

Reflections



MY PRAYER

Heavenly Father... Wanka Tonka... Buddha... Ka'... Mohammed... Ndjambi... Ram... Jesus... Great Spirit of All... My Father

As we wake this beautiful morning... we humbly pray to thee and come to thank you... for all we have... for the full circle of life... for my Father, Mother, Sisters and Brothers... all of my extended Family... and most of all for my horse, my dog, and my wife... thank you for the time... you have given us together... here upon this sacred earth... our home.

We thank you for the air that we breathe, the sky, the water, the wind, the sun, the moon, and stars...for our Mother earth and her rich soil... the trees, the flowers, the plants and the fruits of life she shares.

Thank you for all of our Brothers and Sisters that live among us... the human beings... the four-legged, two-legged, the small ones and those that swim and fly... the lion, the elephant, the cheetah, the gorilla... the fox, the bear, the elk, the wolf, the insects... all the animals... the fish and all those that live in your waters of life... and for the eagle... and all the birds with their flight and songs... thank you for all of your spirits.

May we always remember that the earth, the water and the sky... carry the ashes of our grandfathers, fathers and family. Help us to protect and sustain these gifts for our future generations.

We thank you so deeply... for the love and knowledge... you have placed in our hearts, minds, and souls...you have given us so much... may we always share and give to others... that love and kindness.

We also come this day to seek forgiveness... to ask that you help us see our weaknesses... understand our actions and our words... help us become a better spirit. As we ask for your forgiveness...help us learn to forgive... to see our Brothers and Sisters as ourselves... that we may not judge them... that we may share with them... our love, sympathy and forgiveness.

Father, as we start this day... help us find our path... that we may hear your voice... feel your holy spirit that lives within us... that you may guide us... and lead us on our journey of life. Give us the strength to live each moment... keep the balance ... and give the love from within our hearts. Walk with us this day and remember those with less than us.

You are my light. Amen

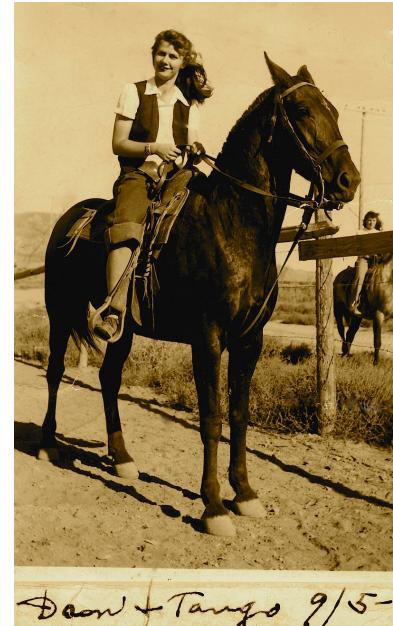
Death, should not be mourned
No, it should be the celebration of a life

This is my story
Over two and a half years ago our family came together – Deon had just come home from the hospital - we were told that she had only days to live – we discussed her funeral, her obituary, and our family's plans

That night flying home to Olympia – my body was exploding with – all the emotions – pain, sorrow, grief – all of it

On that flight I wrote this verse and came up with the idea of a visual tribute to Deon – I would like to share these with you today – they have not been touched since that day

Well, we all know what a tough, strong, beautiful woman Deon has been over the last two and a half years – she has stayed with Carl and all of us - to give us this time to be with her – but now it is her time - to find her peace and comfort



Life is a full circle

Though at times, we forget

We have all been so blessed,
To have had Deon in our lives

So let us remember her
For the life she lived
And the love that she gave

For it is,
"These Memories"
"Our Dreams"
"The Images"
"And that Love"



That we all, take with us in the end

Deon

It is time for us all
To stop ---- sit back
Reflect, and recall
The most beautiful woman in the world

Look, at that picture
Over there, on the wall
And remember
Our Mother, Deon



Flowing brown hair
Gorgeous legs, what a shape
Her blue eyes
Could see through your soul

But, it wasn't her beauty
Or how smart she was
That made her, so unique
It was, the way that she loved

Her husband, her family
The horses, the dog
The lady she met on the street
She gave it, to us all



Can you hear her chuckle
See her warm smile
Hello, little girl
What's your name ?

My name is Deon
Where are you going today ?
You're so beautiful
Oh please, have a fine day

Been around the world
Experienced it all
With kings and queens
She'd danced with them all

Made them feel right at home
Like no other they'd met
Her love
Motivated it all

Shared her life with Carl
Raised a family of six
Always there
A natural, all the way

Now the Lord, has come
To take her home
To those places
That wait, for us all



It's time, to let her go
Know we'll see her again
The one
That we loved so much

But we must, remember
Deon's moments here
For the life she lived
And the love that she gave

