially because I didn't use drugs. That would be hard to prove in Turkey.

We spent a week in Istanbul and then went to Ankara. In Ankara, we had to stay a week because the border was closed.



Jethro Tull - Aqualung (Official Music Video)

1.8M views • 1 year ago

 Jethro Tull 

This song is the first track and the title track on the 1971 Jethro Tull album titled 'Aqualung'. Lyrics: Sitting on a park bench Eyeing ...



The Shah of Iran was having the 1000th-anniversary party for Persia. He didn't want young westerns or trouble to come to his land for this party. I heard that the Shah even built props to hide poverty. I had a friend who went to the party and he said it was quite the affair. They had air-conditioned tents. The Shah spent thousands of dollars.



While in Ankara we saw the Queen of England in a parade. There were thousands of soldiers carrying submachine guns.

After a week the border was opened and we took trains and buses to Iran. It was quite a scene traveling. Both Peter and I carried our surfboards and our packs. The trains were quite dirty and packed. We slept on the floor of the train.

The busses were like trains but they had livestock on board. I was getting quite a lesson on life. We arrive at the capital of Tehran. Tehran was quite a beautiful city.

We found out that a week before a young American tourist died the week before. Supposedly she entered a Muslim mosque and was stoned to death.

The reason was that only Muslims could go inside the temple. I met a man from the secret police.

He came up to me and said that he had killed about 30 Americans this year. In Iran, if they found drugs on you, they would shoot you on the spot. What a way to control the drug problem.



We then took buses to the border of Afghanistan. This is where the scenery drastically changed. I felt I have transferred back two thousand years ago.

The Afghanistan people are warriors. Their culture is the same for thousands of years. We were in a high mountain desert. Everyone carried guns or rifles. This was way before the Soviet invasion. I felt I was in an old Wild West town. There was no law or order. The people



were quite nice. But I knew you didn't want to cross them up. The people in Afghanistan smoked a lot of hash. They used this drug like alcohol.

The whole nation used it. The food was quite good. We took a bus from the border and made it to Kabul. Along the way, we bumped into this Hawaiian named Charley Krusner.

Charley was a great guy and we traveled together. Kabul at this time was a hangout for the European hippies.



The Europeans were heavily involved in drugs. These used a lot of opium. It was quite sad to see people my age addicted to opium.

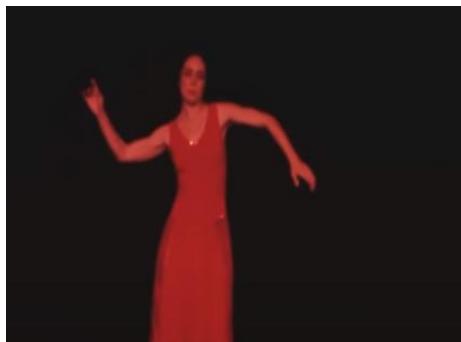
There was nothing I could do. Many of them simply wasted away. The drug was very cheap and could be bought anywhere. I know a lot of my friends in the states would have loved to be in that environment.

It was an eye-opening experience. For the first time, I saw so many young kids wasted and hanging on to life by a thread.

There were thousands of miles from home. During this time I would meditate each day. I knew something incredible was going to happen to me in India.

I just had the intuition that my dreams would come true. I knew I would meet someone who could show me the way to open the door. I felt protected.

It's a beautiful feeling to know that someone is watching over you. I was thousands of miles away from home and yet I felt great inside. I felt protected.





My main goal was to get to India. Ever since I left France the feeling kept on getting stronger.

I felt such a wave of anticipation that my dream will come true. I had only a short time and it would be shown to me.



I left Kabul and took the Khyber Pass from Afghanistan into Pakistan. The Khyber Pass was used by Genghis Khan. It is one of the oldest trade routes in the world.

Throughout history it has been an important trade route between Central Asia and India. What a radical road. It was all dirt which most of

Afghanistan was.

There were no guard rails and we had these crazy drivers driving as fast as they could down this pass.

The buses were quite different. Each bus would have a different altar depending on which religion they belong to. They would be flowers, incense, pictures, and memorabilia.

We would be driving down this huge mountain on a skinny road. This was the only route from Afghanistan to Pakistan.



Afghanistan Traditional Music

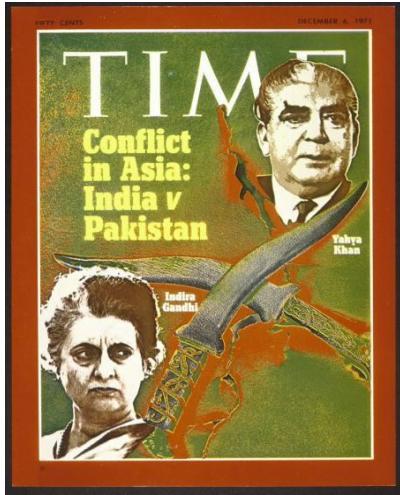
260K views • 4 years ago



UN approved music

Traditional music from a war-torn country.

Indian Pakistan War

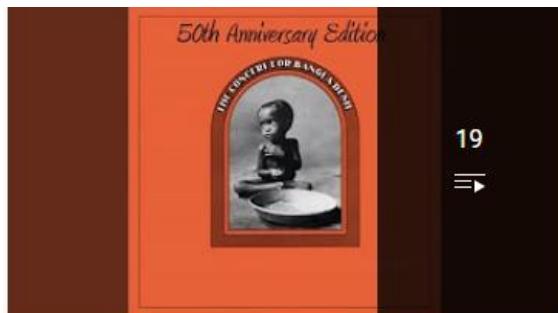


Well, we finally made it to Pakistan. Lahore was a busy city. We only stayed for a few days.

When I was in Pakistan I saw signs saying crush India.

When I arrived in India I saw signs saying crush Pakistan. I arrived at the border of India at the beginning of the Indian-Pakistan war.

The following day the border was closed for 5 years.



The Concert For Bangladesh 50th Anniversary Edition

The Video and Music preserver

George Harrison ~ Wah Wah (50th Anniversary Edition) • 3:30

George Harrison ~ My Sweet Lord (50th Anniversary Edition) • 4:36

[VIEW FULL PLAYLIST](#)

First Day In India



My first day in India was incredible. I remember crossing the border. At this time there was a two-mile walk to reach the border check for India.

There were parrots and wild birds everywhere. I felt such a strong

spiritual experience. I was home. It's hard to put in words what I was feeling.

I knew something incredible was to happen to me in India. I was looking for a teacher who could give me a practical experience of who I was.

I remembered being checked by an Indian T customs lady who was famous for busting people for bringing drugs into India. Since I didn't use drugs I wasn't worried. I remember such an aura of peace that came over me.

The sun was just setting and the whole forest was alive. Thousands of parrots were in the forest. The smell was like an incredible perfume in the air. I crossed the border and took an overnight train to New Delhi.

When I got to New Delhi I was very tired and exhausted. I heard rumors that the Sikhs allowed people to stay at their temples.

I went to this huge Sikhs temple. I asked can I stay here overnight. The man said no but there is a huge festival going on down the block.



This festival is for Maharaj Ji a thirteen-year-old boy who just came back from a tour of the west. I remember 4 months earlier reading about him in Time magazine and from my sister. I was intrigued by

how a 13-year-old boy could have such a huge following.



The first person I met was Guy Nouri. He and his Mom came to India to partake in this adventure.



I arrived at the festival site and was escorted to the stage where 1 million people were sitting. It was amazing, a sea of people.

The next thing I knew a young Indian boy walked on the stage wearing a Krishna outfit. He was

wearing a gold crown with jewels and a gold outfit. I was laughing and crying at the same time.

Something inside of me knew I was home, that the experience I was looking for could be shown by this Indian boy. Being eighteen years old



I was very practical that I wanted a direct experience of GOD inside of me.

What this young Indian boy said made sense. He said seeing is believing. If I told you an ant

was 10 feet tall, would you believe me? But if I showed you seeing is believing.

He said don't believe in my words. Take my experience. See for yourself. If you suites your practice if not go on your way.

At this time of my life, this made sense. I have never heard someone saying I can reveal who you are. All my teachers in my past said to believe and maybe someday you will have that experience.

Maharaj Ji said to take the experience, practice it and let the seed bloom into a fruit tree.



Shri Rudram, an ancient Vedic Hymn by Music for Deep Meditation, Vidura Barrios
4.6M views • 8 years ago

 Music for Deep Meditation

Shri Rudram is an ancient Vedic text and part of the Krishna Yajurveda. It is a powerful hymn in praise of Rudra, or Shiva.



The following day I packed up my bags and took a train to Prem Nagar, Maharaj Ji ashram near Hardwar is a small town in the foothills of the Himalayas.

For the next two weeks, I listened to discourses about this knowledge. Something inside of me knew that I was

to receive the experience of a lifetime. I knew the door to my soul was to be opened.

Words are hard to express the feeling that was going inside of my being. I knew that in a short time I would be shown and revealed the secret of life itself.

I knew this experience was real. I talked to a lot of people who had this experience and I could tell and sense that something wonderful was going on.

I liked the idea the proof is in the pudding. I didn't want to join a cult or a religious group. I just wanted a direct and continuous experience of the power that is keeping me alive. I knew through practice this could be achieved.



During this time the war between India and Pakistan was going on. Each night air raid sirens were going on and off in the distance we could hear bombs going off.

There was a general blackout at night. Pakistani bombers were only miles away.

Air raid sirens were heard in the distance. At the ashram, the whole place was so serene while in this part of the world people were dying.

Trains of Pakistanis were being massacred going from India to Pakistan and train loads of Indians were being massacred going from Pakistan to India. Such a dichotomy.

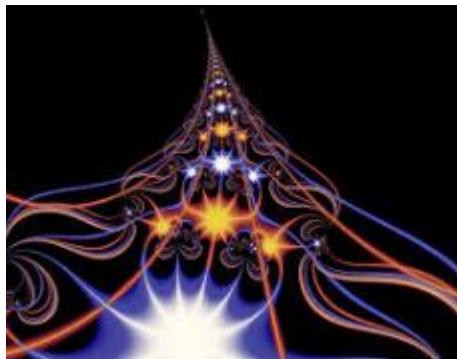




I'll never forget my initiation. There were probably about 20 of us in a small room. Maharaj Ji had initiators who revealed his knowledge.

We were in the room while Maharaj Ji was playing on top of the roof directly overhead of us.

The experience that I had that day still sends shivers of joy just merely the thought.



The first technique the initiator revealed was the light technique. I always knew that human beings could see the light inside. This is an actual experience.

When the initiator touched my forehead I felt this incredible surge of energy. I knew at that

point that something incredible was going to happen.

My whole body and soul sensed it. My conscious completely left this physical existence. A golden circle of light appeared. Inside of this circle a brilliant blue star appeared.

This golden circle of light and this blue star were so beautiful. It was probably the most beautiful thing I have ever seen.

Waves of love, joy, and peace were surging inside my consciousness. All of a sudden the star transformed into a ray, a tunnel of blue light that went on infinitely. I merged with the blue ray. It's very hard



to describe this experience. I was at home. The doors were opened. I was given the keys and it was up to me to cultivate the experience.

I have definite proof that we are more than these bodies. All of a sudden the mystery of life was revealed. I knew the secrets behind all religions.

There was a genuine experience that could be shown and experience. Years later I realized that this experience was an initiation into Lord Michael's blue ray. It was the Jacobs ladder. This experience was the ladder to God. To this day I'll never forget this

experience. It gave me practical proof that God existed. I knew it but this was a practical experience.

It was more real than any outside human experience. I knew that my life was on track. I have waited years to go home and I was shown such a glorious place.

When I returned to this earth and regained physical consciousness my whole body was shaking like a duck.

My body had a hard time. Can you imagine being hooked up to the power plant of the whole universe?

I knew no damage was done. Over time I knew that the body was built and designed to handle that kind of currents. Day by day through mediation man can slowly harmonize with these frequencies and begin to vibrate at this frequency.

inner music

Three other techniques were revealed. One was the music techniques. I was shown how to listen to the innermost frequencies of life.

Since God is energy, man can be in tune and listen to subtle energy frequencies. Different religions have different concepts of this experience.

By listening to this music over time man is filled with such joy and peace in his life. The mind slowly begins to slow down. In this state, man gets in contact with an energy frequency that is infinite.



This energy is pure love and bliss. The whole universe is composed of this energy. It was is and will always be.

This is the Word of God. Every major religion talks about the Word in some form or another. There is a very simple

technique where a man can be in direct communion with this subtle energy.

When a person first receives this initiation the word is very subtle. The majority of people don't understand the power of this word.

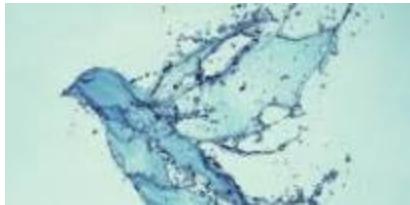
I know a lot of people who took this experience and never really tried it out. Over time I can consciously put myself in direct communication with this Word.

My whole being is instantly filled with such a wave of love and bliss. I'm not there 24 hours a day but I know it is possible. I have had experiences that I was completely taken out of this physical world and taken to a place where there is no time and space.

The only thing that existed was this incredible energy of love. I knew I was at home with my father. This energy exists through all of the creation.

It exists in the manifest and unmanifest. It exists throughout time and space and beyond. All of creation comes from this word. In the bible, in Saint John, the verse goes like this.

In the beginning, was the Word. The Word was with God and the Word was God. Human beings can tune into this experience.



The last experience was one of the living waters or nectar experiences. When a man is in this experience powerful hormones and enzymes are secreted through the endocrine system.

Through the ages, man has learned that he can experience this nectar or living water. Just one drop of this is an incredibly powerful experience.

One drop can take man's consciousness into an altered state. This fluid is very cleansing to the body. When Christ was in the desert for 40 days and nights he lived off this manna.

This experience is energy in its subtle form. It is energy yet it transmutes itself into matter. This experience is very powerful to the endocrine system.

I have had numerous experiences with this nectar. It's probably the most intoxicating drug known in the universe. Unlike a drug that has a side effect, this experience is completely beneficial to the body and soul.

These experiences reveal over time who we are. We are more than our mind and body. We are this source of life.

Each one of us is part of this universal consciousness. We just don't remember it. It's amazing when we were born we came from the source.

Our whole being was this consciousness. Over time we forgot. Years later we have completely forgotten our true existence.

After the initiation, I thanked my creator for revealing himself to me. My dreams come true. I had the tools. Everything made sense to me. I could read the scriptures and understand the hidden meaning. The scriptures were at the same wavelength. I had a lot of respect for the major religions.



Hank Williams Sr... I Saw The Light - 1948

11M views • 9 years ago

 V.A. HOSS

Don't forget to rate and subscribe...

Mediation Ganges



The following day I was sitting by the Ganges meditating when I completely lost consciousness of this planet. I saw a light more brilliant than the noonday sun.

My consciousness was flowing into a river of nectar. I felt the whole Ganges River was flowing through me. Maharaj Ji had a beautiful poem by Rumi a great Sufi teacher that sums it up. It goes like this.

There is a palace in the sky without any foundation. A blind man sees a light more brilliant than a million suns. A deaf man listens to the unstuck music.



A lame man climbs up a well and drinks the nectar and becomes intoxicated. The clincher is only a wise man who understands what I'm talking about.

From then on my life was to change drastically. After my initiation and this experience, my life was never the same. I was shown something so incredible that my focus was on this experience. My whole life from

then on was based on practically cultivating this experience. Day by day I was going deeper and deeper into my existence.



My days in India were spent in meditation and spending time with Maharaj Ji.

Mediation was such an incredible experience. I call it going to the movies.

Day by day I was going deeper and deeper into realms I have never been before. Prem Nagar was such a beautiful place.

I was thousands of miles away from home and then again I was truly at home. I was content and full of such incredible bliss. My mind was learning to focus on something inside of me that never changes that is, was, and will always be.

I was learning how to be connected to that experience twenty-four hours a day. I practiced meditation liked how I surfed with joy and the thrill of riding the wave of life.



To this day I'm still blown away that this experience is lying dormant inside of humanity just waiting to be discovered. We are searching for the jewel and the jewel is hidden inside of each one of us.

Over time it's not all bliss and roses with this experience. I had to face my mind. The mind is such a powerful thing. It can be your friend or enemy.

I learned over time to become its friend. In the beginning, at times I thought I would go crazy. The mind was constantly chattering. I would sit for hours and at times I wanted to get up and just forget the whole thing.

But then I would break through. Then the experience would rush in and completely saturate your being. You are bliss. I felt that I had to break down the door.

Over time I walked through the door and my mind hasn't bothered me in this way since. I'm not saying my mind doesn't bother me at times it does.

But when I close my eyes or put my connection to this Word of God my whole being is filled with bliss. In the beginning, it took tremendous effort to have this kind of experience. In the beginning, you meditate on the experience. Years later the experience meditates on you.

I remember that on a few days before Christmas the whole ashram took a train ride from Hardware to Patna a city in Bihar India. Bihar is one of the poorest states in India.



The scenery was beautiful. We were traveling on this old funky Indian train. We would see swamps that were full of Lotus flowers. Wildlife was everywhere.

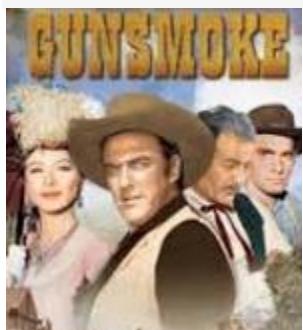
Maharaj Ji was having a three-day program. I remembered at the festival there were probably a million people there.

At one point in the festival, the Arya Sumaj attacked the festival. I'm not sure how many people died. This group caused a lot of trouble in India.

It was kind of scary to sit on the stage watching fighting only a half-mile away. India was quite a different place. The people were quite friendly. They liked westerners. The Indian people, in general, had a strong conviction for God.



Before leaving Bihar my friend Peter left to go back to America. I loaned him the money which I got back in South Africa. The westerns left in January.



There were only a few of us left. I spent my remaining time in Delhi. I remember I would meditate and go into town. The Indian food was great.

I bumped into the son of James Arness. His father was a famous actor in Hollywood. He

played in Gunsmoke on TV. He had a son (Rolf) at the time was a world champion surfer.



It was quite funny meeting him. I was buying a kilo of cashews for one dollar. I just started talking to him.

During this time Maharaj Ji was planning to go to South Africa. He needed a few westerners to go and help set up the necessary arraignments.

Somehow Maharaj Ji's mother asked me to go. So in early February, we embarked to Bombay.

The Journey With The Girls

I look back now on this incredible journey that I was going to embark on. Let me introduce you to Kali Rodriguez, Kathleen Cook aka Cookie, and Tess Davis These were my traveling partners on this journey. We were going to hitchhike from Kenya to South Africa.

I asked Maharaj Ji if we were going to make it there alive. He said yes but you are going to have a hell of a lot of adventures along the way. To this day I wonder why we never just didn't take a plane to South Africa. But that wouldn't be a journey, would it?

I was just 19 years old. A mere kid yet I learned so much on this journey.

Finding Bombay Ashram



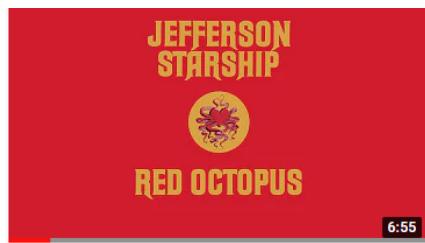
We took a train from Delhi to Bombay. Maharaj Ji was in Bombay for a week. Upon reaching the train station I realized that I lost the directions to the ashram.

I just laughed and knew that everything would be all right. I was traveling with three western girls. I

said let's go hop in a taxi. We got in the taxi and the driver said where you want to go. I said we will direct you.

Bombay is a huge city. None of us have been there and he couldn't believe it. But he did as he was told. I close my eyes and received directions on where to go. Left-right etc.

After about 45 minutes of driving, I told the driver to stop. We got out of the car knocked on the door and walked right into the ashram. I never told Maharaj Ji how we got there. It was just a matter of fact.



JEFFERSON STARSHIP

RED OCTOPUS

6:55

Jefferson Starship - Miracles (Official Audio)

11M views • 5 years ago

RHINO

You're listening to the official audio for "Miracles" by Jefferson Starship from the album 'Red Octopus' (1975) Subscribe to the ...

Asokananda Incident

While we were in Bombay one day I was in Maharaj Ji's room when all of a sudden he got off his bed stood up and started to wave his hands



towards one of his Initiators Asokananda. The hair on his whole body stood up. It looked like he put his hand in a light socket. He was yelling please Maharaj Ji, stop it.

After about 20 seconds Maharaj Ji's hand fell to his side and Asokananda was back to normal. Being an eighteen kid that I was I said Maharaj do you want to zap him once more?

Maharaj Ji said sure and for just a fraction of a second, he raised his hands and put electricity back into him. Maharaj Ji was electrocuting him. We all laughed.

This was the first time that I spent close time with Maharaj Ji. There were only a few westerns there. It was so beautiful to play with Maharaj Ji and at the same time have such great respect for him.



Getting Drunk On Water

Before we left for Kenya Maharaj Ji asked us if we wanted any holy water. Holy water is a custom in India where the master places his foot in the water.



I had only a canteen and Maharaj Ji placed his foot inside of the canteen. We all laughed. The next day we headed out for Kenya.

On board, the plane was Kali, Kathleen, and Tess. These were the three girls I traveled with from New Delhi. On board the plane we drank the water from the canteen.

All of us got rip-roaring drunk. I've been drunk before that one or twice but this was a drunk of joy. We all somehow managed to saunter off the plane.

We spent a few days in Nairobi. Tess's parents lived on the outskirts of town. Kenya was an incredible country. Parts of it looked like England.

We relaxed for a few days. I remember one moment at Tess's house. I was meditating in the backyard with I opened my eyes and saw Maharaj Ji standing there.

He was laughing and laughing. I remember in Bombay asking him if we were to make it to South Africa. We were going to hitchhike from Kenya to South Africa. He said we would but we were going to have a hell of a lot of adventures along the way.



Simon & Garfunkel - Bridge Over Troubled Water (Audio)

24M views • 9 years ago

 Simon & Garfunkel

Lyrics: When you're weary, feeling small When tears are in your eyes, I'll dry them all (all) I'm on your side, oh, when times ge



We slowly started to hitchhike from Kenya to South Africa. I have memories of our first night getting a ride and being on the Kenya plains in a horrendous rain storm.

Here we were in Africa and the only houses around were grass huts. It was quite an experience. I remember one border crossing between Kenya and Tanzania.

The Tanzania border official became very upset because we didn't have a visa to enter the country. Kali became very upset and told the guy off.

I was receiving an intuition to be quiet and to respect this officer. They pulled us into a room and this officer just started to yell at Kali.



All of a sudden he stopped and said "I am about to throw both of you in jail but because pointing to me you have been such a gentleman I will let you go. Another lesson in intuition.

In Tanzania, the Chinese were building a railroad.

Thousands of Chinese truck drivers were passing us by. They all had the same expression on their faces.

I remember one ride where Kali and I got picked up by two intelligent black Africans. We got in the car. After a few hours of driving, they got out of the car and shot two cows with a rifle.



We thought we were next. They got in the car and they said: "O we just shot two elephants." We agreed with them. We knew we shouldn't cause any conflict or maybe we would be next.



I remember one night we were in this small jungle town in the middle of nowhere. I was eating this soup that was full of mosquitoes.

The air was so thick of mosquitoes that mosquitoes were falling into my soup. It

was quite the scene. It was super humid and hot. I was lucky not to get malaria.



The Doors-No me moleste mosquito

1.5M views • 15 years ago

Manczarekfan

A post-Morrison Song.

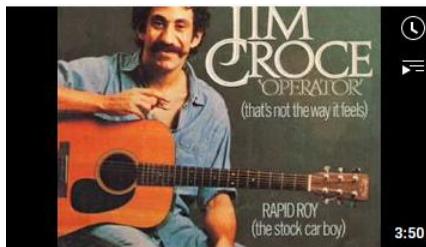
Seeing Maharaj Ji On Telephone Wires



One night we were sleeping in the tent when a huge thunderstorm came and blew away the tent.

We awoke and found ourselves sleeping in a sea of mud. Quite the experience.

I remember looking up at the telephone poles and seeing Maharaj Ji laughing and laughing.



Operator - Jim Croce

6.2M views • 12 years ago

piano084

Hello, guys. Thanks for all the views!!!! I'd like to apologize for the advertisements that are being showed at the beginning of the video.

3:50



We finally met up with Tess and Kathleen. We switched partners and I hitchhiked with Tess to the capital of Zambia. We all decided to meet there. It was quite an experience.

We arrived at Lusaka got out of the car and moments later Kali and Kathleen got out of the car. We were all standing there when this Zambian came up to us and offered us to stay at his house.

We went to his house a dairy in the country. His name was Gary. We told him what we doing and where we were going. At this time our money situation was zero.

A few days before we ran out of money. I was pleased because I would see that everything would be taken care of. Anyway, Gary's uncle was president of the national TV in Zambia. He could arrange a television interview for us.

The next day around 5:00 after the news we were on national television. I only wore my Indian whites and no shoes. We had a beautiful interview for about one hour.

The interviewer was very sincere. There was no sarcasm in his voice. The people of Africa were simple and open people. The TV station received hundreds of phone calls asking "what was that?"

The response was so great that the next day we were asked back to the TV station. The same phenomenon happened. The Indian community heard us and invited us to their community.

Every day we would give discourses in their temples and home. We were treated like Kings and Queens. They would give us money, watches, and clothes.

We had probably at least 6 major meals a day. It is a custom to accept food at someone's home. Each one of our guests would provide a huge spread.



National anthem of Zambia (English lyrics)

153K views • 4 years ago

 JR videos

"Stand and Sing of Zambia, Proud and Free" Lumbanyeni Zambia Support Us: <https://www.paypal.me/JRvideos> - Thank You!



I remember one Hindu temple where the priest would take down Krishna's picture and put up Maharaj Ji's picture. This is like the Catholic Church taking down Christ's picture.

I remember seeing Victoria Falls like it was yesterday. There were hundreds of monkeys in a forest canopy overlooking this incredible waterfall. Kali and I stood on this bridge and a 360-degree rainbow encircled us. To this day I can visualize this waterfall.



Original Swaminarayan Aarti with Lyrics, by Muktanand Swami
18M views • 3 years ago

Shree HariKrishna

Like our FB Page - <http://bit.ly/2K7eNY6> Subscribe to this channel - <https://goo.gl/Vu3Csr>.





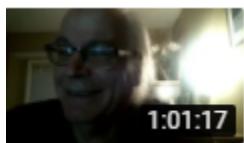
Well, we finally made it to Johannesburg. It was quite the adventure. Somehow we managed to get a visa for South Africa.

I spent about two weeks in Johannesburg resting up and living in the Indian community. There were a lot of westerners, black and Indians interested. I was sent to Cape Town to prepare for Maharaj Ji's visit.

In Cape Town, I stayed in the house of Nigel Fairhead. Nigel and his wife were great to me.

They live in an old 17-century church. Cape Town was a beautiful place to live. The cape is surrounded by the Indian and the Atlantic oceans.

Nigel introduced me to a fellow surfer Chris Parker. We became great friends. I hadn't spoken to him in over 40 years until recently. We carried on our conversation as if it was yesterday.



Talk Story with Nigel Fairhead
Fletcher Soul Traveler

My days in Cape Town were spent in preparation for Maharaj Ji coming to visit. I would go to the university there and give talks about self-knowledge. The university and student body provided me with a classroom where I could speak. It's kind of funny I was only 19 years old. The university was real receptive and curious. When Maharaj Ji



came to give a talk at the university the whole student body showed up.

I had a great time with Maharaj Ji in Cape Town. There was only one other westerner beside me. It was Gary Girard and he was traveling with him.

I remember at one point I was in Maharaj Ji's room. We were alone and he was talking about his father Shri Maharaj Ji. I remembered asking him questions about his father.

Maharaj Ji gave me this magazine that came from England. It contained some of his discourse in England. On the back page was this picture of him. He gave me this magazine and signed it Saint Ji Maharaj. On the



back of the magazine, he drew a map of his old school in Dehra Dun India.



One day we went to the Cape of Good Hope. It was an incredible sight to behold the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean merging at one point. I remember at one point Maharaj Ji and the group had a race to get to the top of these stairs.



I couldn't believe how fast he ran. He beat all of us by a long shot. I thought with all of my training I was fast. When I got to the top I was breathing quite hard.

Maharaj Ji was hardly breathing. I remember at one point a South African photographer took our picture. There were three of us Maharaj Ji, his longtime bodyguard Bihari Singh and myself.

We placed our arms on top of each shoulder (just like kids) and said cheese. It was a great moment.



The following day we flew back to Johannesburg. I remember Maharaj Ji passing out Nestles white chocolate on the plane.

We spent another two weeks in Johannesburg. Every day we would have people of all races colors and creed come to the house.

For some reason, the South African government didn't do anything about it. We had westerners, blacks, and Indians all coming together.

There was such harmony. I flew with Maharaj Ji back to England. I remember the day after I got back Maharaj Ji was speaking to a large group of people.

I walked into the room and he stopped speaking and turned to me. He said right now my body is in England but my soul is in South Africa.

It was a remarkable statement. The South African people captured his heart.

The following are people I remember in South Africa.

Milky	Gary Girad	
		
<p>I first met Milky in India in 1971. He was quite the divine character. He was brewing laughter and humor. Milky was about ten years older than me. I was just a kid 18 years old. We spent time together in Africa. A few years later Milky comes to Portland Oregon for a month. Great guy. He enjoys the adventures in life. He has a great story to tell.</p>	<p>While I was in India Gary told a story about how he was searching to find himself he bumped into a sadhu who didn't speak a word. His name was Moni Baba. Moni Baba told him to go see his teacher. To make a long story short he did. Gary was one of the first westerners to be introduced to Maharaj Ji. For Maharaji's birthday, the entire ashram took a train from Hardwar to Patna. It took around three days. In Patna, we bump into Moni Baba. It was quite the encounter.</p>	

Bruce Sirota	Sandy Collier	
		
<p>Here's another story of the web tying us together. I met Bruce in India. Then</p>	<p>I didn't know Sandy very well. Yet I sure bumped into her. I first met her in</p>	

in South Africa and finally in New York City. Bruce loves to sing. He has a heart of gold.	India in 1971. Then in South Africa, England, Denver, and Florida. Sandy is an incredible cook. She was exceptional at Indian cuisine which was virtually unknown in the west. At that time she was cooking for Maharaj Ji. I love to read her Facebook posts.
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Larry Rosenfeld	Nadine Sirota
	
<p>Larry is Nadine's brother. Presently he and his sister are living in Israel. I didn't know Larry as well as his sister yet being on Facebook we have communicated numerous times. A great heart he has. He is also an artist.</p>	<p>Nadine was a very kind soul. I met her first in Johannesburg. Three years later she was living in New York. Bruce and Nadine invite me over for dinner. We catch up on old times. We are both on Facebook so we can see what's going on in our lives.</p>

Robin Heslop	
 A circular portrait of a man with a beard and glasses, wearing a blue striped shirt. He is standing in front of a wall with several framed artworks.	
I met Robin in India, South Florida, and South Africa. Robin's passion is art and growing incredible gardens. He also loves horses. I've known him for over 40 years. He originally is from England but has been living in South Florida for over thirty years. Hi Robin. It's been many moons since we have seen each other.	

Chris Parker



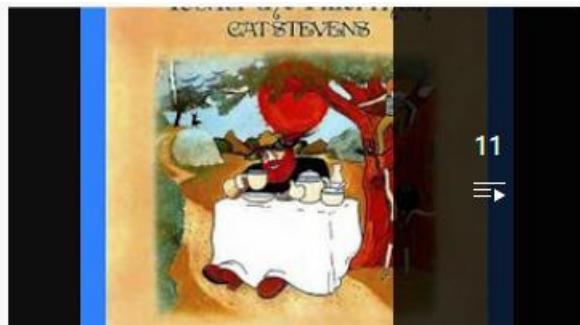
I first met Chris in Cape Town South Africa over 45 years ago. We became instant friends. I introduced Chris to meditation.

Now if you like to meditate and you're a surfer you're on the same wavelength.

Chris and Nigel are like brothers to me yet I haven't seen them since my time in Cape Town. It was until recently did we hook up again. We discovered each other through Facebook.

All three of us would have skype sessions. Nigel in South Africa, Chris in Australia, and myself in good old Kansas. We would talk at times for three hours.

Now that's a good use of technology. It seems just like yesterday. Now I've known them for probably less than six months yet the connection between all of us is like brothers. I find that fascinating.

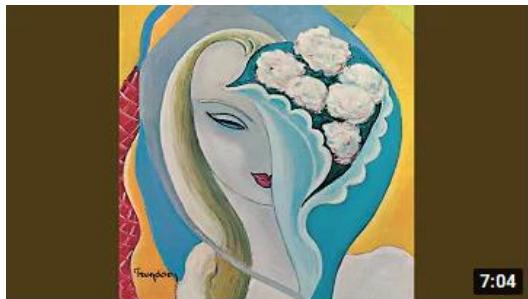


Cat Stevens - Tea For the Tillerman
moonlitknight009

Cat Stevens - Where Do the Children Play? • 3:53

Cat Stevens - Hard Headed Woman • 3:48

[VIEW FULL PLAYLIST](#)



Layla

29M views

 Derek & The Dominos - Topic

Provided to YouTube by Universal Music Group Layla · Derek & The Dominos Layla And Other Assorted Love Songs © 2010 ...



Led Zeppelin - Stairway To Heaven (NOT LIVE) (Perfect Audio)

55M views • 13 years ago

 badasttank

Complete with unaltered audio. It describes it self.

Kali Rodriguez



I first met Kali in India in 1971. We hitchhiked with Kathleen Cook and Tess Davies from Kenya to South Africa.

To this day I wonder why didn't we fly but it was an incredible adventure. Read the chapter travels in Africa. I first learned how to cook Indian food from Kali.

She at various times became Maharaj Ji's cook. Indian food at that time was very exotic and different. Kali taught me the ropes. She taught me the main concepts.



I remember Kali teaching me how to cook dal. Dal is one of my favorite comfort foods.

There is a step where you get a cast iron pan heat some ghee (clarified butter) and place cumin seeds in the pan. The cumin seeds will begin to pop and the room will be filled with this incredible smell of the roasted cumin seeds.

You then add chopped onions, garlic, tomatoes, ginger, and dried chili peppers. This step is called making the chank. You sauté this until the mixture turns golden brown.

When it does this mixture is poured into the dal and makes this incredible sizzling sound. You have to be careful to use the lid to cover the dal so you won't get burned.

Anyway, I have made this probably hundreds of times and I have never duplicated that sound. Now I'm a good Indian cook but Kali has taken it to a higher level. I still remember that sizzling sound in my mind.



Kali has a love and adventure for life. She was a great travel partner. She was easygoing and had a great attitude.

It was an amazing journey. Kali's Grandfather was president of Mexico at some time. Her Mom danced with Ester Williams.

I stayed at Kali's Mom house in the seventies and she was a great host. I could see in Kali a lot of her Mom. This house was at the tip of Baja. At that time this part of Baja was relatively unknown. Not today.



Kali had a great singing voice. She played the guitar and sang these incredible songs. I feel meditation brings the soul to the surface.

When she sang I could feel the sweetness coming from within her. When I think about Kali I can hear her singing.

She had this haunting effect much like the Irish singers such as Enya. Music if done properly is a manifestation coming from God.

I have nothing but great memories of Kali. She will always be dear to my heart.



Krishna Das - Maa Durga

2.6M views • 9 years ago

 Religious Videos T&T

Artist - Krishna Das Song - Ma Durga Album - Breath of the Heart.



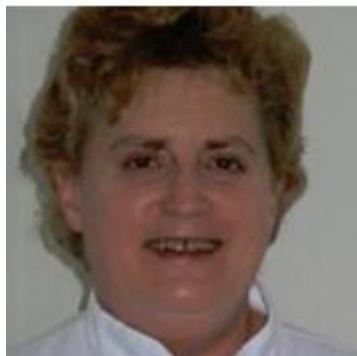
Krishna Das-Hanuman Chalisa (original)

1.9M views • 10 years ago

 TheCoolie4Life

Krishna Das-Hanuman Chalisa sorry but the lyrics are too long to be posted.

Kathleen Cook



I first met Kathleen aka Cookie in Prem Nagar ashram in 1971. I was only 18 years old. Kathleen told me a beautiful story that occurred only a few months previous.



Somehow she bumped into Maharaj Ji and Bihari Singh in the streets of San Francisco. Maharaj Ji was giving a talk there. Somehow the details are fuzzy they asked Cookie if she could drive them to Los Angeles. So she borrowed a beat-up Volkswagen and had the adventure of her life. Maharaj Ji was only 13 years old at the time.

Cookie was one of my traveling partners on the journeys in Africa. She remembers the time in taking a train from New Delhi to Bombay now called Mumbai.



The trains were super dirty and I think I had to sleep on the dirty floor. We reach our destination and we all realized that no one had the directions. I was quite young and naïve (maybe or maybe not).

I had no fear. We get into this taxi and the driver says “where do you want to go”? I said I’ll direct you there. So we drive for about 45 minutes.

I'm getting signals to turn left and turn right. At some point, I tell the driver to stop. We get out of the car knock on the door and guess whose inside Maharaj Ji and Bihari Singh.

At that time we didn't think anything about it. We had faith and at the same time meditation helps to bring up the subconscious where events like this can happen.



While we were in Bombay one day I was in Maharaj Ji's room when all of a sudden he got off his bed stood up and started to wave his hands toward one of his Initiators Asokananda.

The hair on his whole body stood up. It looked like he put his hand in a light socket. He was yelling please Maharaj Ji, stop it.

After about 20 seconds Maharaj Ji's hand fell to his side and Asokananda was back to normal. Being an eighteen kid that I was I said Maharaj do you want to zap him once more?

Maharaj Ji said sure and for just a fraction of a second, he raised his hands and put electricity back into him. Maharaj Ji was electrocuting him.

We all laughed. This was the first time that I spent close time with Maharaj Ji. Cookie and Kali were present in the room. It was so beautiful to play with Maharaj Ji and at the same time have such great respect for him.

Before we left for Kenya Maharaj Ji asked us if we wanted any holy water. Holy water is a custom in India where the master places his foot in the water.



I had only a canteen and Maharaj Ji placed his foot inside of the canteen. We all laughed. The next day we headed out for Kenya. On board, the plane was Kali, Kathleen, and Tess.

These were the three girls I traveled with from New Delhi. On board the plane we drank the water from the canteen. All of us got rip-roaring drunk.

I've been drunk before that one or twice but this was a drunk of joy. We all somehow managed to saunter off the plane.

We spent a few days in Nairobi. Tess's parents lived on the outskirts of town. Kenya was an incredible country. Parts of it looked like England.

It was so much fun traveling with Cookie. We had hardships along the journey but they didn't bother us.

I can't imagine hitchhiking through Africa today. We made it to South Africa. We spent a few weeks in Johannesburg and then Cookie was sent to Durban and I was sent to Cape Town to prepare for Maharaj Ji's visit.

As Maharaj Ji was leaving Africa he told Cookie, Kali, and me to help in his coming to San Francisco.

I flew with Maharaj Ji back to England. I remember the day after I got back Maharaj Ji was speaking to a large group of people.

I walked into the room and he stopped speaking and turned to me. He said right now my body is in England but my soul is in South Africa. It was a remarkable statement. The South African people captured his heart.

I stayed a few weeks at home and then I took the Amtrak train from LA to San Francisco with Kali. We go by the Hollister Ranch and a flood of memories comes up.

We arrive in San Francisco and catch up with Cookie. Maharaj Ji came and did a program at the University of Berkley.

I saw Cookie on and off throughout the years. She always inspired me. She loves to meditate. She also became an exceptional chief.

She cooked for many people in Hollywood. I didn't know that until years later.



My daughter Aleia lives in Ashland Oregon and we visit her about twice a year. Well, guess who moved to Ashland? Yep, Kathleen Cook.

We have seen each other a few times in the past few years. I have taken her to an Indian restaurant a few times

and she came to my birthday party at a Mexican restaurant on Christmas Eve.

My Mom had Mexican food on the night I was born and it's a family tradition.

It's always a delight of being with Cookie. She lights up the room. I love her laugh. I can hear her soul coming out.

Cookie keeps up with the current events in the world so the conversation can be quite lively. We talk about old times and how

fortunate we are. I'm so glad that she is the web in my life. Cookie from the bottom of my heart thanks for all you do.



The thumbnail features a vibrant, colorful design with a central globe surrounded by a sunburst pattern in shades of red, orange, and yellow. The word "JOURNEY" is written in a stylized, jagged font across the globe. In the top left corner, there's a small logo for "ROCK MUSIC COLLECTION".

JOURNEY Greatest Hits Full Album - Best Songs Of JOURNEY Playlist 2021

2.1M views • 10 months ago

ROCK MUSIC COLLECTION

JOURNEY Greatest Hits Full Album - Best Songs Of JOURNEY Playlist 2021 JOURNEY Greatest Hits Full Album - Best ...

4K

1:22:34

Mexican Friends

I really don't have much information on many of my Mexican friends. I can't find them on Facebook. My heart goes out to you. Thanks for this journey in life. I will never forget you.

Unnamed	Anna Carney
<p>The person prefers to be unnamed. She was an inspiration to me. I would love to go to the open-air market in downtown Mexico City. It was huge. She knew the market extremely well. I was introduced to many different kinds of herbs. My favorite liquado (smoothie) was made of mamey and milk. I can't find fresh mamey in the states. It's all frozen. Thanks for showing me the beauty of the open-air markets.</p>	 <p>Anna was my first girlfriend. Look under the first girlfriend story in this book.</p>

Jaime Mencos	John Phillip Lemay
Can't find a picture	Can't find a picture

<p>Jaime is like a brother to me. I first met him in 1972 in Los Angles. We then met again in Mexico. Years later in Miami Beach and then again in Los Angles. We have the same spiritual mindset. He loves to meditate.</p>	<p>John Phillippe is another person who I have seen the web of life trying us together. We first met in Mexico then Florida and years later in Sedona. My wife Barbara and I spent some time with John Phillippe and his girlfriend. They made these incredible jackets.</p>
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Allan	Kali
	
<p>I first met Alan in Mexico City in the early seventies. Alan is an incredible chief. Now I love to cook. Alan brings up to 10 slots. I call Alan once or twice a year to catch up on things.</p> <p>A couple of years ago, I was at a New Age trade show, promoting my books. I was walking the show and came to a booth where a guy offered me a free psychic reading.</p> <p>We sat down together and he told me he was going to close his eyes for a minute and "tune into" me. He closed his eyes, so I closed mine and took advantage of the moment to turn inside.</p> <p>All of a sudden, he exclaimed, "What are you doing?" I said, "Huh?" He said, "You just disappeared into this huge</p>	<p>Search for Kali in this book. She and I had many great adventures together.</p>

peace zone! How did you do that?" I told him it was just something I'm in the habit of doing, and we had a brief conversation about it. He told me he had never seen anything like it, this disappearing trick, executed so quickly. I was mildly amused. But ever since then, I've had a renewed respect for the incomparable gift bestowed on me well over 40 years ago, that allows me to disappear from the confusion of the world around me, so quickly and easily, every time I have the clarity to use it. And what has become so second nature to me that it seems like a small thing, a thing I don't even feel I have mastered, it's truly a miracle beyond reckoning. I lack the means to express how grateful I am for this one small thing that changes everything.

Candy	Sue and Pat smith
Can't find a picture	
Candy and Kali were good friends. Candy was an exceptional baker. Boy	I first met Sue and her husband Pat in Mexico City. They were playing in a

<p>did she know how to bake homemade bread? I still remember her favorite candy was marzipan. It is a sweet made from almonds.</p>	<p>philharmonic orchestra in another city. I think it was Tampico. Both of them were incredible people. I love the depth of the talent that they had. They knew how to enjoy life. Years later when I was living in South Florida they would invite me over for dinner. Mary Higgins was a great friend of theres.</p> <p>Pat died a few years ago. I miss him.</p>
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<p>Diane Clark</p>	
<p>Can't find a picture</p>	
<p>I first met Diane in Mexico. We were good friends. She loved life. My brother John and his family shared a house with Diane and her boyfriend Pepe in Costa Mesa California. I stayed a short time there. I haven't heard any news from her in over forty years. I saw Pepe in Mexico City around 1985.</p>	

<p>Nacho Sanchez</p>	<p>Federico Rodriguez</p>
<p>Can't find a picture</p>	<p>Can't find picture</p>
<p>Nacho was another good friend of mine. I remember that I once called him on the phone and it was like a party line. The person who answered the phone had to travel to Nacho's house and he had to come to this place to talk to me on the phone. John Roberts and I spent a few days at their ranch. We were welcomed by their family.</p>	<p>Federico was good friends with Nacho. He was a graphic artist. This was way before computers were involved. I remember him taking me to his office to see how they did it in his day. I will always remember his great laugh. I can still see it in my mind.</p>

Memo	Ramirez
Can't find a picture	Can't find a picture
Memo was another great friend. He was the owner of a bank in Mexico City. During the eighties, the Mexican government took over many banks. Memo had around three branches which the Mexican government took. Memo learned how to meditate and helped sponsored in many ways.	Ramirez was Memo's friend. I remember a grand adventure we had on a driving trip to Acapulco. It was in his Mustang. Boy did he know how to drive fast.

Bob Cleoentes	Nunes
Can't find a picture	Can't find a picture
Bob died a few years back. I remember the time he took me to a prison to visit a friend of his. Bob had a great heart. I will miss him.	Here's another web that ties us together. Gita and I go to Colombia to talk about meditation. Gita's best friend is Nunes. A few years later I come to Mexico City and Nunes is living there. What a small world? Nunes and Bob become good friends.

Santa Fe Friends



I went to Jay Victor Scherer's Academy of Natural Healing in Santa Fe New Mexico for one year. It was an incredible experience. I made enough money in Canada to pay for my tuition.

Dr. Scherer was a well-loved and respected naturopathic physician and massage therapist in Santa Fe for over 40 years.

He was a great healer and teacher. Short and wiry, Jay was a strong man with huge warm hands.

He had a wonderful sense of humor, a generous spirit, and a kind heart. His compassion for those in pain or need was boundless, and he never turned anyone away.

Jay trained hundreds of students. Jay introduced me to St. Germain an ascended master. Back then he was on the cutting edge of New Age/Old Age thought.

This is from his school website.

His love and passion for massage therapy were central to all his work. Even at age 84, he would come out of his massage treatment room doing a little dance, saying, "If you do it right, it gives you energy." As a naturopath, Dr. Scherer also practiced homeopathy, nutrition, herbal medicine, color therapy, colonic irrigation, and spiritual healing. He was a pioneer in the naturopathic field, passionately committed not only to the healing process of individuals with whom he worked but also to the living body of knowledge that is always evolving and could be passed down from teacher to student in a mentoring tradition.



Scott Gershen was the primary teacher. He was a gentle soul. The classes usually occurred inside of his home. Scott and his wife Vivian died in an airplane crash in Burma.

This is from the NY Times

On June 21, 45 Burmese died when a Burma Airways Fokker Friendship 27, a Dutch-made medium-range plane that is the airline's mainstay aircraft, hit an 8,200-foot-high mountain minutes after takeoff from the eastern town of Heho, about 280 miles northeast of Rangoon. The Government has not said what caused the June crash.

The crash today occurred one day after diplomatic officials reported that police protection of the United States Embassy in Rangoon had been increased because of reports that an anti-American terrorist group had entered Burma. List of Casualties

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11 (AP) - The State Department released the names of 12 of the Americans killed in the crash: GERSHEN, Scott, Santa Fe, N.M. GERSHEN, Vivian, Santa Fe, N.M. GRIFFIN,

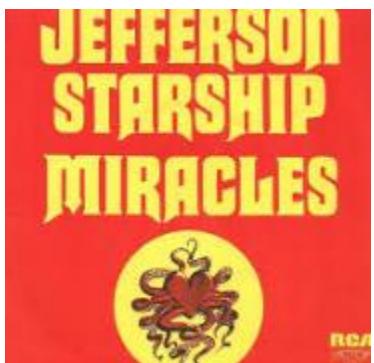


I took a trip with Scott Gershen and Vivian to Mazatlán Mexico during our spring break. We camped out for a whole week. This is when their relationship began.



I had two incredible roommates and classmates. Silas Smith and Ephraim French. They were both from Santa Barbara California. Silas was tall around 6'6 but he had incredible agility. He was an incredible skateboarder. He won first place at a skateboarding event at Los Alamos where the

Manhattan project occurred in the forties.



I have fond memories of listening to Jefferson Starship play the song Miracles on the radio. My other favorite song was dust in the wind by the band Kansas. We would skateboard at night on this incredible mountain road. Ephraim would drive this car and the headlights were on full beam. Silas and I would ride down the mountain

weaving back and forth. It was a blast.



Ephraim and I loved to play tennis at the governor's mansion. He was kind to let people play on his tennis court. Ephraim was fun to play with. We didn't play to win but we played to have fun. Big difference. Both of them worked at the Sheraton hotel as waiters. Another friend of mine Bill Whyland worked there also.

Ephraim, Silas, and I for a while stayed at Nora Fisher's house. She lived a few blocks away from the plaza.



Nora was kind and gracious having us live there. Nora was the curator of textiles at the Museum of International Folk Art in Santa Fe.

She has since retired. It was always an atmosphere of fun and enjoyment. I remember there was a party at Nora's friend's house. It was out in the country.

This house was built out of adobe. It was awesome. One of my favorite styles is adobe. The adobe keeps the house cool during summer and warm during the winter. I remember falling asleep on the floor.