Stay close as a family
Carry on her dream
Share the love
She's given to us

Father

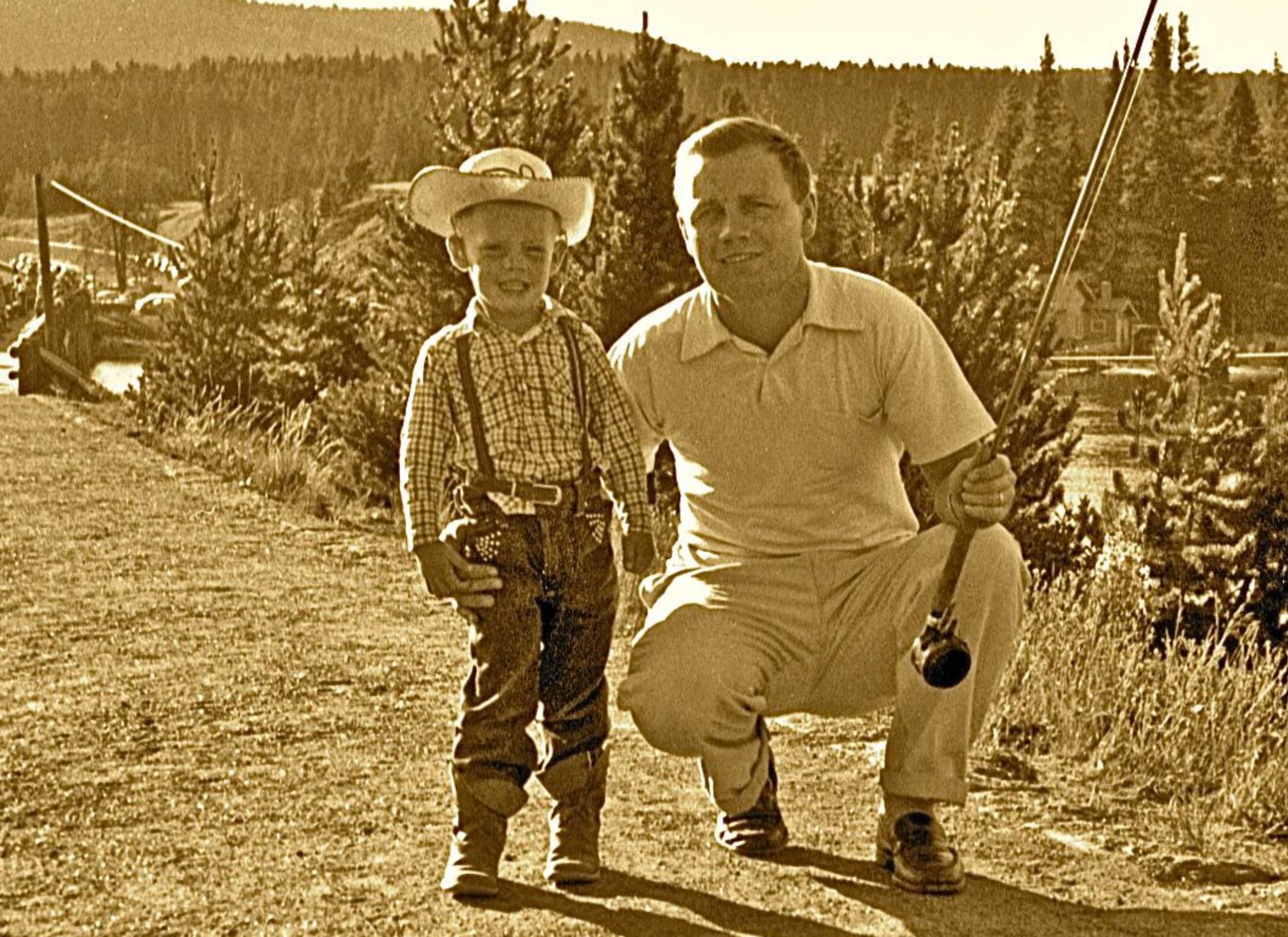
Leader of my dreams
The kind of man, I'd like to be
He gave me a path, to feel the Lord
And opened life's meaning to me
A wife, a family, a way to carry on his name

His discipline, has made me strong
Though it's been hard at times
I've grown to know in latter days
It was harder on him than me
As I, carry on his name

My Father helped me touch the earth
Through our times, on the rivers and streams
Together in the mountains, our silence there
His life an example for me
To help me, carry on his name

He gave me, the time to find myself
To stand and be a man
To do the things, I know are right
Actions, not words again
I must, carry on his name

Most of all, my Father's love
Has shown me, what life's about
Yes, he's shown me a way, to love and live
To see and reach my dreams
Yes, this man I love, that's shared so much
Is my Father, I carry on his name





*In Loving Memory of
Beauregard*



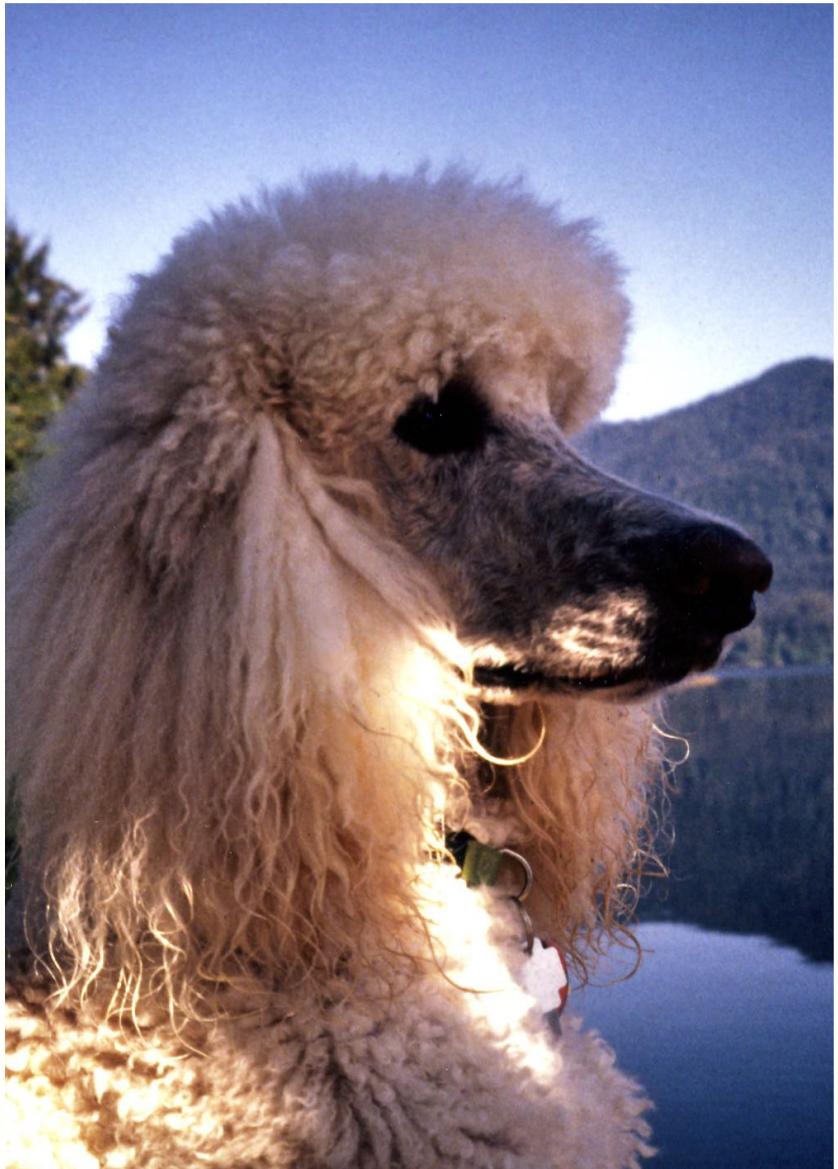
Down by the river, where Beauregard played
My partner in life, a dog, a love, I can't explain
He ran like the wind, held his head so high
His own special pride, that glint in his eyes
But, it was his soul, he gave it his all
Never questioning love, runnin straight into life

Wake up in the morning, wasn't sure if alive
Till you said, "let's go to the barn" see the sunrise
He loved the horses, but learned their strength
He was always so smart, to stay just away
Ella and Ace, he would almost kiss
But that big red, Kersey, is the one to miss

His spirit so high, just startin the day
He'd check it all out, before comin your way
Prancin down the driveway, "let's go get the paper"
Racin out to find the deer, lookin for the neighbors
Turn around, charge back, a hundred miles an hour
That spark of life, our reason for livin

Little Molly our cat, he'd bite on and chew
They got along so well, but you never knew
When Shannon came out, she brought his girlfriend "Jet"
Never stopped playin, they were the perfect set
Ebony and Ivory, they'll be friends forever
Just a part of our farm, their lives together





He always knew when, where, we were goin
By the clothes we put on, how we were smellin
So smart, so cunning, always beating you to it
He'd be layin in the truck, before you knew it
Asleep or barkin, always part of the action
Wherever we went, the center of attention

Where's Beau, where's Beau, the kids would shout
Soon as you opened the door, he'd come flyin out
Oh, he's the prettiest dog, we've ever seen
Never seen a poodle that big, especially in cream
So many friends, everybody loved Beau
Everywhere he went, was the hit of the show

At the beach, the cabin, or out in the woods
Always ready for a run, like no dog could
Chasin seagulls on the beach, or climbin a mountain
Call out his name, he'd come runnin up from behind

Stop, look around, then he'd charge right at you
Just as hard as he could, then just miss you

I was so far away, when the word finally came
That my buddy was sick, that he really needed me
I flew all night, with tears in my eyes
My darlin was there, right by his side
We prayed, we called upon all of our resources
But, it just wasn't enough to change the course

Beauregard tried, with all his might
You'd never believe, those days with such fight
We gave it our all, tryin every solution
Showin him our love and hope, all our emotions
The last hours we spent, with him in our arms
Lord, he showed us life, a new morning's dawn

The call finally came, late in the night
We couldn't believe, but we knew, somehow right
He'd been through so much, given his all
The memories we'd shared, is what we must recall
Cause, he's shown us, what life's all about
In the way that he lived, and loved us all

Beau, we'll see you again, in our coming life
But until then, please hold on to us tight
For there's no other dog, that can take your place
Your soul, your love, will never be replaced
You'll always be with us, in our hearts

Each moment with you, we'll always love
We love you, Beauregard



Kersey

(My Horse)

The first time I saw him
I couldn't believe it
North of the border
In Surrey, B.C.