The next morning my friends said did you know we had a party last night and we danced all over you and you didn't wake up. Talk about sound sleep.

This is what Nora has written about her career. Pretty incredible. I will be honest at the time I didn't know and understand her work. Forty years later I began to see her importance in her field.

Between 1965 and 1998 I had 33 years working as a Curator with textile collections in a Museum setting, first at the Textile Museum in Washington, DC, and then at the Museum of International Folk Art, Santa Fe, New Mexico. During the time I worked with Museum collections I had several stints designing and instituting new textile storage areas and was awarded an International Partnership Among Museums (IPAM) grant to do a museum exchange with the Kelkar Museum in Pune, Maharashtra. *Mud, Mirror, and Thread: Folk Traditions of Rural India*, published by Mapin Press, Ahmedabad in 1993, 1995, and, most recently, in 2006. I have pursued fieldwork studying the Banjara in eight states:

Himachal Pradesh, Uttar Pradesh, Gujarat, Rajasthan, Madhya Pradesh, Maharashtra, Andhra Pradesh, and Karnataka. As for myself, Nora Fisher: I have 33 years of experience working with textile collections in a Museum setting, first at the Textile Museum in Washington, DC, and then at the Museum of International Folk Art, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

During the time I worked with Museum collections I had several stints at designing and instituting new textile storage areas.

During my museum work, I took two personal senior fellowships (1988-89 and 1992-93) that were processed through the American Institute of Indian Studies, New Delhi. Both grants were hosted at Gujarat Vidyapith in Ahmedabad, and both focused on the embroidery and dress of the Banjara.

I have done fieldwork studying the Banjara in eight states: Himachal Pradesh, Uttar Pradesh, Gujarat, Rajasthan, Madhya Pradesh, Maharashtra, Andhra Pradesh, and Karnataka.

I am most at ease in Karnataka: working with the Banjara, visiting and staying in tandas, and meeting with Banjara in cities. Mud, Mirror, and Thread: Folk Traditions of Rural India was published, by Mapin Press, Ahmedabad in 1993, 1995, and, most recently, in 2006.

Nora had this small funky convenience store near her house. I would buy bananas and frozen orange juice to make smoothies. During the winter we would like to soak up the rays outside the store. I loved feeling the rays hitting my body. Words truly can't describe it.

For a time I worked at the Compound a famous restaurant on Canyon Road. Esquire magazine awarded it the restaurant of the year for the Southwest. It was built out of adobe. I loved the inside of the restaurant. The wall was painted pure white. The owner was



Victor Sagheer originally from Lebanon. He was a great boss. I remember they would serve these incredible meals to the staff.



I once waited upon the table of Art Garfunkel of Simon and Garfunkel fame.

I would ride my bike to work. During the winter it was so peaceful riding my bike back home at night. At times it would be snowing and it was so serene.

Nobody else would be on the road. I would pass the main plaza in town and all these incredible lights surrounding the plaza.



I never knew that it was the custom to place candles inside paper bags. Wow!!!. This is called a luminaria or farolito depending on who you talk to.



New Mexico is called the land of enchantment. It's in the high desert. About 45 minutes away is the Santa Fe National Forest. The Santa Fe ski basin is situated there. I first learned how to ski there.

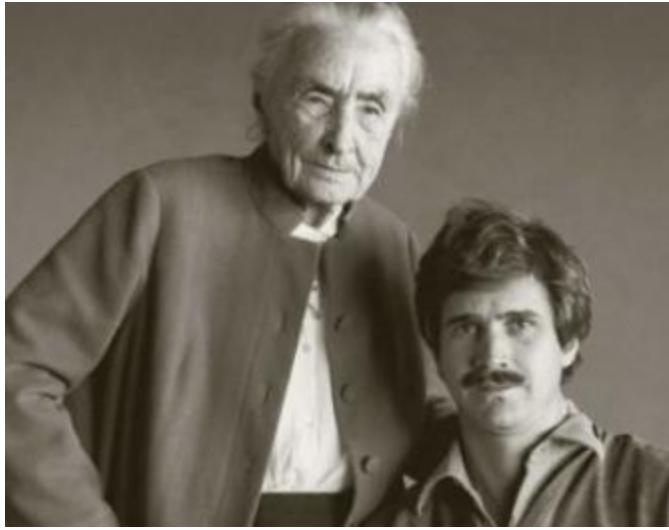


The most incredible sunsets would occur there. Being in the high desert it seemed you could almost touch the sky. At times it would give me chills at the beauty of it all. This is God's painting. The signposts are everywhere. Every sunrise and sunset was different.



Yogi Bhajan and his followers had this incredible vegetarian restaurant in town. Back then they didn't have very many. They served a mixture of Indian and vegetarian cuisine. They also had the golden temple ice cream of either honey or carob. You could also buy the ice cream at the local food Co-op. this was probably the best-tasting ice cream I ever had.

I met Yogi Bhajan once. Ephraim's friend was getting married and Yogi Bhajan was going to do the ceremony. His friend was an attorney for the organization.



My friend Ephraim was also friends with Juan Hamilton. I met him a few times.

This is from Bazar magazine including the picture.

Georgia O'Keeffe's intimate relationship with Juan Hamilton, 58 years her junior, was an art-world scandal.

At that time Georgia O'Keeffe was my favorite artist. She lived outside of the box. I admired that. She moved to New Mexico from New York so we could paint whatever came her way.

Santa Fe had an avant-garde movie theater. They would play films all around the world. I remember they would serve incredible food there.

It wasn't your typical movie food such as popcorn and soda. They would serve beer and wine. It was quite an experience.

It's funny my friend Paul Cohen's black sheep of the family was Ram Das. Ephraim, Silas, and I saw him give a talk in Albuquerque about an hour away from Santa Fe.

I don't remember too much about his talk. He went over his life. At the time Ram Das was at the forefront of the meditation movement. He was underground. At that time meditation was still on the fringe of society.



You were considered an outcast back then.
Today you can learn about meditation
almost anywhere. Times have changed.

Since then I haven't seen Ephraim or Nora.
When I moved to Ashland Oregon I heard
rumors that Silas lived in the area.

Through synchronicity, I tracked him down. It was just like the old times. Our connection never died. Silas comes to my Christmas Eve birthday party when I come to town for a visit.



Baba Ram Dass RAMA Bhajan (daily practice)
62K views • 4 years ago
nit ram
Ram Ram! Here is an original recording of a beautiful bhajan with Ram Dass. Some parts are looped for our extended enjoyment

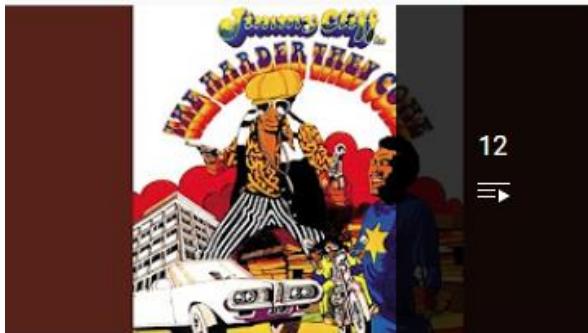


Kansas - Dust in the Wind (Official Video)
210M views • 12 years ago
KANSAS
Lyrics: Dust in the wind All they are is dust in the wind #Kansas #DustinttheWind #Rock.



BOB MARLEY
[00:00:00] - 01. One Love
[00:04:58] - 02. No Woman No Cry
[00:13:58] - 03. Three Little Birds
[00:18:13] - 04. Get Down Tonight
[00:21:58] - 05. I Shot the Sheriff
[00:22:38] - 06. Buffalo Soldier
[00:27:45] - 07. Get Up Stand Up
[00:34:13] - 08. Could You Be Loved
[00:40:22] - 09. Shot The Sheriff
[00:46:44] - 10. Easy Stand Up
[00:56:29] - 11. Son Is Shining
[00:55:50] - 12. Redemption Song
[00:56:58] - 13. Everything's Gonna Be All Right
[01:03:08] - 14. Forever Loving Jah
[01:05:00] - 15. War
[01:21:15] - 16. Performance
[01:28:35] - 17. A Lekal Long
[02:22:37] - 18. Jah
[02:26:04] - 19. Bad Boys
[02:30:07] - 20. Don't Worry Be Happy

Bob Marley Greatest Hits Reggae Songs 2018 - Bob Marley Full Album
27M views • 4 years ago
Yuu Mii
Bob Marley Greatest Hits Reggae Songs 2018 - Bob Marley Full Album Thanks for watching! Don't forget to SUBSCRIBE, Like ...



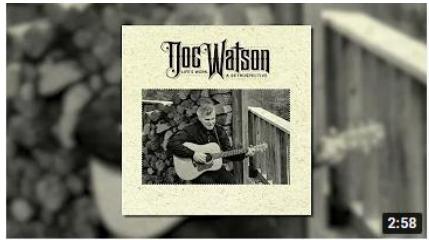
Jimmy Cliff - The Harder They Come (Album)

mulan 2 HD Dvd

Draw Your Brakes • 2:56

Rivers Of Babylon • 4:16

[VIEW FULL PLAYLIST](#)

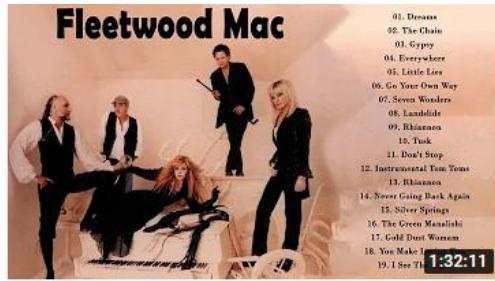


Doc Watson - Peach Picking Time In Georgia (Official Visualizer)

1.3K views • 8 months ago

 Doc Watson

Life's Work: A Retrospective, a career-spanning collection from 8x GRAMMY Award winning icon Doc Watson, now available ...

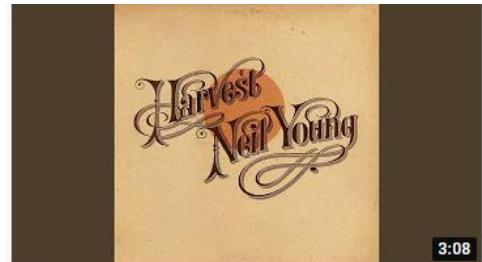


Fleetwood Mac Greatest Hits Full Album 2021

678K views • 8 months ago

 Latin Music

Fleetwood Mac Greatest Hits Full Album 2021 Fleetwood Mac Greatest Hits Full Album 2021 Fleetwood Mac Greatest Hits Full ...



Heart of Gold (2009 Remaster)

29M views

 neilyoungchannel

Provided to YouTube by Reprise Heart of Gold (2009 Remaster) · Neil Young Harvest © 2009 Reprise Records Pedal Steel ...



Bob Dylan - Sara (Live at Madison Square Garden - 1975) [Rolling Thunder Revue]

214K views • 1 year ago

 Swingin' Pig

This is a very special upload. This was recorded on December 8, 1975, the final night of the first leg of the Rolling Thunder Revue.

4K

6:07



Leo Kottke: Up tempo, Medley: Hear the wind howl / Busted bicycle, Buckaroo, Ojo, Eight miles high,

379K views • 9 years ago

 somewhere59

Up tempo, Medley: Hear the wind howl / Busted bicycle, Buckaroo, Ojo, Eight miles high, ...

 UP TEMPO | HEAR THE WIND HONL | BUSTED BICYCL... 5 moments ▾

20:02



Jesse Colin Young - Get Together (ft. Steve Miller)

40K views • 1 year ago

 Jesse Colin Young ▾

Re-recorded with Steve Miller (The Steve Miller Band) to celebrate the song's 50th anniversary.

 JESSE COLIN YOUNG | GET TOGETHER 50TH... 9 moments ▾

6:25

California Friends

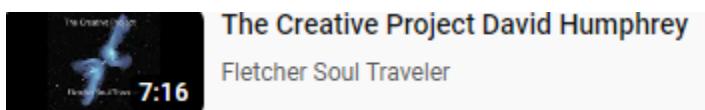
David Humphrey



I first met David when I was eighteen years old. We were both in India in an ashram named Prem Nagar. We became instant friends.

There is where the thread of life ties us together.

A year later I introduce my brother John to David. They become instant friends. Many people think that all of us are brothers. David has carried on the tradition of being a world-class jeweler.



The following is excerpted from an article by Robert Weldon for Professional Jeweler magazine.

Years ago, before he had a store front, Humphrey quietly sold ancient treasures and select gemstones to a few chosen customers in Los Angeles. During this time, he would visit Richard T. Liddicoat, chairman of the Gemological Institute of America and a friend, mentor and inspiration. GIA staffers recall looking forward to Humphrey's visits and the treasures that would tumble from his pockets one by one: an Art Deco cat's-eye pin, a magnificent Paraiba tourmaline. His store today captures that same sense of mystery and wonder.

Humphrey believes in the power of connections and started to establish them long before he opened his store. In the past two decades he has forged friendships and business relationships with many people, including museum curators and auction house directors with whom he can share information about ancient pieces he buys or sells. "These people are scholars, consummate experts with high standards," he says.

He also lists a number of artists in the musical and theatrical fields as his friends and clients. Humphrey prefers to keep the names quiet and prides himself on creating a

comfortable atmosphere for everyone in which, to experience the treasures he has to offer.

Flamboyance is not something David Humphrey is comfortable with. Yet his jewelry has graced actresses and music superstars at such high profile events as the Academy Awards.

The above comments truly reflect David's nature. He simply smiles at life. He has been meditating for 47 years. He truly enjoys the gift of life.



Around 1982 I'm living in Miami Beach. My brother John introduces me to Jerry Whitesides. Jerry is also a surfer. Ten years later he is married to David's ex-wife.

When I moved back to California I would go to Oxnard and surf with my brother and Jerry. David only lived a few blocks away in the Palisades. I'm living next door to the Self Realization fellowship

center. This is a meditation center opened by Paramahansa Yogananda in the 1950s

Well, our family moved to Maui in 1991 Jerry lived on the Big Island with his wife Nina who was David's ex-wife.



Some people loved resorts to chill out. Jerry was renting a resort. For around a thousand a month he got an incredible deal to rent this gorgeous house and property. Imagine on his property were two pools. A saltwater pool and a freshwater pool.



Right next door was a famous surf spot called Lymans. We could paddle right from his house into the lineup. The wave was a left point break where you could get incredible rides.

Usually, at unknown spots, it takes time to become familiar with fellow surfers. Jerry introduced me to them and I got to have some incredible waves come my way.

My family slept outside on the porch where there was a comfortable bed. The sound of the ocean would be heard the entire night. This is paradise. Nina and my wife Barbara became instant friends.



Jerry and his family took us twice to Waipio valley. To get to the valley you had to take an extreme step road down to the valley. It was one of the steepest roads I have ever seen. Here's an excerpt from the website of the most dangerous roads in America.



Waipio Valley Road is a short steep road in the Big Island of Hawaii, restricted to 4x4. It is the steepest road of its length in the United States.

The road is steep enough to destroy brakes on the way down, with some 45% grade sections.

The road is difficult and it's a nightmare in the wet or dark (or both).

It links Waipio Overlook at the western end of Honokaa-Waipio

Road (state route 240), down into the Waipio Valley, in the Hamakua District. While the road is now paved and only about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile long, the 25% average grade (said to be up to 45% at some points), taking the road about 900 feet down to the valley floor, is steep enough to destroy brakes on the way down, and stall engines on the way up. The road is therefore restricted to 4x4s (which you'll need anyway to navigate the unpaved roads on the valley floor), and hikers with strong legs.

This road is not for the faint at heart. It is a forty-five-degree angle down and the only way to make it is with 4WD in low gear. It is a single-lane road and folks going down have to yield to folks coming up.

I will never forget the great hospitality of the Whiteside family. Jerry passed away about ten years ago. RIP Jerry. I will never forget you and the incredible times we had together. You touched many people's hearts.

Our journeys go on. I give my love and gratitude to David and the Whiteside family.

John Roberts



I first met John through my friend Buddy Owens. I had just returned home from my journeys around the world. Buddy was living with some friends and I became friends with them.

They are learned how to meditate. John was an incredible person to be around. He loved life to its fullest. He had quite a humble and loving demeanor.

John smiled at life.

Once again the web of life connects us all. One of Buddy's roommates is Bob Haxton who thirty years later is living in Ashland Oregon. We have the same spiritual path with two identical teachers.



John and I decided to take a surf trip to Mexico. John had this incredible VW Camper. John just bought the Wings first album and we would play it over and over. We drove from California to Mazatlan. We spent a day or two there and traveled to San Blas



San Blas is famous for Matanchen Bay. This can be the longest wave to ride in North America.

On a good day, you can ride a wave for over a mile. I have never seen that yet. I see the potential. I have ridden tiny waves for probably a quarter of a mile.

John and I surfed at this river mouth just outside of town. It was always consistent. We had it all to ourselves. Great fun lefts were had by all.



We continued our drive to Puerto Escondido. I was there a year before but I had no surfboard. This surf spot is for experts only.

The waves can be huge. Even on a small day, the waves break extremely hard and violently. We got some incredible waves. Back then it was an unknown surf destination. Today the entire world knows of this surf spot.

John was a great surf partner. We had adventures along the way. Our goal was to go to Central America. One night, while we were sleeping someone, stole John's surfboard.



We drove on a dusty dirt road to Oaxaca and visited Monte Albán a famous pre-Columbian archaeological site



We also visited the Tule tree. It's believed that the tree is about 2,000 years old. Local legend holds that the tree was planted 1,400 years ago by a priest of the Aztec storm god. According to National Geographic, it is the inspiration for an annual festival in Oaxaca celebrated on the second Monday of October.

We spent a few days there and drove to Mexico City. I lived there for two years



Our house was across the street from Chapultepec Park. I enjoyed seeing my Mexican friends. They welcomed John and I into their household.

I will always cherish my time with John. The last time I saw him was ten years ago in Ashland Oregon.

John Slowsky



[Talk Story With John Slowsky](#)



My partner John Slowsky and I were both too ahead of our time. We developed 1986 the first Visual Real Estate program. Imagine searching for a house.

Photos of all the houses would appear on the screen. Click on the house you like and it would take you on a tour of the house. At that time the real estate market was quite archaic.

They said we take all our clients to search for a house by car. We said this tool can save you and your clients time by narrowing down the search.

We told them that in the future everyone including your Grand Ma would be using this tool. Voila, the entire world real estate market has tools just like this.

We won awards at trade shows but it was too advanced for its time.

My dear friend John Slowsky, Matt Rauch and I developed OnMaui.com in 1996. It was quite revolutionary for its time. John did all the graphics for the site. Since then John has been on the forefront of graphic design. Check out <http://slowsky.com/>.

We developed 3 virtual towns in Maui. Makawao, Paia, and Lahaina. Imagine back then we didn't have a google walkthrough of towns. John and I developed something similar to what we have today.

For example, I took photos of the towns in Maui. John then stitched together the photos. Back then VRML(virtual reality markup language) was just taking off.

By the way, it didn't make it. We created virtual walkthroughs of these towns. You could stroll down the street and go into surfboard shops and art galleries. You could even buy things.

Years later we have google maps where instead of a person walking down the street they have this car with a built-in camera. They could capture images of our towns in minutes.

A Comprehensive Guide to Products and Services www.Onmaui.com

	History & Culture		Valley Isle Weddings		Entertainment & Events		Virtual Towns Virtual Malls
	Shopping Maui Style		Convention Services		Business		Real Estate
	Gallery Hopping		Places to Stay		Classified Ads		Ecology Non-Profit
	Golfing Maui		Activities & Services		Restaurants		Education Center

[On Kauai](#) [On Oahu](#) [On Molokai](#) [On Lanai](#) [On Hawaii](#)

Our favorite Sites

For information on being listed in this directory, contact OnMaui [by clicking here.](#)

John was also a surfer. John also loved to meditate. John loved to be creative. What else can I say? We were both peas in a pod. I have known John since 1972. He was a great friend of my brother John. I haven't seen John in many moons. He is still dear to my heart.

We all have such incredible friends on this journey of life. I feel so fortunate to meet John.

Michael Shurtz	
	
<p>I have now Michael for over forty-plus years. I love his Facebook post. Michael is extremely creative. We first met in Los Angeles in the early seventies. I love the art that he does. He thinks outside of the box. Yes, Michael loves to meditate.</p>	

Fuzzbee Morse



Fuzzbee was born with a guitar in his hand. He is a musical genius. On top of that he loves to meditate. What a great combination? I haven't been in contact with him in many years yet I read his Facebook posts. Fuzzbee is still having the time of his life.

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia ⁴

Fuzzbee Morse

Fuzzbee Morse 2019 by Glenn Francis.jpg

⁴ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fuzzbee_Morse

Morse arrives for the California Saga 2 Charity Concert in Los Angeles California on July 3, 2019

Known for multi-instrumentalist

Fuzzbee Morse

Fuzzbee Morse is an American composer for films, as well as a performer, singer/songwriter, multi-instrumentalist and music producer.

He is known for his command of a variety of instruments, including guitar, keyboards, bass, flute, soprano saxophone, mandolin, alto flute and many others. As a player, primarily on guitar, Fuzzbee has played with such notable musicians as: Bono, Peter Gabriel, Lou Reed, Frank Zappa, Aaron Neville, Wasis Diop, Jaco Pastorius, Third World, Karla Bonoff, Richie Havens, Pino Palladino, Alex Band (The Calling), Jean-Luc Ponty, Ric Ocasek, Joan Baez, Cyril Neville, Axl Rose, Chambers Brothers, Manu Katché, Nick Jameson, Robert Wyatt, Greg Hawkes, Paul Allen, Pink, Dave Grohl, Larry Mullen, Jr., The Soul Survivors, Daniel Lanois, Donovan, Anne McCue, Jerry Marotta, Tony Levin, Derek Trucks, Julian Lennon, Vernon Reid, Rufus Wainwright, Robert Randolph, Steve Ferrone, Kenny Edwards, John Sebastian, Bernard Fowler, Andy Pratt, David Sancious, Jesse Colin Young, Natalie Cole, Lee Sklar, Ben Orr, Nick Mason, Russ Kunkel, Phil Upchurch, The Security Project, Dan Aykroyd, Trey Gunn, Harry Dean Stanton and many more.

His first album, Dreams and Other Living Things, featuring Jerry Marotta, Tony Levin, David Sancious, Lisa Frazier, Daya Rawat and Chambers Brothers was released in 2015. Paul Zollo, Senior Editor of American Songwriter reviewed it as, "An absolute masterpiece. An album for the ages."

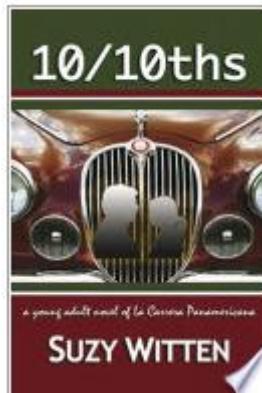
His film career began in 1987 with the Stuart Gordon film, Dolls,[1] and he is still active in the industry today. He has worked on films with people such as Philip Haas, Damian Lewis, Stuart Gordon, John Slattery, Will Gluck, Richard Band,

Charles Band, Chris Bauer, Tom Stern, Pam Brady, Dyan Cannon, Currie Graham, Sasha Jenson, Michael Couto and Kyle McCulloch. Morse, despite having many titles to his name, is often credited alongside others such as Richard Band, etc. and therefore hasn't always had as much attention from the media as his collaborators. Dolls is known for having sparked off several 'Killer Doll' franchises (collections of films such as Chucky and the Puppetmaster series with their many sequels), along with Ghoulies II, the second in a series of four films about wild, little demons conjured with black magic. Fuzzbee Morse is still working in music, film and television and performs often around Los Angeles.

Click picture to hear song.



John Sumerville	Suzy Witten
	
<p>What can I say about John? John was smiling when I first met him in the seventies. John was smiling in the eighties. Fast forward 20 years and John is smiling today. Yes, John loves to meditate.</p> <div style="display: flex; align-items: center;">  <div style="margin-left: 10px;"> <p>Talk Story with John Sumerville 2 Fletcher Soul Traveler</p> </div> </div>	<p>I haven't spoken to Suzy in many years. Many of my close friends are good friends of hers. I remember she had a great singing voice. I always loved her sense of humor.</p> <p>Suzy Witten's career spans over twenty-five years in the entertainment industry as a filmmaker, screenwriter, story analyst, and editor for film and television. As a filmmaker, she was nominated for a Lillian Gish filmmaking award by Women In Film. ... Google Books</p> <p>Books: 10/10ths: A Young Adult Novel of La Carrera Panamericana</p>



14-year-old Andi Gazek, a lifelong car nut, mini-MacGyver, and expert strategizer (i.e., fibber) from Montana, hits the road one abandoned

summer in search of the racer father she never knew. Finding him is not enough. Now she wants him to drive the world famous 2,500-mile vintage car rally race--*La Carrera Panamericana*--with her in Mexico... and she expects him to teach her. What she learns, and what he learns, in their wills-clashing, car-crashing process is miles beyond any road map. *10/10ths* is a lesson charged, richly peopled, coming-of-age action adventure set in a contemporary car racing world full of high-speed hairpin curves and misdirection. For a Young Adult reader, it's a page turning dented ride to what being "family" means. (*Pre-teen to Adult*)

Susan Stiffelman	David R. Wilbur
	
<p>My brother John and Hanalee were good friends of Susan. Last time I saw her was only a few years ago in Kansas City. I met her Mom. She was a divine character. I'm sorry to hear that your house burned down in the Malibu fires.</p>	<p>My brother John and I like David. We first met him in the early seventies. I remember he had a great sense of humor. Yes, he loved to meditate. Another great trait. I haven't seen or heard any news in many years.</p>

Randy Lamont	David Nelson
 <p>Here's another adventure in the web of life that ties us together. I first met Randy in Portland Oregon in 1973. You can tell from this picture he loves to laugh. Twenty years later I'm living in Maui. I'm in a seminar and guess who walks into the room? Good old Randy.</p>	 <p>I first met David in Seattle in 1973. I was living in Portland. Rennie Davis was going to speak at a college campus in Seattle. This is where I met David. David is an exceptional artist.</p> <p>Here's a Facebook post from David.</p> <p>Along with over 300 other artists in the greater Los Angeles area I submitted work to be considered for this year's LA OPEN Exhibition, juried by James Panozzo.</p> <p>I was happy to receive this email: Congratulations! You've Been Accepted Into the 2019 LA OPEN Exhibition!"</p>

	<p>“The juried exhibition will serve as a gateway for a diverse range of artists in the greater Los Angeles area to display their art works on Museum Row, home to four major Los Angeles museums.”</p> <p>The reception is this Saturday, January 5 from 5 - 8 PM. You’re invited!</p> <p>taggallery.net</p>
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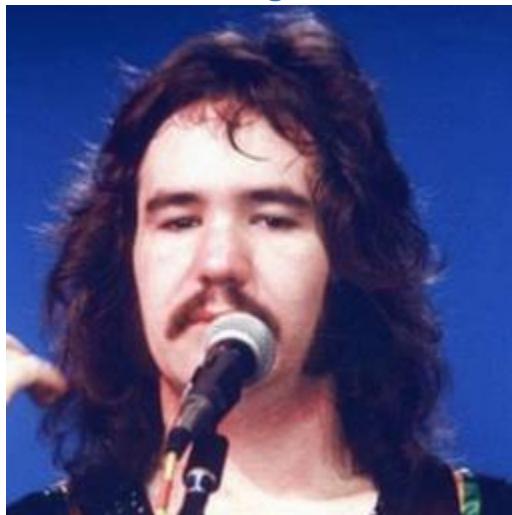
Paula Wenger	Michael Paragon
	
<p>My brother and I first met Paula in LA during the seventies. Twenty years later we are in a store in Nevada City and Paula walks into the store. She says Hi Rick and John. That was amazing. By the way, she is also a twin.</p>	<p>My brother John and I have known Michael since the seventies. He has a great sense of humor. Yes, he loves to meditate. Michael has been at the forefront of bringing new technologies for creating water for many years. Great guy.</p> 

Allan Thomas	
	

My brother John and I have known Alan since the early seventies. Alan is an incredible singer and musician. He has been playing since he was born<grin>. He lives in Kauai. Alan loves to meditate, windsurf and surf. My kind of guy. Aloha to you Alan. It's been many moons since we have seen each other.



Michael Lanning





Michael was a member of the band called Jiva. George Harrison signed them up under the Dark Horse label. They were one of my favorite bands. My brother John knew Michael better than I did.

Genre: Folk

Albums: [Tantric Progression](#), [Words Should Mean Something: Live At the Bitter End](#), [Modern Sounds in Love and Cynicism!](#)

Record labels: [Michael Lanning](#), [Toes in the Sand Recordings](#), [Bel-Lan Records](#)

Songs

[You Just Go Away](#)

[Modern Sounds in Love and Cynicism! · 2016](#)

[Bound for Ascension](#)

[Bound for Ascension · 2004](#)

[Tantric Progression](#)



1. SOMETHING'S GOING ON INSIDE L.A.

Someone's sitting down and justified to laze the day it all away
Notices that something's wrong and something's going on inside LA
He picks up on the outer someone'S walking thinking nothing is true
He says something cosmic's going on while Ringo sings this song just for you
The other three magicians realise the mystery tour is just a game
While hearing truth is licking wounds trying to comprehend a shipwrecked fame
Lovers of the truth remark what the hell they're gonna do
They say something cosmic's going on while Ringo ends this song just for only
you
Now in case you didn't hear it
You can't be any nearer to it
Something's going on inside LA
Something's going on inside LA

Someone's laying money down that can't undo the chain inside his heart
And sometime's that can ??? because of some else's sad remark
The money goes to people into arguing that heaven isn't here
While all the time ignoring that perfection which the lovers see so clear
The pawnshop dealer deals inside has no direction ??? ??
He has always had a fear of whirling dervishes that knock him off his feet
Now I'm just talking about an ordinary man that ties a ball inside his life
Who is hung up and brought down and cannot seem to get along without his wife
Now in case you didn't hear it
You can't be any nearer to it
Something's going on inside LA
Something's going on inside LA

2. THE CLOSER I GET

You might think me absent minded,
If your Name I sometimes forget.
And at times I may seem blinded,
Because your love blows my mind,
The closer I get.

You could say I've got a problem,
You could say I'm in a jam,
But my eyes just ache for the sight
Of the one who made me what I am.
Oh, how can I ever say, how can I even try?
Without the help of anything in this world
You've taken me beyond the sky,
Which is the roof of my limitation,
As far as I can go by myself.
You could say I got a problem,
Yes, I guess so.
But if loving you is a problem,
I want everyone in the world to know
I want the world to know!

3. LOVE IS A TREASURE

Hello my friend let's go for a ride
And talk about something that I feel
It's probably nothing but you see there's a ??? (Can you feel it?)
You know it could turn into something real
I've been hoping it's true
I've been feeling my heart sing
Flying 40,000 feet up off the ground in love

It takes a dreamer to make a dream come true
Hey my friend are you dreaming too?
As we talk now I feel it grow inside (Feel it growing)
You know I'm just beginning to realise

chorus:

Can you feel it? The realness?
You have taken the first step
Love is a treasure that can open a heart of stone
Love is a treasure that can open a heart alone
Love is a treasure that can open a heart to home
Why don't you try and see?

I'm beginning to see things I thought were true are illusion
What I feel I can see in you
And don't you know it? Things will always change (for the better)
And we will find what we really need

chorus

Now I've been hoping it's true
I've been feeling my heart sing
Flying 40,000 feet up off the ground in love

4. Take My Love

Open the door that turns the key to your heart
You're something special you've a load to uncart
What do you know about lying
What do you know about dying
What do you say we start trying
To unwind the sign of the times
It's not hard it starts in your own yard

Chorus:

Take my love
Wear it well
All right take my love
It's too soon to tell how far we can go with love

I know it's old and that you've heard it before
I know it's also something you can't ignore
What do you know about living
What do you know about giving
What do you say we start living
For the day when sins wash away
When hate is no more just open your door

chorus

Take my love (repeat and ad lib)

5. Hey Brother

Hey brother can you feel it in the air
You know that something is changing
And I know you might not care
Now if there's any reason for you to feel at all
You should feel that you're part of it although you may feel small
When you know that the power of love is coming
Are you just going to turn and run

Hey brother do the best that you can do
There's a million head trips but only one you
Don't deny the love in your soul till you're old and grey
Because your life's unfolding brother don't waste another day
When you realise that the power of love is in you
You are going to want to come

Now stop where you are now
You've got a chance to see
Through your ideas of what life must be
When the mind is concentrating all that I feel
There's a power of love growing
Making time stand still
When you feel the love going through you
All your other trips are dying
When you feel the love going through you
All your other trips are dying

[6. World Of Love](#)

Such a wonderful world of love
Such unlimited love that we can find
And it's part of the real world of such unlimited love
That's deep inside

And this is love I always felt inside my heart
Until I fell in love with You
And then the power of your Word tore me apart
And I saw your love come shining through

And from the first time that I felt this love inside
I knew this love would grow and grow
And now this feeling is getting hard to hide
You're making it easy to let go
Oh your love's completely filling me
Oh filling me up, filling me up
Oh loving you is so easy for me

7. WHAT YOU'RE WAITING FOR

If you could park inside a dream that you completely understand
You would find and realise that everything you planned
If you could reach inside the time and pull out every last day
Mix it with the company you would find a way

If you could minimise your fear and figure out what you need to know
You would finally understand just where you need to go
If you know what you feel inside is more than just a state of mind
Measure it with tenderness you seek to leave behind

What you're waiting for is the chance to see just what you've got together (in your life)
Open up the door and you'll find out what you need to get untethered (in your mind)
repeat

8. IT'S TIME YOU KNOW (*lyrics are a bit iffy*)

You don't know what you're after
But knowing you better start
You're faking much too dreaming
You're feeling the song of your heart
And you know that you are given
Yes given is the gift
It's time for you to remember
The one who has given you this
And you know what soul soul soul

Nothing you've done has fulfilled you
If you die
But you know that's just a crime
Man's master plan can kill you
And the song you're singing with the rhyme

Now again and take a listen
Cause it's the only thing that's true
Man you don't know what you're missing
Hey but it's really all up to you
It's time you know
Wait wait a little bit longer
It's time you know
Can we bring you a little bit closer
It's time you know
How to fly

9. DON'T BE SAD

Wrapped up in the corner of your mind
Is the place that you've been saving
Now the time to open up your heart has come
To satisfy that craving
But how can you open up your heart?
The time has come but you're still feeling sad
Don't be sad

Long ago I felt like you
Cause no-one seemed to understand the madness
Now my time of endless searching's done
And my heart is full of gladness
And now you can open up your heart
The time has come but you're still feeling sad
Don't be sad

Lots of places brighter than the sun
When you reach inside the laughter
Listening to the silence in your heart
Is realising what you're after
And now you can open up your heart
The time has come but you're still feeling sad
Don't be sad

10. ALL IS WELL

All is well says something in my heart
When it's late and I'm all alone
And the doubt and worries start
There's always a light that's shining
Even in the darkest night
Shining all is well
Everything's alright

It's okay says a messenger from the day
Whispering ever so gently in my ear
And when I'm all alone
You answer my inner phone
And with a voice so clear you say
You're not alone it's okay

And you brought this to me
Without the light you showed me
I couldn't see in front of me
See things unfolding perfectly

Everything's all right
Relax and go back to bed
There's nothing in the world that can hurt ya
So don't worry your silly head
There'll be no more empty nights for you
Though that race will always run
For you who know my Name
For you the race is won

For you who know my Real True Name
For you the race is won

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Hey brother



Don't be sad



World of love



Love is a treasure



Oregon Friends

The Foundation for Meditative Studies

Mary Beth Jackson Lovett



I must admit I didn't know Mary Beth very well.

We didn't hang out together.

Yet she had a heart of gold.

One of my favorite moments was on top of a mountain.

A snowstorm was taking place.

Inside of the temple, you could hear huge taiko drums reverberating into the night.

It was a sight to behold.

Prayers were sent out to around the world.

Meditation was thick in the air.

Heaven was on earth.

Afterward, sweet fellowship occurred.

I remembered Mary Beth making and serving chai.

It was absolutely delicious.

Now I love chai and this was like liquid gold droplets of love.

At times Mary Beth told me her precious stories on her journey of life.

I learned all about Uncle Bob.

He seemed like quite a character.

Mary Beth loved her uncle.

To be honest I didn't see a broken bone in her body.

She loved to meditate.

You could see it in her eyes.

She cared for humanity.

Mary Beth didn't boast about her experiences.

She just shined like the sun.

She had nothing to prove.

I haven't seen Mary Lou for probably a good 10 years.

I learned of her passing a few days ago.

Memories never die.

Yes, the physical dies but the soul lives forever.

I believe we are all shooting stars.

When we leave this body we become stardust.

Mary Lou exists inside of us.

I can still see her smiling face dancing into the night.

Life is precious.

Someday Mary Lou will appear on the scene.

She will just have a different body.

For now, she is dancing with her master.

Linda Graham



Linda is a dear friend of mine.

She has a heart of gold.

She loves humanity to the core.

Linda loves to meditate.

I love talking to her.

She provides so much wisdom that is occurring in her life.

I'm like a kid in a candy store.

Yet this is sugar to my soul.

My teeth don't decay but my soul gets fulfilled.

I have known her for many moons.

This isn't the first go-around.

We have known each other for eternity.

Both of us are walking on the same path yet the path is different for all.

We inspire each other to be kind and compassionate.

The world can only change through kindness and compassion.

At times the world sees only through black and white.

For many moons, this has been the way.

We talk about seeing in color.

Meditation changes the way of seeing through the black and white of life.

Meditation brings the colors of kindness and compassion to the forefront in life.

In every moment we have free choice to see the true colors of life.

You are the universe.

You just don't know it.

There are only a few people with who I can talk about such matters.

Linda is one of them.

We are on the same wavelength in life.

We know the greatest riches lie within.

When you are rich in heart you do not hoard your riches.

When you are rich in life you freely give away kindness and compassion to all.

Even to your so-called enemies.

Which in reality don't exist only in your state of mind.

You see a wise person knows the well is eternal.

The waters of kindness and compassion are endless.

Linda is always learning how and practicing to go to the next level in the video game of life.

Life will throw us curve balls.

We can react as leaves blowing in the wind and get upset.

Or

One can see this as a golden opportunity to just smile.

But doing this one goes to the next level in the video game.

There are infinite levels in the video game.

Only kindness and compassion will take you to another level.

Linda helps me to learn about playing this video game of life with more awareness.

We are all in the same boat together.

We all have free choice and free will.

I love the universe provides me with such wonderful people to help me on this incredible journey of life.

Thank you Linda for who you are.

I love you.

Donn Rochlin



I first met Donn in Sedona in 1986. At the time Donn was Linda Graham's boyfriend. Donn is an incredible musician. He is on the same spiritual path as I am on.



[The Creative Project Donn & Richard](#)

Fletcher Soul Traveler

Fast forward 20 years. I'm living in Ashland Oregon. Donn is living in Ashland Oregon. I have a ton of poems that I have created during the last 20 years.

I went to a poetry conference in Orlando Florida. Ray Manzarek from the famous music group "The Doors" was giving a poetry reading. This was not a normal reading. He provided music for the reading. I was blown away. I never heard music and poetry together like this.

Anyway, I approached Don and asked if he wanted to do the music for my first CD. Donn said yes and the rest is history. Donn is a great improviser. When I did a poem about the blind man touching the elephant he created a slow sauntering effect of an elephant walking slowly.

For each track, he created something unique. Listen to The Fletcher Soul Traveler Collaboration Project 2017. Scroll down to the bottom where I have a collection of Donn's collaboration.

This is from Donn's website.

Donn Rochlin is a composer pianist, and educator.

Born in Los Angeles, CA., he grew up pursuing music--first playing French horn--on his way to a Juilliard scholarship when he decided that reading other people's music wasn't how he wanted to spend his time. At that point he switched to guitar and then taught himself piano as he started composing his own music. Several years later while practicing on a church piano, the church minister offered him a paying gig. That started Donn's performing career. Never having formal piano lessons, he was encouraged and inspired by the responses of his first audiences.

He started booking himself at other churches, later adding on restaurants, weddings and all types of special events. His compositions started catching on and he soon produced his first solo CD. He composed and toured with the Intimate Flight Dance Company from Flagstaff, AZ. Soon thereafter he was commissioned by a New York playwright to compose for an off Broadway show. Several years later he landed writing and performing gigs with The Fourth St. Kids Dance Troupe, Tucson, AZ., P.A.T.H. or Performing Arts Theater of the Handicapped in Medford, OR. and Children's Dance Theater of Ashland, OR.

To support his music in the mid 80's, Donn worked at a variety of sales jobs, was sales manager for an office supply company, a recruiter for a technical search firm, and landed a job as Vice-President of The Jurist Corporation, a financial and legal services company where he worked for two years, until relocating to Sedona, Arizona. Discovering that his work options were limited, with the help of a partner he created The Sandwichman Lunch Delivery Service. click [here](#) "We had a great two-year run," Donn said. Eventually the music picked up. After moving south to Tucson, while working part-time in the marketing department of the Tucson Symphony, he began giving three-hour piano workshops at colleges and universities. Within six months, his "Just for Fun" piano workshops became a thriving, full-time business that took him to over 65 cities across the U.S.

His teaching methods and philosophy of playing music from the heart rather than by reading notes helped free thousands of students from their fear of making mistakes and holding themselves hostage to perfectionism and performance

anxiety. After relocating to Ashland, OR. Donn founded the Ashland School of Music, which in addition to offering group classes for adults and children, served as a venue for local artists to perform.

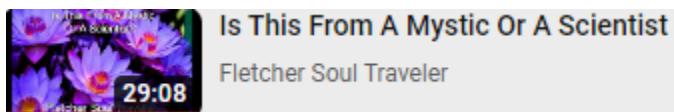
Donn started to realize that the impact he had on his students' lives as a teacher was as rewarding as performing and writing music. This realization inspired him to create other types of seminars including Crises To Creativity, Wellness With Music and Fearless Public Speaking. His book *Fearless Public Speaking* helps people overcome their perfectionism and performance anxiety so they can be comfortable speaking in front of a crowd. Whether teaching creativity, public speaking or piano, his common message of inspiration is to, relax into your life, be prepared to improvise, enjoy the ride, and use the "rules" as guidelines, not boundaries.

Spirituality is the basis of Donn's teaching and coaching. He has always been curious about the spiritual nature of life and for himself, has discovered that his spiritual path is about following his creative impulses and hopefully inspiring a few people along the way.



Its a beautiful day in the neighbor

Fletcher Soul Traveler



Is This From A Mystic Or A Scientist

Fletcher Soul Traveler

Donn and Richard

Donn and Richard worked on these two albums together.



How Can A Fish Drown In Water?

How can a fish drown in water?

How can a man choke on his own words?

How can pride and ego bring a country to the brink of war?

How can the loss of innocence take away the child inside?

How can man pretend to be so smart when he is sawing off his own limbs?

The World Is A Drama

Guru Nanak once said

The world is a drama, staged in a dream.

Mystics throughout the ages have pondered this over.

We are living in drama, staged in a dream.

Is our dream real?

What is considered a dream?

We come and go from this world.

Is this a dream or where we come from a dream?

We live our lives in so much drama.

We react to the beatings of life.

Is there a way to solve this puzzle?

It seems very complicated.

One layer over another.

Yet the answer is simple.

Open the door within.

Sailing

I'm sailing home to my beloved.

The winds of grace have filled the sails.

The tiller is on remote control.

Can you feel the fresh wind upon your face?

The ocean at times is calm.

At times it is stormy, yet I have faith.

Huge waves of change cover my boat.

The storm ends and there's calm.

At times the journey hits the doldrums.

Not a bit of wind in sight.

My mind is restless.

I'm so bored.

Suddenly a dolphin splashes me and grins with delight.

I forget my boredom.

At times my journey is dangerous, with sharks all around.

At times the journey feels like a walk in the park.

Sitting on the deck with a beer in my hand.

I'm relaxing with sunglasses on my face.

At times the journey feels like America's cup.

Racing towards the cup.

I gotta make that buck.

At times my boat is going down the drain.

My life is in constant pain.

I realize that I'm dreaming.

I'm in my bath watching the toy boat go down the drain.

This vessel of life is incredible.

At times this journey is like the Love Boat.

You're in love and nothing else matters.

Until the wind goes out of your sails.

This journey is incredible.

I'm sailing home to my beloved.

Mediation

I once had a grand teacher who said mediation is perfect concentration upon a perfect point.

How elegantly said.

Imagine the mind is like a tuning fork.

Whatever it touches it vibrates at that frequency.

Have you ever felt that material happiness is finite?

Imagine the car you always dreamed of?

A yellow Ferrari.

In the beginning, it brings so much joy.

You take all of your friends around the block for a spin.

Day and night you are satisfied.

One day you notice that a little dissatisfaction has entered your door.

Day by day your yellow Ferrari becomes a hassle.

How many times to the shop?

I need an oil change.

My brakes need changing.

The transmission just went out.

Everything material wears out.

Material happiness will soon lead to pain.

Does this mean we can't enjoy the comforts of life?

Do we have to live a life of a hermit?

How can one live in this world and live in absolute joy?

Mediation brings an individual to the center of the hurricane.

The winds of change are blowing yet perfect calm resides inside.

This is your true state.

Absolute joy, total bliss.

Your mind is vibrating with the word of life.

He Who Says Doesn't Know

He who says doesn't know.

He who knows doesn't say.

The truth is not the book.

The book is not the truth.

The truth lies inside the book, yet is not the book.

The book contains truth, yet is not the absolute truth.

Truth is, was, and will always be.

A book is simply words that try to describe the truth

Truth can never be described.

How can the finite mind understand the infinite?

A book only talks about the fruit but is not the fruit.

Only by eating the fruit can you understand.

A Man Of Forty

As a man of forty does our child still exist?

Have you forgotten the innocence and the childlike nature of this life?

Have we become so bored and preoccupied that we have lost the beauty of life?

In the midst of our business negotiations have we ever stopped and said, "WOW
I'm alive"

We go on in our petty life with so much detail.

We place such importance on getting the deal together.

We have lost all morals.

Cheat and lie our way to the top.

Money is God for the people.

How would our forefathers react if they saw how we lived?

They would probably cry and pray.

We had such hopes in our youth.

The dream will never die but we will.

We promised our generation we would never be like our parents but look at
ourselves in the mirror.

Have we become clearer?

We are stuck in our ways and have forgotten our dreams.

Let's wake up. We can make the change.

Change can come from our generation.

Pay your bills and also know why we are alive.

We have already slept in. Know is the time to wake up and change our life.

Stairway Of Life

Man climbs the stairway of life and gets very frustrated.

He looks for satisfaction but never quiet finds it.

Man is tired but can't find sleep.

Alone at night, he prays for answers.

There is an elevator within that man can take.

It doesn't stop until a man reaches his true home.

Stop and enjoy the ride.

The whole universe is spinning right between your eyes.

The secret of life lies within.

The mystery of this riddle lies in your heart.

Be like a child and discover your youth.

Your true father and mother are keeping you alive.

Relax and enjoy the sweetness of breath.

Focus

Whatever you focus on you eventually become.

If you want to be a surfer you first paddle out on a small day.

Maybe some people paddle out there first time on a huge day.

I wouldn't advise it.

Anyway at first it's really difficult just learning to paddle the darn board much less catch a wave.

Timing is everything.

If you're too late you will go over the falls which really hurts.

If you don't paddle fast enough you won't catch the wave.

What really hurts is when you don't paddle fast enough the wave can decide that you're going anyway.

That is when you learn a major lesson.

Anyway, over time you learn how to surf.

Years later you are a surfer.

It is a part of your life.

Whatever you focus on you eventually become.

If you want to be anything in this world you must focus on it.

Nothing doesn't come overnight.

Some things take longer than others.

For time immemorial Man has sought the mysteries of life.

Those who focused their life on it eventually became it.

In that state, they haven't anything to prove.

They will act like a child.

If someone tells them they're wrong, they will just smile.

We can all be in that state.

Remember

Whatever you focus on you eventually become.

The secret lies inside of you and me.

Serenity

Serenity is the state of being calm, peaceful, and untroubled.

Think of life as a video game.

In a video game once you master a level you go to another level.

People love the challenge of playing the game.

Now imagine playing the video game of life.

Which by the way you are.

Have you read the instruction manual?

Do you know even if there is one?

Are we on auto-pilot in this life?

Anyway here's a few suggestions on playing the complex game.

Imagine you're playing this video game.

It's old and new at the same time.

The purpose of this game as you know is to go through the various levels.

Step 1.

Life throws you a curveball.

How do you react?

If you can be in a state of being calm, peaceful, and untroubled you go to the next level.

Otherwise, life throws you a curveball and you try again.

Now if you pass level 1 be ready for the next step.

Life throws you a curveball.

How do you react?

Serenity is a state of mind where you go through and learn how to react to life.

Been there done that.

It's learning the video game of life consciously not in a stupor.

Every step of the way is a practical learning experience.

Each time a curveball is thrown remember you can hit a home run.

Forgive

I love the definition of forgiving.

Stop feeling angry or resentful toward (someone) for an offense, flaw, or mistake.

Imagine a person does you wrong.

You have every right to be angry.

Time passes and the person who wronged you has forgotten the situation.

But you haven't.

The anger is still festering within.

The poison left by the arrow lies inside of you.

The moment you truly forgive yourself and the other person true alchemy occurs.

True healing can take place.

This is the law of forgiveness.

It doesn't say you must forget the experience.

The law says to forgive.

Big difference.

Like the world, we would truly be more content if we forgive ourselves and others.

Learn from your mistakes.

Forgive yourselves and others along this journey of life.