A cool crisp morning
Puffin' like a train
Floating through the field
With power and grace

Stood 16'2 at the withers
Three white socks and a blaze
A Canadian thoroughbred
A red Chestnut, I can't explain

With his Irish name
And a mind of his own
He almost killed me
I almost killed him

Learning to ride
I tried so hard
To be soft and free
But, oh how we fought



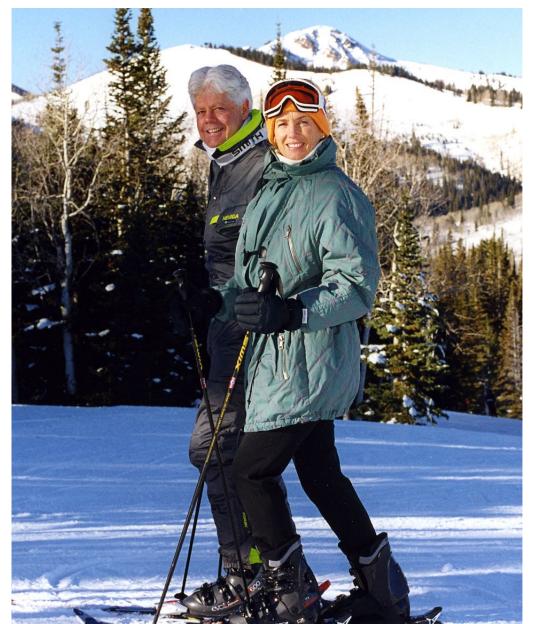
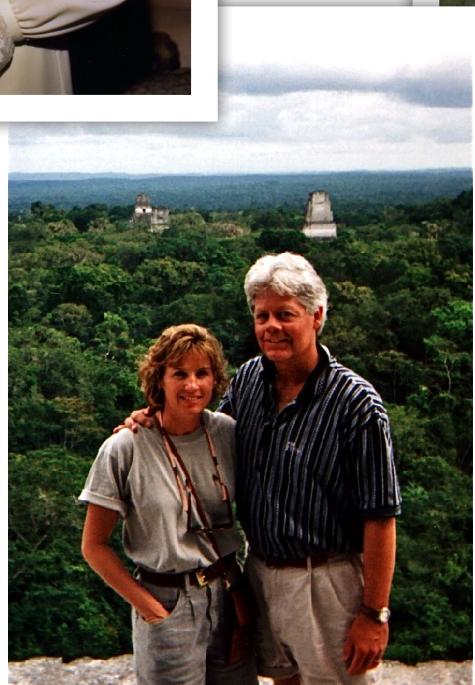
Give it away
Give it away
Let him go
We lived and learned

His best friend Ace
How they raced and raced
Back and forth
Across the fields

Then back to the barn
Like two crazy fools
Then they'd start
All over again

Kersey's gone
To his field far away
A mad man
Just like me





“My Valentine”

Red and Black

A gift, a kiss

Imagine what

Would be tonight

Our passion

Our love

Our dreams

Come true

No holds barred

We'd let it go

I wish....,

I was with you tonight

That says it all

Just you and me

Lovers entwined

You're my Valentine

(Alone in a San Francisco Hotel
Valentine's night with a bottle of fine wine)

J.P. COONS

(OLY, WA WILDLIFE DILEMMA)

In a small backyard, looking out over the Puget Sound
We'd watch the sun go down and enjoy the wildlife

Oh, how we loved the birds, just one feeder
Then there were two, three, four and more

All kinds of contraptions, hanging from the trees
Wild seed, suet, fruit, nuts and corn, we added more

Then one by one, the birds would come
Like the Hitchcock movie, "The Birds"

At first we'd feed, just a pound or two
Now 100 pounds a week, the bill was going through the roof

Early in Spring, the Hummers came
Anna's and Rufus, they'd fight and fight, into the cold of the night

Robins and Jays, Pine Siskin by the flocks
Gold and Purple Finches, Swallows diving overhead

Thrashers, Towhees, and yes, the singin' Oriole
The Cooper's Hawk, dancing on the ground

At sunrise, the Bald Eagle would come
Cruisin' the beach, lookin' for a meal

Oh the Raptors, flying so high
Golden, Red Tail, Osprey, Kestrel and the fearless Falcons

Great "V" formations, of Canadian Honkers
The Mergansers, annually nesting in the snag

Out on the Sound, the ducks arrived
Mallards, Scoters, and the Scaups, Buffleheads with a rare Puffin

On their fly way south, thousands would pass
Cormorants, Grebes, Sandpipers and Loons, Gulls, Murrelets, Plovers, & Terns

The Flickers attacked our house, cedar siding full of holes
Flocks of Tanagers never seen, came to visit in the Spring

Crows, that's right Old Crow, with his family of seventeen
What a sight to hear and see, they even nested in my tree

Woodpeckers, Woodpeckers, Woodpeckers
Sapsuckers, Downys and even the King, Mr. Pileated