Nothing To Prove

I'm sure by now you know that the sun in the sky has nothing to prove.

The sun just shines.

The moon at night doesn't say "hey look at me".

The wind doesn't whisper in your ear "I can blow you away".

The wind just is.

It doesn't have anything to prove.

A dog just loves his master.

A dog has nothing to prove.

A dog just loves you.

The creator has nothing to prove.

The creator is infinite love.

The creator doesn't judge you.

The creator just loves you.

Are we the only creatures on earth that have something to prove?

Where did we get that from?

What are we missing in life that we have to continually prove ourselves to others?"

A wise man has nothing to prove.

He just smiles.

3 Blind Men And The Elephant

When I was young I heard the story about three blind men touching an elephant.

Each man touched a different part of the elephant.

One touched the elephant's ear, another touched his feet, while the last touched the tusk.

They began to discuss their experience and a huge fight began.

I'm right and you're wrong.

I know all the answers.

You are a fool to believe in that.

What a child you are.

Yet they all had their own individual experience.

It was a piece of the puzzle.

Not the puzzle itself but a piece.

Are we like the blind man touching the elephant?

My religion is better than your religion.

I'm going to heaven while you're going to hell.

I'm going to declare war on you.

I'm going to convert you.

Religion has a piece of the puzzle.

It is not the puzzle itself.

Each religion is different and unique.

The essence is the same.

Which part of the elephant did you touch?

Maybe it's about time to be open to something new.

Your enemy is talking about the same thing you are.

He just has a different piece, a different point of view.

In the end, the essence is the same.

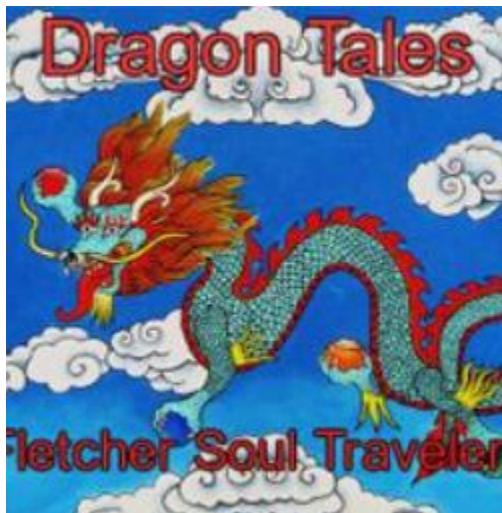
Richard Fletcher

Richard loves life. His passions are mediations, surfing, cooking, and Family & friends. My twin brother John did the background music for these projects. My friend Donn Rochlin did two of the albums which you will see in the next chapter.

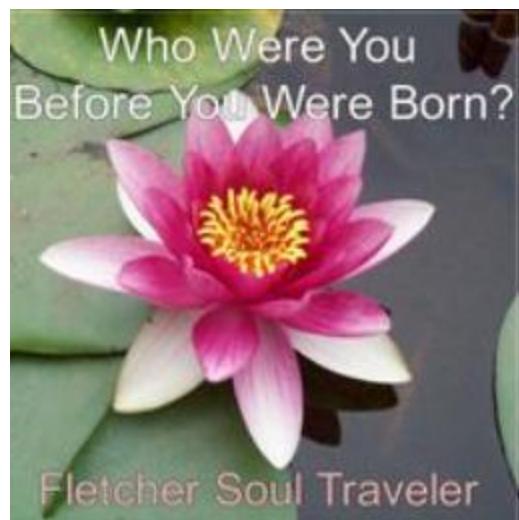
The Fletcher Soul Traveler Collaboration Project is between my twin brother Richard and myself. His poetry along with my music compositions will take you along a cosmic ride! I hope you enjoy your journey!

John Franklin Fletcher & Richard Fletcher

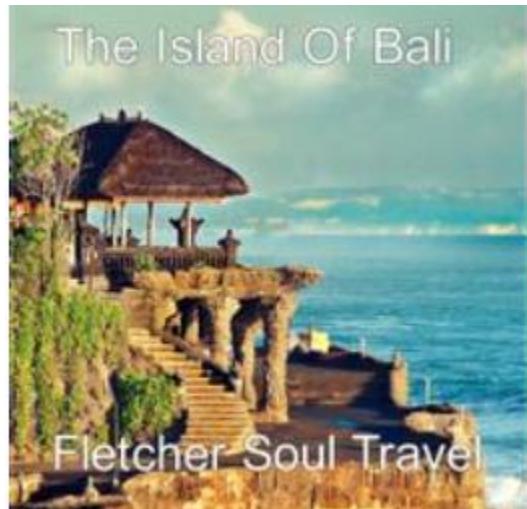
Dragon Tales



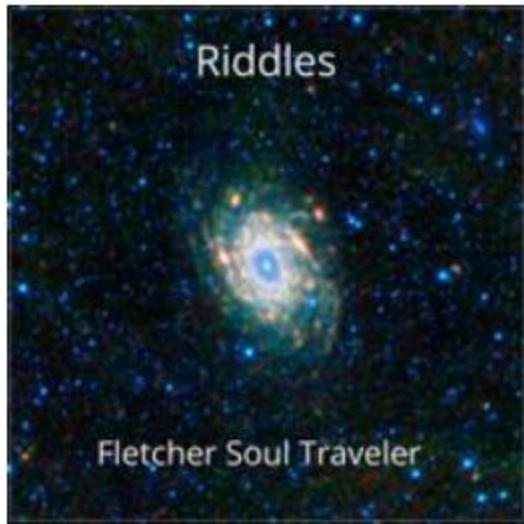
2017 Albums



2018 Project



2019 Project



Project 2020



Here are over 50 years of unique recipes from around the world. Many thanks to my family and friends who helped out on this grand adventure. I started seriously collecting recipes around 1971. I took a cooking class in high school. See chapter on Julie Smart. Here's a link to the pdf for the recipes. Each recipe was interfaced with the USDA database.

Our goal is to provide you with quick and easy tools to assist you in all areas of cooking. Each recipe has a nutritional label that you can use for a healthy and tasty recipe. Using your smartphone you can have a shopping list for each recipe on hand while shopping at the store. While you are making the recipe your

smartphone will help you prepare your meal by easy-to-use directions. Most of the recipes take less than 30 minutes. It's a great and easy way to share and discover new recipes.

What's cooking treasure recipes



David Gelfand

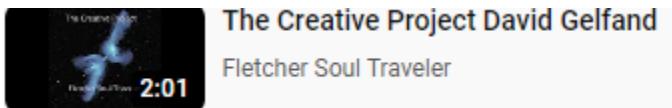


David was instrumental in producing my first CD "It's a beautiful day in the neighbor. I first met David in Los Angles in the eighties.

David is the type of friend that wherever there have been years of not seeing him when we do there is a great connection. We are all on the same wavelength. David

has always inspired me. He is always growing deeper in discovering his true nature which manifests in kindness love and compassion.

The world needs more people like David. This picture of David reminds me of his true nature. He stands in the background and simply smiles. As you can see the picture is slightly blurred. David just blends into nature. He has nothing to prove.



David works at the Oregon Tiger Sanctuary.

The Oregon Tiger Sanctuary (OTS) is dedicated to rescuing, rehabilitating, and providing sanctuary to retired, abandoned, abused, and neglected animals. OTS provides a permanent and loving home to many species including tigers, lions, leopards, cougars, a wide variety of primates, reptiles, and numerous dogs, cats, and farm animals. OTS is also dedicated to stopping the flow of animals needing sanctuary by educating the human species about their plight and supporting stronger laws to protect them.

David Gelfand RIP

RIP Dear David

You were a magnificent man.

You touched so many people's hearts.

I remember meeting you over 33 years ago.

You were at your soundboard making sure the sound was just right.

Fast forward 33 years and you still have that sweet smile performing your service.

You always made people welcome.

It didn't matter who they were.

Your blissful presence will never be forgotten.

Your love and compassion fill the ashram in the sky.

David, you were the producer of my first CD It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood.

You believed in me.

I never forgot that.

You had a simple heart.

You loved to serve your fellow man.

Meditation was a key to your life.

Over the years it truly transformed you.

Why you had to go so suddenly I will never know.

Life is a great mystery.

You are in an incredible place.

You are one with the universe.

Your presence is felt inside of me.

I close my eyes and see your precious face.

Waves of bliss emulate from you.

It's like you are saying I'm in a different room in the mansion of life.

Come explore the various rooms while you are alive.

We will greatly miss you.

Yet we too someday will leave this precious place.

I know we will meet someday again.

There is no doubt about that.

Until then David we will all miss your presence.

I send my love to you and all the wonderful people you have affected.

Many people haven't gotten over the shock.

It's only been a day or so.

Nam Myoho Renge Kyo

David Gelfand RIP 2

I usually don't write about a passing of a person twice.

Yet here am I doing so.

David had quite an impact on my life.

Granted I only saw him a few times in the last 10 years since moving from Ashland.

I would call him a few times a year.

We were always on the same wavelength.

When your friend loves to meditate as much as you do there is a special connection.

Only people who love to meditate realize that.

David definitely had that connection.

Everyone considered David a friend and rightly so.

Everyone was David's friend.

David embraced love and compassion in his life.

There is a part of me that misses David deeply.

I will never see that smiling face again.

At least not in this lifetime.

I will never see his humor in life.

I will never see the light streaming through his eyes.

I realize that as more people pass please cherish your friends and families.

They are the precious jewels in life.

You may love your job but the company you work for will lay you off on a whim.

Friendship is the foundation of life.

David understood this.

He dedicated his life to serving.

It's as simple as that.

Nothing could make him happier being behind the soundboard except one thing.

Meditation.

He loved to meditate.

He saw the thread of love tying us all together.

Over 33 years he practiced.

I do not know why he died.

Yet I know some glorious power of love took him home.

Life is a grand mystery.

Love you, David.

Aloha.

The Foundation for Meditative Studies Part 1

Ishwara Devi	Anne Freeman
	
I have known Ishwara for over thirty years. I love her Facebook posts. They contain many useful nuggets on this journey in life. I love reading the many spiritual adventures that people have written down. Ishwara has her eyes focused within.	Anne and her husband Marcus are a delight to be around. I first met Ann around thirty years ago. She comes from Australia. I always will remember the times we drove up the mountain with them. At times it would be snowing and we would reach our destination with a temple in the sky.

RIP Ishwara Devi

My dear friend Ishwara passed away over a week ago.

I was planning to write something a week ago.

My body was feeling somewhat off so I went to bed a few hours earlier than usual.

I went into a deep sleep.

Around 7:00 PM I heard this huge thunderbolt hitting a tree in my backyard.

There was a huge explosion.

Shrapnel from the tree was sent all over the backyard.

My wife came into the bedroom and I couldn't come out of my deep sleep.

I woke up early and was planning to write this for my dear friend Ishwara.

Well lo and behold I couldn't turn on my computer.

The power supply got damaged.

Fortunately, my hard drive didn't get damaged.

Anyway, here I am a week later writing this for Ishwara.

My dear friend Ishwara passed away last week.

I knew her from the palace in the sky.

A great ashram sitting on top of a mountain near Ashland Oregon.

We both had teachers from the Radhasoami lineage.

We both loved to meditate.

We were like kids eating our melting ice cream cones

People who love to meditate love being around each other.

Quite frankly we had nothing to say or prove.

We were just like the sun in the sky.

We just loved to shine.

Both of us recognize the divine in each other.

Ishwara was a kind soul.

To be honest she was a gift from God.

She was one of those who was like an angel.

She really didn't belong to this physical world with all its drama.

Her mind was on God and helping her fellow man.

I was amazed on how many people she knew.

When she died I saw hundreds of people who deeply loved her.

I don't know how she died and what caused it.

I know that I lost a dear friend.

Yet deep in my heart she is there smiling.

Her ashes are scattered throughout the universe

Her soul has returned to God.

Someday we shall meet again.

Suzanne Marie	Molly Needleman
	
<p>Suzanne loves tea. From my recollections, she loves the Japanese tea ceremonies. Someday I would love to attend her tea-making ceremonies. As you can see in the picture her head is pointing towards the sky. I like that.</p>	<p>I love the Needleman's. Molly has been working at the Oregon Tiger Sanctuary for many years. It has always been a pleasure talking to her. She has an upbeat aura around her that makes her be a pleasure to be around.</p>

Alice Palmer	John Taylor
	
<p>I love the sparkle in Alice's eyes. The light within is streaming through. All of these people love to meditate. Many organizations meditate yet don't like to. Alice loves what she does. She fills her inward cup every day.</p>	<p>My wife and I would often drive John and his wife up the mountain. We would always have a great time. John loves apple products and photography. I love to see his post on Facebook. He is extremely creative.</p>

Lee Ann Kilburn	Penny Rue Torres-Spinnler
	
<p>I love Lee Ann and her husband Ron. Lee Ann is from Australia. She knew I was a surfer and asked me if I knew about this one famous surfer. I sure did. She told me a story about how both parents tried to set them up to get married. Lee Ann imported incredible silk shirts from Vietnam. I still wear them today. This photo is of her Grandkids.</p>	<p>Many people think that channeling was fake. Well, I met and talked to Mafu many times. We had a deep relationship. Like any relationship, you knew one another. Yet there were numerous times I saw Penny (who channels Mafu) and said Hello. She had no idea who I was. In fact, I think I spoke to her once when she was reading off the list of attendants for a seminar and said hi to each one.</p> <p>On-time I saw her and Rob Spinnler was with her. I said 'hi' and as I was walking away she whispered to Rob who that's. Rob said that's Richard Fletcher. That really gave me a sign that I had a relationship with Mafu. How</p>

	<p>can you have a relationship with someone when you never interacted with them? So it makes perfect sense for Penny to say who's that? We have never interacted before.</p>
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<p>Prem Ananda</p>	<p>Julia Roberson</p>
	
<p>Prem has a special heart. She is very kind. Recently we attended an event up on the mountain. We live in Kansas City and haven't been to the ashram in ten years. Prem said very kind words to my wife. She said both of you bring something special when you come up here. You can't quite pinpoint it. Thanks, Prem for such kind words.</p>	<p>One day I was talking to Julia and she knew I was a surfer. She mentioned that there was a period in her life when she and her boyfriend would go to the Ranch. She asked me if I ever went there. Well, we had a wonderful conversation. We were on the same wavelength. Julia is a delight to be around. She has been involved in the film industry for many years. I always look forward to hearing her stories.</p>

<p>Darlene E. Wann</p>	<p>Kristine Seager</p>
	

<p>Darlene is another person who is extremely kind to my wife and I. Whenever we would see her she would always give us a big hug and asked us how we were. Like the entire group, she loves to meditate. No wonder she is so kind.</p>	<p>I'll be honest I don't know Kristine very well. Yet I'm impressed with what I see. She is devoted to her son and loves life. What more can you ask for? Life is an adventure and Kristine loves life.</p>
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<p>Justin Murphy</p>	<p>Sophia Sharpe</p>
	
<p>Justin was part of the small men's group to which I belong to. Justin loves his dogs. That's why you don't see a picture of him. You see his beloved dog. Justin is an incredible person to be around. Life has thrown him a few curve balls yet every time he has managed to get on base. I love to read his post on Facebook. He never gives up. Love you, Justin.</p>	<p>This is a story where Mafu told me to have lunch with Sophia.</p> <p>Mafu-Do you love your mouth?</p> <p>Richard-Yes</p> <p>Mafu-do you know why you do?</p> <p>Richard-Because I love myself</p> <p>Mafu-do you know why it is so familiar to you?</p> <p>Richard- no</p>

Mafu-Are you prepared for an evenness?

Richard-Yes

Mafu-It will cause controversy inside of you. Well here goes. (Laughter from the audience)

You have not been on this planet regardless of what limited entities have given unto you in your fantasy of it and therefore they have responded for 34,000 years. That is a truth. And this mouth directly comes from there. The whole of your cellular memory you have been unlimited god for 34,000 years. You are like unto a woman of the day of yester and unto Sophia entity. Council with her and take your nutrition with her on this day (have lunch). It will be a great saving grace for you. You brought it here because you loved them. This is the cellular memory of 34,000 years ago. That is why the penis functions differently than others, that is why the heart is different, the breath because it doesn't understand how the 20 century works at all. Great entity. We

shall do much together you and me. So be it. (Pointing to Sophia) You council with this man. He is a great companion of yours.

The Foundation for Meditative Studies 2

Trisha P. Whyte	
	
Trisha always has that smile for life. She would always be kind to my wife and I. You can tell by the smile in the picture she loves to meditate. Meditation brings the sweetness from within to the outer world.	

Christine Edner	Torrey Byles
	
I first met Christine in Maui over twenty-five years ago. At that time there was a study group where we would come together and meditate. Fast forward ten years and we would be both living in Ashland Oregon. Once again the thread of love trying us together. I always enjoy my time being with Christine. She now lives in Arizona with her new husband.	Torrey and I were in the same men's group. We also did Tacos Tuesday's where we would get together and talk about life. I treasured the time I spent with him. He loves to learn about life. He has a great understanding of the economic world. That is one of his passions. Great person to know. I admire him.

Julie Chertow	Christiane Pearson
	
<p>Julie and I have some friends that cross borders. Many times people get stuck in having one set of friends. Julie crosses borders. One dear friend of hers is Laura Legree. The other I saw quite recently is Joan Apter. I first met Joan in India in 1971. It's always a delight talking to Julie. We catch up on things and celebrate life. I remember Julie making an incredible drink using her lavender oil.</p>	<p>Christine would always invite my family to her Christmas parties. We loved to attend. She was always kind to our family. She lived in our neighborhood. Much love goes out to her. Thanks for inviting us.</p>

Kathleen Kellenbeck	Dan Altman
	
<p>Kathleen is another person who would invite us to her Christmas parties. We always enjoyed them. A few years back we were visiting our daughter in Ashland and she invited us to her Christmas party again. We had a</p>	<p>I first met Dan in Maui. We are both software engineers. Dan had a zest for life. Years later I would meet him again in Ashland Oregon. I would take walks with my wife and Dan would be</p>

delightful time catching up with our friends.	drinking coffee. We would stop and chat for a while.
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The Foundation for Meditative Studies 3

Lauren Nagaryu Rubin	Marie-Andrée Aird-Turenne
	
Lauren was Barbara's and my teacher for learning how to play the didgeridoo. I first hear about the didgeridoo in Peter's Weir movie the last wave in the late seventies. Something in it resonated with my soul. Lauren was a very patient and considerate teacher. We had a lot of fun taking her classes. This was the first instrument I learned how to play.	Marie- Andrée was in charge of the kitchen at the ashram. She was an incredible cook. I spent many hours assisting her in the kitchen. There is a program called Fresh Start will freshmen from Ashland High school come together as a group before school starts. It's a great way for students to get to know their classmates before school starts. I will always cherish my time and friendship with her.

Josie Maltese	Mark Richards
	
Josie lived in Maui. I will always cherish the times together with her. She does photographs for weddings in Maui.	Mark came to visit us while we lived in Maui. We had a great time. Mark is a great guy to be around. I remember

	Mark had a necklace give to him by Mafu that was donated to the sea. Mark has worked at the Tiger sanctuary for many moons.
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Ron Hansen	
Ron is married to LeeAnn. He is an inspiration to be around. I love talking to him. He is quite diverse and in touch with the economic happenings around the world. Besides he loves to meditate.	

Gary Dix	Karen Dix
	
Garry is another unique individual. He has a different way of viewing politics than I do yet we can still laugh and enjoy life together. I enjoyed my time with Gary. He is a delight to be around.	Karen is Gary's wife. Barbara and I had great times talking to her. She truly enjoys life to its fullest.

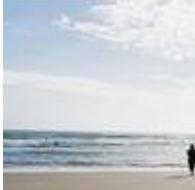
Roland Turenne	Laura Kramer
	
Roland is from Canada. My wife and I love to talk to him. There have been many times we have laughed together	Laura is another friend of Barbara and mine I. Whenever we come to visit our

late in the night. I treasure Roland. He means a lot to me.	daughter in Ashland we try to look her up. She is a delight to be around.
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Florence Needleman Pepper	Andrew Rubin
	
RIP Florence. I will always remember the time you invited Barbara and me over for dinner. You were such an incredible host. We had many wonderful times talking to you. We love your kids. Thanks for being who you are.	RIP Andrew. We will miss you. You were so friendly to my wife and me I. we will never forget you. A piece of you lies in our hearts.

Thomas Donley	Mandi Wight-Bartz
	
Thomas is an incredible photographer. We met him through Christine Parinii. I will always remember the Italian fest I cooked for the gang. That was a great time. Love those Facebook posts. I love hearing about your life.	Do you know that people can truly change? Mandi is certainly a great example. Last year my wife and I went to the ashram. First time in many years, We live in Kansas. Mandi was welcoming all the people who were attending the event. She did it in such a loving and compassionate manner. To be honest we were blown away. Some huge transformation took place inside of her. I can't put it in words yet I could see the transformation clear as

	day. Mandi is married to one of my best friends Harry who I have known for over forty years.
--	--

Merridi Chase	
	
Merridi lived in the same neighborhood as we did in Ashland. I first met her in the mid-eighties. I remember her telling me a story that she saw a bald eagle at the lake near town. I was never fortunate to see them in Oregon. Merrid has a great smile and sense of humor.	

Josh Adey	Peter Adey
	
Josh is Peter's son. I remember that we were all talking one day. We were outside sitting on a bench. We were on a break. We had fun talking and Peter then mentioned that Josh was his son. I was blown away. I didn't know that. Hey, Josh has a great day. Love the picture.	I met Peter many moons ago. I would love to take walks. Many times I would see Peter riding on his bicycle. Sometimes he would stop and we would chat for a while. I think Peter is from Australia. Of course, Peter loves to meditate.

Terry Williams	Keith Manich
	
<p>Terry has a heart of gold. When my wife and I recently visited Oregon she welcomed us with open arms. I love how Terry truly loves humanity. That is a precious gift.</p>	<p>Keith is married to Jane. Both of them my wife and I truly love. I remember many beautiful conversations with them. I love to see the harmony and love they have for each other.</p>

Linda Haxton	Bob Haxton
	
<p>I have known Linda for many years. She was our real estate agent when we sold our house. I met her Mom and Dad once and could see why Linda had these incredible traits.</p>	<p>Bob and I go way back. I first met Bob in 1972. He was roommates with Buddy Owens and John Roberts. All of them loved to meditate. Fast forward 15 years. I was working for Shirley McClain. She needed a new logo. We went to the one-person house and lo and behold it was Bob's father. Fast forward another fifteen years. We move to Ashland Oregon. Guess who is living there. Bob Haxton. The thread of life is tying us all together. Bob is a great guy to be around. Mind you he loves to meditate.</p>

The Foundation for Meditative Studies 4

Lindi Hobongwana	Rob Spinnler
	
<p>Here's another example of the thread tying us all together. I have a friend named Silas. I first met him in 1975 in New Mexico. Years later I moved to Ashland Oregon. A friend of mine told me that Lindi and Silas went to the same Wardof school together in Europe. I was trying to track Silas down. Through Lindi I was able to connect to Silas after 30 years of not seeing each other. I also visited East Africa where she was born. Small world.</p>	<p>I first met Rob in 1986 in Los Angles. I always admired Rob. Of course, he loves to meditate. Whenever I see him we have good times. Some people you have a deep connection with and words can't describe it. Rob is one of those.</p>

Lynne Conwell	Christine Parini
	
<p>Lynne is one of those who ooze love from her being. I love to read her Facebook posts. They are always inspiring to me. She always has</p>	<p>Christine is another great person to be around. I had many wonderful occasions speaking to her. I will always remember the time I cooked an Italian feast for a dinner party.</p>

something positive to say about her fellow human beings. I love it.	
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Alison Richards	
	
Once upon a time my wife and I were looking to buy a house in Alison's neighborhood. We dropped by her house. Usually, in this day in age, you don't do such a thing. Yet Alison welcomed us with open arms. I remember eating freshly baked chocolate chip cookies. Thanks, Alison for being who you are. Sometimes the little things in life show greatness.	

Christine Nagato-Needleman	
	
I love that Christine balances meditation with martial arts. She has been studying Aikido and meditation for many years. I like that.	

Robert Nagato-Needleman



I love to read Robert's post. They are very inspiring. At times they contain Zen wisdom. At times they contain wisdom from his Aikido lineage. Both Robert and his wife are a delight to be around. Robert has been working at the Oregon tiger sanctuary for many years.

Rob is the Director of Veterinary Services at Oregon Tiger Sanctuary, .

[Aikido Demo - Rob Nagato-Needleman](#)



[Gene Expression for Health and Longevity](#)



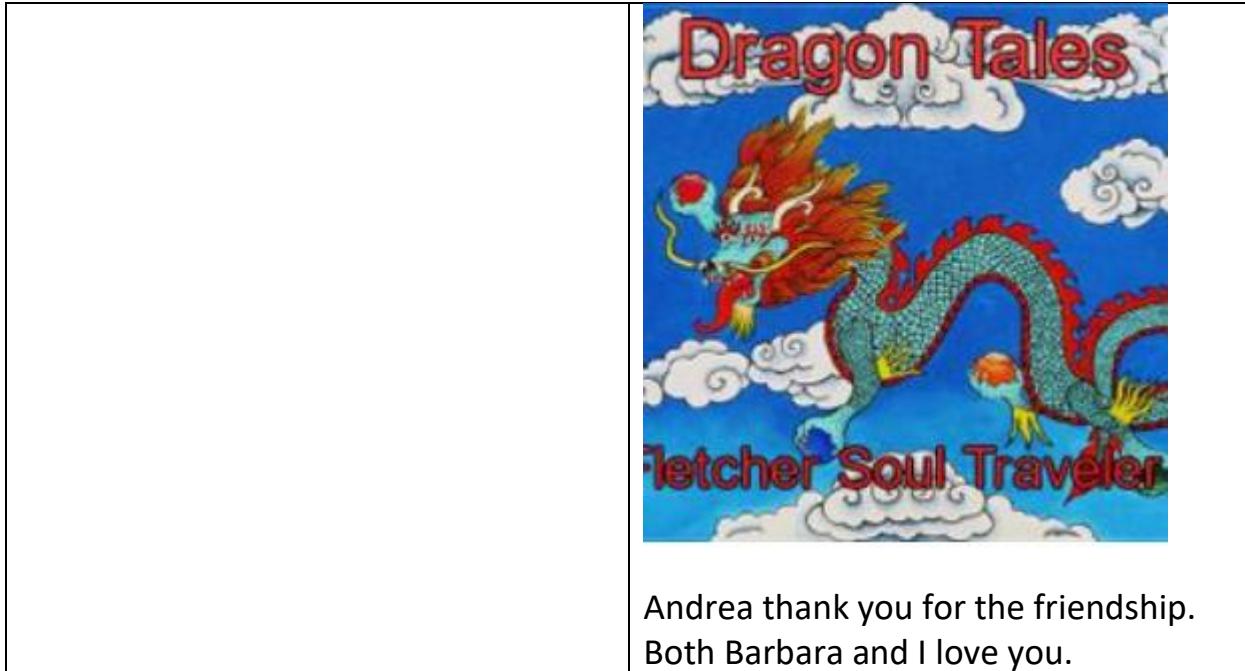
Gene Expression for
Health and Longevity

Robert Nagato-Needlemen

[Reducing the Spread of Covid-19 - Rob Nagato Needleman](#)



Judith Ernst	Andrea Garfield
 A close-up photograph of a white daisy flower with a small bee resting on its center.	 A close-up photograph of a fluffy white cat with dark eyes and nose, looking directly at the camera. Below the image is the logo for 'Stand Together Against Antisemitism'.
<p>Judith spent time in Kansas. I live in Kansas. My wife and I would love to be around her. She has such incredible love around her. Of course, she loves to meditate. She is a fine example of one who does.</p>	<p>My wife and I love and adore dragons. Andrea loves and adores dragons. We spend much of our time talking about dragons.</p> <p>Here's a link for my love of dragons. I wrote this both in audio and written form.</p> <p>https://johnfranklinfletcher.com/kids-dragon-tales</p>



Norine Nicolson	Krishna Gokul
	
<p>My family loves Norine. Even my daughter has Norine as a Facebook friend. Whenever we come to visit our daughter we try to connect with Norine. She has a heart of gold.</p>	<p>I will always remember driving Krishna and his lovely wife to the palace in the sky. I got to know his family and grandkids. They were a delight to be around. I will always treasure the times you invited us to your house for dinner. Of course, I love Indian food. That is my favorite.</p>

Christian Devine	Mark Fraser
	
<p>Christian is another brother to me. He loves to meditate, practice martial arts and yoga. I like all three. Here he is feeding a tiger. He spent some time at the Oregon Tiger Sanctuary. I will always cherish my time with Christine. He was another person whose eyes sparkled.</p>	<p>Wow, Mark thinks outside of the box.</p> <p>Here's a quote from Mark on Facebook.</p> <p>I am known for teaching Astronomy at CNM, Judo at Sandia Judo Club, and the beautiful game of Go.</p> <p>I would also add he loves to meditate.</p>

Linda Fox	Jacquelyn Keane
	
<p>Linda lived in our neighborhood. We would have the 4th of July celebrations at our house. Linda and her daughter would come. Linda had a great heart. She was an accountant as I remember. She combined left and right brain thinking. Oh and she loves to meditate.</p>	<p>My wife and I loved Jacquelyn. She was always so interested in talking to us. You can tell by the picture that she enjoys life. What more can I say.</p>

Christy Biggs



I love this Facebook post from Christy.

I stay out of politics, more or less here. Still, truth is the truth. Judge not. Our job here is to be happy, seek the Kingdom of God INSIDE ourselves and be KIND. We're all in this together. May this new year find you healthy, free and HAPPY!

JESUS WAS A RADICAL
NONVIOLENT REVOLUTIONARY
WHO HUNG AROUND WITH LEPERS
HOOKERS AND CROOKS; WASN'T
AMERICAN AND NEVER SPOKE
ENGLISH; WAS ANTI-WEALTH
ANTI-DEATH PENALTY ANTI-PUBLIC
PRAYER (M 6:5); BUT WAS NEVER
ANTI-GAY, NEVER MENTIONED
ABORTION OR BIRTH CONTROL,
NEVER CALLED THE POOR LAZY,
NEVER JUSTIFIED TORTURE,
NEVER FOUGHT FOR TAX CUTS
FOR THE WEALTHIEST NAZARENES,
NEVER ASKED A LEPER FOR A COPAY;
AND WAS A LONG-HAIRED BROWN-
SKINNED HOMELESS COMMUNITY-
ORGANIZING ANTI-SLUT-SHAMING
MIDDLE EASTERN JEW.

@JohnFugelsang

Joanne Todaro



Joanne and I both are in the IT industry. In fact, she has been a telecommuter for a firm in New Your City for many years. She loves to meditate. My wife and I love to talk to her. She is an inspiration to be around.

Korie Comiskey



Korie works at the Oregon Tiger Sanctuary. She had a love for animals. My wife and I would love to talk to her. She was an inspiration to us.

John Spalding

I first met John around 1986. He loved to meditate. I would have many fascinating conversations with him and his wife.

Georges Durocher	Monique Ginchereau Graydon
	
<p>Hey Georges. Happy Birthday. Georges took the same didgeridoo class as my wife and me. He was a delight to be around. We also played the drums at the ashram. Mafu gave me a drum but to be honest I wasn't very good. Georges thanks for being a good friend of mine.</p>	<p>Monique was from Quebec. She spoke with this beautiful accent. I really liked her. She was so serene and honest. You could tell she was truly listening to you. To be honest not too many people have that trait.</p>

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Myra Treb	Louise Innes
	
<p>Anyone who has a dolphin for a Facebook picture is a joy to be around. I haven't seen Myra in many moons yet she will always be in my heart. She has a tremendous heart.</p>	<p>Louise has been involved in the movie and TV industry for many years. She is extremely creative. I had many interesting conversations with her. Besides she loves to meditate.</p>

Leslie J. Rose Mitch Rose	Deborah Theos
	
<p>Since I've been a surfer for many years Leslie once asked if I ever heard about her son Jon. Jon was a famous surfer who dedicates his life to bringing clean water to disasters around the world. I love the rose family. Her brother Mitch is an inspiration to me. Leslie is fun to be around. During my time in Ashland, I got to know her better. I used to see Mitch a lot at shop in cart. He was making his daily buy of produce which was a lot. I will always remember my talk with him.</p>	

William Pepper	Claudia Harrington
	
<p>Sargent Pepper is known as Billy. I have known him since the mid-eighties. When I moved to Ashland I got to know him better. William has a great heart. I remember the time he and his wife invited my wife and I over for dinner. They were both great hosts. Billy is also an incredible drummer.</p>	<p>I first met Claudia in the nineties. She is another one who has a sparkle in her eyes. It seems like meditation is the doorway for the light to shine through the eyes. My wife and I always enjoyed talking to Claudia. She had the sparkle of life surrounding her.</p>

Aneeahseah Adalayah Statile

<p>I first met Aneeahseah in 1986. My wife and I would love to spend time with her. She always had something beautiful to say. Besides she loved to meditate. Personally, I think mediation is the cornerstone of life. It is the direct link to our true existence.</p>

Other Oregon Friends

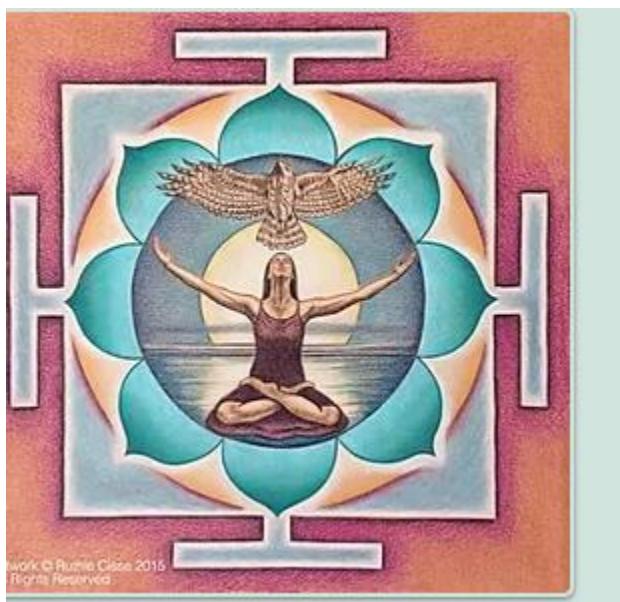
Mike McGuire
I first met Mike in LA in the early seventies. Fast forward thirty years and he is living in Ashland Oregon. Mike loves to meditate. Even in the seventies, he loved to meditate. I remember walking on a path with my wife and Mike would ride his electric bike. We would always stop and chat for a while.

Cameron Gabriel	Kevin Casey
	
I used to work out with Cameron at the Y. Cameron is a great example of overcoming huge obstacles in his life. He has managed to hit a curveball out of the park. Cameron, you are an inspiration to me.	Kevin is another one who worked out at the Y. He is the owner of an Ayurvedic herb supply center. They only use organic herbs. I will always remember the time we went surfing together. I had the time of my life.

Mark Kellenbeck	Dana Baker
	
<p>Mark was part of the men's group. My wife and I always enjoyed the Christmas parties that they had. It was a time to celebrate family and friends. I will always treasure those moments.</p>	<p>Dana is my daughter Aleia's friend. They met in ninth grade. We took her to the movies many times during high school. She is a delight to be around.</p>

Mystery School Friends

Ruthie Cisse



I loved Ruthie and her parents. Ruthie had a zest for life. She made these incredible custom mandalas. She was a great artist, and dancer, and loved to practice yoga. My wife and I loved to be in her presence.

Here's a poem that she wrote about mandalas. She has been making mandalas ever since I first met her.

[Energetic Imprint](#)

Energetic Imprint

A full circle
Arms that embrace
An immense love
That holds a devotional
Sacred space
Filled with emptiness
A vast expanse of no end and no beginning
A mother's embrace

Embracing self
Embracing body
Embracing life
With eternal twists and turns

To see a view from above
A strong mandala
of shadows and lights
Linked like cells in an
Interconnected web of humanity
Spiraling into
Protecting space within
Moment by moment
Breath fills and lets go
Waves rise and fall
A seed is planted
patterns emerge
Energetic Imprint

Who do you love immensely?
Who has left an imprint
on your heart
And you on theirs

-by Ruthie Cisse
NYC Fine Artist/Dancer/Yogi

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ruthiecissee "The raven grasped the sun in its beak and brought light to the entire Universe." —Totem Stories "Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore..." —'The Raven' by Edgar Allen Poe

I came across this poem written on cobblestone under my feet at the park yesterday! Today, I found this mandala I drew many years ago of the raven, in the style of Northwest Coast Native Art, a beautifully graphic, intricate design that holds mysterious, fluid shapes and totem animals within the main totem animal. I'm sure it's no accident that raven appeared yesterday and today, because the meaning aligns perfectly with the current state of things:

Joni Palita Jenkins	Richard Leon
	
I first met Joni around 2001. I love to read her Facebook posts. She loves to meditate. Her teacher is Yogananda who passed away in the fifties. He was instrumental in bringing the science of Yoga to the west. I have many fond memories of Joni and her son.	Richard didn't come from this planet. His wisdom is way ahead of his time. He is completely humble and has no signs of arrogance or ego surrounding him. My wife and I have spent a lot of time with Richard.

Philippe Haruko	John J Evans
	
For some reason, we call her Haruko by her last name. She was a student of Osho in the eighties. She loved the adventures and mystery of life. I loved her zest for life. She thought outside of the box. Great-heart.	John was another one who was practical and at the same time, his head was in heaven. Good traits. My wife and I spent much time with John. He was an inspiration to be around.

John Evans RIP

Yesterday I learned from my dear friend Laurie that John Evans died.

John was a dear friend who I haven't seen in many moons.

He had a smile that could light up a room.

Everyone loved John.

He had that aura of charisma around him.

He had his feet on the ground and his head in heaven.

He loved to study the great mysteries of life.

The Kabbalah was one of them.

You could say he was a spiritual warrior.

He fought against darkness and ignorance.

That was his way.

The smile could change anyone's darkness into light.

When I met him he loved martial arts.

He loved to create harmony.

The martial arts create great disciple which is needed in the undisciplined world of today.

He wasn't just a seeker of the mysteries but a great knower of the mysteries.

That my friend is a huge difference.

He didn't flaunt his wisdom.

Like a wise man, he just smiles at life.

He had nothing to prove.

John was a good man and a kind man.

I deeply value the time we spent with each other.

To his wife, I offer my prayers and condolences.

John has gone to another room in the mansion of life.

Yet he will always be there with us.

John knew that life is eternal.

Like the caterpillar, one must someday transform into a butterfly.

John now has his feet in heaven and his head in heaven.

We can see him deep within our hearts.

Yesterday John came to me and give me a huge smile and a wink in the eye.

He said we should all meet again someday.

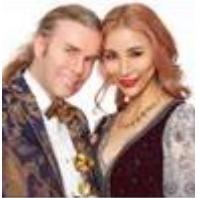
Give my love to my beautiful wife.

Love never dies but the body does.

Love is eternal.

Life is so precious.

Laurie Secrist	Hannah Bajor Lumalove
	
<p>What can I say about Laurie? She is probably one of the great channels I have ever met. She can simply close her eyes and be in the state to receive wisdom and information. Of course, that took time and effort to achieve. Laurie is an inspiration to me. One course I will always remember is called Gifts of the Spirit. It was a practical guided meditation into different dimensions. For the first time, I saw the inner world in a way I never saw before. It was a mixture of inner light and subtle realms of existence.</p>	<p>Hannah was another friend of Barbara and I. She was also another great channel. She was from Ireland and had this incredible Irish accent. My wife loved spending time with her. Hana loves the adventures of life.</p>

Gudni Gudnason	
	
<p>One of my favorite experiences with Gudni was Raphael's Temple. This was one of the only times where heaven was manifested into a room. The room felt like a meditative experience filled with light and love. Someday the entire world will be in that state.</p>	

Karen Greenberg	Jeffrey Scott Basham
 <p>Karen is the Mother of Ruthie and Jeffrey. She was our Kabbalah teacher for a year. She has been teaching Kabbalah since 2001. It gave me a brand new perspective on life. I kept a daily journal for a year of my journey in the tree of life. I have many great memories of Karen and her family. I'm lucky to have met such a great person. Hey, Karen remembers to cook until golden brown. <grin>.</p> <p>One funny story that Karen told me. Someone asked the group who likes to meditate. Not a soul raises its hand. Karen said she yelled Richard Fletcher does. I like that.</p>	 <p>Hey Jeffrey. I will always remember the time you came to California with your Mom. What a great time we had. So much laughter and kindness in the air. I'm glad to see your post on Facebook. You are a divine comic.</p>

Laura Legere	Caryn Shaye
	
<p>Laura was great friends with Julie Chertow. We loved Laura's view on life. She loved adventure. Laura nearly died in an accident in Mexico about 10 years ago. She recovered and continue to embrace life with her determination and love. Great person to know.</p>	<p>Caryn was from New York City. We met her around 2001. She loves to meditate. My wife and I would love to spend time talking to her. She was once a Lawyer.</p>

Jozef Dominguez

<p>Once upon a time many moons ago Josef gave a very unique kind of seminar. We all sat in a circle holding hands and the room began to spin. My friend Mike Mann a highly successful businessman said that after this experience he had a hard time finding his hotel room. Once he found it he said he had a hard time opening the door. I will always remember the time I cooked Indian food for you and the gang in Penn valley. I will always treasure that in my heart.</p>

Tom Kuzma and Alani Galbraith



As you know I love the ocean. Here am I in Utah attending a seminar. Tom and Alani have studied Lomilomi massage for many years. What an incredible experience. It brought me right back to Maui. It was a spiritual and physical experience. The way they cracked the sheets sounded like waves breaking in the distance. Words truly can't describe the experience. All I can say is to try it out.



Spiritual Friends

Geoff Bridgeford

This man is a genius.



Oct 22, 2016 - It was in London in 1971 that **Geoff** found international success as the drummer for The **Bee Gees** playing on songs that were released on four albums and eight singles, receiving two Gold Records for the million selling hits 'Lonely Days' and the **Bee Gees** first number one in the USA 'How Can You Mend A Broken Heart'.

Geoff and Maurice Gibb

New Bee Gee

Drummer Geoff Bridgeford (left) with singer Maurice Gibb of the Bee Gees, UK, 11th June 1971. Bridgford briefly played drums for the Bee Gees between 1971 and 1972. (Photo by Jack Kay/Daily Express/Getty Images)



Lonely Days



How can you mend a broken heart



One Foundation - Dance with us Lord



The Power Of Love



Loving is where we start



Have You The Urge Too



Easy To Love



Ordinary Man



Heart song



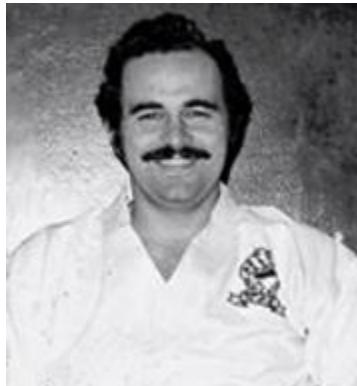
Modern Life



Plant a tree



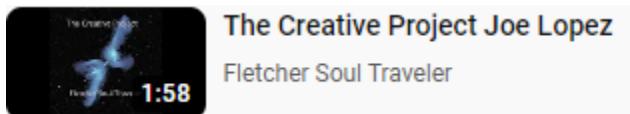
Joe Lopez



I first met Joe in India. Joe at the time was the owner of a dojo in New York City.

He started this school in the sixties. Joe and his students provided security for Maharaj Ji at the festival in Montrose. I was always impressed by Joe's demeanor.

Here he was an incredible martial artist and he had a heart of gold. He was kind and considerate towards others. He embodied the spirit of martial artists throughout history.



When I lived in New York Joe told me this story of how he got involved in Tai Chi and Qigong.

One day he meets a Tai Chi master in the early seventies.

The master says "hit me in the stomach as hard as you can". Joe says "I won't do that I could kill you".

The Master says "no you won't". So Joe hit the master and nothing happens. The master says now it's my turn.

The master doesn't even touch Joe but his hands sent energy through them and send Joe crashing into a wall. That's how Joe gets introduced to Tai Chi and Qigong. He has been practicing ever since.

Joe moved to Santa Monica in the eighties. He has taught classes at a park for over 30 years.

Joe has combined meditation and his martial art practice to refine himself for over 50 years. I like that.

I just found out as I was writing this on May 7 that today is Joe's birthday. I haven't seen or spoken to Joe in over thirty years. Happy Birthday, Joe !!!.

Here's a description of his classes.

Description: Our teacher, Joe Lopez, is an accomplished Tai chi, Qigong, Internal and External Fighting Arts Master. He has been holding a very friendly Qigong class every Saturday (9:30-10:30 am) at Goose Egg Park in Santa Monica, CA for over 35 years (he has been doing martial arts for over 50 years).

The location is 600 Palisades Ave., which is at the corner of Palisades St. and 7th St. one block North of Montana Ave. This class will fill you full of great feelings energy and well-being while we breathe in the fresh ocean air.

The group is very mutually supportive so we all maximize our learning and practice. Anyone can do it. All levels are welcome.

Qigong is an easy relaxed set of movements that promotes energy awareness and internal energy development for general well-being, healing, and martial arts.

We generally practice one style for a while before moving on to another aspect; so it's always fresh and advancing. Many students have been here throughout the years and newcomers are always welcome.

Come and check it out. The class is from 9:30 am to 10:30 am every Saturday. The cost is \$10.00 per class. You will find us under the pine tree. Private classes on Tai Chi, Push Hands, Sword, Saber, and Qigong are also available contact: Joe Lopez ph 310-394-1458

Mark And Geraldine Lowenherz



I first met Mark at the festival at Montrose. He was only around 15 or 16 years old at that time. Mark came with his friend Joe Lopez. He helped with the security at the festival. Both my brother and I bonded with Mark. We have been friends ever since.

Both my brother and I have stayed for an extended time at Mark's family house during the seventies. His parents made us a part of their family. I still remember a dish that Mark made for dinner. It was broccoli and shredded Jarlsberg cheese. It was delicious.

Mark was one of the people who help me get involved with computers. At that time he was going to school and he was studying computer science.

Both Mark and I lived for a short time in the ashram in New York. Mark's parents were smart enough to say we will support you in your studies so you can get a degree. Wise choice.

I saw Mark on and off during the eighties. In 1982 I went to New York City for a business trip and stayed at their house for a week. One morning I made the kids Rachael and Christopher pancakes. 35 years later whenever my name is mentioned Rachael speaks about my pancakes.

Mark is like a brother to my brother and I. We have known him for around 46 years. Mark is kind and extremely generous. I would say he has a heart of gold.

I first met Geraldine in New York City in 1976. I knew a few of her friends. Mark's Mom was a psychologist. One of her best friends was also a psychologist.

Geraldine was mentored by her and over time she was an incredible counselor. She had the insight from her practice of meditation and a keen sense of intuition to help her clients. She eventually had clients throughout the states.

Geraldine help me when my marriage broke up. She taught there are two sides to the story. Don't be a victim and learn a lesson from it. She also taught you to take out the weeds in your own garden. Another wise piece of advice.

Mark and Geraldine have been together for over 40 years. They have been friends of mine for many years. I truly treasure them. They are one of my jewels in life. Words truly can't describe the love I have for both of them.

My First Girl Friend



Before I met Anna Carney I never had a true girlfriend. During my high school years, I had a hard time with the way we operate in society.

For example, many of my friends would see a beautiful girl and say “wow I wish I could get laid by her”.

They would complement a girl by her breast size or judge someone who was overweight.

I guess I saw life differently than my friends. I knew this life was sacred. I knew that to know God wasn't to go to Church on Sunday for an hour and then the rest of the week you could do anything you want. Knowing God isn't a token.

You don't just unconsciously go through the motions. It's a moment-by-moment, day-by-day, year-by-year affair.

At times I was quite lonely in high school. All my friends had girlfriends yet I never did. Girls liked me but nothing ever developed.

I think I only went on two dates in high school. I realize the loneliness was my soul calling out to me. At times it seems something external will fill the loneliness but it never will. The cup must be filled from within. Being young I didn't know that.

I first met Anna in an ashram in Mexico City. She was from Ireland. Anna caught my attention.

She was on the same wavelength as me. She loved to meditate. She was fun and loved the adventure of life. Anna had a great heart and soul.

She was funny. She was smart and she had wisdom. Also, she loved to cook.

Anna was kind. She had the maturity and understanding that life is sacred. So over time, we fell in love.

I remember once I need to renew my visa for Mexico. Anna and I took a train to Guatemala.

I still remember at the border crossing this American boy around 10 years old with a beautiful parrot on his shoulder. My first thought was this boy already knows about life. I could sense that traveling was his education.

We spent a week or two in Guatemala. I always will remember Lake Atitlan. What a beautiful Lake.

The lake is surrounded by mountains and volcanos. I loved the Mayan people. They were short. Most of them were under five feet tall. Most of all they were happy and content.



They come from an incredible lineage. The Mayans at some point in time developed calendars that made the Gregorian calendar look primitive. Yet we think they were ignorant and lived in the Stone Age.

Anna and I visited Kali's Mom. She had a house in Baja California. Along the way, we stopped off at Matanchen bay. This bay was known by



surfers since the sixties. On a good day, you can ride a wave for almost a mile.

walk up the point, past the bay.

The only drawback is at sunset and sunrise the no-see-ums come out by the millions. One day we took a

At some point, both of us realized that we should turn around. We couldn't quite pinpoint it. We turned around and start to walk back to Matanchen bay.

Well, we were right to turn around. As we were walking a bullet whizzed so close we could hear it. We didn't turn around but slowly walked away.

At some point, Anna and I thought we were going to get married. It is a custom in Ireland that the man asked the daughter's father to ask for the hand in marriage.

So I did. Anna went back to Ireland to visit her family. We were going to meet in Toronto Canada in a month. I remember Anna comes to Toronto and we are staying at this elderly couple's house.

She made this dumpling soup that I still remember today. It was the best dumpling I ever had. We met Richard from White Rock British Columbia. He was driving back home and said we could travel with him if we liked. We did. I remember traveling at night and an avalanche occurred as we were passing. We were at the right place and at the



right time. If we were off by thirty seconds we would have been covered in snow.

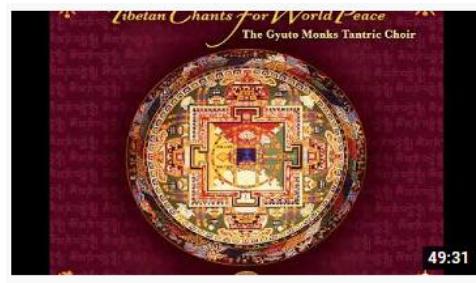
We ran into Mahatma Rajeshwar and Bill Paterson. They were going to do a TV interview and asked us if we wanted

to come. We spent a few days there.



Bill gave me a copy of a book about Milarepa. He was Tibet's greatest Yogi. The Kagyu lineage still exists today. In fact, in Ashland Oregon, there is a beautiful temple that comes from the Kagyu lineage.

Bill, unfortunately, died about 10 years ago. He was well known for his kindness.



Gyuto Monks Tantric Choir: Tibetan Chants for World Peace

921K views • 7 years ago

Andrea Johnson

DISCLAIMER: This video has been monetized by White Swan Records and they are solely responsible for all a

Mandala Offering | Praising Chakrasamvara | Blessing the Offerings | Great Sacred Music

We made it to British Columbia. We stayed at Dr. Michael Klaper's house. He has been on the cutting edge of health for over 40 years. Mahatma Rajeshwar and Bill Paterson came to visit our house. We made this incredible Indian meal for Canada's thanksgiving. Bill



showed me how to put chapatis in the oven to puff up. It was a beautiful technique.



Anna and I moved to White Rock. It's right on the border of the US and Canada. It borders Semiahmoo Bay. I remember walking home with Anna late at night when it was snowing. It was so peaceful. I used to play chess with the elderly man next door. He

loved my company.



Anna and I went to Vancouver Island with a friend of mine name Richard. He wanted to try out surfing. We went to Wreck Beach. The waves were quite fun. The water was cold. A friend of ours had a nice sauna that we used.

At some point, Anna decides to move to Nelson BC. Quite frankly I felt lost for a while. I didn't have the maturity and life experience to cope with this. You can't put your happiness and love into someone else without having that inside of you.



nobody can fill you up. I learned that you can't hold on to something forever. Everything changes. Our relationship was never the same.

I spent around 6 months in Nelson BC. We stayed in a beautiful Cabin built by a friend of ours.

Bill School his wife and son lived there. Nelson was an incredible place. I love the town and the people. Many of the folks were involved in meditation in one way or another.

The first time I ever saw fireflies was in Nelson. I was captivated by the flashing of the lights.



Ethereal Dulcimer Sounds | 3 Hours of Relaxing Ambient Music for Sleep |
Meditation | Yoga,
52K views • 3 years ago
Waves of Relaxation
Original ambient music to help you relax and calm down. The Relaxing Music series is ideal for relaxation, meditation, deep sleep, ...



We loved going to Nelson hot springs. It's a natural hot spring with many different temperature pools. It was a great place to go and relax with your friends. Back then it was real cheap in getting in.



One of my favorite moments was going to Kootenay Lake for a 3-day adventure with Anna. We took this ferry to this island. I remember having French bread and brie cheese along with a little white wine. The ferry ride was gorgeous.

Mountains were all around the lake and the water was crystal clear.



During my stay in Nelson, I met someone who went to Jay Victor Scherer's Academy of Natural Healing in Santa Fe New Mexico. I decided to move there. Anna moved to Gainesville Florida.

We met up in California about a year later. Anna was still living in Florida and I was still living in New Mexico. I introduced Anna to my Mom and Dad. I remember my Dad made homemade gazpacho soup. It was served cold. Anna and I made an Indian meal for my Mom.

During this trip, my Dad, Anna, and I went by car to Nevada City to visit my Grandmother Josie. I loved my Grandmother. That was the last time I ever saw her.



Anna and I never got together again. The last time I saw her was over thirty years ago. We had lunch at a Chinese restaurant in Miami Beach. I remember having Wong Tong soup.

I have fond memories of Anna. Anna has been happily married since 1997. I'm happy that she has found someone special in her life. Thanks, Anna for being a part of my life.



FULL ALBUM – SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE (Stevie Wonder)(1976)

alemapgc

[Stevie Wonder ~ Love's In Need Of Love Today • 7:11](#)

[Stevie Wonder - Have A Talk With God • 2:47](#)

[VIEW FULL PLAYLIST](#)



Eagles - Hotel California 1977

326K views • 11 months ago

 ZARK

[eagles #hotelcalifornia.](#)



When I was in India the Indians, in general, had a whole different idea about the style of cooking. Their concept was to cook a meal for the Lord. Imagine all the care, love, and kindness you would put into the food. Cooking would become an art and devotion. This food would then be presented, blessed, and served to your family and friends. I loved that idea.



Fast forward to the present we have cooking shows like chopped where they have 20 minutes to cook a dish. They hurry around in the kitchen and slap together a dish to be judged. The audience including myself is entertained by that.

Yet are they conscious? All their frustrations about time, the rushing around, competition between competitors and the anger goes into the food.



How about fast food restaurants like Burger King? This is a profit-driven company. Do they cook with the concept of cooking a meal for the lord? You can answer that question yourself.



Now I lived in New York City for a few years. This is where I met Katharita. Katharita embodies this spirit of devotion to her life, her family, and to her cooking.

I was still learning how to cook Indian food and she was my mentor. To this day she has been an inspiration in my life. She taught me the fine details of Indian cooking. Many cooks hid their knowledge but Katharita didn't hide anything.

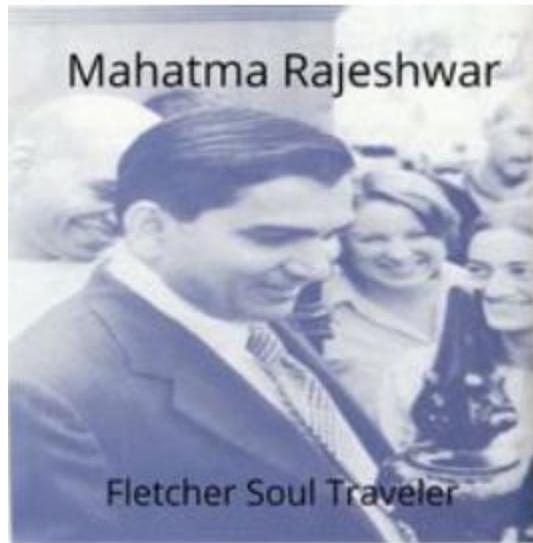
Some people are humble and she definitely was. She was kind and sweet to everyone. She loved life and the adventures that came along the way. I loved to see the care she put into her family life.

I remember that one time Katharine and I did a 15-course Indian feast for a fundraiser. Around 200 people came. We had a few volunteers and it took us around three days to cook. It was so much fun.

Katharita took time off from her family. I loved how she taught. It was so easygoing. I learn more when I'm relaxed. The wisdom just soaks within. To this day I give tribute to Katharita. She helped bring my cooking level and awareness to a higher level. Thanks, Katharita for being my friend. It's been over thirty years since we have seen each other. Yet the bond of friendship can never be broken.



Mahatma Rajeshwar



I just learned a few days ago that Mahatma Rajeshwar passed on.

Joan Apter was kind to post on Facebook.

Rajeshwar was loved by thousands of people.

He had a great heart. He was kind, compassionate, and full of love.

In his early days, he was a great judge in India.

He was a beacon of light to all.

People from all around the world have written about their love for the man.

He was wise and practiced what he preached.

Rajeshwar was extremely funny and loved to laugh.

His most famous quote was "a meeting without eating is cheating"

To this day there are probably thousands of people who remember his quoting this.

I remember one of Canada's Thanksgiving days where he came to cook for around six people.

He was an incredible cook.

I will never forget the laughter and sense of family among us.

Everyone would consider him as a friend.

He had a way to make you feel good about yourself.

I look back and we were all quite young and naïve.

Yet he had a way to embrace all around him in kindness.

Kindness is sort of lost in the world today.

Yet I love the theory that death is the scattering of ashes throughout the universe.

This means that the true essence of Rajeswar exists inside of us.

His body may be gone yet his soul is eternal.

He has gone back to the source of all.

Our sweet memories of him will live forever.

Until we meet again.

RIP Bihari Singh

Joan Apter posted this on Facebook a few days ago.

Bihari Singh passed away peacefully in Jaipur at 2.30 PM on March 05th, 2020. His funeral procession will take place on March 06 in his birthplace Ramsingh ki Dhyani near Kot Putali.

I met Bihariji in 1969 in Dehra Dun, India when I first knocked at the door of Prem Rawat's residence. He traveled to the west with Prem in 1971. We called him hanuman because of his great love and his great strength! He was almost 90 years old. Fly free dear Bihari, feel all our love with you!

Update: just got this YouTube interview of Bihari. Super powerful!



Bihari Singh

Rozanne Gates • 7.1K views

Bihari Singh sat with The Legacy Project USA
(<http://www.thelegacyprojectusa.com>) on Friday July 13, 2012 in...

The following is Richard's experience with Bihari Singh

When I was in India the Indians, in general, had a whole different idea about the style of cooking. Their concept was to cook a meal for the Lord. Imagine all the care, love, and kindness you would put into the food. Cooking would become an art and devotion. This food would then be presented, blessed, and served to your family and friends. I loved that idea.

Fast forward to the present we have cooking shows like chopped where they have 20 minutes to cook a dish. They hurry around in the kitchen and slap together a dish to be judged.

The audience including myself is entertained by that. Yet are they conscious? All their frustrations about time, the rushing around, competition between competitors and the anger goes into the food.

How about fast food restaurants like Burger King? This is a profit-driven company. Do they cook with the concept of cooking a meal for the lord? You can answer that question yourself.

Bihari Singh brought this incredible practice to the west. From the very beginning when Prem first came to the West he helped teach many different westerners Indian cooking and the philosophy of cooking from love.

I had the joy of watching him cook in India, South Africa, and the United States. He was a master in the kitchen. I know a few of his students and boy can they ever cook. I would rather have a meal cooked by them than any professional chef in the world.

Here are some of my favorite moments with Bihari.

On the first day of the program, my twin brother John came to the program. I was pleasantly surprised. He was living in Utah and somehow he ended up here. In the next couple of days, he received knowledge.

He was quite blown away. One funny incident was that Prem never knew I had a twin brother. Bihari wanted to play a trick on Prem. He got us both together and said "Prem look at this. This will blow your mind. He looked over our way and did a double-take. He turned to us in

amazement and said "wow this is the first time God ever made a mistake. He made Richard twice. We all laughed.

One day we went to the Cape of Good Hope. It was an incredible sight to behold the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean merging at one point. I remember at one point Prem and the group had a race to get to the top of these stairs.

I couldn't believe how fast he ran. He beat all of us by a long shot. I thought with all of my training I was fast. When I got to the top I was breathing quite hard.

Prem was hardly breathing. I remember at one point a South African photographer took our picture. There were three of us Prem, his longtime bodyguard Bihari Singh and myself.

We placed our arms on top of each shoulder (just like kids) and said cheese. It was a great moment. Bihari had a twinkle in his eyes. He was saying nonverbally "wow betcha you will never forget this in your life. This was 48 years ago.

During the eighties, I lived in Miami Beach. Alex Shea, Bihar, and I would play tennis a lot. Many times we would go to Bihar's house and cook incredible Indian food. We would first watch a Bollywood movie. We had so much fun. I will never forget it.

I read on Facebook hundreds of people talking about their love for Bihari. Each one was touched by him. He literally had thousands of friends all around the world. RIP Bihari. You are home with your beloved Swan.

Synchronicity

Yesterday I posted my story from Katharita. I got this wonderful message back from my dear friend Charlie

Saw your posting about Katharita

I met her in Peru in 1973. She was cooking for Rajeshwar who gave me Knowledge. He invited some of us to eat the food she cooked for his dinner

Delicious

Very nice girl

Was very impressed with her

Good to hear about her

Thank you for sharing Rick, it gave me a very good feeling this morning

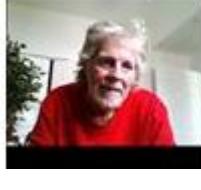
Synchronicity is in the air. Today I'm bringing my story of Mahatma Rajeshwar passing over a year ago. What are the odds of this? Charlie told me his story about meeting Katharita in Peru many moons ago. 1973 to be exact. Mahatma Rajeshwar gave Charlie knowledge.

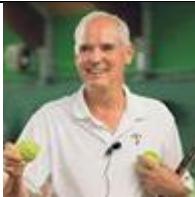
I have written about 600 family and friends. I then in two days write about Katharita and Mahatma Rajeshwar. What are the odds? There is a string that ties us all together.

More Spiritual Friends

Joan Apter	Mark Putnam
	
<p>Wow, Joan has 4,977 friends on Facebook. I first met Joan when I was eighteen in India. Joan truly loves life and loves to meditate. I haven't seen her in over thirty years. Yet every year on Facebook she sends me an incredible birthday card. Joan is a legend around the world. You may not have known about her but she is instrumental in helping so many people discovering their true nature. I loved spending time with her. Keep on writing those Facebook posts.</p>	<p>I first met Mark in Bethesda Maryland in 1977. Mark has a keen sense of humor and a great laugh. Of course, he loves to meditate. I love to read his posts on Facebook.</p>

Nancy Brown	Gwen Herrington
	
<p>I first met Nancy in Denver in 1972. I always remember the great times we had talking together. Fast forward 30 years and she is living in the same town Pacific Palisades. It was a great time reconnecting. Since then she has lived in Santa Fe New Mexico. My old stomping ground in the seventies. I will always treasure such a unique person. Someday I would love to meet your husband.</p>	<p>I first met Gwen in the seventies. Here's another web that ties us together. Gwen's best friend on the Big Island is married to Eric Weiner who I have known since junior high school. What a small world! Gwen is also a great friend of Kali who I had many incredible adventures with. I have many fond memories of Gwen. Aloha. Sending love to you and the Weiners</p>

Richard Sann	William S. Fairchild
	
<p>Richard is a great friend of my brother John and Hanalee. They have known each other since the seventies. Recently they had a chance to spend time together after many years. Richard thinks outside of the box. He has been teaching and learning shamanic wisdom for many years. Thanks, Richard for the friendship we have shared.</p>	<p>RIP Billy. Billy was an incredible character in life. Thousands of people knew about Billy. He had quite a sense of humor. Billy loved life and life loved Billy. He had quite the heart. I spent many moments in various parts of the states with Billy.</p>

Tim Gallwey	Arthur Brigham
	
<p>Here's what an article describes Tim Gallwey.</p> <p>The Inner Game Of Everything: Why Is A Four-Decade-Old Tennis Book Still A Self-Help Sensation?</p> <p>A Harvard English major wrote The Inner Game of Tennis in 1972. A million copies later, its ideas are still some of the most influential in sports — and beyond, taken seriously by actors, politicians, and even sex researchers. What's its secret? Maybe there is no secret.</p> <p>I first met Tim in India in 1971. I was 18 years old. Just a kid. With his meditation practice, Tim has the insight to write this book and launch him into a highly successful career. In the seventies, I spent some time with Tim. He was always an inspiration to be around.</p> 	<p>I first met Arthur in the seventies in Denver Colorado. I haven't seen him in many years. In the last 7 years, we have reconnected through Facebook. I love to see that he is married and has a family. He lives in Japan. We both love to meditate. When he talks about his family I can see it brings him such pleasure in his life.</p>

Doug Bernard	Karol Scherr
	
<p>I first met Doug in Portland Oregon in 1973. I really liked him. I remember that he asked me if the world would be around in the year 2000. I said no. Thank God I was wrong. Doug is married to Mary Dours who I spent time with in Florida. Once again the thread of life that ties us all together.</p>	<p>I met Karol in Portland Oregon in 1973. As you can see she has bright red hair. Karol was a delight to be around. She sparkled life all around. She was always in a good mood. I treasure my time with her.</p>



About the Rainbow Gypsies

In 1969 a band of self-styled hippie gypsies, clad in rainbow rags and waving their freak flag high, dance their way around the world, from their homes in America to an ashram on the banks of the Ganges. Set in the psychedelic 60s, the Rainbow Gypsies is a unique journey that simply could not be made today.

[Read More](#)

Lothar and Ricardo Delgado



I first met Lothar and Ricardo in India in 1971. They were part of the Rainbow Gypsies. They were incredible dancers and danced around the world. Both of them learned how to meditate and still practice today. I have many fond memories of them. They were older than I was. I remember a great party I attended in Miami Beach in the mid-eighties. Their house was on the beach. Great time for all. Both of them love the adventures of life. Love you guys.

David Richman	
	
<p>David recently wrote a book on Wilt Chamberlin. When he was around 10 years old he stayed in his house for a year. David wrote an exceptional and wise book about him. I never knew the depth of Wilt's wisdom. David and I had a great friend in common Richie Ingui. Sending my love to the Richman family. It's been many moons since I have seen you.</p>	

	Yoram Weis
	
	<p>I have known Yoram for many years. He is very inspirational to me. Each year on my birthday he would message me a birthday greeting. Here's an example of the latest one.</p> <p>Happy Birthday, dear Richard, There is a synchronicity in this universe – with each cycle around the sun, your heart rises with more beauty, deeper wisdom, and ever sweeter love. May the richness of your heart expand every space in your life, and light them all up with the abundance of your gifts</p>

and your kindness.
Happy Holidays to you 
Yoram

Charles Cameron



I first met Charles in India in 1971. He was from England. He graduated from Cambridge. His passion was writing and poetry. Charles had a great sense of humor. You could say it was almost dry. British style. I have many fond memories of him. He was a great public speaker and storyteller.

One of my favorite poems of his was Christ a Rose in Jerusalem. It was a great play on words and had such deep meanings. This was almost fifty years ago. I think Charles would have been a great court jester. He could say anything he pleases and gets away with it.

Sadly, storytellers and poets struggle to make a living. They are the cornerstone of humanity. In the past, the rich would sponsor the arts. In my eyes, Charles is a genius with the spoken word.



The Below Birds' Song

Do you see the below birds that nest in the stark twigs
of the below-ground mirror image of the above ground tree,
its below branches copied in good faith and true,
its below leaves fallen -- upwards -- to nourish the above,
do you hear their song?

I mean the song of eyes blind to truth that keep looking?

I had the darshan of the Dalai Lama last night
for Carole and Michael W

.

He came to me in my dream.
I'd spoken to bookish friends of my devotion
to Our Lady of Walsingham, which
may have opened the avenue of his coming,
there'd been a professorish fellow,
and you know that was me,
who disputed me when I suggested Freud --
Sigmund, not Lucian --
dealt in the layer of green sludge
atop the mind's powerhouse unconscious,
his work thus being literally
superficial, while Jung
plumbed the depths of interest,
but my friends said they'd take me anyway,
forget him, to Canterbury,
somewhere east of LA, stopping
at a fine used bookstore along the way --
and it was there he came to me,
entering my dream
as from the heart of a mandala or vescia piscis,
and I approached him,
he came to me,
I came to him in my dream,
kissed his feet knowing nothing of silk scarves,
as he said,
"This one I have known .. long time"
meaning, it seemed,
since 1959 when he first escaped Chinese guns
and the automatons carrying them,
over the high Himalayas,
I'd have been fifteen,
or a few months later when the tulku Trungpa
made a similar trek,
that's a fine word for arduous journeys,
then asked what my practice was,
and was I serious about it,
"Maharaj Ji's meditation" and "Ah.." --

which, like "Mu", means neither quite "yes" nor "no" --
then laid his arm, contrary, to the elbow,
along my arm,
with gentle and gentling look,
shook my hand, yes, shook my hand
and was not there,
leaving cloth of gold light in dream space
with blue, green, yellow, red
tiny letters,
coming and going too fast to record,
curved petals and the square corners of squares,
red and black,
as though gold was the curtain swishing closed behind him,
and no, I'd never before met him,
and yes, I knew him
and he'd known me .. long time --
oh, last night I had darshan of the Dalai Lama.

He Who Stands Firm

Cut me with Knives, I am quietly devastated.

He Who Stands Firm, known to me
as Nick Shoumatoff, who in Oxford hosted my evenings
late into the night on many consecutive
and otherwise occasions, introducing me to
and to me, green tea and bluegrass,
zen and Folkways records of zen monks chanting,
Trungpa and Akong, the Tibetan lamas
he'd found room for upstairs,
Steve Abrams,
Bob Dylan, then unknown in England,
with two records into his Nobel laureate career,
the I Ching or Mighty Ching, depending
on how reverent you were feeling,
in of course the Richard Wilhelm version for me,
though he was reading, and read, Chinese for himself
and threw yarrow stalks -- square holed round coins for me,
Evans-Wentz, Milarepa, The Tibetan BOTD --
and so this little Catholic boy
reading theology at Oxford, stretched
into Jung and Buddhism, Nick and I took
Trungpa down to meet the Benedictines at Prinknash,
I think the Fugs entered that picture,
but fog overtakes time --
Nick was magic:
let the Knives come at me of their own Accord.

I speak with the force of the sun

I speak with the force of the sun, subdued
by the moon's stone face to
a contemplative quiet --
and how could it be otherwise?

The moon's light skips across the waters
like a smooth pebbled skimmed,
and without the sun,
that light would be mute, tuneless.

Listen:

the moon skips the waters
toward you --
out of silence, susurations,
if you listen keenly --
and at last, as if breaking from code,
melodious as silk rubbed between finger and thumb,
speech:

"I have love in mind,
and do you suppose my heart any different?"

The varied duties of grasses

Anyone who treads the Buddhist monk's path knows
there are days the bowl is empty
before you begin to eat.

Quite how it fills up as you do so
is a secret only much contemplation
to the point of vanishing
will deliver.

The secret as I see it, and
please correct me if I'm wrong,
is to see the bowl
not as empty but void,
which is a form of invisible fullness.

Life is like that:
the monk's path is cobbled,
grasses push up between the stones,
most days there's soup;
after a while, the grasses push up
above bones.

Semblance

..

The sudden cessation of breath may resemble
putting the novel you're reading away and looking up.
A sudden cessation of breath will resemble
not even nothing, there being no resemblance in oblivion.

Grief, bleeding

I'm obliged to go cool into the flame,
cool into the fiery furnace, flaming fury,
go still into the whipped winds,
still into the stinging, singing sands,
I should go silent where the owls in the oaks
let fly their ballads of doom, doom,
like a drumbeat, da-doom,
doom-diddy-doom doom da-doom --
there is apocalypse in the rocks,
do not strike them, do not above all
speak to them, their smooth-worn weariness
speaks for itself, and their inner meaning --
leave it to those who know, eh?
I must go blazing cool into paradise
if I hope to get there, if I am not
singed by the angel's singing, flaming
feathers each one a symphony,
eyes like lasers of scriptural purity,
I should at least try to slip past near purity,
find some back gate to the garden,
for I have little more to offer, I
must lay emotions like the beating hearts
of bulls, trembling breasts of birds, open
on the butcher's block, take violin,
take cleaver and with surgeon's touch
slice open grief, my gloved hands
bloody, grief fallen half-open like a liver,
its life blood leaking onto the block --
best must race cool quick into the flame.

Meditation on a name

..

Quite often when I wake,,
there I am, sitting up,
there with me,
like shadow, she: knowing so much.

Soo..

She was leaning back on the iron rail of the balcony,
Paris, several stories up
years back.

How can I tell you what that's like,
waking from deep sleep to acute wakefulness
on seeing her, to see her?
Of course, she's gone in an instant, a
phantasm,
off to where with luck, or
I'd call it grace, perhaps, I'll be,
up ahead, where she won't exactly
appear, but her fragrance,
a kind of music,
will haunt me --
so I tap my feet or breathe in,
deep breaths
that carry me inwards
beyond speech:
there I must report on her,
which, if I am truthful
will say nothing --
but in a tone of feeling
such as will bring her, shimmering,
up behind me.

If I could summon her now,
shimmering, I would,
but these are poor words,
and she a fine spirit.

Some other day, perhaps, I will be

speechless in her presence,
and over my shoulder,
you will see.

She was leaning back on the balcony, Paris,
figuratively speaking.
Dusk behind her.

Soo.. SooYoung -- in Korean.
Even in English it makes a lovely name.

Almost

She sits almost beside me
on the stair of the English Department
of a university that's persistent,
at least in the logic of this dream,
a stair where we've sat almost together
before, and I'm almost
in love with the little slip of her
We were almost --
then she moved off,
later she'd fetch that book for me
and be back,
and she'd moved, then,
to the corner of the stairs,
further, your almost love,
a little further away..

She's thin, angular,
fits in the corner where she now sits,
not thick as a line of prose,
thinner than human,
thin as a line of verse.

I break the surface of honor, writing this --
now can I ever get back?

There was in my past, in my thirties,
a student of English --
irresistibly shy,
she demands to be pried open,
or so I suppose,
thin as a breath.

To my dishonor and shame I betrayed her.

I figure space is a function of body --
ahead, left, right,
around, below, above --
and if space, time too will be bodily,
first breath, aka birth,

this or that age, last breath, aka death
and bodily burial.

Hence I doubt there is After,
and hope to meet her for the first time
in this dream
or that or another,
thin and sweet as a breath.

Miranda.

On the stair of an English Department.

For there are layers,
layers and folds, surely.
But then again --
almost.

Scythe poem #2

The scythe cuts mighty close these days --
what time is it?
Must be harvest.

What then should we do?
Bend gracefully with the wind --
wind, breath, spirit.

Being bread, after all,
might be mighty interesting.

Lincoln, a memorial

Lincoln has been enthroned so long
he has almost turned to marble.
Let him step down, see if he recalls
enough of his Second Inaugural
for a rewrite, take over the Speakership
of the House from Pelosi, who could
hardly refuse given the circumstance,
hand-wrestle the moral arc of the nation
away from Trump and closer to MLK --
for the sake of the Union, united,
democratic, a Republic if we keep it,
but will we? He can always go back
to his chair, disgusted, turn altogether
to marble again if we don't. So: decide.

Coronavirus meets religion #5

Coronavirus meets religion #5 – the arts and pestilence -
by Charles Cameron — what novelist, poet, painter, composer or film maker
will create the great works of our present plague?



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ZENPUNDIT.COM

[zenpundit.com](#) » Blog Archive » **Coronavirus meets religion #5 –
the arts and pestilence**

Randy Marder	Jacques Sandoz
	
I first met Randy in LA and then in India. My brother John and I have many great memories of him. He loves life. Randy loves to restore old houses. He also loves to meditate. My heart goes out to Randy and his family.	I first met Jacques in India in 1971. He comes from Switzerland and has a brilliant family. His Uncle Albert discovered LSD in Sandoz labs in 1939. Jacques was a filmmaker. I had many incredible times with him. He was a giant for his time. Extremely progressive in his thinking.

Mahatma Ashokanand



A few months ago I got a FaceBook request from Ashoka Kumar. I didn't think I knew who he was. Yet a few weeks later I see a post from a dear friend Jacques Sandoz.

It was a picture of Mahatma Ashokanand and I found out that Mahatma Ashokanand and Ashoka Kumar were the same. Life is a riddle. I haven't seen him in 48 years. I knew him in the early seventies.

Since then we have talked a few times. He is eighty-nine years old. Yet he still rides a bicycle every day. He said he averages about 40 kilometers a day. I was quite impressed with the youthfulness of his voice. He has a yearning to always gather wisdom. We talked about mutual friends.

He received knowledge from Prem's father Shri Hans in 1956 a year before Prem was born. He has been meditating ever since. I could tell by his voice the wisdom of meditating for all those years.

I find it quite interesting that when I lived in the House Of the Future in 1955 Ashokananda was also quite futuristic.

This is a quote from Ashoka.

I completed my MSc in Physics from Patna University. Patna University is called by the British in India 'the Cambridge University of The East'. The entire campus of the University was constructed and designed and established by the British in 1921. In 1958 I talked to the head of the physics department about using the radio as a communication device.

his sounds like a modern-day cell phone to me. There's aren't many students of Shri Hans around. He has lived quite a fascinating life.

Here's one of my favorite incidents with Mahatma Ashokanda.

Asokananda Incident

While we were in Bombay one day I was in Maharaj Ji's room when all of a sudden he got off his bed stood up and started to wave his hands



towards one of his Initiators Asokananda. The hair on his whole body stood up. It looked like he put his hand in a light socket. He was yelling please Maharaj Ji, stop it.

After about 20 seconds Maharaj Ji's hand fell to his side and Asokananda was back to normal. Being an eighteen kid that I was I said Maharaj do you want to zap him once more?

Maharaj Ji said sure and for just a fraction of a second, he raised his hands and put electricity back into him. Maharaj Ji was electrocuting him. We all laughed.

This was the first time that I spent close time with Maharaj Ji. There were only a few westerns there. It was so beautiful to play with Maharaj Ji and at the same time have such great respect for him.



Mitch Ditkoff



In the mid-seventies, I was living in New York City. I had a friend of mine name Fran. Fran was telling me about another friend she had named Mitch. Well, I never got to meet him. Fast forward 45 plus years. I see him on Facebook. He has a blog about storytelling.

You may have guessed that I love stories. That's the reason I wrote family and friends. That's the reason why I write about creative people. Each one of his storytelling is fascinating to me. He covers the good, bad, and ugly and makes me laugh at life. I love his story *Guns to My Head, Two Nights in a Row in a Seedy Boston Motel*. Each story has a purpose and something to learn. He also loves to meditate.

ABOUT THE BLOG

Storytelling at Work is a blog about the power of personal storytelling – why it matters and what you can do to more effectively communicate your stories – on or off the job. Inspired by the book of the same name, the blog features "moment of truth" stories by the author, **Mitch Ditkoff**, plus inspired rants, quotes, and guest submissions by readers.

Seeing Clearly

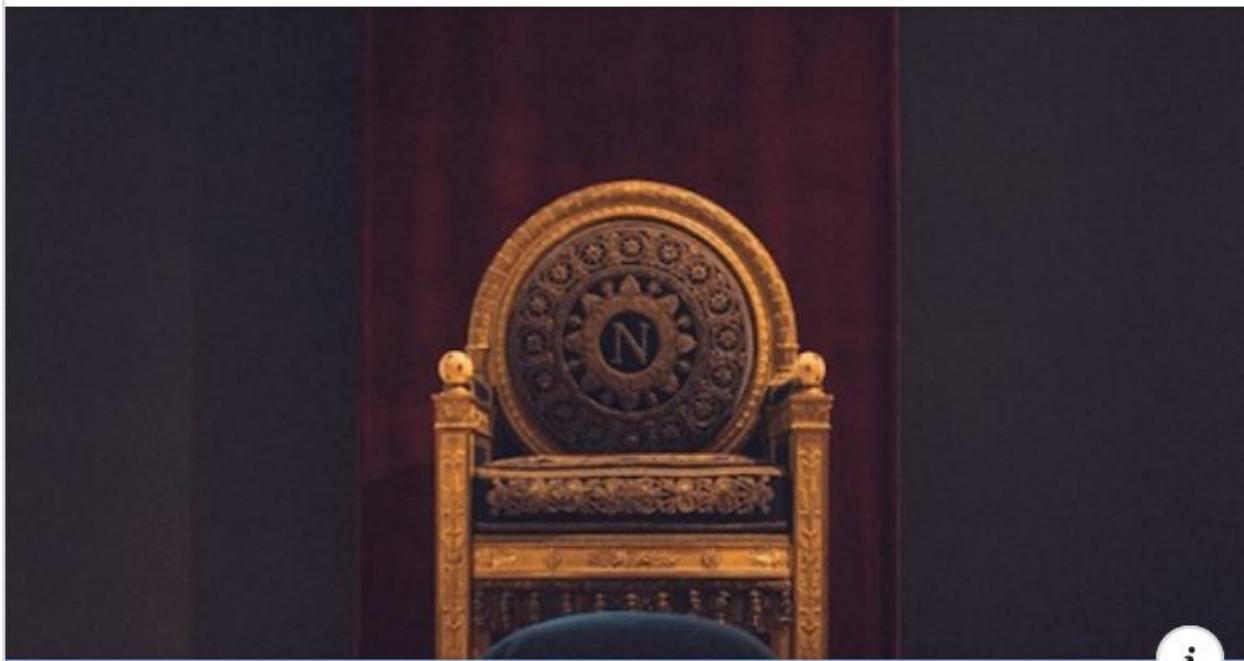


Mitch Ditkoff

May 21 at 9:19 PM ·

...

I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE THIS STORY CAME FROM -- WAY BACK BACK BACK IN THE HIDDEN ARCHIVES OF WHATEVER.



IDEACHAMPIONS.COM

Storytelling at Work: On Seeing Clearly

Storytelling at work -- How Moments of Truth on the Job Reveal the Real...

I'm From Woodstock. Yes, I Am!



Mitch Ditkoff

May 20 at 10:53 PM ·

...

WHEN YOU'RE A "CONSULTANT" FROM WOODSTOCK, SOMETIMES THE WAY YOU INTRODUCE YOURSELF AT CORPORATE COCKTAIL PARTIES CAN GET A LITTLE AWKWARD. -- or, at least that's the way it USED TO BE.



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Storytelling at Work: I'm From Woodstock. Yes, I Am!

Storytelling at work -- How Moments of Truth on the Job Reveal the Real...

Sheikh Waseem



Mitch Ditkoff

May 19 at 6:48 PM ·

...

THE PLAY, DOWN UNDER, CONTINUES. (Hint: We are all each other's teachers).



IDEACHAMPIONS.COM

Storytelling at Work: Sheikh Waseem

Storytelling at work -- How Moments of Truth on the Job Reveal the Real...

[working in an Islamic school](#)

Having been in Australia, working in an Islamic school for the past three months, living with a Pakistani family, I've had a whole bunch of people ask me "how's it going" or "what's it like." I've said different things at different times, but the one thing that resonates the most for me is how I sometimes feel when I am watching a movie I totally love -- the kind of movie that absorbs me completely. At one point during the movie-watching experience, I notice myself thinking "I can't wait to watch this AGAIN", even though I am watching it NOW. That statement is not me dissociating from the moment, but more the acknowledgment of the power and the glory and the immersion of the moment -- and all I can say is that I want to STAY in that experience and, to a movie-goer, "staying" sometimes translates

as "I want to see it again." So that's my experience these days, along with long walks to the grocery story to buy hummus and sliced salmon, sardines, and rice cakes which somehow have become my favorite foods. So much good stuff happens in a day here that could easily "become a book", but I am IN the book and to write the book I would have to leave the book, which is a curious kind of yoga I'm not quite sure I've mastered. "A Thousand Muslims and a Jew" would be the title, but I have no idea if it will ever get written or if it needs to get written. Right now, I am doing my best to be a character in the book, not the character writing about the character, if you catch my drift. Bottom line, I am enjoying myself and feel blessed, guided and humbled by the outrageous play of life.





Mitch Ditkoff

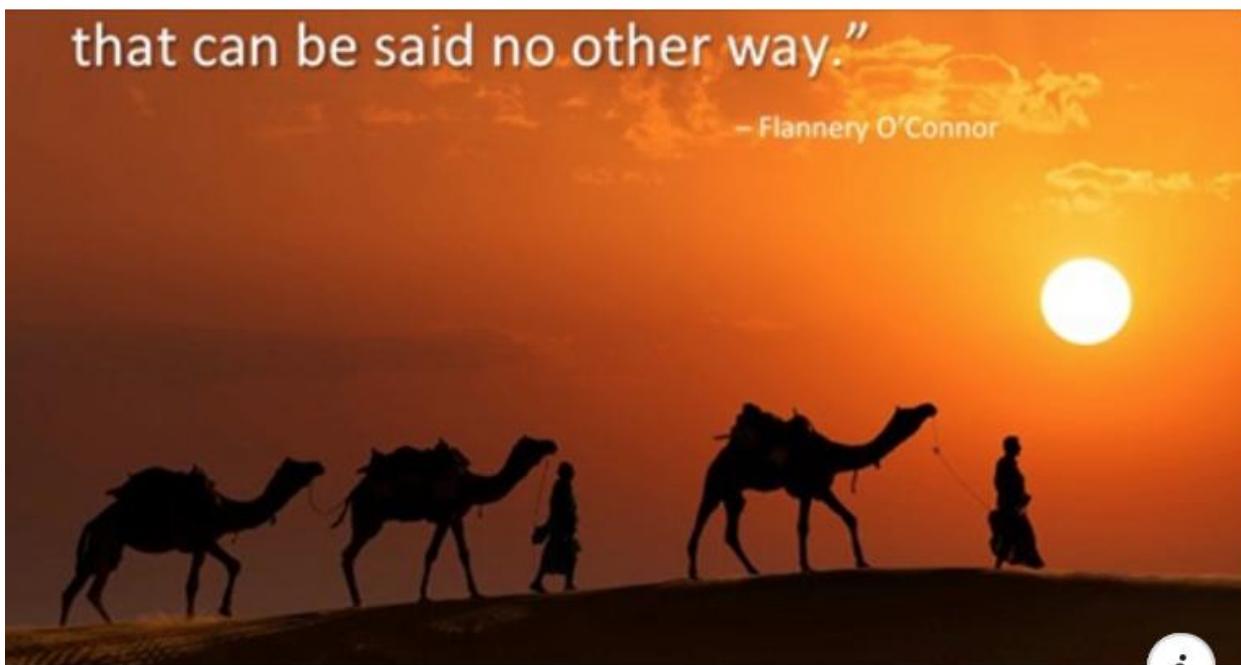
May 18 at 9:24 PM ·

...

HOW TO USE A STORY TO SOLVE A TOUGH PROBLEM: The 18th Camel -- just published in the Australasian Times.

that can be said no other way."

– Flannery O'Connor



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AMUST.COM.AU

How to use a story to solve a tough problem: The 18th Camel

Once upon a time, in Egypt, there was a much beloved camel merchant...

The Dance of the Gnats



Mitch Ditkoff

May 18 at 1:10 AM ·

WHAT I LEARNED FROM A SWARM OF GNATS IN A PENNSYLVANIA CORNFIELD.



IDEACHAMPIONS.COM

Storytelling at Work: The Dance of the Gnats

Storytelling at work -- How Moments of Truth on the Job Reveal the Real...

What I Learned From Listening to Ravel's Bolero for 14 Hours



Mitch Ditkoff

May 16 at 9:36 PM ·

WE NOW INTERRUPT WHATEVER MIGHT BE BRINGING YOU DOWN, BUMMING YOU OUT, IRRITATING YOU, DISAPPOINTING YOU or MAKING YOU STIR CRAZY with this 3-minute story of mine -- about the time I had to listen to Ravel's Bolero, non-stop, blindfolded, in a pitch black room, for 14 hours. (Sort of prepared me for lockdown.)



IDEACHAMPIONS.COM

Storytelling at Work: What I Learned From Listening to Ravel's Bolero for 14 Hours

Storytelling at work -- How Moments of Truth on the Job Reveal the Real Business of Life

Guns to My Head, Two Nights in a Row in a Seedy Boston Motel



Mitch Ditkoff

May 14 at 11:52 PM ·

...

VERY FEW PEOPLE HAVE HAD THE COLD BARREL OF A GUN PRESSED AGAINST THEIR HEAD BY A LATE NIGHT THIEF. IT HAPPENED TO ME TWO NIGHTS OUT OF THREE WHEN I WAS 22.



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IDEACHAMPIONS.COM

Storytelling at Work: Guns to My Head, Two Nights in a Row in a Seedy Boston Motel

The Power of Presence & Curiosity



Mitch Ditkoff

May 14 at 12:46 PM ·

...

A BIG SHOUT OUT TO THE EXTRAORDINARY ERIKA ANDERSEN -- a masterful coach, clarifier, and sweetie pie who saved my butt, big time, at a time of my life when I was way way way out to sea. Click below for the story -- a 3- minute read.



IDEACHAMPIONS.COM

Storytelling at Work: The Power of Presence & Curiosity

Storytelling at work -- How Moments of Truth on the Job Reveal the Real Business of Life

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Milky Cole

I first met Milky in India in 1971. He was quite the divine character. He was brewing laughter and humor. Milky was about ten years older than me. I was just a kid 18 years old. We spent time together in Africa. A few years later Milky comes to Portland Oregon for a month. Great guy. He enjoys the adventures in life. He has a great story to tell. Milky traveled to India from England two years before me. He was one of the first westerners introduced to Prem Rawat.

I haven't seen Milky in over thirty years. I never knew he was a master gardener. Wow, love this. Your meditation paid off.





Michael Cole

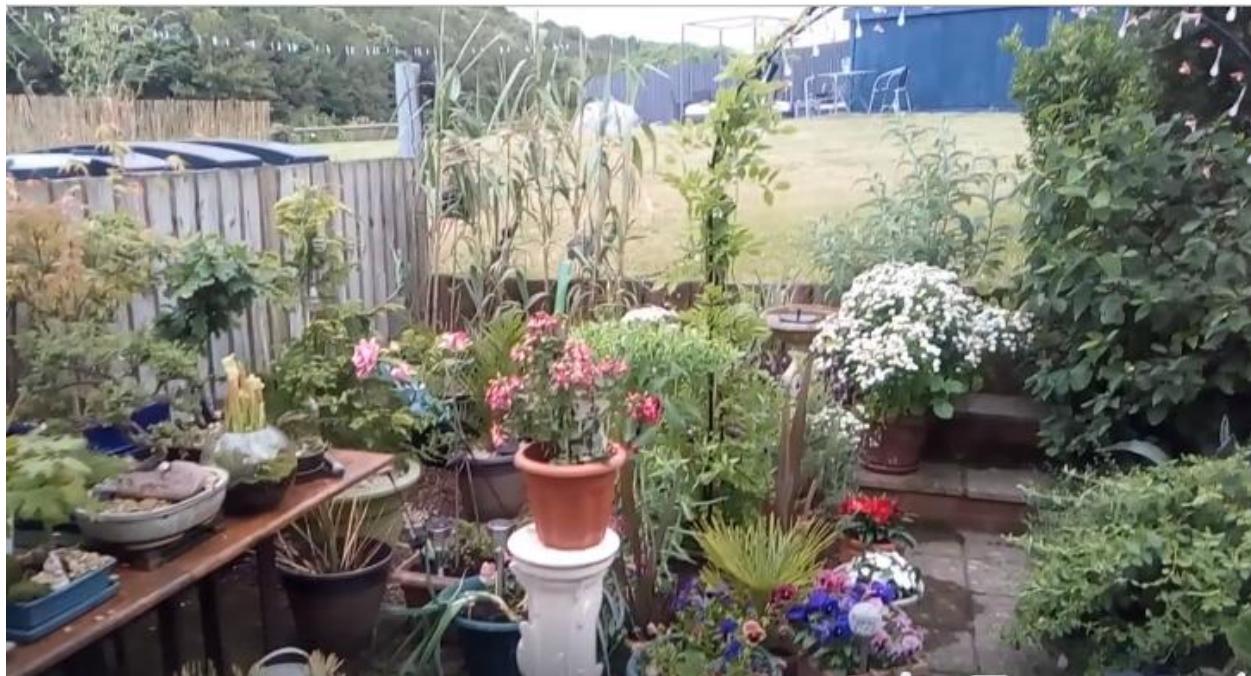
July 28, 2019 · 

Garden still offering me great joy... 



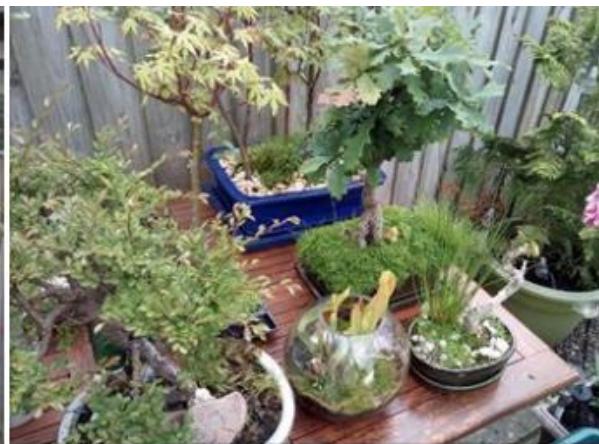


Amazing what a little devotion and sunshine Will do!!!











Jeff Bernard

As you can see Jeff loves nature and hiking through it. Jeff walks through life because he reflects the true nature inside of him. He loves to meditate and spends a tremendous amount of time in nature.



Top of mountain



Smiling at top of the mountain



I made it this far



Look what's behind me



How's this for a canyon?



Nothing like a beautiful meadow



This is called God painting the sky



Flying Toys



Jeff Bernard Flying Toys

Fletcher Soul Traveler

It was my best Christmas. I was with my grandfather whom I loved dearly and who told the best stories. . . stories he made up as he went along. I received the toys that I most wanted. Santa Claus must have read my letter. My best present was the little plastic airplane that was connected to a line about eight feet long that had a handle with a battery-powered trigger to operate the planes speed. I could hardly wait to get back to Peru to show my friends. Everybody was so happy to be together. My father, and my mother with her parents.

Our vacation to the U.S. was only a week old and we were leaving to visit my grandparents on my father's side of the family. I always enjoyed the drive from Biloxi, Mississippi to Morgan City, Louisiana where my father's family gathered on Christmas day to celebrate. We were getting ready for the drive from the pine forests of Mississippi to the swamps of Louisiana. I felt like we were going to a different country, the two places are so different. I couldn't always understand what my cajun cousins were talking about since they all spoke French with each other; still, it was a pleasure to see them as they always hugged and kissed me, and were very warm. My aunts and my grandmother always served really great food. The gumbos, cracklings, hot sausage, and crawfish that they prepared in so many different ways always filled the holiday table. Even though I thought of the good food awaiting in Morgan City I enjoyed the breakfast of buttermilk pancakes and sausage my grandmother had fixed here in Biloxi.

After eating we packed the U-Haul trailer, kissed hugged, and waved goodbye as we pulled away headed for Louisiana. It really was my best Christmas. I had more presents than ever before. We had packed one small suitcase that contained all my presents, and nothing else. I hadn't realized what it would mean when my father mentioned to my mother about his raise in salary, and I didn't know that I was on the good end of his hard work.

When we arrived in Morgan City and began unpacking I discovered that the suitcase with all my Christmas presents had fallen off the trailer. My stomach went queasy and my heart raced as my eyes swelled with tears that soon became a flood. It turned out to be my worst Christmas ever, one I'd never forget.

A few days later we returned home to Peru. I only had a couple of small presents that my cajun relatives had given me. I often daydreamed of finding the suitcase with all of my presents. In Peru, it was a very distant dream.

The next summer we moved back to the United States and stayed with my mother's parents, whose house was only a block from the beach. One day while walking on the beach I met Kevin, a kid about my age and we immediately became the best of friends. He took me to an old barn where his family lived in the hay loft. It was the first time I'd ever seen a homeless family in the United States. Having come from South America and this being the 1950's I was used to seeing poverty but this was still a shock to me. They were very poor.

When my grandmother found out who my friend was, she threatened me with a spanking if I continued to see him. She called his family white trash.

My grandparents didn't have much. I didn't understand her feelings, or lack of feelings, for someone who had less than she. I cried and tried explaining to her

how much my friendship with Kevin meant to me, but she would have none of it. Christ didn't want me associating with such riff-raff she told me.

She was a devout Southern Baptist and spent a lot of time reading the Bible. I guess she justified her actions through passages in the good book.

My parents didn't mind my Kevin. They told me that it was O.K. So I began sneaking out and playing with him in places where my grandmother wouldn't find out.

One hot, humid day while my friend and I walked in the wet sand at the beach he began to tell me a story. He said that the previous Christmas had been very sad for him. It was, he said the worst Christmas in his life. He and his younger brother and sister didn't receive any presents at all. He told me that he came to the beach to walk his tears away on that Christmas day. While walking along and crying to himself he noticed a suitcase lying next to the highway that runs along the seawall. He ran over to it hoping it was undamaged and would contain something useful to his family, maybe something he could give as a present to his mother who also didn't receive anything on that Christmas. He pulled the suitcase away from the road and onto one of the steps of the sea wall near the sandy beach, where he opened it and quickly became a believer in Santa Claus again. It was full of nothing but toys. Toys for someone his age. It turned out to be the best Christmas in his life. He told me that his favorite toy in the suitcase was the little plastic battery-operated airplane.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing as he described the contents of the suitcase with all of my Christmas presents. I stood on the beach in shock. My mind was racing with thoughts of the toy airplane and other things that had

belonged to me. I looked at his face, I looked into his eyes. I decided not to tell him. He would have given everything back, even if I insisted he keeps it all.

We moved to Louisiana a few days later and I never saw Kevin again, or the Christmas toys that were his.

Kim Margolis



Singer-songwriter Kim Margolis is a singer /songwriter producer from London, England. At the age of 16, he left school with a passion for the music industry, where he found work as an assistant engineer/tape operator for Dick James music (Northern Songs).

He worked with Reggie Dwight (aka Elton John), Steven Demetre Georgiou (aka Cat Stevens), and other up-and-coming artists recording mostly early demos. He was then hired by the Decca company to work in their copyright dept and swiftly moved up to staff record producer.

He worked on tracks for David Bowie (The World of David Bowie) and produced various new artists including the classic folk album "Every time You Move" by Hunter Muskett.