Quail and Doves, Chickadees and Nuthatch
More Sparrows and Starlings than you could count

The great old man, nested just outside
At night he'd squawk and squawk

Of course you know, who I'm talkin' about
The main man, the Great Blue Heron

More and more, they came in waves
From every direction, any time of the day

Band Tailed Pigeons, never stopped comin'
I'm sure, they're big enough for a meal

Oh, yes the deck, was built last year
The table and chairs, don't forget the barbeque

Covered in shit, I mean yellow, brown, black, even blue
It caked, then baked on by the sun, just like super glue

Oh, but how we love the Birds, none of it mattered
We loved their calls, songs of love, spiraling flights, to God above

But then, the Squirrels came, one by one
Chippers, Reds and then the Grays, they took over the place

Hanging upside down from the feeders, they'd spin
Spilling everything on the ground, then pick it up again

They could empty a feeder, faster than I could fill it
Everyone was happy to see me, comin' to refill 'em

There was one giant Gray, that ruled the roost
Ate every seed, he looked like Yoda

Then they started to plant, the seeds and corn
In the garden and planters, stalks sprouting up, as high as the sill

At 5:00 am, the crack of dawn, they'd start to fight
Chasing each other with their high pitched barks and chirps

Flying from branch to branch, and then back again
They drove us nuts layin' in bed, Nick our dog, out of his head

Hey, that's O.K., we love the Squirrels, just like the Birds
They're our good friends, what would we do without them

Soon our favorite visitors arrived, the Red Fox
Cruisin' through the yard, all eleven of them

One then another, they'd clean everything up
Built their den just over the bank, could hear them bark at night

Oh, how we loved the Fox, the Squirrels and the Birds
There was something special, about each one of them

Wait..., I almost forgot, the Deer
They came every day, to see what was left behind

But it grew from there, they eat all our plants
The flowers, the garden, then the berries, oh how we loved the Deer

In the dead dark night, the Possums came
To finish every seed, piece of corn, anything that remained

Still, it was all working out, we loved them all
Until they finally came, the "Johnson Point Coons"

That's right, J.P. Coons, Family and Friends
So cute and furry, with their little shining eyes

We never knew, how many there were
At first, they would only come at night

But it slowly progressed, aggressive and mean
They knocked down every feeder, anything in their way

Up on the deck, tearing everything apart
The planters, the chaise, even the barbecue

That was it, nothing was safe, not even my cigar
Two, four, then they had babies, more and more

You could hear them at night, as you turned off the lights
Marchin' around the house, obviously up to no good

Up on our deck, over the rail, raising all kinds of hell
Leavin' a trail of destruction, totally out of control

Meaner and meaner, they're afraid of nothing
Put one on a corner, he'd kill a dog, cat, or even a baby

Oh, but how we love our Birds, the Squirrels, the Fox and the Deer
But we don't know, about J.P. Coons, Family, and Friends

Then the day came, when my best friend, Lee
Came runnin' from next door, callin' out my name

Ellie, his wife left the groceries in the car
Well them Coons climbed in, eat'em half way down

Now they were trapped inside, they couldn't get out
Can you imagine tryin' to set them free, without getting bit

Finally it happened, J.P. Coons, made the Headline News
That's right CNN, killed enough critters and scared the neighbors

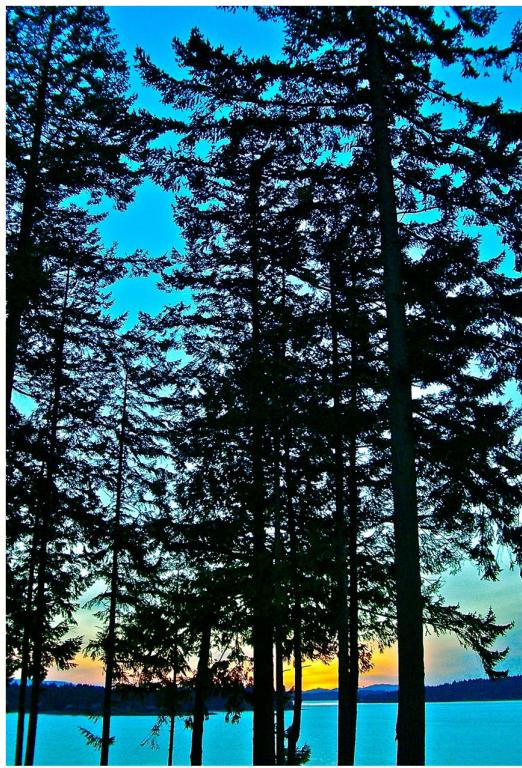
Now the police were after them, with guns and traps
Caused so much trouble, they wouldn't let them go back

Oh, how we love our Birds, the Squirrels, the Fox and the Deer
But this spiralin' twist of fate, was wearin' me out

Do you shoot the Coons, then the Deer, then the Fox or not?
Which one goes first?, they're all only tryin' to make a livin'

Then the feeders came down, back to nature's way
This crazy world, stopped on a dime, and all calmed down

What a vicious circle, we lived and learned
We were only tryin', to feed the Birds !!!