After being disillusioned by the record business in 1969 he "dropped out" and went to live on a hippie commune in the Welsh mountains. Always passionate about songwriting and music production, he continued to write and play solo and in various bands and continues to this day to perform and record in the San Francisco Bay Area.

Under the blazing sky



Extraordinary Times



Like Electric Blue



Particles...



Place of love...



It's a new day...



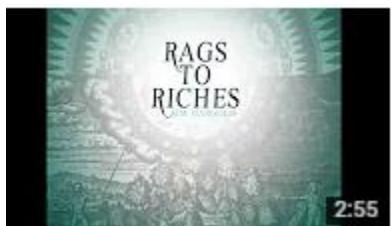
Song of Love



The Frozen from the Album The Tide



Rags To Riches



Charlie The Dragon

[Click to hear the story.](#)



[WHERE ARE YOU GOING song by Charlie.](#)

I wrote this for my dear friend Charlie. He has been sick for a while. He is still alive today. I wrote this to cheer him up. We have been great friends yet I haven't seen him for over thirty years.

Charlie came in contact with the dragons here 5,000 years later. Much to say our simple cave transformed quite dramatically in 5,000 years. Our simple cave was a vast underground city where around 2 million people were living here. It was the golden age of man and dragons. Our city name was Shambala.

Most have changed. Our way of life was so far more advanced than anything has been seen on earth. War was thousands of years behind us. It was a faint memory in time.

Charlie was an incredible dragon trader. He had hundreds of dragons moving exotic fruits all around the world. He studied for years with a master dragon teacher who taught him how to meditate and be one with the universe.

Both little Ricky and little Jonny became friends immediately as they met him. Charlie came from South America from the land of Peru. Both of them were on the same wavelength in life. They shared a common bond that could never be broken.

Charlie was trading the following fruits Chirimoya, Mangos, Pitahaya. Dragon Fruit, Guava, and Papaya. Both little Johnny and little Ricky never tasted anything so delicious. It became an instant hit in Shambala. Everyone was talking about it.

Charlie and the twin dragons loved to fly together and meditate. Charlie knew how to fly like he was on a super roller coaster. He knew how to use g-forces to do incredible maneuvers like upside-down loops you see in roller coasters today. He had a Latin flair to him.

Charlie came and traded with us about two times a year. He had busy trade routes he established. Charlie started the Silk Road trade route years ago and by chance discovered a conversation about the hidden city of Shambala. Most of China and Tibet hear about our hidden city but thought it was a myth.

Charlie loved adventure. He wasn't only a business dragon. He was incredible with the arts and music. He told me one adventure that left my brother and I quite memorized. You see in Peru youngsters (humans) loved to ride the ocean waves much like dragons fly in the sky.

He discovered a place in Chicama a small sleeping fishing village. Here along the beach was a vast point where you could see 10 waves breaking in the distance. The waves would follow the coastline for a mile. It was the longest wave in the world. Charlie was friends of most of the surfers. They were the farmers that grow the exotic fruit.

The surfers taught Charlie how to body surf. On huge days Charlie would swoop down from the sky and gather so much speed he could easily catch any wave. He invented modern-day jet-skiing years ahead of his time. Charlie would ride this wave for miles laughing and giggling the entire time. All the surfers would clap their hands in delight.

Charlie brought little Ricky and little Johnny to Chicama. Remember they were both around five thousand years old. But they were young at heart. Little Ricky and Little Johnny spent the entire day catching one wave after another. They would always say just one more and we will call it quits for the day.

The surfers provided a feast in honor of the twins coming to their county. Now Little Ricky loves to try anything different. The surfers provided a feast that dragons and man are still talking about today. Little Ricky still remembers it.

Charlie introduced the twins to the hidden dragon community. The dragons and man never fought with each other. They became friends from the beginning of time. Both of their cultures totally respected Mother Earth(Gaia). At the time both man and dragons would hold sacred ceremonies, prayers, and meditate together. They realized the connection between the earth and stars. You see they knew they were stardust. They came from the stars. Meditation was the doorway to the universe within.

Charlie took little Ricky and little Johhny on a tour of the Americas. They saw vast civilization in Guatemala and Mexico. They saw great pyramids all over the place. You see David had the vision of the dragon became a reality all over the world.

Charlie took them to Florida where life was so simple. The Indians loved the dragons visiting them. They went to Malibu where the Chumash Indians lived. They taught the Indians how to surf the long waves during the summertime. The natives would love to watch the dragon-riding the waves. You see they only fished along the shore. This became a hit with the young locals. People are still talking about it today.

At some point in time, Charlie moved to Canada a city called Toronto. He settled down, married, and had children. Everyone loved Charlie. He gave life to the party. He loved his children and wife. Of course, he had many friends. Boy did he have stories to tell? He could probably talk the rest of his life about his incredible journey around the world.

By this time Charlie became one with the sun, moon, and stars. He was still in a dragon body. You could say he was enlightened. He discovered his true nature. You see there is a point where you just simply shine. Charlie just smiled and shined like the sun.



♡ Q ⌂



Liked by kubanopf and others



♡ Q ⌂



Liked by luannefp and others



The first pic is my friend Tato Gubbins and I in June 1969 down near Chorrillos. We were going to try his new board. Tato was Peru's National champion 3 times. He was a shaper too like his brother Guayo. We were both goofy footers. Arturo him and I were good friends.

The second pic is me one afternoon in October 1972 in Cerro Azul.

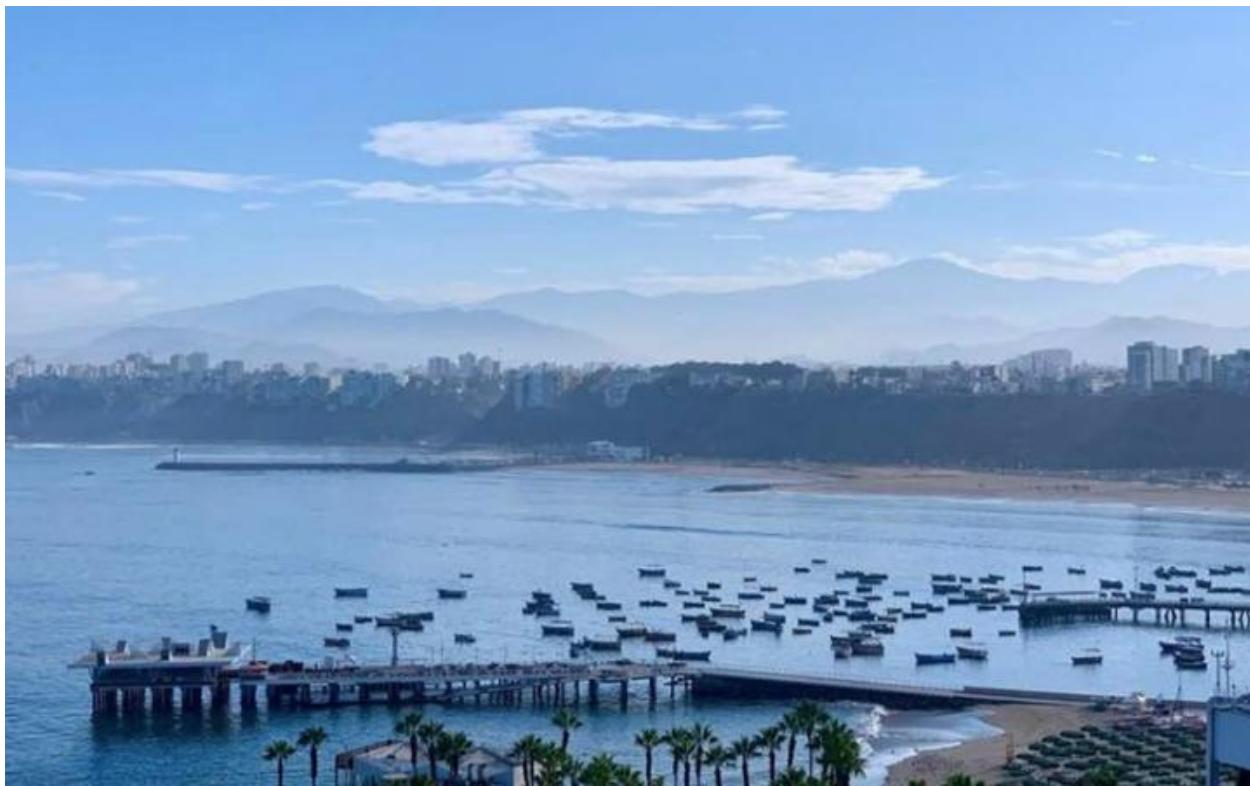
And the 2 color ones is yours truly the last time I went "surfing" in Wasaga beach Ontario (2 hours North of my house) with my new 9'6" that my USA dear friend Bill Cannel más for me and I picked up from Buffalo. I have an interesting story about that trip at the Niagara's Falls border.

Yours Truly at "Cosmo Music" (my "church") in the Taylor Guitar Show Room checking out a Magical 6 string. We ended up having an impromptu Jamming session with the visiting California Taylor sales Rep and a bunch of people around us wanting "encore". Had the pleasure to meet Bob Taylor. Great Guy Great Guitars !!! Gibson's and Martin's and Epiphone's.... this Taylor babe is Hot !!!! Heaven on Earth, no BS..... hear that David L ?? Remember when we did something like that in September 1972 at the University of Lima Yard ??? Epic Guitar playing, still miss you bro !!!! Let's get together soon and Rock this World's Heart with Love and Inspiration !!! It needs it !!! Peace and Love My Friends





My Every Day View for the 14 years I lived in the Beautiful City of Chorrillos, Lima, Peru. Ever Grateful for My Beautiful Family, Beach Life, Great Surfing, Best Friends, Happy and Healthy Life, Lots of Dreams and Hopes, Great Music, Great Food. I was Searching for the Meaning of Life, left it All to go all over the World to Help Make The World a Better Place....I actually Had it Right There, Love, Peace, Health, Music, Paradise. I just actually needed to Find Me, I Mostly Did..... It Is All In Me !!! Now Let's Take Good Care of Things, This Life Can Be Beautiful!! We Can Make It, Let's Do It !!! Great Gift, I Love Life I Love This Beautiful Planet !! Grateful to the Creator !!!



Luanne Fp is with Charles R. Beresford.

...

March 12 ·

Charlie talked half the night and all day with his Mango Growers in Mexico and today they have already implemented this biodegradable cover! Way to literally, think outside the box Charlie! And Cudos to the Mexicans! Muchas Gracias!!!





Meet One of our Mexican Ataúlfo Mango Growers in Chiapas, Mr. Francisco Fiallo, a real Mango Hero. He works day in and day out during all the phenological (development) process of the Mango Trees to Make Sure we have “The Mango Experience, The Way it Should Be, Delicious and Nutritious”.....I have a short Word to Describe the Real Experience of a Real Good Mango: Wow !!! Or Better Yet: “Orgasmic”.....!!!! U La La !!!

When you buy our “Mariposa” brand Mangos you Also Contribute to His Socio Economic Well Being and His Family ‘s and To a Positive Environmental Impact in Chiapas, Mexico.

Thank You Very Much on Pancho’s behalf and on The Earth’s Behalf !!! For Your Support !!!



Joyce Caldwell

NY Friends

Jenny Dowd



Well, it's a brand New Year. It's 2019. I've been thinking about this story for some time now. When I was young I read the Autobiography of a Yogi. This was about the life of Paramhansa Yogananda. I was totally mesmerized by the book. He used the scientific laws of the day to describe spirituality.

I loved the story of how a friend of his said that his life was based on hocus pocus. To make a long story short Yogananda challenges his friend to a test. They would buy a one-way ticket to a town around a two-hour train ride.

They would carry no money. They would not ask for any help along the way. In the book, they go over great detail on their journey. His friend freaks out constantly yet many incredible events happen along the way. They are completely taken care of. This took place in the early 1900s.

Fast forward to the mid-seventies. Jenny and I are driving to the airport and our passengers are a group called One Foundation. They are an incredible band. All their equipment is in the van. Somehow along the way Jenny and I somehow decided to go to Switzerland. One Foundation was going to a festival that Maharaj Ji was attending.

Mind you here are the obstacles. We had no money. We had no extra clothes. We had no passports. We had no airline tickets. We were simply dropping off the band at the airport.

Well, we watched minor miracles take place. I won't tell the whole story. It's quite elaborate. Anyway, we get our boarding passes and the members of the band couldn't believe it. It was quite the journey. Jennie met some people from Greece and stayed with them in Greece for around a month.

Many people would think that this is a crazy thing to do. Yet this has happened many times on my journeys around the world. If you truly trust the universe you will be taken care of.

Many times it would be not what you think should happen. I carry this truth in my daily life. We all hit potholes in this journey of life. Our experiences on how we react often determine our state of awareness. The same event can happen to two separate people.

One person will totally freak out while the other person will simply smile. As George Harrison once said all things must pass. To be honest, at the time I truly had no idea what he was talking about. It was a foreign language.

After many moons, I understand these wise words. My life has been a blessing. I have had many incredible learning lessons along the way. This is the tip of the iceberg.

I will always remember Jennie. I wish I met her Father. Jennie acquired many of his traits. I enjoy reading her posts on Facebook. Jenny, you have a special place in my heart.

Carine Fabius	Fran Matos
	
I first met Carine in 1977. Carine definitely enjoys life to the fullest. I have many great memories of her. Her best friend at the time was Fran Matos.	I used to take lunch breaks with Fran when she worked for either CBS or NBC. She worked for a powerful executive at that time. We would go to a huge church and meditate. I loved her Mom. I haven't talked to Fran in many years. Does anyone know where she is?

Sprice Drury	George Merchan
	
Sprice was another person with whom the web of life binds us together. I knew her during the seventies. Fast forward thirty years and she is on several conference calls with my brother John. It's a small world. I love reading her posts.	George was another person who had many close friends of mine. Many Latin people loved to meditate. George was one of them. Fast forward 40 years and George and I are on Facebook. George is one of the few people who constantly responds to my post.

RIP Sprice

RIP dear Sprice.

You will not be forgotten.

Your life has been a divine inspiration for all of us.

You have been like a mighty surfer riding the waves of life.

You have seen the good bad and ugly.

Yet you never threw in the towel and gave up.

I remember meeting you in New York City many moons ago.

We were both kids.

We loved to meditate.

Thirty years later we found ourselves in a series of conference calls.

That connection we had never went away.

It seemed like time didn't exist.

I loved your posts on Facebook.

It was like hearing from a dear old friend.

We will miss you yet we know that you exist inside of our hearts.

This is an incredible journey that will go on forever.

I love the web of love that ties us together.

So many of your friends and family have expressed sweet condolences.

A part of you exists in all of us.

You have touched so many people around the world.

I read the divine story that you and Mitch wrote.

It brought tears to my eyes.

Curve balls were thrown to you and you hit the ball out of the park.

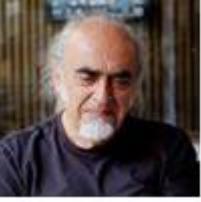
Yet I had no idea of your divine journey.

Thanks for sharing it.

It was a divine inspiration to me.

You have gone back to your creator.

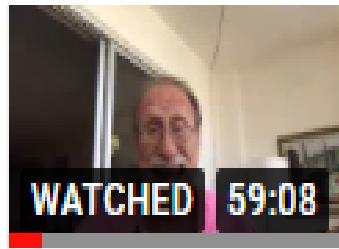
Someday we will see you again on this wonderful journey of life.

Tugomir Matić	
 A black and white portrait of Tugomir Matić, an elderly man with a beard and glasses, wearing a dark shirt.	
Tugomir originally came from Russia many moons ago. He was an incredible concert pianist. As I remember he defected while on tour. Tugomir loves to meditate. Fast forward forty years and I'm seeing his life once again on Facebook.	

Richie Niles & Linda Pollock



As I remember them they were peas in a pod. They were incredible singers together. Both of them had an incredible sense of humor. I remember the audience laughing and clapping during many of their songs. Great hearts. I still read their Facebook post forty years later.



Talk Story With Richie Niles Pollock

Fletcher Soul Traveler

Prayer For Everyman



Timelessness



Trust is a bridge



Deeper Love



Turning the corner



In silence



Tomorrow



YOUTUBE.COM

TOMORROW

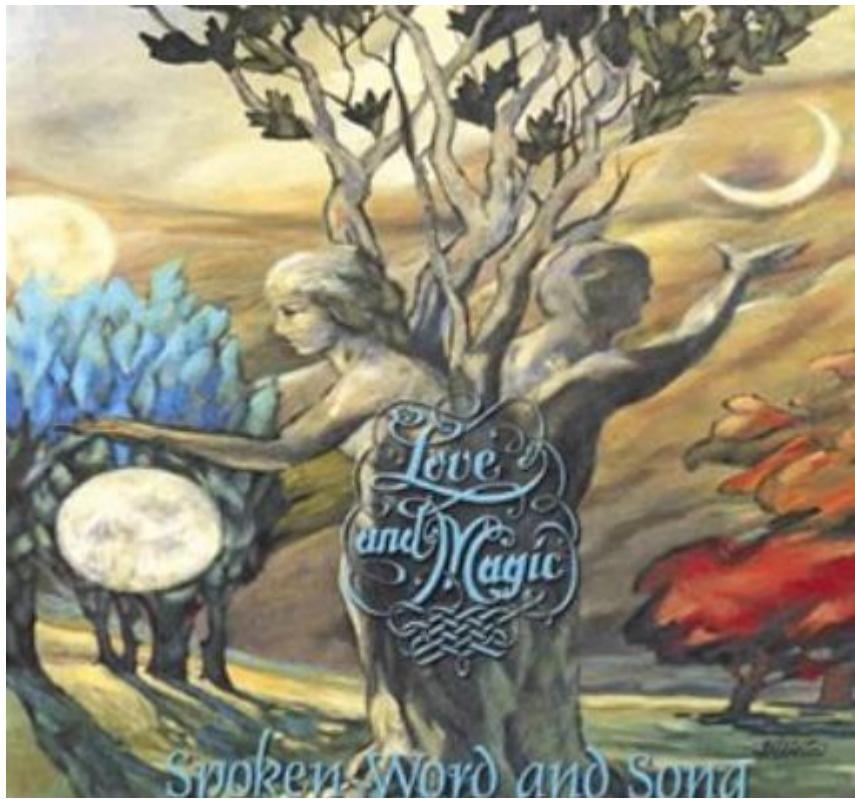
Richie Niles Pollock recites this poignant poem by Edgar Guest, entitled...

LOVE AND MAGIC - IN THIS TOGETHER #16 - "DEEPER LOVE" - THANKS TO ALL WHO SHARE!!! What a hit! I'm dancing, singing, feeling, healing...Thank You Richie & Lorenzo!!XX

Deeper Love



In this togerher



LOVE AND MAGIC - IN THIS TOGETHER #15 - Richie recites his original poem, "Empty Cup", based on an old Zen story, illustrating how the student must be empty in order to be filled by the master.

THANKS TO ALL WHO SHARE this wonderful tale, beautifully orchestrated by Alan Friedman!!!

Linda Gross	Steve O'Neil
I first met Linda in New York in the mid-seventies. She was just learning how to meditate. Fast forward forty-plus years. She still loves to meditate. I feel the web of life tying us together through the years. We may have not seen each other in many years but the thread never gets severed.	RIP Steve. You lead life to the fullest. My brother John and Hanalee had great memories of your visit to Oxnard in the seventies. You were a great roommate. I will never forget your humor and laughter.

Ira Woods	John Campbell
	
Ira was another person who during the seventies and early eighties was in my area of life. We weren't friends per se yet we both loved to meditate. Ira has a passion for life. Fast forward forty years and I read how Ira helped his wife leave this planet with dignity. It was a tremendous and heartwarming story. It shows the love that he has inside.	John worked in the food co-op in Queens. Many of my friends worked there. John knew the open-air markets in Brooklyn like nobody else. I have many fond memories of John. For a while, we lived in the same house. RIP John.

Susan Hubly



Wow, Susan Hubly. She was inspirational to me. Susan was extremely kind to all. That was her nature. Combine that with meditation and you become super kind<grin>. If you have read my book on kindness this is probably one of the best traits to have. I read with joy her Facebook post. We haven't seen each other in thirty years.



Stuart Hoffmann



Stuart was amazing at playing the keyboard and singing back in the seventies. Fast forward forty years and he is still amazing. I love this Facebook photo of his. He sums it up. His music comes from the universe. Yes, Stuart loves to meditate.

[Here's a link to Stuart's site.](#)

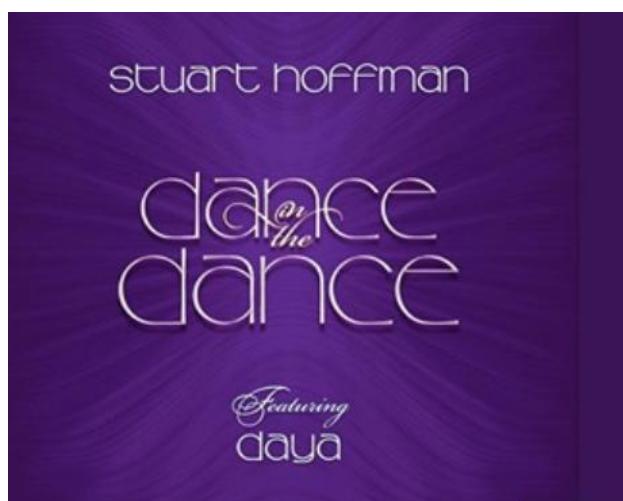
Dance in the dance



For you



Dance the dance



SILENT HEROES

"Silent Heroes" was written to acknowledge and honor those people among us that have and continue to selflessly put themselves in harm's way and give themselves humbly at the critical time of this global pandemic to help save lives everywhere on Earth.

And also all those that so often behind the scenes work tirelessly for the betterment of all life on Earth.

We were inspired by the non-profit group WAFA for their ongoing efforts to bring these "Silent Heroes" into the light.

<https://wafaward.org/>

To download the track please visit <https://stuarthoffman.bandcamp.com/>.
Proceeds will go to providing life-saving care to vulnerable groups around the world who are suffering from the Covid-19 pandemic.

Thank You.

http://www.ideachampions.com/clients/clients_anthems.shtml

Lyrics by Jennifer Edwards

Music and production by Stuart Hoffman

Vocals by Stephen Rivera

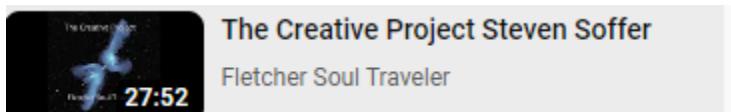
**We wrote Silent Heroes to honor those
beautiful souls that with extraordinary
kindness and humility are working to save
lives everywhere on this planet.
Mirroring the best of humanity.
Who we really are.
Thank You.**

Darling be home soon



Mickey Cottrell	
	
Mickey was definitely was a character. He had a heart of gold. I have many fond memories of him. He worked in the film industry for many years. He loves to meditate. Fast forward forty years and I'm reading his Facebook post. Great person to know.	

Steven Soffer



I once went to Steve's house for dinner in 1978. I still remember clear as day after dining Steve and I go into the kitchen and he makes a smoothie out of soybean ice cream.

Steve and I are on the same wavelength in life. We both love to meditate. Steve has been practicing preventive medicine since the seventies. Here's a photo from one of his posts. Thanks, Steve for you and Kathy being in my life. Both of you are an inspiration.

Richard Fletcher I like that.
Like · Reply · 1w

Steven Soffer thought you might.
Like · Reply · 1w



About a year ago Steve got sick. It was a blessing in disguise. Out of nowhere, Steve started writing these incredible poems. Steve shared these poems on Facebook. My brother John and I were completely blown away. When I started

this project I had Steve in mind. We connect through the phone. Mind you it's been over forty years yet that same connection was there. Nothing was lost. I helped Steve to get the software install for the recordings of his poems.

He did a quick test to see if it was up and running. Then Steve started to record his first poem. He started to playback his recording. It was crystal clear. I got goosebumps listening to it.

In my eyes, there is a huge difference between reading a poem and listening to a poem. It's like trading the words of the song imagine by John Lennon and then listening to the song. Difference between night and day. Thanks, Steve for contributing to this project.

when is one plus one only one?

when is one plus one only one?

when you merge yourself in HIM.

go to the school of true knowledge

this is the only math you need.

addition by subtraction

.take your self away and what is left is nothing.

do you know the value of zero?

do not worry, you will not disappear.

your heart and soul will blossom.

and grow and explode with love and joy.

more is less and less is more.

there are no worries here.

half of what you worry about never happens.

and the other half is only half as bad.

student..do the only true math.

you then become the teacher of Him!!

love is like a fox

love is like a fox.....quietly it stalks its prey....but when it strikes...IT MAKES ITS PRESENCE KNOWN! 

have you had an accident?

have you had an accident?
it can happen many ways.
when our hands come off the wheel
it can put us in a daze.
we must pay diligent attention,
we must focus when we look.
if we become distracted,
thoughts steal it like a crook.
we sense where we are going,
when we use HIS GPS.
our journey and arrival,
are then guaranteed success.
just keep the eyes one pointed,
and always steer the wheel.
we will travel safely
through all traffic jams,
pay attention to what you feel.
you will know upon arrival,
with clarity you will see.
you can never lose HIS license,
or ability to be.
do you know what's best about this?
we can travel near or far,
the magic is in getting there.
we don't even need a car.
remember.....
there is never anything new!!
just what we forgot.....
SO KEEP YOUR HANDS ON THE WHEEL,
we will never have regret!✿.

do you know HIS number?

do you know HIS number?

does HE call you on your phone?

when you want and need

to speak with HIM,you never are alone.

HE calls us every morning,

HE speaks with us at night.

HE answers us at hyper speed,

HEs faster then the light!

do you hear HIS ringtone?

is it music to your ears?

when by grace we speak with HIM,

HE rids us of our fears.

do you use HIS magic smart phone?

did you sign up with HIS plan?

HIS phone comes free when joining,

its inside every man.

just dont forget HIS number,

and may we please remember HIS name,

and when by grace we speak with HIM,

we always play HIS game.

are you an Active member?

of HIS eternal cosmic plan?

then recognize HIS ring tone,

your devotion it will fan.

gopi- lover... just remember this!

when HE calls us... ANSWER THE PHONE!

does HE talk to you?

does HE talk to you?

do you listen when HE speaks?

do HIS thoughts come waffing
through your head and heart?

HE is the craftiest of sneaks.

does HE act as guide

to what you sometimes do?

and sometimes what you think?

have you felt HIS magic

in your breath?

HIS holiest of links.

does that bell ring true

when you hear HIS voice?

wonderful!! i am so glad to hear

i thought i was going crazy!!.

have you been struck by cupids arrows?

have you been struck by cupids arrows?
he works for HIM you know.
their tips are drenched in passion,
HE is everywhere we go.
HE penetrates our heart strings,
HE shoots straight through our soul,
and every time i try to run,
to capture me HIS goal.
do not fear of being hunted,
HE finds us just the same.
HE knows where we are hiding,
devotion is his aim.
please.. hunt me down and shoot me,
with your arrows dipped in joy,
i try to run and hide from you,
attempting to be coy.
sometimes i even see you,
at times the wait is long.
sometimes i get to listen,
and hear your eternal song.
i always get to feel you,
and sense that you are near.
please annihilate my ego,
and take away my fear.
may i always be your hunted,
and ready for your kill.
and when your arrows pierce my heart,
i live to feel that thrill. ❤️❤️
p.s. HIS love is like a fox,
quietly it stalks its prey.
yet when HE strikes,
HE makes HIS presence KNOWN!!!

have you flown His magic carpet?

have you flown His magic carpet?
what?... you did not know that it could fly?
have you seen His stars at midnight?
in the darkness of the sky.
do you feel His breeze each morning?
or sleep the day away?
He visits us with every breath
may we welcome him to stay.
let us ride His magic carpet,
where it flies is so sublime.
instructions are on the inside
on how to take the ride.
do you know of flying carpets?
or seeing in the dark?
or do you join Him sitting
when you visit heavens park?
HE always wants to join us, have i always time for Him?
or am i sometimes busy,
doubting i can swim.
lets dive in holy water,
only egos ever drown
when swimming with our lover,
smiles change from frown.
when next you see His carpet,
just know that you can fly.
it is Knowledge how to fly it,
that lets our ego die.♥♥†.

its so easy to fall in love
its so easy to fall in love

not so easy to rise in love.
have the burning flames of desire
lit your travel bug?
does your every breath dare to know its source?
is your vessel worthy?
does it sink or sail?
we are sailing on the river of HIS eternal love.
one needs not aim its rudder,
just follow all the stars at night.
effort and grace will take us there,
to a world beyond
both comprehension and belief.
lets sail with HIM,
on the river of every breath.
it is the greatest journey one can ever take.
the joy is in the journey,
as well as the destination.
the itinerary is beyond belief.
heaven is its port of call.
let HIM be your captain and mine.
all we need is to enjoy the ride.
are you afraid of sailing?
no one here ever ever drowns,
except into the sea of HIS eternal love.
on his vessel all travel well.
the secret is to learn to ride the waves.
you will not get seasick!
just dont ever leave HIS ship.
your travel agent awaits your call,
do you know the number?
then book your travel now!
why..because as HE has said
tomorrow never comes!
eternity is now, in every single breath.

just a note... i have been writing some poetry this week. it all has come surprisingly out of somewhere, nowhere..i am really not certain. just to be clear..these poems are written by me for me.i do enjoy sharing them...but just to be very clear. i am not trying to portray myself as anything . clearly i am very far from being an enlightened soul. i am like all of us taking this journey on the path. if these musing inspire you..that is so wonderful. clearly they are inspiring me. if not that is great as well. life is all about choice.. actually i have been very ill for a few weeks and housebound. it all started happening(the poetry) out of the blue. i too am just sailing on his path like the rest of us.i call these poems" wisdom of the idiot" i do hope you still enjoy them .i am having a wonderful experience in writing them.♥.

listen. do you want to know a secret?
listen. do you want to know a secret?
do you promise not to tell?
closer...let me whisper in your ear
say the WORD you want to hear,
YES..I AM IN LOVE WITH YOU!
this is not john or paul nor ringo singing
this is your captain and pilot speaking!
do you want to fly with me?
let me take you to heavens gate.
come with me to the land beyond time and space.
the ticket is free.
all that is required is your willingness to fly!
come with me through my starry endless sky.
put on your wings and rise!
you are already there
and I am always with you.
let me show you who you truly are.
be the butterfly!
student, remember this....
ONLY THE BUTTERFLY KNOWS WHY THE CATERPILLAR CAN FLY! ❤

Are you finally ready to play divine hide and seek?
Are you finally ready to play divine hide and seek?

then you must commit to its only rule.
you must seek only with your heart.
and play completely in the dark.
the path is lit by fire.
burning desire guides your every single step.
have you firewalked??
do not worry...your feet wont burn or even touch the ground.
your heart WILL with desire.
and its flames will guide you.
come and play and join in this eternal dance!
between heart and soul,
between every single breath.
nothing is REALLY hidden.
it is just that the blind cannot see.
student...the time is now!!!!
PUT ON YOUR GLASSES!!!.

do you want to go to eternities garden?

i have been really enjoying my new found love of writing poetry. this is my third poem. any feedback really helps and is greatly appreciated. " do you want to go to eternities garden? it is truly an amazing place. admission is always free and the secret space is ALWAYS open. Finding it is the key. it is off the beaten trail. it takes KNOWING where to go. a simple but not easy task.many have come close but never enter through its heavenly gates. do you HEAR ITS WHISPER? does it call to your heart? it lies between your heart and soul. time is endless there. the vistas are incredible. much more than mere words can describe. the sweetest fruits are growing there, with the most heavenly of nectars. do you want to come in? if so then follow your every breath...the most ancient GPS. upon arrival just breathe the password. no words are spoken here. in this silence all things flourish and grow. just LISTEN TO YOUR HEARTBEAT. every beat says enter. just DO NOT THINK ABOUT IT! understanding is the booby prize!!

i hear thunder

i received so much positive feedback on my first written poem yesterday that i did another one today. let me know what you think.....i hear thunder...i see lightning, as the sun darts in and out between the clouds. do you pay attention to the rain??? the winds of grace can carry you..lift your sails and catch the wind! it WILL take you where you truly want to go. the rain both in and out refreshes you as you go deep to catch its every drop. student.. do you want to sail on the vessel to eternity?? then trust the divine will take you there. watch the stars twinkle inside your very head. let the light of love and kindness guide your way. perfect god, perfect man, perfect being, perfect life the life of god is my life now. it is all in there, inside of you, complete and waiting for your call. waiting for you to say "who is there"? and of course..PLEASE COME IN.✿✿✿

a flute divine plays within

i wrote this earlier today while feeling inspired. "a flute divine plays within. with every breath i take. spirit dances invisibly within my very chest. i ride on a swing which never ever stops. the sun, moon and stars shine brightly- even behind the clouds. do you know who you are?? do you know why you are here?? the ladder to climb to heaven is tall and steep. its rungs are rickety and difficult to stand on and climb. all the riches of the earth, gold and silver precious gems cannot take you there. do you want to fly?? the journey lies within.all you need to know you already know . student and teacher alike all must go within to find the true gift. it lies right between your every breath."♥♥

Kathy Sisler Soffer



I first heard of Kathy through her music. I don't recall the name of the film yet Kathy sang this incredible song about Prem's newborn daughter. It was like an angel singing.

Kathy, as you can tell, is married to Steve. I remember their son Alex when he was a newborn. They called him pumpkin. Today he is grown up and has a family of his own. I haven't seen him since.

[Kathy Sisler Soffer Spotify](#)

My dear friend Kathy

My dear family and friends... in the summer of 2021 I began going into congestive heart failure. After a catheterization it showed I needed my aortic valve replaced, my mitral valve re-replaced after having replaced it twice already and my tricuspid valve strengthened. [OBJ]

My good fortune led me to a world renowned heart Doctor who operated on Mick Jagger and David Letterman and was very respected. On October 6th of 2021 I went and had this surgery done. There were many complications following and I was in and out of hospitals and rehabs until I finally went home in May 2022. I was sent home in hospice care because I was told there was nothing more that could be done for me. [OBJ] [OBJ] [OBJ] by the grace of God and the miracles that surround me I healed through the summer and begin living my simple life again off oxygen and determined to heal my tender heart. In August of this year I lifted a plant and hurt my back. Now I have found out that I have five discs in my thoracic spine that are fractured. I have never been in so much pain in my life. And I am now disabled without the ability to do the things I want to do. I know I will heal from this too and that [OBJ] I need to keep my faith in the healing process.

The reason why I decided to share this is because I want people to feel the good fortune of being able to drive, do chores, cook, reach for things, [OBJ] [OBJ] lie down to go to sleep which is something I can't do yet. If you have children hug them and let them know your love. If your children are grown like mine love them and let them know your love and care. This world right now is really crazy and there is a lot of hate and anger that I see manifesting in different ways. I believe in the power of

good and always will.^{OBJ}^{OBJ} I believe in humanity brotherhood and sisterhood. We need to love each other and show our care and be kind and be grateful and somehow let the people around us feel good about themselves. thank God I can walk and think and share and be as beautiful as I can. Yes, many challenges are ahead and my husband is a saint in that he has really stepped up and helped me in deep and personal ways^{OBJ}^{OBJ}^{OBJ}. As the saying goes this too will pass. Thank you for listening to me and hopefully you are touched enough to let your own beauty shine through. Use the light and be grateful. bless us all as we live the best life that we can. Take care^{OBJ}^{OBJ}^{OBJ}. With love. Kathy

Larry Lustbader	Tom Gannon
	
<p>The more I know Larry the more I can see the genius in him. I first met Larry in New York City. He invited me to stay at his house. I had another offer. Fast forward forty years and I'm reading his Facebook posts. He loves to meditate. Larry truly enjoys life. He has a thirst to discover his true nature. Keep on laughing Larry.</p>	<p>Tom and I lived in the same house for a while. He was an incredible guitar player and singer. He has a heart of gold. When I read his Facebook posts I can tell he has a deep love for all. Great person. Great-heart. Yes, he loves to meditate.</p>

Dennis Marciniak	Judy Provitch
	
<p>I first met Dennis in New York City. I stayed at his house for a while. I learned that he had a professional football tryout for the LA Rams in the early seventies. Dennis was extremely practical and at the same time loved to meditate. Both brains are being used. Fast forward forty years and I love to read his posts on Facebook. Dennis is working on exploring the subconscious mind. Both of us are on the same</p>	<p>My brother John and I have great memories of Judy. She was a delight to be around. Judy loved to meditate. It showed in her day-to-day affairs. She loves life and has a deep passion for all. I haven't seen her in thirty-plus years. I love her Facebook posts. Judy thanks for being a friend to my brother and me.</p>

wavelength. But that is another story to tell.

Steve Sitnick	Irene Bettler
	
<p>I once remember a story that Steve told one night. He was riding a bike in Central Park at night. Not too good of an idea. At some point, a group of thieves surround him and demanded his money. Steve says something like help me Maharaj Ji. One of the thieves said I received knowledge let him go. I still remember that 45 years later. Steve and I both love to cook. In fact, his profession was cooking. Yes, Steve loves to meditate. I have many great memories of Steve.</p>	<p>Irene loves to meditate. I will always remember the journey we took with Fran Matos. We drove from New York City to Tucson Arizona. Do you remember seeing the five tornados stacked in the sky? I have never seen anything like that. I live in Kansas and fortunately have never seen a tornado. Thanks for your friendship. Both Fran and you are in my heart.</p>

Matt Miller	Vinny Verderosa
	
<p>Matt worked at the food co-op. By the way, he loves to meditate.<grin>. Matt loves music and playing music. Years later I love to read his posts. I love what he has to say and the music that he posts.</p>	<p>As I remember Vinny was from Brooklyn. I truly love his Facebook posts. We are on the same wavelength. Of course, Vinny loves to meditate. I love to see the different expressions in life and Vinny represents them. He also has his own radio show.</p>

A. Jeffrey Herrmann	Howard Kent
	
I have known Jeffrey since the seventies. Jeffrey could sing solo without any instruments being played and totally fill the room with his vocals. Great guy. I loved his passion for life. I have many great memories of spending time together. For a while we were roommates.	RIP Howie. Your singing voice was angelic. Everyone loved your humor and laughter. A piece of you resides in my heart. I'm sure you are singing with the universe.

Jan Ealy	Michael Cohen
	
Jan was soft-spoken yet he had the spirit of a wild horse. Which means he did things the average person wouldn't do. For example, walking the entire Pacific coast trail from the border of Mexico to Canada. Jan would update his posts on Facebook along the way. It wasn't an easy journey but he made it. Jan thanks for being a part of my life.	Mostly I knew the parents of Michael. His parents lived in New York while Michael lived in Atlanta. The entire family loved to meditate. I loved his parents. There was always a joy to be around. I still read Michael's Facebook posts. Hey, Michael sends my love to your parents wherever they may be in heaven or earth.

Molly Zimmerman Garvey	David Andersen
	
<p>I remember Molly was probably in her early twenties when I met her. She was extremely wise for her age. I have many fond memories of talking to her. Yes, she loved to meditate. Meditation is truly the string that ties us together. Fast forward forty years and I love to read her post. She is living in California.</p>	<p>David used to play this one song that would send shivers down my brother John's and my back. I don't remember the name of the song. It was over forty years ago. David can tap deep within his soul and create such beautiful music.</p>  <p>3:57</p>

RIP David Andersen

I haven't seen or spoken to David in many years.

I first met him in New York City in the seventies.

Boy, could the man ever sing.

He played this one song that each time I heard it made me cry.

My brother John had the same effect.

The is music from the soul.

We became friends.

Once a friend always a friend.

Time makes no difference.

David was kind and full of humor.

He could nonchalantly walk up to the stage close his eyes for a few seconds and then heaven would be broadcasted to the world.

I found out just now that David moved into another room in the mansion of life.

He will be missed.

I send my condolences to his family and friends.

David will be missed.

He lived life to its fullest.

One who dives within the silence is truly a wise man.

David was a wise man.

God gave him some incredible talent that he was grateful to use.

His music will go on forever.

David lies inside of our hearts.

His ashes are spread throughout the universe.

We are all part of the same family of life.

It was a pleasure and privilege to meet such a man.

He was humble.

A wise man has nothing to prove or say.

David smiled at life.

His songs were his message.

May he help fine-tune our inner pianos.

A huge divine reception is coming his way.

He has come back home.

Goodbye, sweet David.

May we see you again?

Billy Riggs	Elyse Kaplan
 A portrait photograph of a man with short brown hair, smiling at the camera. He is wearing a dark-colored shirt and is positioned in front of a blue wall with some greenery visible in the background.	
<p>I loved Billy. He was a great tennis player. His Dad was the famous Bobby Riggs. Billy practiced Tai Chi for many years with Joe Lopez. I remember Billy was close friends with Paul McClain in the seventies. There was a short time when we were all roommates. I still talk to Billy today. He still loves to meditate.</p>	<p>There was a short period where Elyse and I were boyfriend and girlfriend. I once stayed at her parent's house for a week. I loved her Mother. She was into the healing arts in the early seventies.</p> <p>I remember in Denver Elyse made this tofu, Chinese pea pod dish with hoisin sauce. It was out of this world. At the time it was probably at the forefront of the culinary world. Mind you this was the early seventies.</p> <p>My heart goes out to Elyse. Wherever you are I send my love.</p>

More NY Friends

Shefield Jeck	Teddy Tannenbaum
	

<p>I first met Shef in India in 1971. I have great memories of him. I remember a road trip that we had where we stopped along the way to his parent's house in Ohio. His dad was a dentist. He provided dental care for around 7 or 8 of us. Nice family. They welcomed us with open arms. I was a roommate for about a year with Shef. Of course, he loved to meditate. I haven't seen or heard from him in thirty years.</p>	<p>I stayed in Teddy's house in New York City for a short period. This was in the mid-seventies. Teddy was a kick to be around. I remember one of his famous sayings that when a train is traveling fast through a station you just take off your hat and bow to the train. You are not going to stop the train. I like that. Teddy is a genius at organizing events and business. He has been doing this for many years. I have many fond memories of Teddy. The last time I heard from Teddy was at John Baier's house in Malibu for a visit.</p>
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	<p>Teddy Tannenbaum TeddyTalk Podcast</p>
	<p>Dr Dan Harrison Founder & CEO Harrison Assessments Int'l</p>

58:02

Paul Barringer	Randy Barringer
<p>Once again another story about the thread of life tying us together. In the early seventies, my brother John becomes a good friend of Paul. My brother John would tell me about Paul. Who is this Paul? Well, fast forward a few years I meet Paul in New York City. I worked for Paul for around a year. I remember the great time we worked on his parents' house when they were out of town. We drove back into Manhattan. I remember getting out of the car and closed the door. Suddenly the entire lights went out for the entire city. That was quite the experience. Hey, Paul would love to hear from you again.</p>	<p>I first met Randy in India. It was 1971. She was an incredible dancer. I remember her dancing in Krishna Lilia. I met some incredible friends through her. I remember one of her friends was dancing with Alvin Ailey a world-famous dance troupe. Randy was a delight to be around. She has a kind heart and a sweet personality.</p>

Jaime Henson	Rick Simon
<p>As I remember Jaime was good friends with Fran and Corrine. I really like Jaime. She truly thought outside of the box. The last time I saw her was in California in the mid-eighties. She invited me to her house. We had a great time catching up on things.</p>	<p>Rick and I were roommates twice. Once in NY and Buffalo New York. Rick was extremely sincere. I have many incredible memories of him. He opened up a business called Simple Simon in the late seventies. It was years ahead of his time. He used the best ingredients in his candies. I liked the idea he used carob powder in many of his candies.</p>

<p>Jay & Paula Good</p> 	<p>Kathleen Shannon</p> 
<p>I will always remember the Goods. I knew them in NY and South Florida. They were both incredible to be around. They had a great sense of humor. They lived down the block from us while I lived in Florida. I remember visiting them and having a great time. I haven't heard from them in years.</p>	<p>I first met Kathleen and her sister in New York City. When I was living in Miami Beach we once again reconnected. There is definitely a thread that ties us together. I saw her quite frequently as we were doing service at the same house. I have great memories of Kathleen. Let's see where the next connection will be.</p>

<p>Bruce Horning</p>	
<p>I was roommates with Bruce. Bruce was quite the character. He could have been a model. He looked exactly like John Travolta. I remember this incredible vanilla peanut butter ice cream pie that he gave me the recipe. It was an instant hit for all my friends.</p>	

John Sumerville



John and I go way back. Over 48 years. John loves to talk about the miracle of breath so do I. He loves to meditate. So do I. Listen to the Talk Story with John. You will find it quite fascinating. Mind you we haven't spoken in over forty-five years. We just carried on our conversation like it was just yesterday. Thanks, John for shining your light.

**Breath is a Privilege! Accepting
is your Blessings! Ha! Xxx
Enjoy!**



Talk Story with John
Sumerville

Michael Nouri



I first met Michael's Mom and his brother in India. The year was 1972. I was 18 years old. In 1972 I met Michael in Los Angeles. He was auditioning for some soap opera.

Michael Nouri is an American television and film actor. His father, Edmond Nouri was born in Iraq. He may be best known for his role as Nick Hurley in the 1983 film *Flashdance*. [Wikipedia](#)

Born: December 9, 1945 (age 74 years), [Washington, D.C.](#)

Height: 6' 3"

Nationality: American

TV shows: [The Gangster Chronicles](#), [NCIS](#), [Changes](#), [Damages](#),

Jump to [Television](#) - He may be best known for his role as Nick Hurley in the 1983 film *Flashdance*. He has had recurring roles in numerous **television series**, including NCIS as Eli David, the father of Mossad officer (later Special Agent) Ziva David, The O.C. as Dr. Neil Roberts, and Damages as Phil Grey.



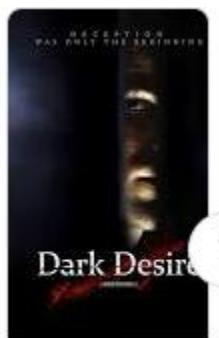
Flashdance



The Hidden



The Proposal



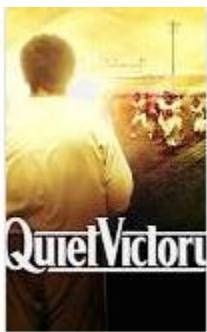
Dark Desire



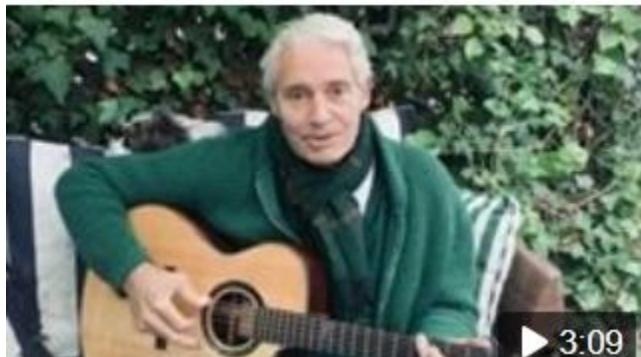
American



Changes



Quiet Victory:





YOUTUBE.COM

Michael Nouri Actor and Humanitarian

UN International Peace Day

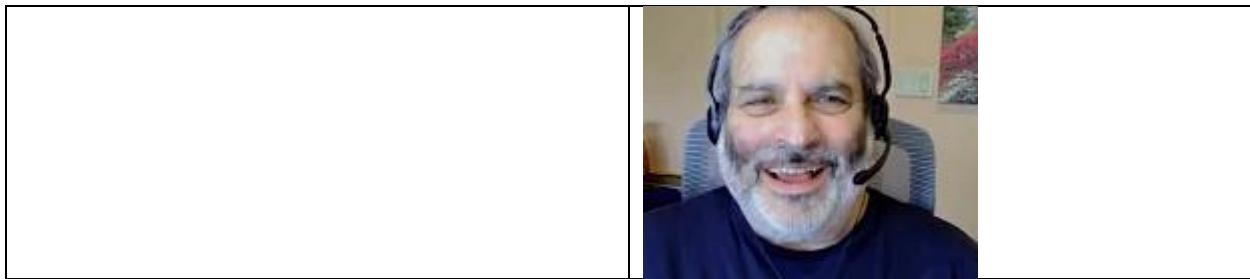
Buffalo Friends

Rick Milkis	Dena Eakles
	
I loved Rick. He could put a smile on anyone's face. I have known Rick for many years. I haven't seen him in over thirty years. Rick adds to the spice of life. He loves to meditate. What else can I say?	Dena wasn't from buffalo. I remember going from Buffalo, New York to Rochester, New York in a huge snowstorm. It was virtually a whiteout. Barbara Kolodny was in the car. Dena, I didn't know you very well but I was impressed by your presence. I can't quite pinpoint it. How can you pinpoint the infinite? Years later I love to read your posts.

Curtis Gould	Cathy Deutsch
	
<p>I first met Curtis in Buffalo New York in the seventies. Curt was always a delight to be around. I remember Curt had the zest for life. I think it was custom-made for him. I would say he would think outside of the box. Years later I see his Facebook posts. He is selling these incredible soups at open-air markets in the Northeast. Great guy. Great friend.</p>	<p>Cathy is another person who I love to be around. I knew her in New York City and Buffalo. There was a time when I lived in Florida we would get together. Fast forward forty years and I love to read her post. She has such a wonderful family. I love her heart. She has some friends of hers that I have known for over forty years. Once again the thread of life that ties us all together.</p>

Richard Scarborough	Jack Leviton
	
<p>Richard and I go way back. I first met him in Buffalo New York. During the eighties, I moved to California. I spent some time windsurfing with him. He moved to Ashville North Carolina a few years ago. Great guy. Loved spending time with him. Yes, he loves to meditate.</p>	<p>Jack and I go back forty-five years or so. I knew him in New York City and Buffalo. I remember playing basketball with him. Jack is extremely tall. The only way I could shoot was to do my famous hook shot. Jack has a tremendous sense of humor. I loved being around him. We still are in contact through Facebook. Yes, Jack loves to meditate. Presently Jack lives in Florida.</p>

Tom and Nancy Owen	Steve Kowarsky
	
<p>I first met them in Buffalo in the late seventies. In the early eighties, we lived in the same complex as they did. Tom was a great carpenter. I loved both of them. Nancy had a heart of gold. I meant that. Both of them truly enjoyed life to its fullest.</p>	<p>Steve was another great person to be around. I never met his wife. Steve loves to meditate. Years later I love to see his posts on Facebook. Both of them truly are expressing deep connections in their life. I like that.</p>



Barbara Kolodny	
Barbara wasn't from Buffalo. She spent some time there. I first met her in New York City. She wasn't from there. Barbara had a huge aura of love around her. I remember making these incredible sandwiches in Rochester New York with her. They were out of this world. The sauce was incredible. I haven't seen nor heard about her in forty years. Wherever you are Barbara I send my love.	

South Florida Friends

James Garcia



Connie Garcia



They live in Florida

I have known James and Connie since 1976. We all ended up in Florida during the eighties. We became great friends. For a while, they lived across the street from us.

I remember one time we all went to Disneyworld. Connie's Aunt made an incredible Japanese lunch box for all of us. I was in heaven. It's been over thirty years since I have seen them. They will forever be in my heart.

RIP Christian de la Iglesia



My dear Christian.

May you ride the eternal wave?

I'm shocked and saddened that you have left this planet.

Yet we never know when it's time to go.

I've been proud of your life.

I haven't seen you in years yet it seems just like yesterday you were playing with my daughter Chanda.

You loved life and life loved you.

You had a deeps respect for the ocean.

Surfing taught you the ebbs and flow of life.

There is a high tide and low tide.

Yet it's all the ocean of life.

You are one with the ocean.

This means a part of you exists inside of me.

Your body has died yet your essence is alive.

You have simply moved into the next room in the mansion of life.

My prayers go out to your family and friends.

By the way, catch a wave for me and your family.

Let's celebrate

Ovidio Deleon



Kike Bocanegra



Alex Shay



First met Ovidio in New York City. We first learned how to windsurf together in Miami. He took over the business that we rented the equipment from and ran it for over thirty years. A great friend of mine. We are still in contact today. A couple of times we call each other and catch up. Ovidio seems like a brother to me.

I went to Peru for a surfing vacation and stayed at the Bocanegra's house in Miraflores. The entire family welcomed me. Kike is a dear friend. We became surf buddies when I lived in Del Mar. He loves to meditate. He is another close friend of mine yet I haven't seen him in over thirty years.

Alex lives in South Florida

Alex and I have been friends since 1972. I worked for Alex on a project for a huge mansion in Miami Beach. I remember Alex going out and getting pizza and a favorite drink of mine called Malta. We used to play tennis together. Also, remember going to Bihari Singh's house and having great Indian dinners and watching Indian movies. My

brother and I have great memories of Alex.

Ovidio



Raja Ji



There was a time in my life when I was learning how to balance my spiritual life and my day-to-day life. Raja Ji was a great mentor for me.

Claudia Garcia



Claudia was a person who really supports me and my family. After my daughter Leilani was born she came over to visit us. She went out of

Not through words but just through day-to-day actions. I learned through time that our days to day actions are our spiritual life. You can't separate the two.

her way. I always remember the great Christmas gifts she would give us. She will always hold a place in my heart for her kindness.

Michael Stubbs



Petra Peters



Alan Roettinger



Michael once spent an incredible amount of time recording Disney videos for my family. They were incredible gifts. I always appreciate how kind and considerate he was. I have nothing but great words to describe him.

Petra lives in Florida. Petra was another person who was very kind to my family. I would bring my daughter Leilani to play with Claudia's kids and Petra was her Nanny. Petra was from Germany. She had a great sense of humor. I will always remember her kindness.

I first met Alan in Mexico City in the early seventies. Alan is an incredible chef. Now I love to cook. Alan brings up to 10 slots. I call Alan once or twice a year to catch up on things. He also loves to meditate. I love reading his post on Facebook.

Richie Ingui



Gino Butto



Richie and I became good friends. He lived for a while in the same apartment complex. We both worked for Alex Shay. Richie was an incredible singer. I mean incredible. His voice was like an angel. RIP Richie.



Worked with Gino at the Miami Beach Police department. We became good friends. Once he gave me a ride in his yellow Ferrari. Recently I tracked him down after thirty years of not seeing him. He will always be my friend. Love you, Gino.

Susan Gregory	The Dours family
<p>Susan had lived an incredible life. In the sixties, she and Rennie Davis were at the forefront of the antiwar movement. Rennie was part of the Chicago Seven. Susan was my girlfriend for two years. She definitely had the spark of life. I remember quite fondly going on sailing trips with Bruce Ram and Susan. We all had the time of our lives. Bruce built this wooden boat all by himself. We would go out on weekends and spend the night on the boat. Great times. Susan, you have a special place in my heart.</p>	<p>I first met May working at the Fontainebleau Hilton in Miami Beach. We became good friends. Mary had a son named Jed who at the time was probably around ten years old. I used to take him windsurfing with me. During the fall and winter, the Miami area would get incredibly strong winds. Jed would hold on to my waist as we reached incredible speeds flying across the water. He had the time of his life. The Dours family moved to Malibu and Jed learned how to surf. That's probably another story. Mary married Doug Bernard who I have known since 1973. It's a small world.</p>

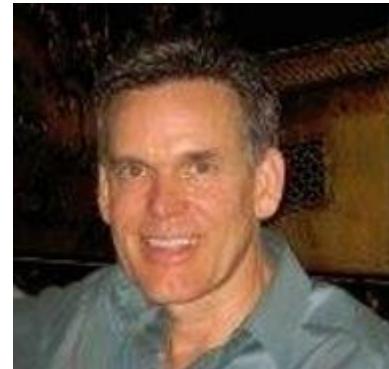
John Baier



Harry Bartz



David Schweizer



John Baier



The Creative Project John Baier
Fletcher Soul Traveler



John and I have been friends for 40 years. Wow. Time sure flies. We first met in New York City around 1977.

He was living in England with his wife and move back to New York. We became instant friends.

During the eighties, both of us landed in Miami Beach and we

were exercise partners.

We ran usually at night along the beach and then dive into the ocean. We loved to try different things. One day I saw an article in Omni magazine about the Monroe institute and decided to check it out.

I went as you read about my adventures. John went a few weeks later. He became good friends of the institute including Robert Monroe.

John introduced me to Mafu. He went to a seminar in California during the summer of 87. He came back with some tapes. I was intrigued. Paul McClain in one of my channeling sessions talked about Mafu before Mafu was introduced to the public.

John has been a practitioner of Rolfing for many years.

This is from his website.



John first experienced Rolfing in 1973 amazed at its results. "I sought out every person who Dr. Rolf had personally instructed, and particularly those she chose as her first teachers, and received many hundreds of sessions of Structural Integration.

I am currently honored to have the esteemed Emmett Hutchins as my primary mentor, who promised Ida on her death bed to carry her work forward in its purest form, as long as he lived. After training in Hellerwork, and at the Rolf Institute,

I graduated from the Guild for Structural Integration in Boulder, CO, and have practiced in the Zuma Terrace building in Malibu since 1997.

Dr. Rolf was a genius whose understandings of the body are the reason her method is uniquely effective. Whether seeking relaxation, or the deepest manipulation of an injury or athlete may require Dr. Rolf's method can be tailored for you. I deliver results!"

Here is a great recommendation from Greg Louganis the famous Olympic Diver.



I have worked with John for over ten years, and have done Dr. Ida Rolf's full "ten series" with John several times. This progressive and powerful method of sequentially freeing up the fascial layers in the body truly creates results every session and genuine lasting change over time. Dr. Ida Rolf once said that her work is something that two people do together. It is hard to understand till you

have had Rolf's manual therapy, the active role the receiver has. I have come to this awareness with John's Structural Integration bodywork: John is a facilitator in my health, and I am an equally integral part of in charge of my healing process. As an adult living with HIV, John keeps me deeply in tune with the state of body, mind, and spirit that I require, and aspire to. Being HIV positive, and now in my 50s, I intend to always maintain the same very active lifestyle I always have had. John has, and continues to aid me in that goal through his work. John's bodywork is the best gift you can give yourself. John is terrific, dedicated, and unique in his approach. Thank you, John, as a friend and teacher. Namaste.

-Greg Louganis, Olympic Diver

Throughout the years we remain in contact with each other. We are on this incredible journey of life. We are still discovering new things along this journey of life.

Yesterday I talked to John. I discovered the first channeling sessions we ever did together. I stumbled upon them when I was looking for something else.

John was amazed that I had them. It was our first time so we were real rusty. Remember it took me a month just to ride the darn bicycle. My brother just jumped on the bike and rode away. Anyway, I'm proud that we dove in.

John and I will be friends for life. I haven't seen him in years but the connection is still there.

John had quite the music collection. He had hundreds of CDs



Wild Horses - Rolling Stones

32M views • 13 years ago

Bastian Meinhardt

Childhood living is easy to do The things you wanted I bought them for you Graceless lady
you know who I am You know I can't let ...



The Rolling Stones - Gimme Shelter - the best version ever.

14M views • 12 years ago

jmorenon

The Rolling Stones, THE BEST Rock Band of all time!!!!!!! This is the best version of
gimme Shelter, EVER! (This is my opinion) ...



Toto - Africa (Live)

32M views • 5 years ago

TOTO TOTO #

Toto were formed in LA in the late 70's by a group of friends who were all much in demand session musicians. They went on to



Tina Turner - What's Love Got To Do With It (Official Music Video)

168M views • 13 years ago

Tina Turner

The official music video for Tina Turner – What's Love Got To Do With It. Taken from Tina Turner's album Private Dancer from

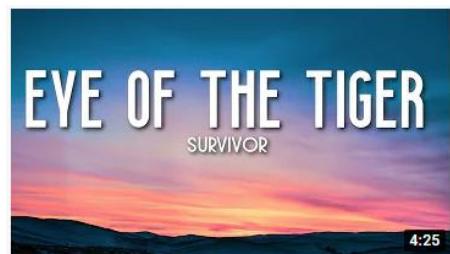


Every Breath You Take

40M views

The Police

Provided to YouTube by Legacy Recordings Every Breath You Take · The Police Stranger Things (Soundtrack from the Netflix ...



Eye Of The Tiger - Survivor (Lyrics)

8.8M views • 2 years ago

DopeLyrics

Survivor - Eye Of The Tiger (Lyrics) Listen to Survivor: <https://Survivor.Ink.to/listenYD> Subscribe to the official Survivor You



Duran Duran - Hungry like the Wolf (Official Music Video)

18M views • 4 years ago

Duran Duran

The official Duran Duran video for 'Hungry like the Wolf' from 1982's RIO. Directed by Russell Mulchay. Stream Duran Du



R.E.M. - Losing My Religion (Official Music Video)

988M views • 11 years ago

remhq

The GRAMMY Award-winning "Losing My Religion" from R.E.M.'s critically-acclaimed, 1991 album, Out of Time. To learn more ...



Men At Work - Down Under (Official HD Video)

309M views • 9 years ago

 Men At Work

Men At Work's official HD music video for "Down Under" As featured on Contraband: The Best



Queen – Bohemian Rhapsody (Official Video Remastered)

1.58M views • 14 years ago

 Queen Official

REMASTERED IN HD TO CELEBRATE ONE BILLION VIEWS! Taken from A Night At The Opera, 1975. Click here to buy the DVD ...

CC

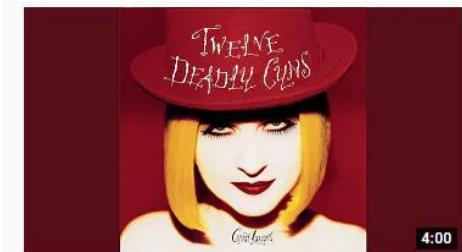


Madonna - American Pie

94K views • 7 years ago

 Madonna

Madonna American Pie Taken from the single "American Pie" (2000) ...



Time After Time

11M views

 Cyndi Lauper

Provided to YouTube by Epic Time After Time · Cyndi Lauper Twelve Deadly Cyns... And Then Some © 1983 Epic Record



Eurythmics, Annie Lennox, Dave Stewart - Sweet Dreams (Are Made Of This) (Official Video)
709M views • 12 years ago
Eurythmics ♫
#Eurythmics#SweetDreams #SweetDreamsAreMadeOfThis#EurythmicsMusic#SweetDreamsOfficialAudio ...



Prince & The Revolution - When Doves Cry (Official Music Video)
75M views • 5 years ago
Prince ♫
Purple Rain remains one of history's most important, indisputable, and influential albums, but you've never heard it like this before



The Cars - Drive (Official Music Video)
146M views • 9 years ago
RHINO ✅
Who's gonna tell you things Aren't so great? You can't go on Thinking nothing's wrong, oh no Who's gonna drive you home ...
CC



Rick James - Super Freak (Official Music Video)
115M views • 12 years ago
Rick James ♫
Rick James' official music video for "Super Freak" from the album 'Street Songs' (1981). REMASTERED IN HD! Read a
CC



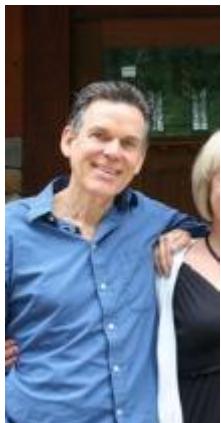
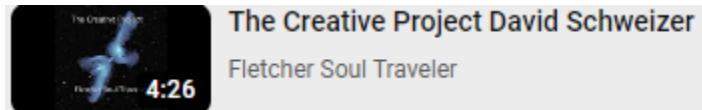
Foreigner - I Want To Know What Love Is (Official Music Video)
192M views • 2 years ago
RHINO ✅
You're watching the official music video for Foreigner - "I Want to Know What Love Is" from the album 'Agent Provocateur' (1984).
CC



David Schweizer



Talk Story with David Schweizer



I just got up. It's 4:04: in the morning. I'm writing early because throughout the night my mind was going over what to say about David Schweizer.

We have been friends for over 40 years. Well, I log in to my computer and there is a message from David. What a synchronicity?

I've known David when I lived in New York City. He lived in Hartford Connecticut. During the eighties, we both moved to South Miami.

At some point, he starts making pyramid kits. Around the same time, my wife starts building pyramid kits. They didn't know each other.

Both of them at the time were studying with Ramtha. They were the only two individuals building these kits.

Now David and my wife Barbara had a mutual friend in Castle Rock Arizona. Barbara went to visit Jim about 3 times. Each time

Jim Maheu would say you just missed David and David Husson (another friend of mine).



Now David Schweizer, John Baier, and Harry Bartz introduced me to Mafu's tapes. My dear friend Catherine who I met at the Monroe Institute got a job working for Shirley MacLaine.

Shirley was going on a nationwide tour and giving seminars. Well, they needed a computer programmer and I get the job.

I take a plane from Miami to Los Angeles. Then I got a ride to the office. I spent the day working and after work, they said we are going to a Mafu event.

Do you want to come? The rest is history. Isn't it amazing that in my channeling readings I was told that I would meet Mafu before Manu was on the scene?

Now David was visiting California for some time. He went to several events. I moved to the Pacific Palisades and we would take walks in the hills.

Now there was a pyramid project that David Schweizer was going to work on. Mafu called David "Hermes". Hermes was the main Architect in Egypt for building the Pyramids.

Now I'm not saying David was Hermes. Yet why did David start building pyramid kits? Does our DNA contain blueprints of who we were in the past?

We are all stardust. We are the universe. We just think we are these funky human beings.

Well, David invites me to join this project. The project is located in Sedona Arizona. Wow, what an incredible place. I take a plane from LAX to Phoenix. David and David are there.

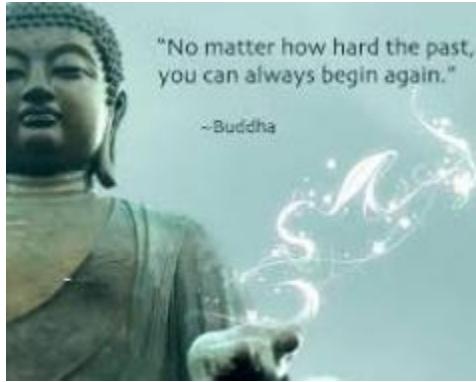


They said we are going to see Zoran tonight and would you like to come. So now David has introduced me to both Mafu and Zoran. Is there synchronicity going on? Anyway, I move to Sedona

and we all share a house. Eventually, I move to this incredible trailer where my backyard is the creek. I have more details in this book but I met my future wife. She is going to rent my trailer for a while.

Both David and David met Barbara for the first time. There finally could put the pieces of the puzzle together. Who is this David? Who is the Barbara?

Personally, David has a heart of gold. I think his IQ is off the chart. He is one of those who can do anything. There are several jobs he has worked on where you needed the training. Yet without the training, David comes in and performs.



David has had an active acupuncture practice in Miami for many years. He has been using lasers quite successfully in his practice. David studied for a while Zen Buddhism.

I think meditation helps in our daily life. Both my wife and I see David as a great

example who brings heaven to earth. Frankly, I think that is the goal in life. If we all did that there would be heaven on earth. Meditation is not hocus pocus.



Tunhuang Kitaro (1985 - Full Album)

393K views · 8 years ago

 Jeffrey Walston

0:00 Lord of Wind 4:00 Fata Margana 7:46 Sacred Journey I 11:37 Lord of the Sand 17:0...

 Lord of Wind | Fata Margana | Sacred Journey I | Lord of... 9 chapters ▾

Harry Bartz



same teacher.

At that time Harry was running a tree cutting business. It was a great business. There was always plenty of work. Harry hired me and we became good friends.



At that time windsurfing took off in America. Harry took up windsurfing. He invited me to his house and in his backyard, I learned how to windsurf. I bought a board and it was love at first sight. John Baier and I were windsurfing buddies. During certain seasons the wind would howl and you would have the time of your life.

```
190 type(100) :: var_type
191
192 !Force the constituents to be stored contiguously
193 !(from as detail, the order of the variables below
194 !is significant to avoid the misaligned floating-point
195 !sequence
196
197 !For the linked lists:
198 type(jse_value),pointer :: previous => null()
199 type(jse_value),pointer :: next => null()
200 type(jse_value),pointer :: parent => null()
201 type(jse_value),pointer :: children => null()
202 type(jse_value),pointer :: tail => null()
203
204 !variable name
205 character(100, len=1),allocatable :: name
206
207 !the dump for this variable
208 real(800),allocatable :: dbl_value
209 logical(100),allocatable :: log_value
210 character(100, len=1),allocatable :: str_value
211 integer(100),allocatable :: int_value
212
213 integer(100) :: var_type = json_unknown !variable type
214 integer(100),private :: n_children = 0 !number of children
```

I didn't see Harry for a while. One day I bumped into him and he told me he finished a year's course at the Computer Science Institute. He took Basic, FORTRAN, and COBOL. I always knew I was going to be involved with Computers. Even at a

young age, I knew that. To make a long story short I'm still involved 35 years later.

So Harry was a catalyst. Here's the definition.

In chemistry, a substance that causes a chemical reaction to occur but is not itself involved in the reaction. Note: The term **catalyst** is often used to refer to the prime agent of any change: "She was the **catalyst** for the reorganization."

I find it fascinating that life's events help you to be at the right place and right time. Synchronicity was there. Harry gave me the impulse to enroll and start an incredible career.

Yet it doesn't stop there. Harry was one of the ones who told me about Mafu.



Fast forward a few years. Barbara and I moved into a house with Linda Graham. Linda's ex-boyfriend was Donn Rochlin who in the future (25 years later) provided the music for my first poetry/music CD. It's featured on this site.

Yet guess who is living next door. Harry Bartz. Harry made a ton of money selling computers and moved to Sedona.



This was in 1987. In 1991 my family and I moved to Hawaii for 6 glorious years. I got a software engineering job at the Maui Space Surveillance Site. My wife and daughter went to Maui and I went to Portland Oregon for a few weeks. I had a contracting job I was going to work on. In Portland, I get a call from Harry and he tells me that Ma'afu was going to give a 3-day retreat in Ashland Oregon. He was teaching about ancient Vedic meditation techniques. Now that's a subject I love and dear to my heart. So I went.



In 1999 I started working with Charles Schwab as a senior software engineer. At that time our family was living in Penn Valley California. I was a telecommuter. Now Penn Valley's internet connection wasn't very good. In

fact, it was horrible. You had to use a modem. So I started to look for a community that had a great internet connection and a great high school for my daughter.

Well, Ashland Oregon just recently installed the whole town with fiber optics. Ashland High was an incredible school for my daughter. Guess what Harry was still living there.

From 2000 to 2008 we spent a lot of time seeing Mafu. He liked me. When we first moved there one day he got off the stage and came up to me and gave me his initiation jacket. This jacket he has worn for many of his imitations. I was honored. At that time I also was involved in a Mystery school and used that jacket for the initiations.



Many people, think that channeling was fake. Well, I met and talked to Mafu many times. We had a deep relationship. Like any

relationship, you knew one another. Yet there were numerous times I saw Penny (who channels Mafu) and said Hello. She had

no idea who I was. In fact, I think I spoke to her once when she was reading off the list of attendants for a seminar and said hi to each one.

One time I saw her and Rob Spinnler was with her. I said 'hi' and as I was walking away she whispered to Rob who that's. Rob said that's Richard Fletcher. That really gave me a sign that I had a relationship with Mafu. How can you have a relationship with someone when you never interacted with them? So it makes perfect sense for Penny to say who's that? We have never interacted before.

What I liked about his group that Mafu taught about kindness. He taught about compassion. He taught about meditating for the whole planet. He taught universal truths. The universe is kind. That is its nature. Mafu is kind. That is his nature. As humans being our true nature is kindness. It is just covered up.

So here was a group practicing universal truths of love and compassion. It wasn't just words



place, you could be in some remote monastery on top of a mountain in the Himalayas at night.

Mafu was an incredible drummer. Imagine during the winter. It's snowing and you're on top of a mountain inside of an ashram. It's nighttime and the wind is howling. Mafu is on stage beating these huge Japanese Taiko drums. It's a site to see. At that time and



Now back to Harry. As you can see Harry has had a tremendous impact on my life. Harry is very kind. In Sedona, I had little to my name and Harry would treat me to lunch. Harry doesn't say much, like me at times. He doesn't preach. He just smiles. He has nothing to prove. He loves to meditate. I know he is having a great experience but he doesn't talk about it. Yet you

can see it from his eyes. He is humble like that. He has served the Foundation for Meditative studies for over 25+ years.

I call him a few times each year. It is good to connect with a dear friend. Friendships are God's way to connect with him. Imagine we are the universe yet we have forgotten that fact. Friendship is God's way of saying 'I love you'. Treasure your friends. We all have an aching soul that's trying to find its way home. Friendship help soothes the soul.

Paul Mcclain



The Creative Project PAUL Mcclain
Fletcher Soul Traveler



In the fall of 1982, I went to New York City on a business trip. I stayed at a friend's house. While I was there I heard about a good friend of mine Paul Mcclain who was channeling people's guides. I stayed at one of my best friend's house Mark and Geraldine. They told me how Paul Mcclain had these incredible experiences over a year and a half. At first, I was

skeptical and really had no clue about what they were talking about. I could care less about talking with some person who had been on earth, left his body, and communicated from the other side. But I learned there was a lot more than that. Since Paul and I were friends I wanted to check it out. I wanted to be open. Maybe something greater would come my way. I met with Paul and he told me that for a year and a half he would leave his body. In this state, strange things would happen to him. He would hear voices and talk to guides from another dimension. He thought he was going crazy. Over time he learned more about these experiences and came to terms with this experience. He could channel a person's guides. At this particular time in my development, I was aware only of my experience as God as a form of infinite energy. God was light. It was sound. It was the Word of God. My realm of experience was completely different. For years Paul also had this kind of experience. He loves to meditate also.



In my first meeting with my guides, Paul was put in a trance. It was like falling asleep. He would drift away and this incredible being would come in. His whole being would change. His voice would change to

male or female depending on the guide who was present. I was completely blown away. The information that came through was incredible. I knew it wasn't Paul because of the details of my life being described. Paul knew me but the information that came through was very personal. Paul didn't have a clue about my life in the past. I developed a strong sense of communication with my guides. They prophesize many events in my life. One of them was about that soon in the future I would meet this entity named Mafu. He was an enlightened

Lord who would come and be channeled by a female. I was directed to move to Calif. This indeed did come true. This experience came at a time that Ammaji wasn't even channeling Mafu. I know a lot of people have a hard time with the channeling experience. Some people indeed go to channeling so other guides can make decisions for them about their life. But my experience was different. The information that I received was incredible. I developed relationships with my friends on the other side. Because we are so material we have lost touch with our acute senses. Man can be aware of different dimensions. A lot of people in mental hospitals aren't crazy. There truly hear voices. Because our society can't grasp or understand their experience we brand them as crazy. Oracles have been around for thousands of years. I went to Paul probably 10 times in 5 years. All in all, I had an incredible time. I learned a lot about myself. A lot of sessions were like a psychoanalysis session. I learned how to begin to deal more directly with my life. I took the reins of my life and began to direct it more directly. I became my own teacher. I put more faith and trust inside of myself. In the past, I would look at teachers for my guidance. I began to look at myself for my own inner guidance. I learned that God helps those who first help themselves. Below is a small excerpt of my first meeting with Paul.



There are no accidents. All things which come to pass are under the will of the Almighty. The one who is of good heart and goodwill and an open heart will find there is no end to the workings of the Almighty. There is never a time when your amazement will cease at the wonder of the Almighty.

Always there will be new and uncharted borders always old things will fall away and new and brighter greater things will come to pass. And a

time will come when all things all present consciousness and awareness will fall away to bear a more complete and new state of conscious awareness. And the old falling away will feel much like death and the new well fell much like a rebirth into the divine kingdom. It is always this way in the workings of the great God. There will never be a



time for one who is of good heart and open heart and goodwill when love for this creator will cease. There will be times when you wish to thank and times when you wish to hate and times you wish to cease your existence for the pain of longing and time when would wish your existence to go on forever and times you feel neglected and times you feel the favorite son of the almighty. The Lord Almighty will move your experience itself to make fall away all present understanding. You must not fear this death for beyond this death of the sort is always new life as you have learned many times to this point. At times your love will be strained and felt as though it is being tested. This will be given to you by the Lord Almighty. And at times it will feel as though you can't take any step without the sense of grace behind even the smallest of things that you do. There will be times which come which you will ask yourself where have my step arrived. And at these times you must remember you have been guided precisely to the point where you have found yourself by the workings of the almighty divine father. Your faith is strong for you are of goodwill and a good heart and open heart. You are this way because the Lord has given this to you. And yet it is time as it is always in time for an ever-strengthening bond an ever greater love, an ever fervent desire going more in each period of more and more feverish love which enabled you to carry and be about the service of the father. For in all your doings you must request not simply know but

request that you may serve that your life may be of service that your life may be given purpose in each moment the service of the almighty. And in each moment you must ask for knowledge that you are not alone for it is not enough to know it but it is more to ask And having asked to thank and having thanked to asked again and to offer yourself in that way which the Lord would have yourself serve. Your will and the Lords will be of the same intent. For it is of the Lord's mercy that you are allowed and all are allowed to be fulfilled in any way which they choose so long as the love between the two remains the important thing. But those are truly blessed who find it within themselves to have this request of service in the way the Lord would have you serve. This is truly a blessed thing. For even to come to this understanding is no small thing. This is perhaps the greatest level of human existence. For when the almighty has given all free will to embark upon any road that they so choose and one with their will by the grace finds it within themselves to surrender their will to that of the almighty regardless of the consequences for in the surrender is the fulfillment. This is no minor thing nor may all even do this thing. But those indeed are fortunate who have such a blessing to find themselves in this position. My child, you are in such a blessed state. You must always remember to be humble before God, humble before the master, and humble before the servants of the Lord's will. Giving always from your heart, from the desire to be one with the greatest thing. I am Richard who has been called the lionhearted. And you and I are part of each other. Indeed it may be said that you and I are the same indeed it may be said that at one time we were not apart from but at one time we were the same being but as time continues the soul finds in its multiple parts different aspirations. Your aspiration has its duty here while mine has my duty elsewhere. We serve in our ways as the Lord would have us serve. I here and you here.

Layla Masant



I first met Layla in Buffalo New York in the late seventies. At that time her name was Linda Lorini. I spent the winter in Buffalo New York. I remember never seeing the streets without snow from October to around early May. Linda had the same interests that I had. We both loved ethnic food cooking and meditation. We were on the same wavelength. We once cooked a 15-course Indian feast for a fundraiser. It took us a few days.

We got married. I loved her family. Her Dad and I got along extremely well. He just recently retired from Carrier after many years of service. He was an engineer. In his youth, I heard he was an incredible baseball player.

Linda's Mom was extremely kind. She made me a part of the family. I always cherished that fact. Kindness ran in their family. Next door to Linda lived her grandparents (Nonno and Nonna). They came from Northern Italy. Nonno would tell me stories of cooking polenta in the fields in Italy.



Linda's Mom Margaret and her Nonna would make polenta when we came to visit. They had this huge pot which was only used for cooking polenta, a wooden paddle, and a wood chopping board. They would stir the polenta for about half an hour until it was the right

consistency. Then they would pour it on the chopping board. They

would use dental floss to cut the polenta. First time I ever saw that. Blue cheese would be served along with the polenta.



Another favorite dish of the family was homemade spinach gnocchi. These are spinach dumplings with clarified butter poured over the gnocchi. On top of that is freshly grated parmesan cheese.

What I liked about their cooking was that everyone was having the time of their life cooking. They were having fun. They loved that I wanted to learn from them. Usually, in most households, the man stays out of the kitchen. They welcomed me into the kitchen.



Her Mom and Dad visited us in Miami Beach a few times. I remember once her Dad took me to the golfing range. He was an incredible golfer. Well, I wasn't. I had the opportunity

when I was young. Both my Grandma Thais and Grandpa Bert were incredible golfers. They had five holes in ones between them. They would say "how would you like to learn how to play golf". My brother and I would say "Granny only old people play golf". Well, I couldn't even hit the ball. It would just dribble from the tee.



Back then our finances were low. I remember how it was a treat just to buy Haagen Dazs ice cream. We love rum raisin. I haven't had that in years.

One of the most memorable moments of my life was the birth of Leilani. After she was born I placed her in water. As soon as I did that she gave me this incredible smile that I will never forget. To this day I can see her smile.

Around this time I enrolled in the Computer Science Institute. It was time to settle down and get a decent job. Working with computers was love at first sight. It felt good to know that my field was in its infancy and I was about to go on an incredible journey.



We loved taking Leilani to the beach. She loves the ocean. We would go boogie boarding. She started around two years old. She wore these inflatables around her arms. We would catch a

small wave and she would hold her hands around my neck. We loved it. We would catch one wave after another.

We got divorced in 1985. At that time I didn't think anything was wrong with my marriage. I put my heart and soul into it. Yet why didn't I have eyes to see. Why didn't the thermometer of life kick in and say your marriage is treading on water? I had my first astrology reading the year before and she said to concentrate on your marriage. You might need to fine-tune it.

You can never really blame the other person. We have to look inside and take responsibility. It just isn't about the faults of the other person. I really went through the wringer. I didn't think anything was wrong. Yet she wanted out. I said let's go to a marriage counselor. She wouldn't have it. Well, I'm not going to blame her.

I went to a psychologist for a few sessions. After the third session, she said "You don't have to come here anymore. I can see you learn fast and really want to do housecleaning on yourself. You will heal yourself."

That didn't mean that 100% I was healed. I was still going through it but the healing process was started. It's amazing the same month and year my wife Barbara got her divorce from her husband. We have been married for almost 30 years. Time heals. I'm good friends with Layla. She lives in the same town as my daughter. She is taking care of her Mom. I have cherished memories of Linda and her family. I take responsibility for the lack of awareness on my part.

[Passing Away](#)

I just found out yesterday from my daughter Leilani that her Nonna passed away the day before. Leilani's Mom was taking care of her. Recently I have been doing a lot of pondering. I have noticed that generations have carried certain traits. Nonna and her family had it. Nonna's Mom and Dad carried that. That trait is kindness. Isn't that truly a gift from God and the universe? The universe is kind. How much grace is there that we carry the traits of the universe inside of our DNA? Kindness is the source of life. Even the Dalai Lama says kindness is my religion.

As you read in the previous chapter all about the kindness Layla's family bestowed upon me. Nonna leads a good life. She was ready to go home. For the past six months, she would say I'm ready to go home. We know when it's our time to go home. We will miss her. She is one with the universe. That's our true nature.

Richie RIP



My dear friend Richie died a few days ago.
I haven't seen him in over 30 years.
He was a great singer.
He loves to meditate.
Combine these two and he sang like an Angel.
He could light up an auditorium when he sang.
Richie was humble.
There was no aura of look how great I am.
He just loved to sing.
Richie and I worked together for a few years.
We would laugh and tell stories while we worked.
Even after all this time, I feel our friendship will never go away.
Rest in peace Richie.
May you sing forever!!!

More South Florida Friends

Annie McPherson	Allen Imbarrato
	
<p>I liked Annie. Once upon a time my wife Linda and I would go to the Seller's house and play games. We always had an incredible time. Once they invited us to the Alexandria hotel in Miami Beach. It was a very elegant hotel. They were staying there for a few days. Had a wonderful time with them. Annie has a tremendous heart. As you can see she loves to play music.</p>	<p>Allan was a dear friend of mine. At that time Allen and John Baier were working on a project together. Allen is from Los Angles. I first met Allen in Denver during the seventies. I once remember he talked about his sister meditating and seeing the inner light. I saw Allen a couple of times when I lived in California in the eighties and nineties. Great friend. Great-heart.</p>

Paula Rosenblum	Mary Higgins
	
<p>I have known Paula since the early seventies. I think I first met her in India in 1971. I can't say I ever hung out with her but it is a small world. My brother John and I have many fond memories of Paula. In the early days, she definitely thought and lived outside of the box. Yes, she loves to meditate.</p>	<p>I was roommates with Mary for a couple of months in Miami Beach. She was a delight to be around. I have nothing but good memories about her. Yes, she loves to meditate. That is her foundation. Years later I love to read her Facebook posts.</p>

Timothy Hogle	Farouk Gongee
	
<p>I don't like to go to the dentist. Yet at the time Tim was like no other dentist. Tim loved to meditate. With this awareness, the dentist experience went up a few hundred notches. People loved Tim and the work he provided. Thanks, Tim for the great work you provided.</p>	<p>I first met Farouk in India in 1971. Once upon a time, I was in Bethesda Maryland for a week. Farouk invited me over for some middle eastern cuisine. We had baba ganoush, hummus, and feta. Wow, I still remember it 40 years later. I was truly welcome into his home. I have many fond memories of Farouk.</p>

Christian de la Iglesia	Yolande de Vogel
	
<p>When I lived in Florida Christian was around ten years old. My wife and I were friends with his family. Fast forward many moons and I discovered he loves to surf and owns a surf shop in south beach. I like that.</p>	<p>I first met Yolande in Miami Beach during the early eighties. Alex Shea and Yolande were living together. I worked with Alex on a project he got. I really didn't know her too well. Fast forward thirty years. I love to read her posts. They are a delight to see. She has a passion for life. she also loves to meditate. What more can I say.</p>

Dwight Sellars	LeRoy West
	
<p>At one time David and John Baier were best of friends. I got to know Dwight during the eighties while living in Miami Beach. I will always remember the time my wife and I were invited to a nightclub opening. Dwight built the new club. I read his post on Facebook. Dwight definitely has a zest for life.</p>	<p>I have known LeRoy for over forty years. Our paths have crossed many times over the years. Recently I heard his house burned down during the recent Malibu fires. I'm glad that you are safe. Love to read your posts on your adventures in life.</p>

Marcy Piltzer	Mitchell Christian
	
<p>RIP Marcy. I will always remember the good times we had. You are missed.</p>	<p>I first met Mitchell in Miami Beach in the eighties. When I moved to Ashland Oregon I would see him in the same hatha yoga class at the Y. Mitchell was very humble and kind. I always love being around him.</p>

Lynwood Murray	Sushil Rao
	
<p>Lyn and I were roommates for a short time in the eighties. I had a great time being around him. Yes, he loved to meditate.</p>	<p>I first met Sushil in India during the early seventies. He was from India. Years later he lived in Miami Beach. I remember his passion was writing and poetry. I loved that. Recently I have been searching for poems by Brahmanand. I learned that Sushil wrote a book called The Inner Staircase: Poems of Brahmanand. It's a small world. I haven't seen Sushil in over thirty years. Keep on writing.</p>

Jim Gallagher

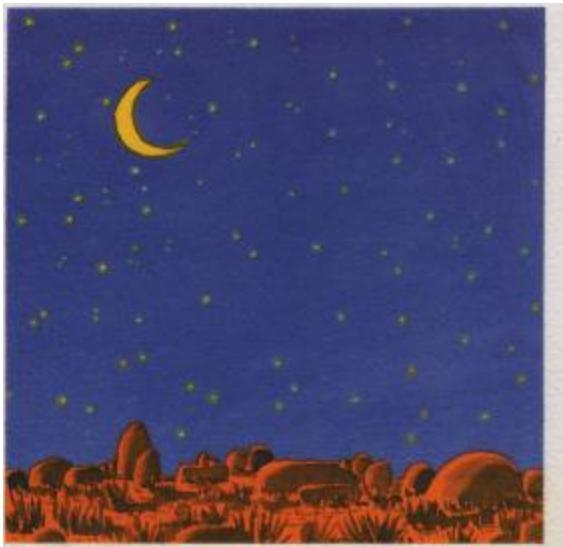


t's a small world. I knew Jim when he was living in Florida. My twin brother John knew him in California. Jim is a talented singer and songwriter. Keep on creating Jim. We love it.

Living the dream

Living A Dream

Empty canvas open sky



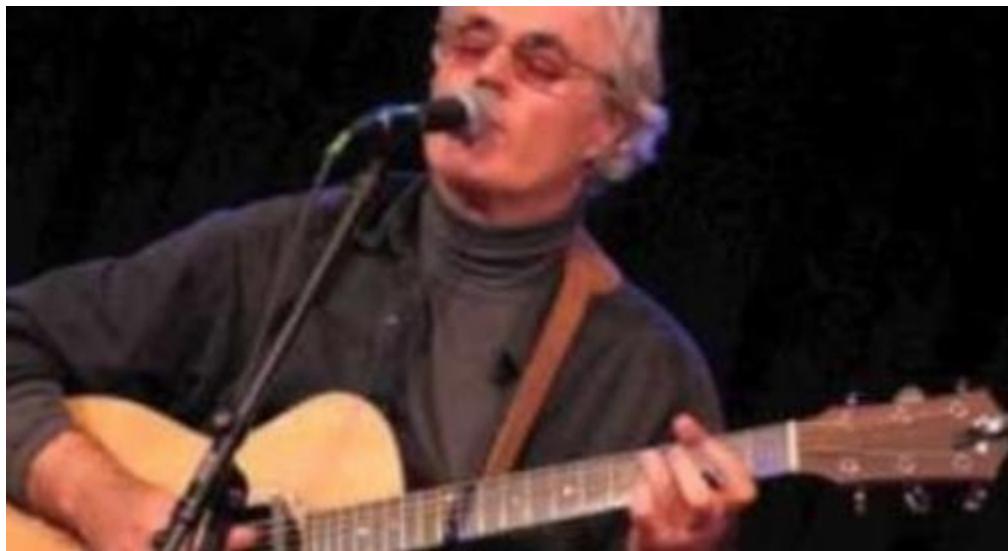
Essence



The World



The World is a beautiful place



Arizona Friends

Shay Clayton

I wrote this poem on 3-27-2017 for my friend Shay who passed away two years ago. Donn Rochlin did the music. Donn and Shay were tennis partners in Sedona.



Shay and his Mom 1

My dear friend Shay passed away two years ago.

We were friends for around 28 years.

We considered each other as spiritual brothers.

We were on the same path in life.

He died without me have the opportunity to say goodbye.

Recently I discovered some tapes that were recorded many moons ago.

I was having a reading and Shay was in the house.

Shay said that he thought there were many people in the room because of such laughter he never heard before.

When the channel was over only three people walked out of the room.

As I listened to the tape Zoran who was being channeled told me that I spent time on a planet called nucleus.

Nucleus was a university where people studied God directly.

Imagine being able to be the whole universe and be aware of it.

This was the nature of the studies at nucleus.

Anyway, during my early morning meditation, I decided to go to nucleus.

I closed my eyes and went into deep meditation.

After several moments the next thing I knew I was in a cosmic soup of light, love, and sound.

To my amazement, Shay appeared in the light.

You could say he was the light.

He had a simple message to deliver.

I'm more than ok.

Please send my love to all my family and friends.

It was so great to hear from my dear old friend.

Shay was saying something dear to my heart.

You are the universe and just don't know it.

Shay was in that state of oneness.

He was one with his creator.

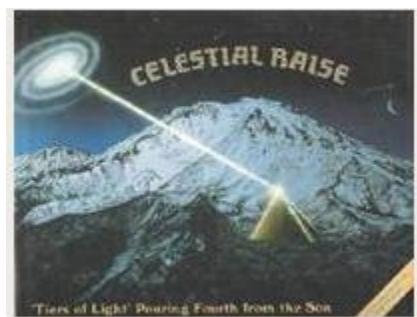
He was home.

Marcus Freeman



I have had many incredible adventures with Marcus throughout the years.

He wrote the book Celestial Raise about thirty years ago.



This is one adventure I had with Marcus.



taking place.

One night in Sedona I was with three of my friends. We were outside looking at the stars in lawn chairs. It was early July and was a nice evening.

The sky was clear. There were thousands of stars in the sky. We were looking at a strange phenomenon

We would see these streaks of light going vertical in the sky. Imagine a huge flashlight sending a flash of light from left to right across the sky. It would come in one-minute intervals.

All of us were delighted with the show. We were making the same oohs and aahs when kids see fireworks.

During a lull, I notice three stars in the sky I never noticed before. These three stars formed a triangle in the sky.

It looked like a pyramid. All of a sudden I felt myself being sucked out of my body. It was like this huge vacuum sucking me out and my body.

There was this tunnel of light and I was traveling inside of this tunnel. We have all seen on Star Trek The Next Generation the sensation of warp speed. This was the same kind of sensation that I felt.

The next thing I knew I saw this huge Mother Ship. This ship was so large that there were Mountains, oceans, and earth-like plants inside of this ship.

I was greeted by a group of 12 beings. I recognized Zoran and Lord Michael. They took me on a tour of this ship.

The whole ship had a clear plastic-like substance which was the outer shell. Inside of this was the mountains. The main engine room was driven by energy itself.

They had the technology to convert energy itself to drive the whole ship. All electricity was generated by pure and perfect energy. There was no pollution whatsoever.

It's hard to put in words what I was going through and what I saw. It was so beautiful. These beings were so beautiful.

They were friendly and extremely intelligent. Their technology was light years ahead of ours. At one point I was placed at this beautiful table.



Zoran, Lord Michael, and the rest of the 12 beings placed their hands on my body and started to send me brilliant colors of light.

My whole body was enveloped in a rainbow of light. This light was pure consciousness. It was alive and extremely blissful. I felt all the stress taken out of my body. It was an incredible ceremony taking place. No words were spoken. 12 incredible beings were performing an ancient ceremony on me.

I felt they once again reminded me that we all come to the same source of life. There is a universal consortium of beings who are called the white brotherhood whose mission is to transform this universe into something far beyond what we can imagine.

There are millions of humans alive on this planet who are part of this consortium. Before we were born we all decided to come down and help this planet earth.

All the major religions know that something incredible is about to happen to this planet and the beings on this wonderful earth.

We are to usher in this era along with our friends. Our weapons are love. Love is the most powerful force in the universe. Our mission is to consciously change ourselves into being beings of love. Christ was a prime example of this.

We all have the same capacity. We just have to stop, look and listen to what going on. Here the most incredible event is taking place on this planet and we are asleep. We are too involved in little lives to stop for just one second and ask some basic questions.

Who am I.? What is the purpose of this life? Where is true happiness? I feel as a society we need to learn about tolerance, forgiveness, and being open-minded.

Each of us is so caught up in our mindset that we can't see that were is flowers on a beautiful garland called life. Isn't it so beautiful that we are so different yet all of us at the same time are so similar?

The breath of life is keeping us alive and we are unconscious of this fact. It's time to wake up and smell the roses. Each one of us is having the experience to remind

us to wake up either conscious or subconscious. Even if you don't believe in any of this at all.



Imagine if this was all make-believe. There was a time when flying an airplane was make-believe. It is now a reality. There are millions of people on this planet whose prayers are to see peace on the planet.

In time this will have to happen. We just have to bring peace to ourselves. We have to know who we are. We are beings of love.

We have simply forgotten who we are. It is now time as a whole that we wake up. It's kind of funny the whole world wants peace and happiness. Yet there is so much misery and poverty and greed.

The love we have inside is boundless and endless. It is worth more than all the riches in the whole universe. Without we are nothing. I know I had many incredible experiences in my life. Many people are envious of them. Yet without love, they mean nothing.

It's like a body without breath. No life whatsoever. Our main mission is to be so filled with love that whatever we touch turns to love. What would happen to this planet if every citizen on this planet were experiencing such love?

We would have no conflict, war, or poverty on this planet. We would truly help each other out. We would truly know that humans are incredible beings.

Well, I came back and my friend knew that something incredible had happened to me. I told them just a fraction of what happened to me. It was still so personal that I didn't want to blab out or be arrogant.

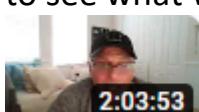
Years later I felt the time was right to put the experience in words. This incident showed me that my friend beyond the stars was always looking after me and this planet.

I knew my days as a young child looking up at the stars were based upon an unconscious yet conscious connection with my friends. We are never alone. We have friends who are looking after us. Most of the time we don't know it.

Brian Bales	Nathan Bales
	
<p>Here's another tale of the web that ties us all together. My wife Barbara meets Brian at some event in Kansas City. Brian is around 15 or 16 years old.</p> <p>A few years later Barbara and I are living in this beautiful house in Sedona Arizona. Guess who is living there. Yes, Brian Bales. Brian is incredible at yoga. In fact he has been teaching yoga for many years. He is always a delight to be around.</p> <div data-bbox="208 988 437 1127">  <p>1:04:29</p> </div> <p>Talk Story with Brian Bales</p> <p>Fletcher Soul Traveler</p>	<p>Nathan is Brian's Dad. My first and last firewalking was done on Nathan's watch. Incredible experience. Nathan's best friend was Lalia who was my wife's best friend. Small world. Hey Nathan we missed seeing you in Maui while you were there. Papaya John and were going surfing and your name came up. You just left town a few days earlier.</p>

Starr Bryan	Arthur Fanning
	
<p>Starr and Shay lived together in Arizona. I first met Star when she was probably in her early twenties. She would attend some of the Zoran events. Twenty years later I was on a business trip to Arizona. I looked Shay up and met Star. They truly welcomed me into their house with open arms. Thanks for the kindness you gave me.</p>	<p>I will always remember our divine trip to Mexico. What an incredible trip we had. It was both pure enjoyment and a spiritual odyssey. We had some incredible times together. Barbara and I send our love your way.</p>

David Husson	Mimi Greek
	
<p>David and David Schweizer were best of friends. They were a kick to be around. I was David's roommate in Sedona and Phoenix for a short period. David had a great sense of humor. He made me laugh. Recently after thirty years, I found him on Facebook. It was a delight to see what was going on in his life.</p>	<p>I first met Mimi around 30 years ago. She loves life. My wife and I think the world about her. She is kind and expresses her inner connection easily to the world. There was a time when Shay Clayton and Mimi lived together. I have many great memories of the two.</p>



Cynthia	Judith Phillips
What can I say about Cynthia? David Husson, David Schweizer, and I spent a month once in Cynthia's house. We all had a blast. Cynthia was a joy to be around. She loved our company. The whole group was on the same wavelength. I have nothing but fond memories of Cynthia. She opened her heart and house to us. I will never forget the great gesture.	Catherine Lake introduced me to Judith. I fondly remember staying at her house. I was going to a Mafu seminar. I remember Mafu coming up and talking to me. I didn't understand the whole message. Judith was kind enough to translate. She said that Mafu wants you to have lunch with Sophia. Ext thing I knew I was driving in a limo towards our lunch destination. Judith was the first person who gave me a tour of Sedona. Wow-what an incredible place.

Endless Summer



Every surfer's dream is would have the chance to surf at spots around the world. I have been fortunate I have been able to do that. I have surfed from California, Mexico, Hawaii, Peru, Brazil, Ecuador,



France, Fiji, Spain, and South Africa. Probably one of the best waves I ever surfed was in Peru.

When I was in high school I went to a good friend's house name Nick Roth. Well, Nick had this surfing magazine and both of us saw this picture of Chicama Peru.

In this picture was a left point break with about 10 waves breaking on this huge point. The picture was so awesome that my dream was someday I would be able to go there. Well, years later I made

it there. The place is called Chicama. It is located in a small fishing about 10 hours north of Lima the capital. Chicama on a good day is one of God's wonders to the world.

The ride on a good day is probably one mile. It breaks on a sandy bottom. The wind is always offshore.