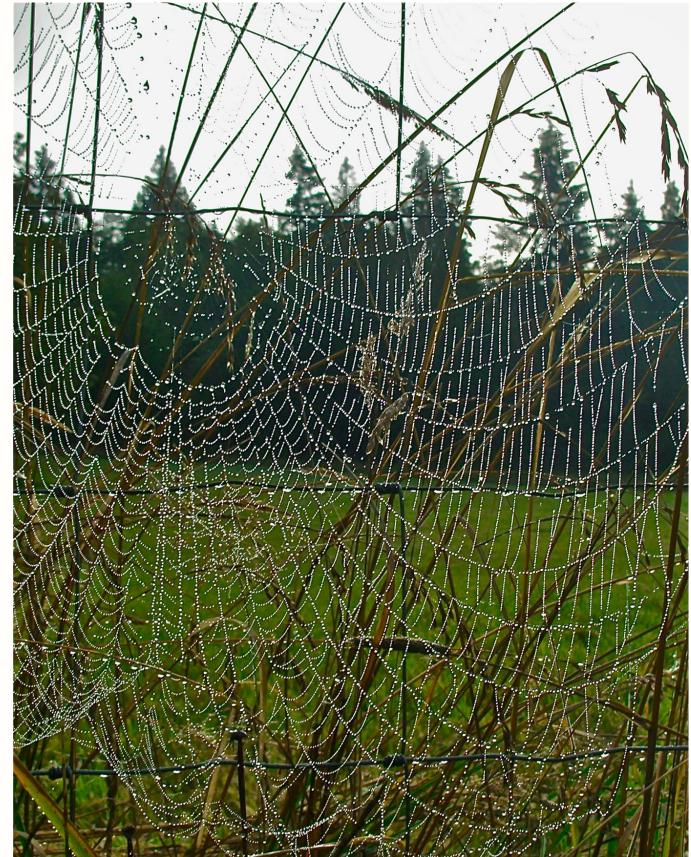
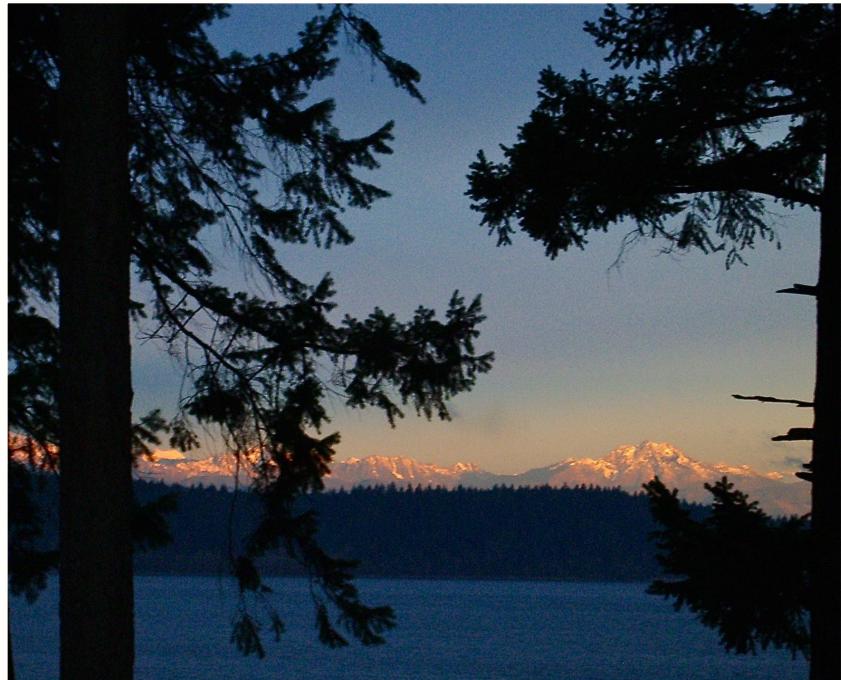


The Perfect Day

A cloudless sky, a brilliant blue, one like only God could do
The spider's webs, covered with dew, a floating sea of lace

It's a morning, like you've never seen
Oh, what a perfect day

A late October morning, the first frost, a chill in the air
Nick our dog, was doin' whirlybirds
You could see his breath, in the cool crisp air
It felt so good, just to be here



Like always, at the end of Johnson Point Loop
A flock of robins, circled over our heads
Their double beat, cheep, cheep, cheep
Oh, how they soared

Ridin' the wind, you could see them again
More, no, there were more
Oh ya, hundreds, higher and higher
Dancin' in the thin air



It must be the day, that the word went out
The lead robin, called all his friends
It's that time of the year, that time again
The day we all must leave

Come one, come all, it's a clear blue sky
The higher you fly, the more you'll see
The currents, the breeze, take you away with me
Come one, come all
We're headin' south
It's that perfect day



Beacon

STORM'S A BLOWIN', MY SHIP IS LOST
THE WIND IS HOWLIN', NO STARS ABOVE
LIGHTNING STRIKES, THUNDER ROARS
A RAGING SKY, WE HOLD ON TIGHT