When I was there on a crowded day was four people in the water. I meet this Argentine surfer and we became good friends. I stayed at this funky hotel-like shack for two weeks.



The entire time it cost me thirty dollars. The people were extremely friendly. I'll never forget surfing this place with my Argentine friend. We would wake up early in the morning and just catch wave after wave. The water was like California water on a summer day. Cold but just right. At lunch every day I would have rice, vegetables and

of course fresh fish. Peru reminded me of California in the mid-fifties. The coastline was still very remote.

Surfing me has always been a wonderful experience. I feel completely at home in the water. Surfers all over the world have a common bond. Words just can't describe it.

I come from a generation where surfing is more like a spiritual experience. I remember days with my brother when after each wave you would be so happy you could hardly paddle back out.

There is nothing like being on a wave when the wave just tubes over you, all you can see is a small light at the end of the tunnel. The sound inside is so serene. Then you come gushing out. Talk about joy. I feel surfing allows me to be in harmony with nature. Living in Hawaii I am at

the door before sunrise so I can be the first one out in the water. It's such a glorious feeling to be out there riding alone.

The sunrises are very special. You're out in the water seeing God's paintbrush in the sky. A few of your friends paddle out and you're in bliss. We know that we are fortunate.

A few times in my life I have the opportunity to surf the wave inside of me. I remember riding a rainbow color wave that was alive.

This wave was joy itself. It carried me with so much love. I remembered closing my eyes when I was taken to another dimension. I was in this cosmic sea.

It was like water but it wasn't. You could call it a light essence. Anyway, I had this golden surfboard. I remembered taking off on waves and riding for infinity. The joy and sensation were incredible.



As the wave was breaking this incredible music came out. You could get locked in for minutes on end. Inside you felt one with the wave. The wave was conscious and so were you. I never forget that experience. It

happened probably three or four times.

I'll probably surf the rest of my life. I'm over forty and yet I can still be in the water for 6 to 8 hours straight.

The only reason I don't stay more is that I have also a family. Surfing has been good for me. It kept me out of a lot of trouble in high school. While my friends were partying I was out in the ocean.



The Ventures - Wipe Out

27M views • 14 years ago



コテツマサ

Wipe Out Guest / Max Weinberg.

3:43



Surf Music Compilation

1.1M views • 1 year ago



Forgotten Music Scene

Compilation of 60s Surf Music Era.

Family



Ancestors



We are all shaped by our family. I feel so fortunate to be blessed to be born into this family line. My parents and grandparents raised me to where my life is today.

I was nurtured in love and consideration of others. I learned how to respect life and respect all human beings. The sense of adventure and the sense of learning with joy were instilled in me. Life was incredible.



The Creative Project Ancestors
Fletcher Soul Traveler

At a young age, I was introduced to seeing the future and bringing ideas to the present. I was only 2 years old when my Dad and Grandfather built the house of the future.

At me young age my Mom and Dad introduced me to ethnic cuisine from around the world. To this day I love trying out different and new cuisines.

My Mom gave me the sense of travel. She loved to travel and that was instilled in me. I learned how to appreciate different customs, ways of seeing things, and being open to life.

Life taught me to appreciate each country and value its essence. My Grandmother Josie taught me the love of God.

She would always say that God loves you. Her mother was friends with Mary Baker Eddy the founder of Christian Science. My brother and I loved being in her company.

She was a joy to be around. She played the piano and sang many wonderful songs to us. During the winter she would go to the Palm desert and bring back pine nuts and fresh dates.



She had a juicer that was handed down to my brother after many years of use. My Grandfather Cliff's hobby was rock collecting. When they came to visit he would do a slide show of his current trip. My wife Barbara would have been great friends if he was still alive.



Rose Parade Queen 1

As a family, we would love to visit my grandmother and grandfather in Santa Barbara. I remember going to horse shows and going to the Elvis Presley movies.

My grandfather would make the world's best enchiladas. I have the recipe on my cooking site.

This dish is over 60 years old. I had many incredible times being with them. During the holiday both sides of my grandparents would come and visit. I loved the sense of family in the air.



Mom and Dad. House of the future. 1

My brother and I will always remember the times my Dad would drive us to go surfing. We would get to the ocean very early in the morning.

My Dad would drive us to Big Corona and we would surf until noon and then we would paddle through the harbor for an hour.

My Dad suffered a stroke and was in a coma for a month. When he came out of the coma he was changed completely. For the first time, I saw that he knew it was a miracle to be alive. His entire outlook on life changed.

He realized that life is precious. He lived another 10 years after that. He saw that he had a golden opportunity to experience life to its fullest.

My Mom has taught me to see the bright side of life. If you are down in the dumps she taught me that only you can pull yourself up.

Attitude is everything. She taught me to enjoy the adventure of life. I gained so much from her and her way of thinking.

She taught me not to hold onto the past and to forgive what others have done to me. She has a great sense of humor which I love.

What can I say about my twin brother John? We came into this world together and are such good friends. We have the same path of self-discovery.

Both of us have been meditating for over 45 years. He has discovered a passion for writing music. In the past 4 years, he has created over 1000 songs.

He creates songs about life and the incredible journey of life.

My daughter Aleia has really become an incredible person. She is kind, full of wisdom, and loves to help people. She is deeply spiritual without any pretense.

She has a great heart. I'm tremendously proud of her.

My daughter Leilani has bloomed in the last 10 years. She got married to a wonderful man named Lowie. He is from Egypt.

They have 3 beautiful children. I love their family. They are an inspiration to me. Family truly is the backbone of life.

Barbara



You came to me in a dream.

My life is filled with your joy.

You have so much innocence.

We played and laughed together.

You have taught me so much.

My love for you, I can't describe.

We are both walking together in this world.

We have so much to learn.

I have so much hope.

Barbara, you put up with me.

I know I have my share of quirks.

Yet my love for you will never die.

We have gone through a lot.

But it has made us stronger.

Fortunately, our love is strong.

Barbara

I love you from the deepest place in my heart.

You make my heart sing.

You make me laugh.

We have traveled so far in this life.

Barbara

I love the way you are.

You have always supported me.

I love the way you are with Aleia.

You have given so much.

Barbara

Thank you.

Aleia



Aleia, my heavenly flower.
You bring so much joy to me.
You have so much compassion.
You give so much love to this world.
You don't understand why people hurt one another?

You only understand love?
You treat everywhere with so much respect.

I'm so proud that I have you.

Aleia

I love you.
I will always support you.
Barbara and I will be there.
We are having a grand journey together.
Thank you for being a part of my life.

Aleia

I love you.

Dad



My Dad died a few years ago.

This poem is for you.

Dad, I love you.

Thank you for being my father.

I'm sure you're in an incredible place.

Dad

Thanks for all the good things you did when you were alive.

My memories will always be with you.

May my life be spent making you proud?

You did your very best.

It's sad knowing that you're not around.

Yet I know you're in good hands.

May someday we be together again?

I love you.

Mom



My mom is like my best friend.

It hasn't always been that way.

She has always supported me, even when it was against her wishes.

During my twenties, I didn't see too much of my mom.

I was traveling throughout the world.

I got the traveling bug from my mom.

She loves adventure.

As a kid, she would inspire me.

I love different countries, places, and things.

Mom

I love you.

A part of you resides in me.

Throughout the years you have been there, always supporting me.

You have seen me through thick and thin.

You have seen all the different sides of me.

Yet I know you love me.

How secure that makes me feel.

Mom

Thank you for being my friend.

I can say anything to you.

You will listen.

I love you.

Baby Grace

There once was an Angel named Grace who came upon this land many moons ago.

She was a gift from God.

She only stayed a short while only about a month or so.

Yet she radiated the Love from God that still is alive today.

I never got to meet this precious being.

My twin brother told me after the story was over.

It seems like her mission was to come into this world and shine like the sun.

Then she would leave.

She knew her mission.

The world couldn't taint her yet.

She knew where she was going.

Grace didn't have time to forget.

What seems like a tragedy is really a blessing in disguise.

She had a hole in her heart.

Yet her heart was love itself.

She was the universe and she knew it.

She had nothing to hide.

Grace just shined.

In that state she knew she was never created nor will she ever die.

Her father was always rocking her while she was alive.

Yes, she experienced pain yet she was beyond the pain.

Love is truly the greatest mystery.

We come into this world to solve this mystery.

Yet Grace was an example of being love incarnate.

By the way, all newborns are in that state.

Over time they slowly lose their direct connection to God.

God never leaves us but our connection to God slowly disappears.

Did you know that some Angels come into this world to remind us of our true nature?

Baby Grace was one of these precious Angels.

God has a different game plan than ours.

This life is truly a game of hiding and seek.

God hides and we look for him in the four corners of the world.

We never find him there.

Baby Grace came for one purpose and one purpose alone.

She came to remind us the God exists in our hearts.

Like the great masters, she knew she was the universe.

Yet she didn't have any fancy words to say.

She was just a newborn but you could from her eyes that she knew who she was.

An Angel is wise.

An Angel loves humanity.

An Angels love to inspire humanity to discover the jewel within.

An Angel works outside of the box.

We as humanity have lost our ways.

Each newborn is hand-wrapped from God.

How incredible is that?

Maybe man's mission is to raise the newborn with the awareness that this child came from God.

May we raise her to never lose that connection?

What does that mean?

Well, first of all, discover that connection inside day by day.

Make that your priority.

Become the magnet of love yourself

Be kind to all.

Be patience.

Cultivate compassion.

Your child needs this kind of food.

War and anger are a thing of the past.

Live each moment that you are going to make God proud.

God is proud when we take responsibility for our piece of the puzzle.

In this game of hiding and seek when you discover God inside this is really the first step in the journey.

In truth, God will always be a mystery.

There will never be a point where you can clap your hands and say I know it all.

Even when you discover you are the universe this will be a starting point in your journey.

You see the journey never ends.

There are many rooms in my mansion.

How true is that statement?

Grace was a messenger sent from God to remind us of this precious journey.

She came to us and without any words said take off your blinders.

Discover the jewel within your heart.

This is why you came.

You have searched everywhere outside of you.

You will never find it there.

We are not judging you.

The Truth doesn't need to judge.

We aren't condoning you.

The truth doesn't need to condone.

In this game, you have free will.

God loves you so much that by will alone you set your mind in motion.

Baby Grace came to remind us of our true home.

What can I say?

A gift from God came our way.

Years later tears still come when I remember Grace.

Thanks for coming into this world baby Grace.

Johnny The Music Maker



Johnny the music maker.

Johnny or John is my twin brother.

Many moons ago my brother and I learned how to meditate.

We still are learning.

My brother creates the background music for these poems.

Each poem is custom crafted from within.

I'm proud of the music my brother makes.

It's like little Jonny is tapping into the source of life and putting a unique melody down.

Years of practicing meditation allow him to dive deep for the precious jewel.

The jewel is the music that can help inspire you.

The melody helps calm down the body, mind, and soul.

Can you imagine bringing a taste of heaven down to earth?

This is where little Johnny's music comes from.

You see meditation opens the door inside to heaven.

By opening the door for many moons one begins to transform and change.

The journey is from darkness to light.

Somewhere along the way we are all on this incredible journey.

I've been listening to little Johhnys music for almost 9 months.

I wake up and brush my teeth.

I go into the office and put my headphones on.

While listening to the music I write these poems.

The music melts my heart.

The music and words meld together.

I'm proud of what we do together.

We are a great team.

Most people don't understand it.

A few do.

Yet we do this for our love of God and the Universe.

Words can't describe touching the face of God.

It's like going on a daily treasure hunt and bring back treasures that you can use in
your daily life.

Kindness.

Love

Patience

Compassion

Tolerance

Wisdom

These are some of the treasures which are brought back.

These poems and music can help you along on this precious journey.

We are not trying to convince you.

We are not trying to prove anything here.

We are simply relaying our experience of the unknown.

We are trying to put a human experience to the multidimensional energy of life.

There is no time and space in God's world.

This music and poems try to capture the wonder and somehow put it into this world.

The deeper we dive into this ocean of love the deeper the wisdom can be.

These poems help little Johhny and me on this journey of life.

Day by day we are learning how to change for the better.

Ponder this over.

You are a piece of this puzzle.

Peace will be on this earth.

Little Johnny the music maker.

Keep on cranking them out.

My Grandmother Josie



My grandmother Josie taught me about the love of God.

Whenever we saw each other she would say God loves you.

My brother and I would giggle with delight.

She looked like Mrs. Santa Claus.

Her laughter filled the air.

It seemed she didn't have a care in this world.

She loved life and life loved her.

She will always be an inspiration to me.

I have a seaside painting in my house that she painted.

It reminds me of the times walking along the beach.

I love you, Grandmother Josie.

Grandma Thais and Grandpa Bert



As a family, we would love to visit my grandmother and grandfather in Santa Barbara. I remember going to horse shows and going the Elvis Presley movies.

My grandfather would make the world's best enchiladas. I have the recipe on my cooking site. This dish is over 60 years old. I had many incredible times being with them. During the holiday both sides of my grandparents would come and visit. I loved the sense of family in the air.

I had this opportunity when I was young. Both my Grandma Thais and Grandpa Bert were incredible golfers. They had five holes in ones between them. They would say "how would you like to learn how to

play golf". My brother and I would say "Granny only old people play golf". Well, I couldn't even hit the ball. It would just dribble from the tee. Boy has things have changed. Young people today love to play golf.

My grandfather came from Scotland. He loved us, kids. Both of them loved life to the fullest. They have been gone now for over thirty years yet they still reside in my heart. I will never forget them.

Chanda

Chanda, you are the moon in my life.

We have done so much together.

I held you in my arms when you were born.

I placed you in a nice warm bath, and a smile came across your face.

I'll never forget that smile.

We swam with the dolphins and played in the ocean waves.

We have surfed together in Hawaii, and boogie board in California.

Chanda

I feel so proud to be your Dad.

I have so much love for you.

You are so innocent.

Never let the world take it away.

I'll never forget the talk we had in San Francisco.

I went to bed, way over my bedtime.

So much love was shared.

Chanda

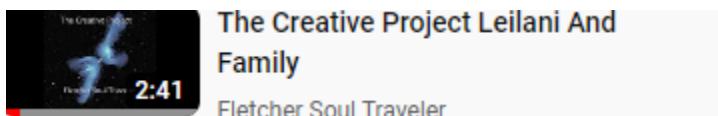
The sun is always with you.

No matter what phase of the moon you're in remember the sun is always shining.

Chanda

I love you.

Leilani And Family



I'm very proud of my daughter Leilani. She has blossomed into an incredible flower. She is married to Lowie who is from Egypt. Last summer I met Lowie's Mom, Dad, and sister Afnan. We had so many interesting conversations. Leilani's family is Muslim.

The Muslims have such a strong sense of family

and community. I'm very proud to see this sense of unity and love in her family.

Each time my wife and I get on the phone with her we all laugh on the journeys of life. We all have curveballs thrown our way. Recently I had some thrown my way and we laughed so hard. Laughter is medicine to the soul.

Leilani has three incredible kids Farida, Samira, and Tala. They call us Grandpa Rick and Auntie Barbara. We love to play with them. They are showered with love wherever they go.

I loved to spend time with Lowie's side of the family. I really got to know them and appreciate them. Afnan is on the same wavelength when it comes to my spiritual practice. It was nice to talk to her and her father on so many interesting topics.

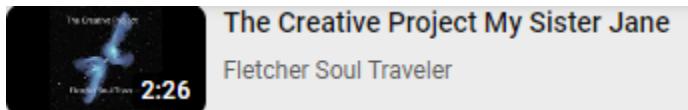
Leilani and her family have great harmony together. Leilani is also an incredible cook. She learned how to enjoy ethnic cuisine since she was born. It must run in the family. We love to talk about food. When we talk together on the phone I

would always ask what's for dinner. She would tell me and I would go yum I wish I was there. She would ask me and she would say the same thing.

Lowie is a delight to be around. He truly supports Leilani and the family. I would see him pitch in and do whatever needs to get done. Sometimes I see him wash dishes late at night. It seems their love is flowing in all areas of their life. This is a practical journey and they are always expanding and growing.

As I said I'm proud of her and what she has become.

My Sister Jane



 My sister Jane has been a great friend in my life. She is a delight to be around. She is an exceptionally creative person. Jane says that her art is a form of meditation for her. Quite frankly I believe it. Look at all the incredible art pieces that artists have created and you see an endless well of creative ideas flowing out. Jane has been this way ever since her childhood. She has a great heart.

My wife and I have great phone conversations with my sister. She is always being creative. Also, she loves ethnic foods which are my passion. We talk about new restaurants and new recipes that we have discovered. Let's put it this way we never get bored talking to one another.

Our family always loved trying out new foods. It was instilled by our parents. I remember that when we were young our parents would take us to a museum and they would say "if you are good we will take you out to a new restaurant we discovered. Of course, we were good.

This led us to be open to new ideas and new discoveries. It's amazing how some simple words from your parents can encourage you in ways you never thought about.

Our entire family is always exploring and thinking about new ideas and ways to express them. Jane has done this all her life. She has great humor and uses it when life throws her a curveball. I like that in her. Every one of us gets curveballs thrown at us. That's part of life. Yet we can just smile and hit the ball out of the park.

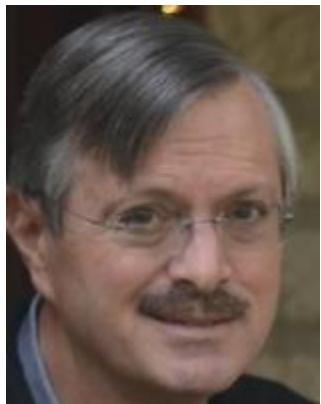
I admire that with my sister. I consider her as one of my best friends. We can talk about anything.

My Brother David And His Family

The Creative Project My Brother
David And His Family
3:25



[Tag Photo](#) [Options](#) [See All](#)



My brother David is a delight to be around. He has a keen sense of humor. He is married to Tami. They have been married for many moons. I love to see the love that they have for one another. My wife Barbara always has a get time when we get together. They can talk forever.

Their son Jason is an incredible artist. I remember when he showed me he would make purses out of old albums. Now that was an incredible idea. That's a Fletcher thinking outside of the box.



Jason's wife Erin profession is old-style book bindings. She is extremely creative in what she does. Both of them live in Boston.

Jason was instrumental in converting 60 years old film from the House of the Future to an mp4 format. Our family had these old new reels which we never saw. Jason did an incredible job of converting them.



He also produced and created the Great Calculator video. My friend Donn Rochlin did the music. I did the poetry and Jason did the incredible graphics. Imagine seeing the galaxies whizzing by.

Jason is currently a Science Visualizer at the Charles Hayden Planetarium.

[The Great Calculator](#)



Lauren and her husband Josiah are also creative individuals. They are owners of “the burlap bag”. They sell high-quality homemade goods. They also created a line of unique candles which are sold nationwide. Here’s an example of unicorn puke. As you can imagine they are thinking outside of the box. I like this one.

mermaid magic 9oz soy candle

16.00

Mystical, magical mermaids - this candle is scented like sea salt and driftwood. It's a perfect beachy smell for all those ocean dreams of being a mermaid.

Each candle is in a 9oz amber glass jar with a black metal lid. They have a 70+ hour burn time and are made from all natural US soy beans. They are hand poured in Austin, Texas in small batches to ensure quality.

As you can see David’s family is thinking outside of the box. I always enjoy seeing the different Facebook posts that they all have. Life is an incredible journey and David’s family truly shows it.

My Twin Brother



The Creative Project My Twin Brother

Fletcher Soul Traveler

My twin brother John.

John is my best friend.

He has always been there for me.

In the thick and thin.

We are on the same path in this journey of life.

We have spent most of our life going within.

We have our struggles in life.

Life is not easy.

I'm sure you will say the same thing.

Yet with all this pounding we take we come out to the other side.

We know the God within.

Not the complete picture yet we have a beautiful experience.

My brother taught me patience in so many different ways.

His yearning for God is endless.

He has a great love for humanity.

Inside he knows humans have a great heart.

The mirror is just full of dust.

[My Twin Brother John And His Family](#)

I mentioned Hanalee in my book about dragons. I have known her since the early 1970s. She loved to meditate. This is an insert of what I said.



Hanalee was another female dragon. She and little Johnny became great friends. Later in life they even became mates. There was a famous folk song in the sixties that talked about Puff the magic dragon. They are mentioned in the land of Hanalee. Hanalee became a famous dragon and was well known throughout the land.

Hanalee has a great sense of humor. I remember she has a keen sense of making curveballs in life laughable. That takes a quite serious emotional being to make that happen. So many people get miserable when life throws them a curveball.

Hanalee did an incredible job of raising her girls Sheila and Ariana. There was a time in the early 2000s when Ariana worked for Charles Schwab. We would get together and have lunch or dinner. We always had a great time together. We loved to find great restaurants. Ariana became a great vegetarian cook. It seems like that runs in the family. For a while, she lived in Australia. She worked for the Bank Of New York. On the side, she sold Mexican Salsas. She brought her own unique twist to this endeavor.

Hanalee's Mom was one of the members of the famous Von trop family.

I gathered this information from their website celebritylegacy.com.

Johanna is a 2x-great-granddaughter of Robert Whitehead, inventor of the torpedo. She is also a granddaughter of Agathe Whitehead and Baron Georg von

Trapp, whose children were portrayed in The Sound of Music. Johanna's mother, Baroness Johanna von Trapp, sang with the Trapp Family Singers and was depicted as 'Marta', in the movie.



SHELA GOBERTINA VON TRAPP

Shela is a 10x-great-granddaughter of the 17th century Croatian and Hungarian freedom fighter, Princess Illona Zrinyi. She is also a great-granddaughter of Baron Georg von Trapp and Agathe Gobertina Whitehead, whose children were portrayed in The Sound of Music. Her 3x-great-grandfather is Robert Whitehead, inventor of the torpedo.

Shela founded Celebrity Legacy and the Georg & Agathe Foundation.

Ariana is a granddaughter of Johanna von Trapp, who was portrayed as 'Marta' in The Sound of Music. Johanna spent over a decade singing with the Trapp Family Singers.

She was also a talented cook preparing family meals during their tour years, as well as for guests at their summer music camps. Johanna passed down a love of cooking to her family which Ariana carries on to this day.



ARIANA FLETCHER

Ariana is the President of Invisible Structures, Inc.

I have many incredible memories of watching the children grow up. They have become incredible human beings. I wish them well in this creative endeavor.

I remember one time when my Grandmother Thais died. I was living in Maui. I flew to California and spent a week at my brother John house. I made a huge Thai vegetarian feast for John's family. We had a great time together. I made a coconut soup that was out of this world.

Friends

On this journey of life, we develop many friendships.

We develop such a great connection that the bond can't be broken.

Some of my friends have died.

Yet the memories of them never go away.

Some of my friends I haven't seen in over 30 years.

I can call them over the telephone and the conversation will pick up as it was yesterday.

As friends, we support one another.

We love one another.

We all have our ups and downs on this journey.

We may have different points of view.

It doesn't matter.

A friendship can't dissolve because of what you think.

Friendships respect each other.

The older we get I value friendships more deeply in my life.

Your True Friends

Did you know your body is your friend?

Treat your body with respect.

Did you know your mind is your friend?

Treat your mind with respect.

Did you know that your emotions are your friend?

Treat your emotions with respect.

Did you know your soul is your friend?

Treat your soul with respect.

Your true friends are always with you.

Treat them with respect.

Mothers

At times I think newborn Mothers should be the dominant force in ruling us.

Imagine a newborn mother will never want her infant to go to war.

She would say war is obsolete.

Let's find a better way to solve this problem.

A mother has the best interest to educate the children.

She doesn't want anyone to go hungry.

Both sides of the parties wouldn't fight one another.

Mothers know how to compromise.

They have the best interest in mind.

They would have term limits so nobody would get too greedy in power.

We have seen what happens today without term limits.

A mother would have patience, tolerance, compassion, and love.

These are the qualities that are needed by the rulers today.

We do not need rulers who have no respect for one another.

We don't need rulers who mock those who disagree with you.

We don't need rulers who say I could shoot someone on the street and they would still vote for me.

We need to change.

I like my solution.

Making Friends With Dragons

Making friends with dragons.

Did you know that in the East the young kids would make friends with dragons?

Mind you this was a long time ago.

Now in the West dragons were considered hateful creatures.

They hoarded their gold and killed many people.

In the East, dragons were considered wise creatures.

They lived thousands of years.

They understood the great treasures of life.

The dragons knew the great secrets of the universe.

They knew that the universe was kind.

They became one with kindness.

They knew the universe was love and compassion.

They became one with love and compassion.

They knew that the universe with patient and full of tolerance.

They became one with patience and tolerance.

All the universe was they became.

You see not only humans can find God.

The dragons meditated for thousands of years.

They had the same problems we do.

Just look at the western dragons.

They were hoarding external treasure yet they never found the treasures within.

They fought with one another.

They had the same miserable problems we have.

Some bold dragons left the West and decided to move to the East.

They went high into the mountains and began to meditate.

Thank God they were fire dragons.

It was freezing up there.

They lived in caves.

For thousands of years, they meditated.

Over time they discovered their true nature.

Over time word got out about these magnificent dragons.

Children would flock to the entrance of the caves and ask could you come and play with us?

Who can resist the calling of children?

Slowly the dragons came out.

They became friends.

The dragons taught them the mysteries of life.

One of the students was Lao Tzu.

He eventually became a great master.

He understood the great secrets of the universe.

His wisdom is still alive today.

In China today the dragon is still revered.

The dragon helped man to discover his true nature.

You see back then and even today man is lost.

He has yet to find his way.

Anyway going back to the story.

Because the dragons live for thousands of years they trained hundreds of generations.

These young children grew up and died learning about their true nature.

Harmony was around.

You could say this was the first golden age.

Man lived in harmony with nature.

Man lived in harmony with the universe.

Imagine the universe is playing an incredible song and man was in harmony with this song.

We knew we weren't alone.

We knew we were a piece of the puzzle.

There I am with that piece of the puzzle again.

But the dragons showed us how to discover this piece of the puzzle inside of us.

What could be more incredible than that?

The dragons still exist today.

They left this world many moons ago.

Yet they exist inside of your heart.

Ponder this over.

The dragons are your true friends.

My Dear Friend

My dear friend

This message is for you.

I'm not here to twist your arm.

I do try to convince you or to convert you.

The truth does need convincing or converting.

The truth simply is.

You are the universe.

You just don't know it.

You are eternal.

You are beyond time.

Wow.

That's your true nature.

I know it seems like how could this be possible?

All the wise men from the past said was to look within.

This is the beginning of your inner journey.

It's a wondrous journey.

It's an exciting journey.

Yes, you will still hit potholes in your life.

Yet over time, you will develop great shock absorbers.

The great masters in the past developed their's overtime.

They made an incredible amount of mistakes.

Yet they learned from them.

You see mistakes aren't failures.

They are made so we can fine tune ourselves in life.

That's a big difference.

Each and every moment in life is a learning experience.

The great masters had this level of commitment.

At times we are human doers, not human beings.

A human being always will stop and ponder before speaking.

He asks himself whether these words are beneficial or not.

Am I stoaking the fire with gasoline or am I placing water on the fire?

That's a big difference.

Our present-day President, unfortunately, puts gasoline on the fire.

This could lead to nuclear war.

You can start to learn about your true essence just by monitoring your words you speak.

You see we were meant to be in harmony with the universe.

We have our toy drums and we are banging them around.

Imagine going to an incredible concert.

You are enjoying the moment.

A young obnoxious kid walks out on stage.

He starts banging on his toy drum.

This is at times what we are like.

Just look at the present-day politics today.

Obnoxious men are banging their drums and nothing gets done.

It seems like each decade it's getting worse.

The answer to this is a man must discover his true nature.

Ponder this over.

You can solve this puzzle.

One Tribe

We are all one tribe.

We are all human beings.

We may have different skin colors yet our blood is red.

We are all united by a thread of love.

The same life force that is keeping me alive is keeping you alive.

In fact, we are the universe.

We just don't know it.

This is how far off track we have gone.

For thousands of years, man has been fighting with each other.

We still haven't learned our lessons.

War is obsolete.

War is from the past.

We don't realize that we are shooting ourselves in the foot.

Your so-called enemy, in reality, is a part of yourself.

Remember you are a part of the universe.

You are fighting with yourself.

I know it doesn't make sense.

But talk to a scientist today.

They believe in quantum energy.

There is an energy that is beyond time and space.

You and all of life is part of this energy.

You were never created nor will you ever die.

Your body will.

Yet your true essence will never die.

The reason why we think man is different is that we don't see the unity of life.

We have become lost and think we are found.

We think we have all the answers.

Our ego gets in the way.

Your ego needs to be tamed.

Look at what happens currently when we have a President whose ego is out of control.

Need I say more.

The ancients said that mastering the mind and ego is the most difficult thing to do.

They were correct.

If each one of us truly did this there would be peace on earth.

Yes, there would still be conflicts.

But there would be peaceful conflicts.

Big difference between peace and war.

Today we have external wars of hate and anger and internal wars of hate and anger.

All wars stem from the internal.

Our egos and our thoughts and emotions lead us to war.

Our ego and hate lead us astray.

We only see the difference in man.

We don't see the unity of man.

We are all one tribe.

Ponder this over.

You are a piece of the puzzle.

First Time Meeting Zoran



Richard, Makara and Barbara 1

Let me introduce Zoran. Zoran is an entity who is known in other dimensions as LOGOS. Logos on this planet came from the Greeks which means Word or Power. The Bible talks about LOGOS as the word.

In the beginning, was the word and the word was with God and the Word was God. Zoran was the personification of that word. The first time I meet him was in Phoenix AZ. A few of my friends saw him and said I might like to see him. They said he was different and like to teach with toys. Zoran is channeled by MAKARA.

When he comes into her body he takes over much live Mafu. Anyway, we arrive late to the hall and I see the program is started. From the loudspeaker, I hear a voice that sounds like Mafu. I am thrown for a loop and ask myself "why is Mafu tape being broadcasted through the sound system."

I sit down and see that this voice is Zoran. I loved the way Zoran was. His whole teaching was through games and laughter. He had all these stuffed toys that he would hand out.

At one part of the program, he started to pull out people from the audience. He pulled me out and gave me an orange ball. He then proceeded to ask each one of us what this toy means to us.

When he came to me he asked me about the orange ball he gave me. I told him that orange represented collagen the substance that ties the cells together. Without collagen, the cells would fall apart.

This ball represents the life force that keeps the entire universe together otherwise it would fall apart. He just laughed and blinked his eye and said a good answer. That night I was very intrigued by Zoran. I knew that we were best of friends and I wanted to talk to him personally. The following day a meeting was arranged.

The first part of the meeting was spent in laughter. People outside the room said it was like an auditorium of people laughing. There were only 3 of us. At one point Zoran said if I laugh anymore I will have to leave this physical body. It will cause damage to her body.

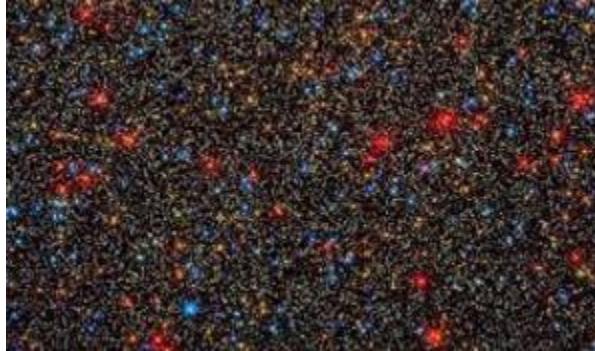
At this time the tone became more serious. I learned that I was a student of his on a planet called Nucleus. This school was learning about the ways to split open the atom using one's mind. This school was built on practical experience. It was truly a mystery school.

Makara and I were both students in this school. Zoran told me many wonderful things. We became really good friends. At all of the seminars, he would always call on me. I became a friend just like in the good old days.

I remember one day he asked me "What do you think about Women?" Well, I said that I want to solve the mystery. He said that someone special was going to happen and that very soon I would meet the woman of my dreams.

The next night I had a dream where I meet my future wife Barbara. A voice came to me and said when you meet this person you should get to know her. A month later I was staying at a friend's house when Barbara walks into the house. I

recognize her at once. I played it quite cool because I knew that destiny would be played out. The rest is history.



Zoran taught me a lot of techniques for getting in touch with himself. His whole style was through laughter.

He said that laughter and joy create such a frequency that it just sinks in subconsciously. He had a great analogy that when you go to the bathroom you

don't inspect your stools.

He said so many people struggle to reach happiness. Life is not a struggle. Life is not a battle. Life is fun and humorous. I have never laughed as much as with Zoran. He taught me a new angle on life.



The Cars - Drive (Live Aid 1985)

4.9M views • 1 year ago

Live Aid

The Cars performing at Live Aid in front of 100000 people in the John F. Kennedy Stadium, Philadelphia USA on the 13th



"We Are Star Dust" - Symphony of Science

1.9M views • 10 years ago

melodysheep

We are star dust, reaching out to the universe. The 15th Symphony of Science video featuring Neil DeGrasse Tyson, Richard ...

CC

Sai Baba Dream



One day in Arizona I had this incredibly vivid dream. I dreamt that Sai Baba was sick. For those of you who don't know Sai Baba is a great Indian Saint.

He can manifest jewels from his hands. He has millions of followers in the world. Sai Baba was very sick in my dream. There were a lot of people around him in my dream.

He came up to me and said only you can heal me. As soon as he said that I felt tremendous energy flowing from within my being. I placed my hands towards him and started to send energy inside of his body. His whole body was shaking.

After a few moments, he was healed. The love that was flowing between us was incredible. I felt this incredible wave of love flowing into me.

My whole being was saturated with this experience. It was more than a dream. I really can't put the experience in words but it was incredible.

About three months earlier I took this incredible healing course. There the instructor told me that I would receive a great gift from Sai Baba.

Three months later this experience came to me. I have learned since then to have respect for all teachers. We can all learn from each other. I certainly don't have all the answers.

I don't know anyone who does. Each of us has something special to offer this world.



SAI BABA:: MATERIALIZATIONS

6M views • 9 years ago



OM SRI SAI RAM !!!

6:48



Meeting Barbara

After I had the dream about Barbara I just let it go for about a month. It was kind of strange but my daughter was the first one to meet Barbara.

One night I wasn't feeling too well my daughter went to a friend's house.

At this house, my daughter met Barbara. It was kind of funny it was only two trailers away from me.

She was here from the Washington area. She felt in Arizona she was going to meet the man of her dreams. She was planning to go to Egypt on a vacation but her intuition told her to go to Arizona.

She ended up in Sedona. A month later Chanda and I went to a one-day Zoran seminar. I spent the night at a good friend's house. Upon waking up the next morning I saw Barbara.

As soon I saw her I recognize her from my dreams. Immediately I thought of the conversation I had with Zoran. I just chuckled inside. I didn't say anything about my experience with her. Well, Barbara went back to Sedona and I stayed in Phoenix. A few days later I get a phone

call from Barbara. She wanted to know if she could rent my trailer in Sedona. I was planning to spend a month in Phoenix. I said I think about it and I'll call you back.

I called back the following day and said sure. A month later I went back to Sedona. I thought this should be very interesting. Barbara knew I was coming and decided to spend the night at her friend's house.

Well, the next day both Barbara and I met again. We talked the entire day and decided to go rent a video. We came back to the house and both of us lay down and started to watch the video.

At about a mid-point, in the movie, I held her hand and both of us felt the incredible energy rush through us. We were both complete. It was amazing how one touch can change a person's life.

From that moment on we both knew something incredible was going to happen. At that point in my life, I knew I wanted a satisfying relationship. I wanted another child and I wanted to be married again. Barbara told me she couldn't have children.

She tried for 10 years with her former husband and couldn't conceive. She went to fertility clinics and took the necessary treatments but nothing happened. I thought well having a mean full relationship might be enough. We spent the early winter in Sedona. On New Year's Eve, I had the Sai Baba dream.

The last thing I was told by Sai Baba was that I was going to move to San Diego. The next morning both of us awoke and we said to each other "where do you think we are going to move" both of us said, San Diego. That same night Barbara had a dream where she was told that we should move to San Diego.

Spiritual Mentors



Each of us had teachers who guided and molded our lives. The three teachers who molded my life were Maharaj Ji, Mafu, and Zoran. Each one of them gave me different kinds of insights.

I told you I first met Maharaj Ji in India. He was only 13 years old when I meet him. Maharaj Ji as a person was incredible.

He was very funny. I remember being with him and hearing him tell one-line jokes one after another. I felt I was going to die from laughter. He was very bright as a boy.

He was probably the most intelligent kid I knew yet at the same time he loved to play games. He had a serious side and yet the love to play.

I only interacted personally with him for only a few years. I felt he was my best friend. Yet at the same time, he was my teacher.

He motivated me and encouraged me to discover who I truly was. It was so wonderful to have a teacher to assist you in your personal growth.

I saw he was motivated by his mission. He had millions of people who were practicing meditation. His whole life was spent traveling around the world and helping others.

On one side I liked that Maharaj Ji wasn't a hermit. He married quite young, had a family, and was involved with the world. He was quite rich.

Many people criticized him for having money but to this day it doesn't faze me. I like the idea that we can create our dreams. This world isn't

meant to escape. Each one of us has a different dream. I like the idea to see one man's dream manifested. It brought to me that I can create my happiness. I can create anything I want. It was beautiful to see that as a person he was growing.

One thing I learned was that I was responsible for my own life. Nobody would live it for me. Maharaj Ji simply advised on living your life. His talks were inspiring to hear. He inspired me to transform my whole life.

Each one of us has to make effort for our transformation. To this day I still use his mediation techniques. They opened my door to myself.

Years later I'm still on the same path of self-discovery. It keeps on getting better.

Mafu was another profound teacher. Mafu is channeled by a beautiful lady name Ammaji. Mafu was radically different than Maharaj Ji.

In the beginning, his meditations were guided meditations with a lot of imagery. He brought in a lot of ancient wisdom from cultures all around the world and not of this world.

His message was that we were in charge of our development. I learned about the power of thought and how to empower my own life. His teaching was radically different.

I learned a lot about my own emotions. When I was in his presence I felt like I was with my best friend. He treated us as equals. His goal was for each one of us to discover the way to come home.

Mafu was also incredibly funny. He had a great sense of humor. He was highly emotional. His wisdom touched me deeply. I learned some powerful prayers from him. There were very

touching. He brought me in touch with my love for God. Around four years ago he started to bring the old Vedic wisdom.

He introduced a lot of old meditation techniques to get in touch with ourselves. This ancient wisdom was the foundation upon which India was built.

I haven't spent much time personally with Mafu but I consider him to be a good friend and teacher. I have gained much wisdom each time I have been in his audience.

I had many profound experiences with his audience. I found a lot about my past through many visions.

The last time I saw Mafu was on his land in Oregon. I just happened to be on a business trip to Portland and I received a phone call from a dear friend Harry Bartz.

Harry told me that there was a 4-day retreat and why don't I come. A rental car was arranged for me so I drove four hours to the retreat site. I had a great time there.

The event was extremely organized. Mafu was sharing old Vedic meditation techniques with us. I remember the first time I walked into his temple I sat down with the group and I was a little embarrassed.

This huge rainbow stream of light came out of my being and filled the whole room. I felt a little awkward because I didn't want to be disrespectful.

I didn't want to announce my presence. I had a wonderful time there. I wrote Mafu a letter saying I wanted to move my family there. It never happened.

I felt very fortunate to have the chance to have been there. I feel the work that Ammaji and Mafu are doing is very beneficial to this planet.

I could sit in both of their audiences for hours. It is highly entertaining and at the same time most enlightening.

Zoran was another great teacher in my life. From the day I first met him we became good friends.

Zoran is channeled by Makara. Zoran was different than both Mafu and Maharaj Ji. His whole teaching was through play and laughter.

I learned more about my child's aspect of myself. He also had great wisdom. Through his teachings, I had incredible meditation experiences.

At times I felt my whole body would disintegrate into light. We went to Mexico together for one month. It was an incredible trip. Both Zoran and Mafu taught me that we are our own masters of this life.

A teacher guides us but we have to do the work. Zoran's philosophy was simple. His way to enlightenment was through ecstasy.

Mediation was a joy. Life was not a struggle. He taught truly to be in love with life. Zoran was the one who was my teacher in the past all the planet called Nucleus.

There I learned about the innermost secrets of energy. He was the one who was responsible for taking me on the tour of his ship which you already read about. A lot is going on that meets the eye.

Each one of these teachers taught me something unique about myself. I learned about emotions, meditation the power of thought.

I learned so many incredible tools. Each teacher respected me and I respected them. It is and will be a great learning experience.

For some years now I have integrated the tools I have learned into my daily life. I respect all teachers from all walks of life. We all are in this dance together.

As Mafu put it we are only strong as the weakest link. By making one of us strong we will become stronger. It's a new step in evolution.



The first time I met Mafu I knew I had met my long-lost brother. It was a long time ago in ancient Egypt but that's another story.

Ammaji is a beautiful American saint of our time. She is the one who channels Mafu. She is as far as I know the only American woman who has been ordained a Swami by the order in India.

There are many rigorous tests that you have to pass. I believe it is almost next to impossible to pass but she did. Mafu is an enlightened Lord who enlightens during the time of Christ on Mount Vesuvius in Italy.

He was a leper during that time. To make a long story short he has a group of people he is working with worldwide. He is one of many beings on this planet who are here to help us make a shift in conciseness.

He has a group in Oregon with who he works on personal basics. I was first told about Mafu by my guides even before Ammaji began to channel Mafu. I was told that Mafu would be one of my teachers in this life. His teaching was revolutionary and quite different.

My guides said I would have quite the experience. There were correct. My connection with Mafu has been mostly spiritual. I have been in his presence probably 40 times since 1986.

The first time we ever talked was in Los Angles. I saw him 5 or 6 times before he talked to me. This occurred in February of 1987. I was in the audience with some of my friends.

Mafu was going around the room and talking to certain people. At one point he came up to me and asked me "What can I give you?" Do you want riches? He started to offer me anything I desired. I just smiled and knew he was my friend.

I was satisfied. I didn't ask for anything but I was overwhelmed. I felt such love and compassion. It was like my long-lost friend seeing me and wanting me to feel completely at home.

Mafu would have probably given me the world if I wanted it. There was such a connection between us. Over the years I have been in contact with the group in Oregon through my friends.

My connection is on a different level. For a long time whatever I was experiencing, I found out that the group was experiencing or going through the same thing. I wasn't left out at all.

I had my daily seminars. Ever since I moved to Hawaii I haven't been involved in hardly any events. My time has been simply cultivating the experience.

One time I saw Mafu in Arizona. He was walking around the large auditorium and asking people questions. He asked me "Do you like your Lips"? I said yes. He said do you know why. I said because it's part of my body.

He said what I'm about to say will cause great controversy to you. OK here goes. You have not been on this planet earth for 35,000 years.

You have the same body the same chemistry as in Egypt. For 35,000 years you have been an unlimited being. I can't tell you in words what kind of experience I was having then.

It was like a whole veil was being lifted. What Mafu taught then and now is the techniques from the ancient world and present. He uses the ancient wisdom of the Vedas, the ancient ways of Egypt, the American Indians.

He is using this wisdom for those who want to know pure and simple. Some of this wisdom hasn't been ever shared on this planet before.

I have included the transcript of that seminar in Arizona.

Mafu-Do you love your mouth?

Richard-Yes

Mafu-do you know why you do?

Richard-Because I love myself

Mafu-do you know why it is so familiar to you?

Richard- no

Mafu-Are you prepared for an evenness?

Richard-Yes

Mafu-It will cause controversy inside of you. Well here goes.
(Laughter from audience)

You have not been on this planet regardless of what limited entities have given unto you in your fantasy of it and therefore they have responded for 34,000 years.

That is the truth. And this mouth directly comes from there. The whole of your cellular memory you have been an unlimited god for 34,000 years.

You are like unto a woman of the day of yester and unto Sophia entity. Council with her and take your nutrition with her on this day (have lunch). It will be a great saving grace for you.

You brought it here because you loved them. This is the cellular memory of 34,000 years ago.

That is why the penis functions differently than others, that is why the heart is different, and the breath because it doesn't understand how the 20 century works at all.

Great entity. We shall do much together you and me. So be it. (Pointing to Sophia) You council with this man. He is a great companion of yours.

The reason I'm mentioning Mafu is that this is an example of a group that is trying to live in a way that is into the 21 century. Wisdom isn't merely intellectual but also practical.

They are for a group one of the cutting ages on new thought and technology. Remember all it takes is for one person to be transformed.

Many people I know disagree with so-called channeled entities. They say it's the subconscious speaking from that person.

If it is so it. Isn't it wonderful then that the subconscious is powerful enough to come out and relay useful information?

According to scientists, we use only a fraction of our brains. So many things are going on a subconscious level. If channeling is only the subconscious then great. Oracles have been around for thousands of years.

I give the analogy of a telephone conversation from one dimension to another. As a matter of fact, there is a different kind of oracles. Mafu, when he comes in, he takes over all bodily functions as Ammaji.

She leaves the body and Mafu comes in. Her physical size changes. We seem to think as humans that we are the only

source of life in this whole universe. Anything new we are skeptical.

I'm glad there are beings like Ammaji on the face of the planet. I believe we need a spiritual evolution revolution. We don't need guns or war to achieve it. We simply need to change ourselves.

Kryon



My wife and I love to go to Barnes & Noble. We love to relax in their comfy chairs and look at books and magazines. My wife loves to look at the Sedona Journal. She keeps telling me about Kryon who is channeled by Lee Carroll.

She probably told me around 5 times and I finally said: "OK I'll take a look at it". At first, I wasn't impressed. He would always start with his standard greeting "Greetings, dear ones, I am Kryon of Magnetic Service".

I was thrown a curveball because I didn't understand this concept. The more I read the channeled material the more I understood this incredible message. Imagine all the past great masters unifying themselves into the magnetic grid of this planet.

You might say so what? Imagine so many great masters said they would be returning to earth and helping human beings to realize their true nature.

The more I heard and listen with an open heart I realized this was indeed true. Can you imagine that this magnetic grid is built with the Love of God? If we didn't have a magnetic grid surrounding the earth human beings would no longer be alive.

This is the problem of space travel. They need to simulate the magnetics of the earth. We have this incredible DNA.

A scientist has broken the code and has said that 93 percent of our DNA is junk DNA. Kyron has said that it's not junked DNA but multidimensional DNA.

This is a huge difference. Kyron has written a book called the twelve layers of DNA.

I highly suggest that you read this book. Your life will change if you do. Magnetics from our DNA and the magnetics from GAIA (Mother Earth) is in communication with one another. I know this sounds incredible but it's true.

This is a small part of the story. Kyron's main message is that you don't need any teacher or Guru to find your way home. All of the tools exist inside of you.

All of humanity believes in a higher self yet we go on a merry way without even trying to connect to it. Imagine this higher self is multidimensional.

What does this mean? You are the sun the moon and the stars. You are the universe. You are God. Because we are liner we say I'm George or I'm Barbara.

Who are you? That is the puzzle of life. On the other side is multidimensional energy or cosmic soup which contains all. Can you take salt out of a soup?

You can't. We have the higher self inside of us and yet we think we are alone. We are never alone.

Because of free choice we have closed the door and continue to search for God outside of ourselves. This is the incredible game that God set up.

We are the ones with our intent who request to open the door to our higher selves and discover who we truly are.

Imagine the entire universe is supporting us but can't say or do anything until we consciously give intent and begin this process of self-discovery.

What's beautiful about this process is this is how peace on earth will happen. By changing yourself and by discovering yourself you will truly radiate Love, tolerance, and compassion to all.

You will be a human being. You won't try to convert anyone because life does not need anyone to be converted. A lighthouse just shines. It doesn't know the ships that sail by.

The lighthouse exists on dangerous shores yet it shines the light so bright that it helps protect the boats to reach the harbor.

I could go on and on. The past year has been extremely slow at work and I had the wonderful opportunity to listen to and read this wonderful material.

My understanding and practical experience have grown exponentially. Words cannot describe how my relationship with this planet, the universe, and God has been so personal.

This is an incredible time to be alive. Peace will be on this planet. It may not seem like it but peace will prevail.



Dragon Tales

Zoran And Friends

I drew these characters from family and friends that I have. Each one of these has the characteristic of what is being portrayed.

Let's step back and see the major characters in the story. We know about Zoran. Zoran was the major reason why some of the dragons left with him. Zoran didn't have a choice. He was booted out. That was the first time in history that a dragon got booted out.

There were Little Johnny and Ricky. They both left with Zoran and never turned back. They were both highly evolved and full of wisdom. They mostly keep to themselves. To be honest they had a hard time relating to the Dragon culture. At times, they felt they were strangers in a strange land.

They were both twins. Both of them knew that they came from the stars. They love to fly at night together and gaze at the stars. They especially loved to stare at the Pleiades and Orion constellations. Somehow, they felt a deep connection to the seven sisters.

They both knew that the Pleiades went through major shifts millions of years ago. They started like dragons with anger, war, and greed. It took over a million years for the civilization to transform, and when it did it became a civilization with the stars. No words can describe that.

Barbara was another incredible dragon. She was also very pure. Her mind was extremely developed. She would be considered a genius today. She thought out of the box. Many of the dragons thought she was a stranger.

She didn't belong in the dragon world. She had a heart of gold. Barbara was beautiful. She was golden. If you had eyes to see you would see light shining from within.

Only a few dragons could see her true nature and rays of light. Most of the dragons didn't have eyes to see. Barbara was a trailblazer. She saw trails that were never walked on before.

There was another trailblazer Makara. Makara was a female dragon. She was highly developed and physical. Yet she had tremendous love and compassion. You see not all dragons were mean.