YOU ARE MY BEACON, IN THE NIGHT
HEAVEN'S SHININ' RAY, OF LIGHT
ON THE WAVES, LIFE'S CHANGIN' SEA
THROUGH OUT IT ALL, YOU'RE THERE WITH ME

HELP ME FIND, MY WAY TO NIGHT
IN THE DARKNESS, WITH NO EYES
I'M BLIND, ALONE, BUT I CAN HEAR
YOUR QUIET VOICE, CONQUERS MY FEARS

YOU ARE MY BEACON, IN THE NIGHT
HEAVEN'S SHININ' RAY, OF LIGHT
ON THE WAVES, LIFE'S CHANGIN' SEA
THROUGH OUT IT ALL, YOU'RE THERE WITH ME

SO BE MY GUIDE
HELP ME FIND MY WAY
ON THIS JOURNEY OF LIFE
YOU'VE GIVEN TO ME

YOU ARE MY BEACON, IN THE NIGHT
HEAVEN'S SHININ' RAY, OF LIGHT
ON THE WAVES, LIFE'S CHANGIN' SEA
THROUGH OUT IT ALL, YOU'RE THERE WITH ME



Savin' The World



There are times I feel
Like I'm losin' my will
Trying to save this world

But at an early age
As a boy in my life
Somethin' lay deep in my soul

Cause I've always felt best
Somewhere out west
In my country, the great outdoors

The birds, the trees
They make me see
What this is all about

There's a balance in the sky
As the hummer flies by
And the flickers sing their song

Fishin' down on the river
Walkin' her path
Never caring, if I catch a thing





The currents of life
Just keep flowin' by
Like time, you just can't slow it down

You know you're with God
The great spirit above
When you're out there walkin' her banks

Then a thunder bolt screams
And a storm starts to sing
The rain she's a pourin' down

Like a rock in the stream
Hard times and pain
Seem like they'll never end

Then the sun starts to shine
Through the top of the trees
And the good times are comin' again

So I must stand tall
And answer the call
To help save this magical place

For I can't give up
Seven generations to come
It's their right to share this place

So I can't lose my will
No I never will
Stop tryin' to save this world



GATHERING OF THE LOONS

Each night at dusk
Thirteen loons would meet
Just as the sun would set

The purple, the pinks
Orange and blues
In a late September sky

Light floating on the waves
The glitter, the shine
Transcend into each other's form

And the thirteen loons
A holy ritual, would come
To meet each other again

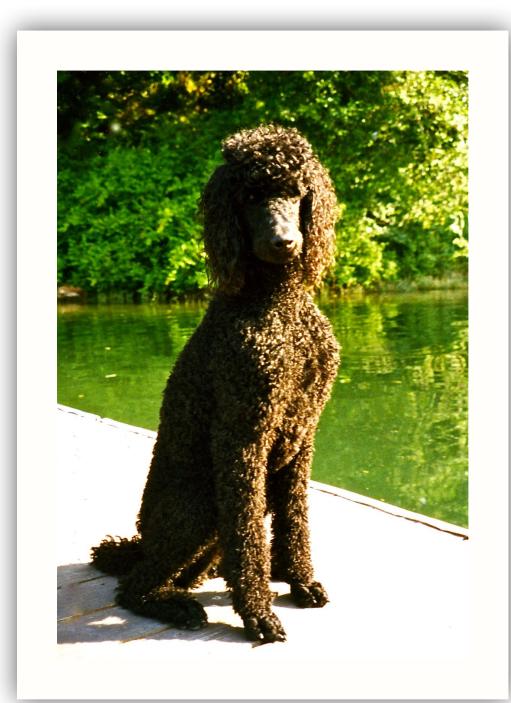
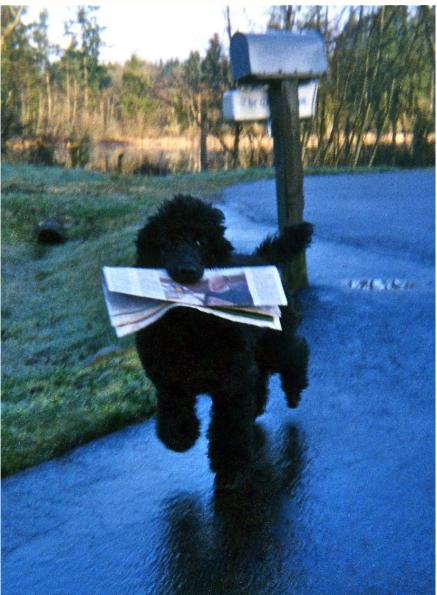
One from here
One from there
From wherever they spent the day

A magical moment
To hear them call out
To each other by name

"V" wakes forming
On the evening sea
They're dancing away from me

A family, comes together
Glides across the sea
To Harstine Island, to call it a day