But she was a misfit. Dragons couldn't understand her. One of the dark will never understand the light. Makara and Barbara were best friends. They talked about the time they created light grid systems millions of years before the universe was even got created.

Einstein would have loved them, Of course, the rest of the dragon community couldn't relate to them Both of them would have been considered nerds today. Their knowledge and wisdom level was a thousand times more than a person with a Ph.D. today.

Kathy was another female dragon. She was quite colorful. She had colors of pink, orange, and red. She was extremely funny. She also knew how to put wood on the fire. She was like a rebel today.

She was definitely non-conforming to the dragon's world. An interesting fact while living in Hawaii my wife and I meet Kathy. She had dragon tattoos all over her body. She also told my wife in a conversation that she came from the dragon world. Her husband drove a Charlie(motorcycle). Our society would say she was a rebel. She also had a heart of gold.

Shay was a male dragon. Little Ricky and Makara were his friends. Shay served in the warring factions of the dragons. He was quite fierce. You definitely didn't want to face him in battle.

Despite this Shay had a yearning for the unknown. He was one of the first to learn how to meditate from Zoran. He couldn't tell anyone. Nobody back then even knew what meditation was.

If it was different and not the norm the best idea was to shut up and not say a thing. Some things never change. Shay was another dragon who yearn for the stars. Both Zoran and Shay loved to fly at night and gaze at the stars. Both of them knew they came from the stars.

They knew there was Stardust. It was quite odd but both of them had an affinity for the Pleiades. At this time, hardly any dragons would look to the stars. They were too busy hoarding and fighting for gold.

David was another inquisitive dragon. He had a highly developed spiritual and scientific mind. He was highly evolved for a dragon. He somehow knew about the laws of the universe. It became second nature to him.

He had visions of creating pyramids long before his time. He was developing a new system of medicine for thousands of years before helping man discover it. You see David helped in bringing Tai Chi, Chi Gong, the healing art, and acupuncture.

He invented moxa. If the dragons got injured in battle he would put herbs on the wounds and lite them on fire using his fiery breath. Thousands of years later he would introduce these healing systems to man.

Hanalee was another female dragon. She and little Johnny became great friends. Later in life they even became mates. There was a famous folk song in the sixties that talked about Puff the magic dragon. They are mentioned in the land of Hanalee. Hannalee became a famous dragon and was well-known throughout the land.

Two other dragons came along on this incredible journey. Aleai and Leilani. They were both stepsisters.

Aleia(of God) had a heart of gold. She stood up for others and stopped the bullying when she said it. She called a spade a spade. She wouldn't allow it. Of course, the boy dragons were shocked.

This beautiful young female dragon spoke with so much force and authority the boys stopped in their tracks and sheepishly walked away. Over time the boys stopped their bullying. The lessons were learned.

Aleia became a great teacher for both the dragons and man. She lived for thousands of years. Aleia was enlightened at quite a young age. She is still known throughout China and Tibet yet she is known by another name.

Leilani was just four years older than Aleia. She had the same kind of nature. She also stood up for the less unfortunate. She believed in the unity of the dragons. She knew that anger, war, and greed were tearing the dragon world apart.

At a young age, she also yearned for the stars. She knew she was stardust. She knew that the universe existed inside. At the point in time, she couldn't prove it,

but she had the intuition. Leilani also became famous throughout China and Tibet. Her name means heavenly flower.

David The Dragon

David Schweizer and I have been friends for many moons. He is exceptional at acupuncture. Hope you enjoy this story.

Hi, I'm David the dragon. I'm best of friends with Little Ricky. You have read about me in this story. I'm over five thousand years old. I still feel young at heart. You see I take care of myself. Where I come from the British Isles the dragons really didn't have any common sense. You could say common sense is uncommon.

Where I came from the dragons didn't exercise or eat good foods. They partied throughout the night. To be frank they really had no clue about universal laws. They were only interested in acquiring stolen treasure and fighting. Boy, what kind of existence is that?

When we flew from the west to the east our entire lifestyle changed for the better. We started to take a look at how to make a better life for the dragons. As you see only young dragons came with us. They were stuck in their old ways. Quite frankly they had no desire to change. They liked misery.

Well, we decided to have a grand adventure. We learned how to meditate from Zoran and the rest is history.

We learned very young that life is an external and internal adventure. Bet you nobody told you that.

We came to a point where we could see energy all around us and in us. If there was a block over time disease could take place.

You see in the bodies of humans and dragons lie a vast number of rivers and streams. In a healthy body, these rivers and streams are flowing properly.

But the more ones live a life out of balance these rivers and streams get clogged up and don't flow properly. The water over time becomes stagnant and mosquitos can fester. This is where disease manifest.

Here's an example of anger. When a person is always angry this blocks the rivers and streams inside of the body. Over time the body becomes angry and can fight against itself. You call this cancer. Cancer is angry cells.

We discovered a long time ago that by using needles at certain points on the body we can begin to unblock the rivers and streams.

Yet the acupuncturist can help to unblock these dams yet it is up to you to change, modify and learn how to be healthy.

In the West, you go to a doctor and take the medicine. Your symptoms go away. Your drugs have side effects. The patient takes no responsibility. No wonder your system is messed up.

A wise person begins to listen within and change accordingly. This person realizes that proper rest is the key. In the west sleep and rest is sort of a nuance. They don't have an understanding of how important it is. For the body to heal and repair it needs rest. Period.

We live such a fast past life we have forgotten why we need sleep and rest in the first place.

The acupuncturist during this time had an easy job. He knew how to break the dam and let the waters flow properly. He might give some healing herbs to the child.

The child understood completely that the acupuncturist could only assist so far in the process. She knew that it was up to her to follow through and live day by day the natural laws of life.

You see their culture was understanding and practicing every moment of these natural laws.

Unfortunately, in the world, today man has lost touch with his true nature. Consequently, the disease is quite common.

Our herbs that are giving out are organic and have no side effects. They are extremely beneficial in helping the body to balance. Your western medicine has

extreme side effects and can cause death. Listen to the commercials today and you will hear a lovely voice telling all the side effects the drugs have.

They are concerned to make a profit. That is the bottom line.

Now kids listen to this story. Only your generation can change this wacky system. You can look at different and natural ways.

You see chemicals are the least effective ways of healing. Your scientists know about energy but at the present moment, only a few doctors are researching the power of energy. This is where acupuncture comes in. In the future, there will be myriad of different discoveries and inventions.

The more a society becomes aware the more discoveries can occur. You see only in an open society can change occur for the better. These discoveries can be used for good or they can be a complete disaster.

The nuclear bomb is a prime example. The genie got loose and now the world is trying to find out how to reign in the genie.

You see your world has a lot to learn. Imagine most of the world is looking externally. But the jewel lies within. You need a balance between the external and internal.

Millions of people are waking up to this fact. At a certain point in time when humanity truly understands this your inventions will be so-called a miracle in life. They aren't miracles in life but your understanding is at a different level.

Your cell phone would be considered a gift from God five hundred years ago. I bet each one of you kids knows how to operate one. You have no problem with that.

In the same way, the more you understand the laws of the universe more incredible inventions will come your way.

Nature wants to give her incredible gifts but you have to be in sync to receive them. Anger, war, and greed will never be the way to discover these gifts.

For thousands of years, war is not the answer. It has never solved anything and never will.

Only the kids can truly change for the better. Hopefully, you will listen to this story and remember your generation can change for the better. The seeds have been planted many millions of years ago.

You can be the fruit that can change this world.

You are never alone. Someday you will realize this. You will see that all of humanity and the dragons are in the same boat together.

You are the universe. You just don't know it.

Charlie The Dragon

I wrote this for my dear friend Charlie. He has been sick for a while. He is still alive today. I wrote this to cheer him up. We have been great friends yet I haven't seen him for over thirty years.

Charlie came in contact with the dragons here 5,000 years later. Much to say our simple cave transformed quite dramatically in 5,000 years. Our simple cave was a vast underground city where around 2 million people were living here. It was the golden age of man and dragons. Our city name was Shambala.

Most have changed. Our way of life was so far more advanced than anything has been seen on earth. War was thousands of years behind us. It was a faint memory in time.

Charlie was an incredible dragon trader. He had hundreds of dragons moving exotic fruits all around the world. He studied for years with a master dragon teacher who taught him how to meditate and be one with the universe.

Both little Ricky and little Jonny became friends immediately as they met him. Charlie came from South America from the land of Peru. Both of them were on the same wavelength in life. They shared a common bond that could never be broken.

Charlie was trading the following fruits Chirimoya, Mangos, Pitahaya. Dragon Fruit, Guava, and Papaya. Both little Johnny nor little Ricky ever tasted anything so delicious. It became an instant hit in Shambala. Everyone was talking about it.

Charlie and the twin dragons loved to fly together and meditate. Charlie knew how to fly like he was on a super roller coaster. He knew how to use g-forces to do incredible maneuvers like the upside-down loops you see in roller coasters today. He had a Latin flair to him.

Charlie came and traded with us about two times a year. He had busy trade routes he established. Charlie started the Silk Road trade route years ago and by chance discovered a conversation about the hidden city of Shambala. Most of China and Tibet hear about our hidden city but thought it was a myth.

Charlie loved adventure. He wasn't only a business dragon. He was incredible with the arts and music. He told me about one adventure that left my brother and me quite memorized. You see in Peru youngsters (humans) loved to ride the ocean waves much like dragons fly in the sky.

He discovered a place in Chicama a small sleeping fishing village. Here along the beach was a vast point where you could see 10 waves breaking in the distance. The waves would follow the coastline for a mile. It was the longest wave in the world. Charlie was friends with most of the surfers. They were the farmers that grow the exotic fruit.

The surfers taught Charlie how to body surf. On huge days Charlie would swoop down from the sky and gather so much speed he could easily catch any wave. He invented modern-day jet-skiing years ahead of his time. Charlie would ride this wave for miles laughing and giggling the entire time. All the surfers would clap their hands in delight.

Charlie brought little Ricky and little Johnny to Chicama. Remember they were both around five thousand years old. But they were young at heart. Little Ricky and Little Johnny spent the entire day catching one wave after another. They would always say just one more and we will call it quits for the day.

The surfers provided a feast in honor of the twins coming to their county. Now Little Ricky loves to try anything different. The surfers provided a feast that dragons and men are still talking about today. Little Ricky still remembers it.

Charlie introduced the twins to the hidden dragon community. The dragons and man never fought with each other. They became friends from the beginning of time. Both of their cultures totally respected Mother Earth(Gaia).

At the time both man and dragons would hold sacred ceremonies, prayers, and meditate together. They realized the connection between the earth and stars. You see they knew they were stardust. They came from the stars. Meditation was the doorway to the universe within.

Charlie took little Ricky and little Johhny on a tour of the Americas. They saw vast civilizations in Guatemala and Mexico. They saw great pyramids all over the place. You see David had the vision of the dragon become a reality all over the world.

Charlie took them to Florida where life was so simple. The Indians loved the dragons visiting them. They went to Malibu where the Chumash Indians lived. They taught the Indians how to surf the long waves during the summertime.

The native would love to watch the dragons riding the waves. You see they only fished along the shore. This became a hit with the young locals. People are still talking about it today.

At some point in time, Charlie moved to Canada a city called Toronto. He settled down, married, and had children. Everyone loved Charlie. He gave life to the party. He loved his children and wife. Of course, he had many friends. Boy did he have stories to tell? He could probably talk the rest of his life about his incredible journey around the world.

By this time Charlie became one with the sun, moon, and stars. He was still in a dragon body. You could say he was enlightened. He discovered his true nature. You see there is a point where you just simply shine. Charlie just smiled and shined like the sun.

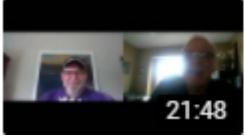
Work Friends

Observatory Maui



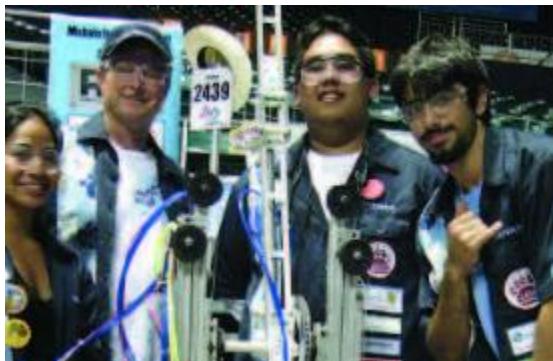
Gordy Lange	Lois Modesitt
.	 A portrait photograph of Lois Modesitt, a woman with long dark hair, smiling.
I loved working with Gordy. We were on the same wavelength in life. We were working on many fascinating projects. Gordy was smart, intelligent, and was very kind. Great traits to have. Especially in this work environment	I used to swim with Lois during lunch. We used to do open water swimming in the ocean. Lois was extremely bright. She got a degree in mathematics. We are still in contact

	today. I have wonderful memories of working with her.
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Tom Osteen	Bob Jensen
	
<p>Tom and I were both surf buddies and work buddies. He grew up on Catalina Island. His dad was mayor. Tom attended the air force academy in Colorado Springs. Last time I saw Tom he and his family visited us in Penn Valley California. I love his Facebook posts.</p> <div style="display: flex; align-items: center;">  <div style="margin-left: 10px;"> <p>Talk Story With Tom Osteen Fletcher Soul Traveler 21:48</p> </div> </div>	<p>Bob was another great friend of mine. We were also surf buddies and work buddies. I remember a day at a surf spot called dumps where we got caught inside and dragged underwater a couple of hundred yards. Bob did a video of the Dome Automation program which I would love to see again. I lost my copy.</p>

Haragu & Fresha	
<p>Haragu & Fresha both came from Ethiopia. I remember they invited us over twice for an Ethiopian feast. I still think about it today. Lois and Bill were also invited. They welcome us into their beautiful home. Both of them were extremely bright. I still use their recipes today.</p>	

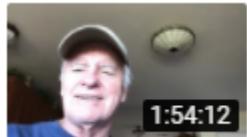
Bob Brem



Bob is a great friend of mine. We still talk to each other twenty years later. I had many incredible surf sessions with Bob. He recently retired from the observatory after 40 years of service. Great man. Great-heart. I loved his humor and laughter.



Figure 4 Russ Taft, bob Brem, Charlie Fein and Bob Jensen



Talk Story With The Dough Boys
Fletcher Soul Traveler

Paul Tanner

Paul and I had a great team in building the dome automation program. He was a delight to work with. His passion was cycling. He rode all over Maui. Paul even had several adventure cycling in North America. One of my favorite moments was Paul driving the van up the mountain and listening to Israel Kamakawiwo'ole singing somewhere Over The Rainbow. It still sends me chills today. We are driving up this beautiful mountain and this song is playing on the radio. My heart goes out to Paul and his family.

Tom Glesne	Steve Shimco
Tom was a windsurfer. I remember several times he would invite my wife and me for a great dinner party. Tom was also a great chief. Tom had a great heart. Yes, he was extremely smart. Most people who worked at the Observatory were smart people. I haven't seen nor heard from tom in many years.	Good old Steve. He was quite the character. Once he invited my wife and I to a family reunion in Maui. His parents came from Cleveland Ohio. They definitely made me laugh. I could see where Steve got his humor from. I've been trying to track Steve down for years. Someday I will. <grin>

NIA

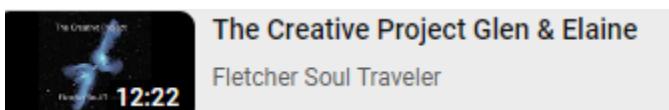
Bob Gatehouse	Datta Nadkarni
	
<p>Bob and I worked on a project for the Navy supply center. He was a pleasure to work with. Many times we spent the workweek in San Diego. We went to many great restaurants. Once Bob and his family visited us in Nevada City. Great family. Long time no see.</p>	<p>Datta was another person I loved to work with. He originally was from India. I love Indian food. It is one of my favorites. I'm still in contact with him today. It's not frequent yet we still think about each other.</p>

Dexter Roberson	
<p>I first met Dexter in Maui. He came over and did a job interview for his company in Oakland California. This was for the Naval supply center in San Diego. Java was a brand new programming language. I felt like Dexter was a great friend. A couple of years later Dexter hired me to work for Charles Schwab. I was there for almost ten years. I have nothing but praise for Dexter. I lived in his house for a few weeks when I moved from Maui.</p>	

Charles Schwab

<p>Glen Matthes</p> 	
<p>Glen and I are still great friends today. We worked on many software projects together. I'm in contact with him about twice a year. He has been working with Charles Schwab for about 26 years. I have had many interesting conversations with Glen. He is extremely bright. The last time I saw him was in Lawrence Kansas about two years ago. We met at Zen Zero a great restaurant.</p>	
<p>Maurice Wright</p> 	<p>Eric Wood</p> 
<p>Maurice is another unique individual. He went to Berkley. Maurice is both left brain and right brain balanced. He loves to practice Capoeira. Capoeira is an Afro-Brazilian martial art that combines elements of dance, acrobatics, and music. I love that Maurice is a unique individual. He works well with everyone and is a delight to be around.</p>	<p>Eric lives in Indiana. We worked on many projects together. Eric lives out in the country where he has home-schooled his kids. Eric is another who has a keen sense of humor. I worked with him for around 10 years. Eric is extremely bright.</p>

Glen & Elaine



Read this story. This is my eyes is the essence of creativity. Both of them are incredible artists. They start, play and the notes end in eternity.



Talks 2020



05-18-2020 Elaine Boorstein
Fletcher Soul Traveler

Hello, my name is Richard and I'll be delivering the service for Elaine Boorstein. The service will be as if Elaine herself was talking". Please imagine that as I'm talking that it's actually Elaine talking.

Albert Einstein once said in his famous quote Imagination is more important than knowledge. For knowledge is limited, whereas imagination embraces the entire world, stimulating progress, giving birth to evolution.

Well here is a stretch of the imagination. As you know my entire life has been for the love of music. Music is creativity at its deepest core. It helps us when we are happy and when we are sad. Everyone loves music. Glen's friend Richard asked if Glen and I had any music we recorded together. Glen said that they didn't do that ever. We start to play, we play and then the notes disappear into eternity. We play solely for the love of it. No more no less.

Before I passed over Glen was playing our favorite songs. When he stopped playing I was carried away from the last ending notes.

It's like fall winds blowing the leaves to the earth. It is a natural process. Everything is created and yet everything has its life span even the universe. So please don't mourn me but celebrate the joy of my life. Death is but an illusion. It's just I'm in a different room than you in the mansion of life. Yet it's one mansion called life. Life is eternal but we can't see outside of our little boxes.

I will miss my adventures in Disney World with my family. We went probably twenty times or more. Most of the time we traveled by car. It was so interesting being in motion and looking out at the beauty of nature and the ever-changing landscape. The drive was 2000 miles to get there. Yet we did it year after year.

When we weren't traveling, we were homebodies. As glen said one extreme to another. Yet there was a balance between the two.

A different type of ride I loved was roller coasters. While most people would scream during the rides I would laugh with delight. Nothing like being just at the crest of the mountains and swooping down like a bird in the wind.

Glen wrote the following.

Our first trip together was a long weekend where we drive to Mount Rushmore. It was here where Elaine discovered that she liked really long drives. Rushmore was kind of boring, but we were there for a couple of days, so we did some side trips. We saw the devil's tower in Wyoming. We also did two long drives where the point was to get to Montana in one and North Dakota in the other. She started

calling me "Rain man" because it was my idea to do these types of trips just to get to more states in the US.

Later we did a similar pointless trip where we drove from Denver out to Utah and back in one day, over 600 miles of driving, just to say we did it.

Over the years we had similar trips where the goal was to dive to new states. but just drive through them. We would stop in places you wouldn't expect. Like Carhenge in Nebraska. Or little towns in Canada north of Michigan where the owner of the small store would wash your windshield just because there were bugs stuck to it - no charge either.

I totally enjoyed my life and family. Life is a mystery. We never know when it's time to go. You are living in interesting times. There is a global shutdown. Just think you are having a virtual funeral.

Imagine just a few months ago who would have imagined that the entire world would be shut down. Mother Nature sent all of humanity to their rooms and think things over.

This had huge repercussions around the world. As so here we are having a virtual funeral. Yet don't cry, be happy. I'm in such an incredible place. Just think when you die you are scattered through the universe. You never die. That one drop of water merges with the immense ocean of life.

So you are not alone. Your family and friends who have passed away are still with you. Unfortunately, we are human beings yet we are beings who must always be in a state of doing. We do, do, and do and we get bored if we stop and just be. I exist in the being of life. The only way to feel me is to stop and enter into the silence. I'm always with you.

It's funny the human body is wired for this connection yet we are not aware of this. I certainly wasn't aware of this when I was alive. Glen had his calling to try to comprehend the mysteries of life.

I had my passions in music and cooking. I loved playing music with the orchestra. It was so beautiful to play a masterpiece and the harmony between the conductor and the players. Everyone was a piece of the puzzle. They weren't the puzzle itself.

Here's what I wrote on Facebook

Hey, music fans! I wanted to let you know that the next concert Lone Tree Symphony will be performing will be our first family/children's concert. And although all our concerts are very family-friendly, this one is truly designed with children in mind.

We will be performing the William Tell Overture (the well-known "Lone Ranger" part), Beethoven's Symphony No. 5 (the well-known first movement), Peter and the Wolf, and Star Wars. If you have little ones, please consider this as an excellent opportunity to expose them to a lot of fun music!

This was my life. I was a stay-at-home Mom. Many people would ask me what do you do. I would say I'm a stay-at-home Mom. You could see their eyes change to disapproval.

Our society thinks that stay-at-home moms don't do anything. Well during this global shutdown I'm sure that many people don't see it that way anymore. Probably one of the most active people is the stay-at-home Moms. It's a twenty-four-hour career.

Most people put in their work hours on the job and come home to relax. Our job is around the clock. Yet I wouldn't have traded it for anything.

You have been listening to Smetana's Moldau. This is one of my favorite compositions of all time. Music is in my blood.

The Moldau, Czech Vltava, symphonic poem by Bohemian composer Bedřich Smetana that evokes the flow of the Vltava River—or, in German, the Moldau—from its source in the mountains of the Bohemian Forest, through the Czech countryside, to the city of Prague where it ultimately joins the Danau, or Danube River.

We all are on this incredible river of life. My family and friends my journey has ended on this earthly river yet I'm sailing on the ocean of the universe. Someday we shall meet again.

Erik Noyes	Jacques Hebert
	
<p>I worked with Eric for a few years. We went surfing together a few times in San Francisco. He lived in Ocean Beach. Ocean Beach on a big day is for experts only. Erik invited me to his wedding. Eric's passion is playing music. He had a band that toured for a while.</p>	<p>Here's another story of the web of life. I first worked with Jacques at NIA. We worked on the same project together. A few years later both of us end up working for Dexter at Charles Schwab. Jacques and his family invited me to stay at their house for some time while I was in San Francisco. We became great friends. I met his wife and family members. Thanks, Jacques for all that you are.</p>

Dan Villarreal	Dick Ferriman
	
<p>Dan was the driving force to develop this program. He was very easy going and yet the program was a tremendous success.</p> <p>Built program called PAT which tracks all Transfer of Authorization (TOA's) going out for a Broker when they leave the company. Each broker signs an agreement saying they won't take any clients with them when they leave the company. This program tracks all ex-</p>	<p>Dick was the project manager on many of the projects that I worked on. He truly was a pleasure to work with. None of our projects failed. Thanks, Dick for all that you did.</p>

employees for a certain period depending on their warning level. It will send out an email when the threshold is met. The legal department has used this tool for bringing lawsuits against ex-employees who have violated their contract.

Chris Opalla

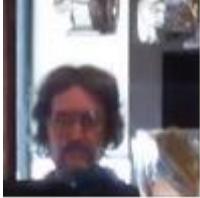


Chris was a junior programmer when he first started to work for Charles Schwab. Fast forward 12 years and know he is a senior developer. Chris was a joy to work with. I still read his Facebook posts today.

Steelhead Advertising

Prateek Sharma	
	
I once had a job interview with Prateek. In the interview, I asked him what part of India he came from. He said you won't know. Well, I asked him again and he said Dehra Dun. Well I know Dehra Dun. He was completely taken by surprise.	

Plexis software

Zander Dorje	Chris Facey
	
Zander was on the same spiritual wavelength that I was on. I love to read his Facebook posts. He is living such a fascinating life. In the past few years, he has lived all over the states. Zander truly thinks outside of the box.	Chris and I worked on many projects together at Plexis. We would take walks together each day. He was from Canada and moved here to be with his future wife. Chris has a great heart. He is an exceptional developer. Hats off for Chris.

USDA

Tara Elizabeth Bryan de Cañellas	Craig Belser
	
<p>Tara was a great tester for the GIS mapping program which I worked on. We became good friends. I will always remember the time we spent together at our Christmas party. I got to know your Spanish husband more.</p>	<p>Craig and I were the major developers for maintenance and adding new features to the Farm mapping GIS system. Craig owed a beer company on the side. We had a great time working with each other.</p>

Eric Cox	SarbJit Singh Gugnani
	
<p>I loved working with Eric. Eric loves all kinds of food. He gave me many different tips on the great restaurants he loves. I love to read his Facebook posts. I get to see what he is up to.</p>	<p>SarbJit and I used to be part of a ridesharing program. He invited my wife and I to a couple of Sikhs events. We loved the food and got to meet SarbJi family from India.</p>

Mohan Sakamuri	Kiran Kothamachu
	
<p>Mohan had an interesting childhood education. He attended a school where Sathya Sai Baba created. Sathya Sai Baba was a famous Indian Guru who died a few years back. He was responsible for creating schools and hospitals in India. I will never forget the time I was invited to his house and had some great Indian food. Mohan gave me some great Indian recipes.</p>	<p>Presently both Kiran and Mohan work together in upper New York. Kiran was incredibly talented. As I remember he loved to play cricket. Recently he got married. I will always remember the good times we had.</p>

Mike Reed	Todd Comer
	
<p>Mike and I have been friends for seven years. We don't see eye to eye in politics but that does not stop our friendship. It's funny we all want the same thing for the planet yet we have many different ways of seeing. Mike is a great guy with a huge heart.</p>	<p>Todd and I worked together for four years. When Todd was young he had the opportunity to go down the Missouri River down to the Gulf of Mexico. Todd thinks outside of the box. He documented the Rave dances in Kansas City. He took over 150,000 photos. I loved the family reunion he invited us to.</p>

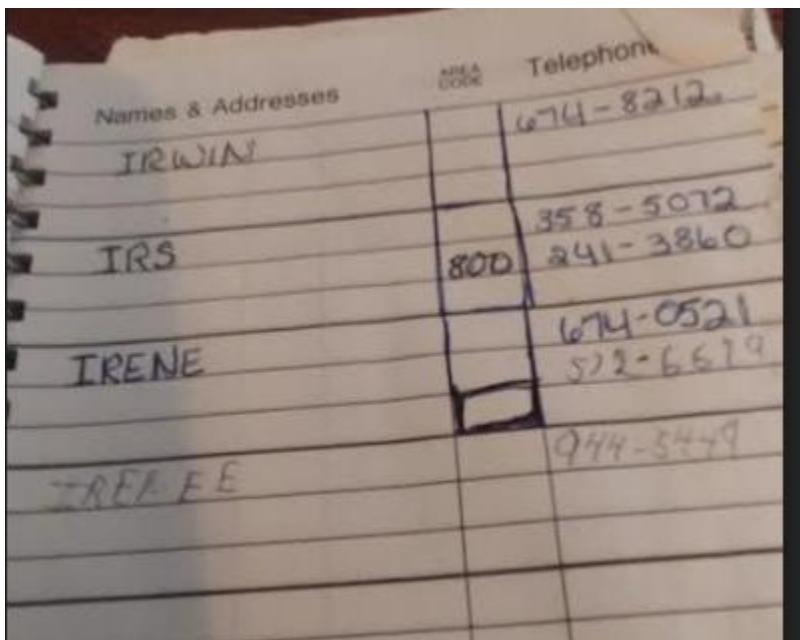
Vidyanand Gudepu & Rama Vidyanand	Lorne Brinkman
	
<p>I first met Vid when I was working for SAIC. The last time I saw him was at an anniversary get-together for Dhanashree. I had a great conversation with Rama. Vid told me that this was the first conversation with an American. Vid and his family are back in India. They have been back for a few years now. I'm glad we have Facebook so we can connect to each other.</p>	<p>I first met Lorne at SAIC about 6 years ago. We enjoy each other company. We make time to see each other by going to an Indian restaurant for lunch. Then we can catch up on our adventures in life.</p>

Heartland crop Insurance

John Keck	
	
<p>John is extremely creative. On the side he is a great musician and singer. I love to listen to his music. John plays all over the KC area.</p>	

Phone Book Friends

I have this old phone book for around 40 years. Here are some stories to tell.



Pam Johnson	Chris Vanderhoot
I first met Pam in Nelson BC in 1975. We were living with some friends of mine. The Scholls. The Scholls built a lovely log cabin house. I remember when Bill Scholl cut himself with a chain saw and they wrapped camphor	Chris was an incredible surfer and board maker. I knew him for a while. Once upon a time, I did a virtual walkthrough of the Cannery in haiku. Chris's surfboard shop was featured.

leaves around it. Fast forward 10 years and Pam is living in Miami Beach. What a small world. Yes, Pam loves to meditate.	
---	--

Katea Miller	Bill Keating
Katea was a great surfing friend of mine on Maui. She used to live for a couple of years at the Mexican Malibu way before it was known. She had a great sense of humor.	I used to go sailing on Bill's Hobie cat in the eighties. He was a great guy to be around. Bill liked to meditate.

Lon Cotton	
 I worked with Lon at the observatory. He was friends with Kurt Carlson. They were in the military together. I taught Lon and a group of friends how to surf. I just found Lon on Facebook.	

Move and Marco	George Martin
I taught Move and Marco how to surf. Marco was great at acupuncture.	 <p>My dear friend George. George for a while was interested in my adventures with the OnMaui project. I was interested in virtual reality and both of us went to a Virtual Reality conference sponsored by Silicon Graphics. George was also a surfer. My family had many dinners at his house. It was never boring. I remember a couple from upper Kula who had this incredible house with this huge gym-like building. They had trapezes in the air. They were quite the individuals. George and I became friends with them.</p>

Mike Roche	Phyllis Motos
I first met Mike at a San Diego Clipper meeting. Clipper was one of the xBases languages that were used in the development world. Mike and I became friends. I wrote some templates that could be used for developers. It was based on Wallsoft's product UI and Grumpfish. It allowed the user to create a photo database program by designing your UI on the screen. My company was called Life's a Beach. Mike helped write the manual. Mike was into Tai chai.	I knew Phyllis in Miami Beach. We lived in the same apartment complex. Her baby boy was born prematurely. By the grace of God it survived. Phyllis loved to cook and loaned me a book. She left town for a few years and went to Europe. She came back and I returned the book. Great lady. Great family. Mind you this was thirty years ago.

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Wallsoft Developing Device To Improve Dbase Programs

UI Programmer to Enhance Screens

By Scott Mace

NEW YORK — **Wallsoft** Systems Inc. has revealed that it is developing **UI** Programmer, an application prototyping tool designed for improving Dbase III Plus screens.

The program will offer developers tools to improve Dbase applications by adding on-screen boxes, Lotus-style vertical or horizontal menus, pop-up or pop-down help messages, and other user

interface features, said Martin L. Rinehart, **Wallsoft** chairman.

While designing applications, developers can create demonstrations of what the finished product will look like, without any actual coding, according to Rinehart. These "movies" can be linked to the applications' menus to allow simple prototyping of systems, similar to the way Dan Bricklin's Demo Program works, he said.

The final result of the process is executable Dbase code, Rinehart said. Other screen generators have produced Dbase code in the past, "but once programmers started writing application code on top of that, such as data validation routines, they lost the ability to go back and revise the screen artwork," he said. "We have created a 'template' that allows programmers to go back and change that artwork, even after the application is finished."

The program also supports Dbase III, Nantucket Corp.'s Clipper compiler, and Foxbase + from Fox Software of Perrysburg, Ohio. **Wallsoft** plans to sell **UI** Programmer for about \$200, which includes an editor for generating screen artwork. The firm will demonstrate the program in November at Comdex but declined to say when it will be available.

Also at Comdex, **Wallsoft** will show The Documentor, a program released in mid-September that analyzes Dbase III Plus source code and creates a set of technical notes explaining how the program works, Rinehart said. Now shipping for \$195, the program is designed for MIS departments trying to maintain or update existing Dbase III Plus applications within a corporation, he added.

Compatible lowest Prices

ENTS



The ME V20

This 8088 based machine with a Norton Rating of 3.3 is the fastest XT-compatible

Personal Computer

Martin Dale	
<p>This is another story of the web that ties us together. Martin is John Baier's stepdad. I first meet him in the seventies in New York City. Ten years later I'm living in Miami Beach. Martin comes down quite frequently to go windsurfing. He buys an apartment in Maim Beach. We develop a good friendship. I remember the great restaurants we would go to. Fast Forward a few years. I'm living in San Diego. I get a phone call from Martin saying he is coming to town for a few days and invites me to go sailing with him and his son's friends. In the seventies, I babysat him in New York City. One interesting story about Martin. At one point in time, he was a diplomat serving in France. He was quite young at the time. Many times people would ask Martin could we see his father not knowing he was the diplomat. RIP Martin. I have great memories of you.</p>	

Mary Lou	Nilly
<p>For a short time, I stayed in Mary's house in Sedona. Brain Bales my wife and I was roommates. I remember one Christmas taking a walk after a snowstorm from the backyard. It was wide open. I love to see the snow among the red rocks. My wife and I still remember this today. Hi Mary Lou. It's been thirty-plus years.</p>	<p>Nilly is dear to my heart. She is as close to a mother as one can have. Maybe she was my mother on another planet<grin>. It's a long story to tell.</p>

Rob Clephane	
 <p>John Baier and Rob Clephane were business partners for some time. They were importing plumbing from Europe. I remember writing a software program for their business. I first met Rob in Denver in the seventies. In the eighties, he and his family moved to Miami Beach. I will always remember the great party he had. Great memories of Rob.</p>	

Norma Tompson	Asleea Neilsea & Bob Neal
I first met Norma in San Diego in the eighties. Her husband had a Brain Wave facility. I remember many times going to use their flotation tanks. That was quite the experience. Fast forward 15 years. My daughter and I are sitting in a car in Ashland Oregon. I hear this voice and it sounds like Norma. It looks like Norma but I'm not sure. A few days later I'm at the Y with my wife and we run into Norma. What a small world. When we moved to Maui Norma went with my wife to Maui for a vacation.	I first met Asleea in Phoenix during the eighties. Ten years later I bump into her in Maui. Asleea married Bob Neal and I cooked an Indian feast for their wedding reception. I really liked Bob. He owned a series of dry cleaning stores in Maui. I helped him with some software projects. Asleea started a successful dolphin touring company.

Steve & Annie Oakley	Bob Paulding
I remember taking a road trip with the Oakleys in the seventies. We drove from Denver to Miami. Elise Kaplan was friends with the Oakleys. At that time Steve coordinated the meals for many of the festivals held in the States and around the world. Fast forward 10 years. We are both living in Miami Beach. Steve has been an acupuncturist for thirty-plus years. He is living with Annie in bolder Colorado.	Bob was a character. I remember I was working on this mansion and Bob would be practicing his golf swings by driving golf balls into the bay. He has quite the swing. Bob was great at cutting trees. I worked for him for around a year. He had quite a sense of humor. Let's put it this way the job was never boring.

Phone Book Friends 2

Steve Price	Mona Patterson
I first met Steve in New York in the early seventies. In the eighties, I'm living in Miami Beach. I'm a brand new software developer. On the side, I'm working with Jim Hession and Steve. This was the beginning of my incredible career. Steve was bright and a delight to work with. Yes, Steve loved to meditate. I haven't heard from Steve since then.	What can I say about Mona? She was one of the midwives for my daughter Leilani's birth. Leilani was born at home and had a water birth. I will always remember placing Leilani in a tub of warm water and this incredible smile came on her face. Mona was incredible. I have great memories of her.

Joe & Dee Quiroz	Ron Peters
Joe and Dee were landlords for our complex in Del Mar. We recently moved from San Diego. To be honest our credit at the time wasn't the greatest. There was an opening at the complex and Dee was kind enough to rent us a place fast without doing a credit check. She said once you are in they won't kick you out. We became good friends.	Ron was a medical doctor. I first met him in New York City in the early seventies. Fifteen years later he is living in Malibu. I remember he and his wife Kathy invited me over for lunch. I had a great time. I have great memories of Ron. He loved to meditate.

Roy	AI
<p>My friend Roy was out on this day. One of my favorite surf spots was Paukukalo near Wailuku. It is a river mouth reef break. One day I surfed it in the morning and it was 4-6 Hawaiian. The Hawaiians measure the wave by the back. So a 4-foot wave to them is two feet. Anyway, the swell then went to 6-8 feet and then 10-12 feet. The waves were so large that when they broke the ground would shake 25 feet below. I remember that one huge set came in and I was in the right place at the right time. I paddled hard and I dropped in easily. I did a bottom turn and this huge wave tunneled over me. I was riding with pure delight. My friends were in the channel paddling and they were screaming with joy at what they were seeing. It was probably the best wave of my life. It took a long time to make it to shore. When I did many of the surfers wanted to kiss the ground because of how large it got in such a short period of time.</p>	<p>AI was another great surf buddy. I went to Tavarua with him and the gang. I remember the great times we would go up the Hana coast in Maui and score good waves all to ourselves. We both were dawn patrollers. I would get to the beach before sunrise and paddle out. Many times AI would paddle out with me.</p> 

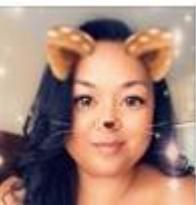
Matt Kinoshita	Felipe Ricketts
 <p>Boy, .could he ever surf. He had it in his veins. I went on a surfing trip to Tavarua with him. I never saw such incredible surfing. Matt is a humble soul. He doesn't say much. He lets his actions describe he who is. Matt has been making surfboards for many years. He has been a great mentor for the younger generation. Great person. Great heart. He carries the aloha spirit with him.</p> 	 <p>When we moved from Sedona to San Diego a dear friend of mine said we could stay a few days at his house. To make a long story short he didn't work out that way. Our friend introduced us to Felipe. Now Felipe liked to meditate and he was a surfer. A few days later we moved right next door to him. We become good surfing buddies. The web of life continues. 10 years later I'm working on a project in San Diego. I lived in Nevada City. I'm flying back and forth. During the workweek, I'm staying at Felipe's house and paying him to stay there. We go surfing a lot together. I'm into snowboarding and one weekend Felipe flies up and we go snowboarding together. I will always remember the time we went camping in the high sierras.</p>

<p>Felipe Durand</p> 	
<p>Felipe was my daughter's Leilani stepfather. He was an incredible Dad to her. Leilani has told me many great stories about him. Thanks, Felipe for being who you are. You mean a lot to me.</p>	

<p>Randy Roddingus</p>	<p>Richard Grossman</p> 
<p>Randy was a cousin of mine. I have many great memories of him. As a child, we would go to Pasadena and visit his family. Randy learned how to surf and we would go surfing together. As a matter of fact he still continues to surf. He would take a whole month off and his family would travel to Mexico. Fast forward 20 years and I'm living in Del Mar. Randy is living in Encinitas right down the road. What a small world.</p>	<p>My brother John and Hanalee were great friends. Richard thinks and lives outside of the box. I like that. He has been a Shaman for over forty years. He also is an acupuncturist. I have great memories of Richard.</p> 

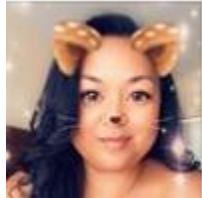
Glen James	John Godden
 A portrait of a man with grey hair and a beard, wearing a dark shirt and a yellow beaded necklace.	
Glen has been producing Hawaii's weather today for many moons. I once saw myself surfing at Hookipa on his show and he was kind enough to give me a video. Great guy. He provided a great service to the people of Maui.	John and his lovely wife lived in the same complex as we did in Miami Beach. We became running buddies. We would love to run at the golf course in Maim Beach. I have many great memories of that. John also loves to meditate. Years later I met John again in Del Mar. We had a great lunch and get-together.
Gary Schwartzman	Jim Hession
 A portrait of a man wearing sunglasses and a dark shirt.	
I first met Gary in New York City. In the eighties, Gary is living in Miami Beach. Gary loves to meditate. He also loves to practice hatha yoga. I haven't seen Gary in many moons. May our paths one day be crossed?	I first met Jim in New York City in the seventies. In the eighties, Jim got my first software developer job for a company he was working with. Jim and I did several software development jobs for companies in South Florida. I had a great time working with him. I remember a great parry he through. This was during the Michael Jackson phase and the album thriller just came out. I have seen nor heard about Jim in thirty years.

Ike & Aymara	Dave Chalmers
Ike and Aymara lived in the same neighborhood as we did in Penn Valley. He originally was from Turkey. For a while, he was my running partner. I will always cherish the dinners at your house. Both of you were great hosts. Would love to hear from you again.	Dave and I worked for a while for the Navy Seals in Coronado. During lunch, we would go boogie boarding. The Navy Seals had a policy if you exercised during lunch you had a 1 ½ hour lunch break. We took advantage of that.

James Walton	Rose Ahart
James was a good friend of mine when I moved from Florida back to California. I stayed at his house for over a month. I remember the great time we had at a retreat to Mendocino. What a great time we had. I haven't seen nor heard anything in thirty years.	Rose was instrumental in my writing. During the nineties, I was living in Maui and working at the observatory. Rose and I became good friends. I told her my story and she said why you don't write a book. Well, I did. It's always a work in progress. Rose spent some considerable time editing it. Fast forward twenty years. I'm living in Kansas City. Out of the blue, I get a telephone call from Rose. Wow-what a blast from the past. She spent some time tracking me down. I have great memories of her. We are on the same wavelength in life.
Jennifer de Dios	
	
I used to work with Jen at Charles Schwab. We became good friends. I	

love hearing the adventure of her family. It is never boring.

Jennifer de Dios & Maddi



I used to work with Jen at Charles Schwab. We became good friends. I love hearing the adventure of her family. It is never boring. Over the years I've been watching Jen posting videos of her daughter. She is extremely creative.

Maddie got her aerial today... and I wasn't there to see it... but thank you to one my fav dance moms [Ting](#) caught it on video... I am so excited for her 😊:) Thank you Ms. [Kelly Conaway](#) for believing in her and giving her the strength to nail it... woo hoo!!



Sharon Kolb and Jackie

I haven't seen nor heard about Sharon and Jackie for over thirty years. They were roommates with Harry Bartz for a while in Sedona Arizona. I met them in Mendocino for a couple of retreats I went to. Both of them had great hearts.

Kansas City Friends

[The Gerstner's](#)



On Saturday my wife Barbara and I were invited to the Gerstner's house for a birthday and Christmas celebration.

A few months ago they moved into their brand-new house. I worked with George for two years at the USDA.

There was six years ago. George used to

make Cuban coffee at work. His family was originally from Cuba. It was Madhu's birthday while George's was a few days ago.

We had an incredible time. The Gerstner's family welcome us with open arms. I learned where George got his humor from. His uncle was there and told many incredible jokes.

We took a tour of their new house. I would like to thank the Gerstner's for inviting us and sharing the Christmas spirit with us. It was a great joy for us.



Closing

I love humanity. I love this journey in life. All of us are woven by the thread of love. There are thousands more that I could write about. I could add all my work friends. That would be another book.

I hope that you can ponder over and see the web of love with all your family and friends. If each one of us did this we would truly appreciate mankind. Remember only humans can change and make this world a better place. All of us are pieces of the puzzle. May we all have fun discovering our true nature.

Remarks



Richard Fletcher

December 23, 2018 at 6:31 AM

Liz gave me the suggestion to put this up on our Newport Harbor High 1977 site. I wrote a book Family & Friends which depict my journey in life. I have written about many class mates that helped me on this journey. If you are not mentioned please send me a comment where either John or I were part of your journey. I'm doing this as a hobby. My brother John did the music. The book is both in audio form and a written form. I hope you enjoy it. I had a great time writing this book.

12

12 Comments Seen by:

Like

Comment



Richard Fletcher This is the audio version.

<https://johnfranklinfletcher.com/album/953196/family-friends>



JOHNFRANKLINFLETCHER.COM

Family & Friends

1

Like · Reply · Remove · Preview · 2w



Richard Fletcher This is the written version.

<https://drive.google.com/.../11Si5AdcsuzK5Hia3FtOrLG.../view>



i

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Like · Reply · Remove · Preview · 2w



Richard Fletcher If for some reason only around twenty chapters appear click on this link and scroll down to Family and Friends.

<https://johnfranklinfletcher.com/kids-dragon-tales>



JOHNFRANKLINFLETCHER.COM

John Franklin Fletcher - Kids - Dragon Tales

Like · Reply · Remove · Preview · 2w



Teresa Carter What a great project! Nice job!!  1

Like · Reply · 2w



Richard Fletcher thanks. Merry Christmas !!!  1

Like · Reply · 2w



Write a reply...



Liz Priest Tolison Fellow 1971 classmates, please read/ listen to Richard's family/friends book. He has many great stories/memories of our fellow classmates. Mark McClellan, Mark S. Blackburn, Gretchen Gribble, Joyce Caldwell, Barbara Barrow Keig Rick Barrett, and Marly Kendall are just a few of our classmates Richard talks about. The audio is great.

Like · Reply · 2w · Edited



Jan Fitzgerald Northington Thanks for having Richard Fletcher post his book - fascinating!



Like · Reply · 4d



Write a reply...



Richard Fletcher Hey Patti. I wrote about you when I talked about surfing. I included the part of walking down the hall in junior high school and both of us were too shy to say anything.

Like · Reply · 2w



Kathy Kelly Krohn Sounds wonderful. Can't wait to read it.

Like · Reply · 2w



Liz Priest Tolison Kathy Kelly Krohn , good morning Kathy and Merry Christmas.

Like · Reply · 2w



Jan Fitzgerald Northington Downloaded your book and couldn't stop reading! Loved reading about your early "futuristic house!" I so remember you and your brother changing shirts and classes in elementary school. I have told lots of people about that - as you said, we all got such... See More

Like · Reply · 4d





Richard Fletcher Thanks for the kind words Jan. I had a great time writing this. It's still a work in motion.

2

Like · Reply · 3d



Bruce Lymburn Hi Richard - well done! You mention my old friend Craig Perkins. Do you have any idea what happened to Craig?

Like · Reply · 3d



Richard Fletcher Craig died a few years ago. I have no news how it happened. did you see the small write up I did about you? It's after bill Beckett's. Great to hear from you. It's been 47 years. Time flies. I love to see your Facebook post. I will always remember Craig. I remember you were friends with him in high school.

Like · Reply · 3d



Bruce Lymburn Thanks Richard - how sad. We are in our mid 60s, which still seems pretty young, and yet we seem to be outliving a shocking number of our friends and classmates. I lost my younger brother to an army war games accident in Germany in 1976 and a few year... See More

1

Like · Reply · 3d



Richard Fletcher I live in Kansas. I used to work for Charles Schwab for 10 years. spent much time in the Bay area. Next time I'm in the bay area I'll look you up.

Like · Reply · 2d



Richard Fletcher Sorry to hear about the loss of your brother and girlfriend. Life is really precious. I'm glad to hear you are cancer free. That's really good news.

Like · Reply · 2d



Bruce Lymburn Definitely look me up! Would be a lot of fun to get together and reminisce.

Like · Reply · 2d



Write a reply...



Brad Schultz Hey Rick! Great book! I so remember our adventure to The Ranch with John to camp and surf. We also had another one to Mammoth one winter to try and learn how to skil! Such great



Paula Jensen Thanks Richard, so well said ! So glad to reconnect with you and everybody else on FB...



2

Like · Reply · 1d

↳ Richard Fletcher replied · 1 Reply



Kathy Kelly Krohn I am so impressed that you remembered so much from your childhood and the friendships that evolved.

Like · Reply · 1d

↳ Richard Fletcher replied · 1 Reply



Kike Bocanegra Hope to see you soon Rick and tell you all about family and friends, it's more fun. Big hug!



1

Like · Reply · 1d

↳ Richard Fletcher replied · 3 Replies



Mike Reed We are but threads in a tapestry, unable to see the full pattern. Our lives brought together, entwined, separated and rejoined by the hand which works the loom.



1

Like · Reply · 1d

↳ Richard Fletcher replied · 1 Reply



Richard Fletcher I think I have done stories on almost everyone who responded to this post. Please check out your story. I have it both in audio and written form. Thanks to my brother John who did the music. Also to Donn Rochlin who provided some tracks.

Like · Reply · 21h



Ricardo Delgado Wow yes how tru how beautiful



1

Like · Reply · 15h



Norine Nicolson Beautifully felt and shared Richard



Like · Reply · 2h



Paula Jensen Thanks so much Richard, that is wonderful that you have taken the time to put that all together, so meaningful !



1

Like · Reply · 1d

↳ Richard Fletcher replied · 1 Reply



Tara Elizabeth Bryan de Cañellas That's a really impressive list. I can't wait to listen/read!

Like · Reply · 16h



Mary Higgins Impressive ❤

Like · Reply · 3h



Aleia Theodora Love this ❤ Great job, Dad!!!!

Like · Reply · 1w



Mike Reed My honor to know you fine soul, friend and fellow traveler. I smiled to be part of this collection.

Like · Reply · 5d · Edited



Tara Elizabeth Bryan de Cañellas That's a really nice collection. And thank you for including me and Luis. ❤ So glad to be your friend!

Like · Reply · 14h



Scott Sumner wow- History is precious

Like · Reply · 3h