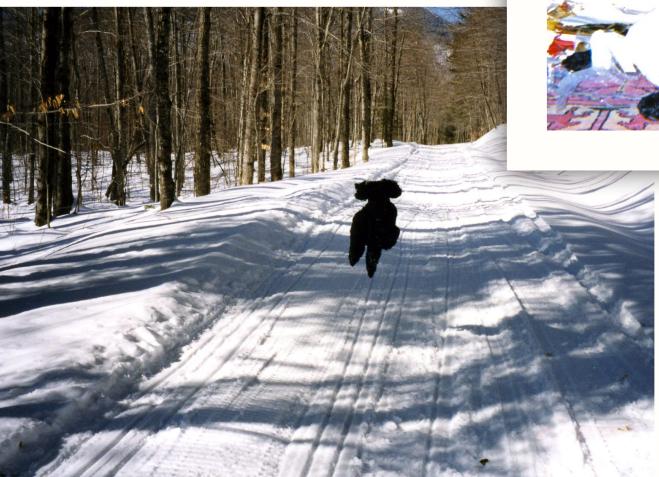
Taylor

No one will ever know, how I loved you
You were my best friend

Alone here, just thinkin' of you
You lived it til the end...

When I came home
You were waggin' your tail

Pullin' up the drive, oh how you danced
Like you'd been waitin' for me



Doin' wheelies, and flyin' high
Oh how you made me smile...

Runnin' mile after mile
You were the fastest of all

How could you last like that
Then sleep like a log...

With your friends at the barn
Or just playin' ball...

It'll never be the same
Without you here

You're in my heart
And in my dreams...

I know you'll be there
Just waitin' for me

We'll play and play
On our new day...

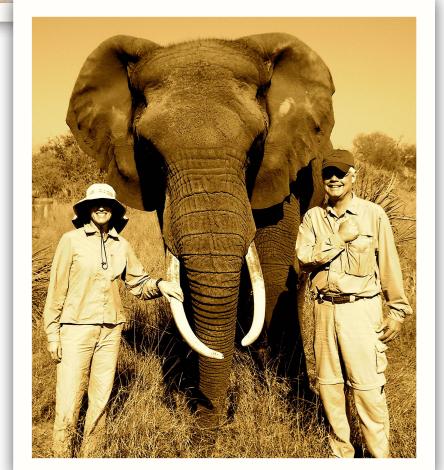
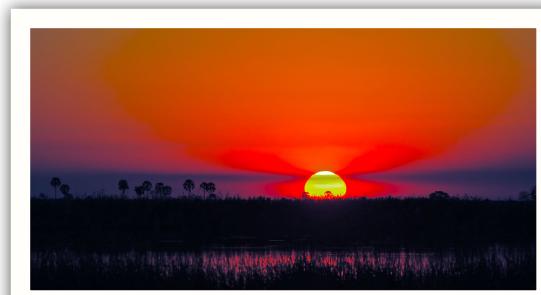
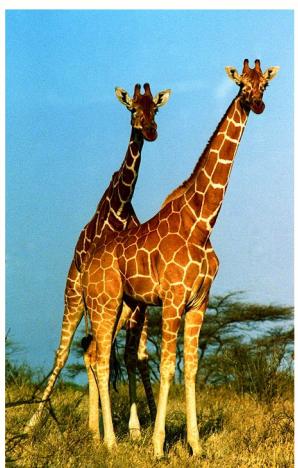
No one will ever know
How I loved you

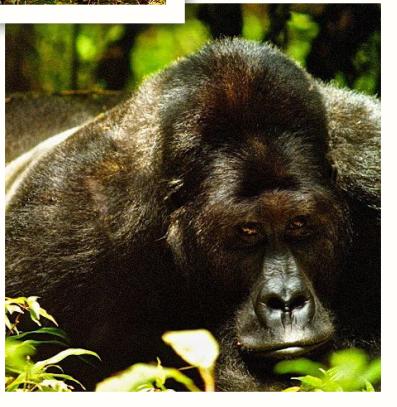
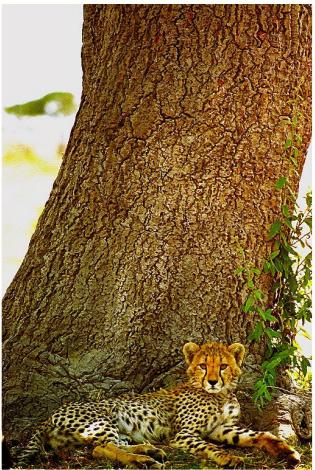
Now you're gone
My best friend

“AFRICA”

Where in the World?
Are the skies - - - as big
As they are in Africa
The stars, the sun
The rivers, the moon
As far as you can see
Jungle, savannas and the woodlands
All that, make the bush

Where in the world?
Is life - - - so real
As it is in Africa
The animals, the birds
The insects, the fish
All that lives and breathes
Newborns, death, and the kill
The full circle of life

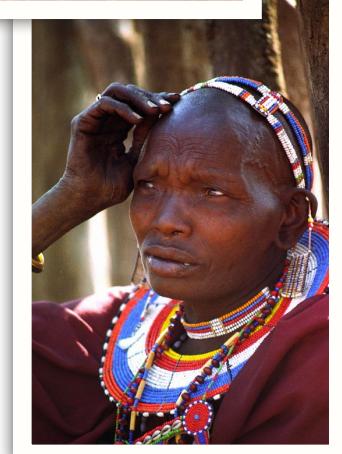




Where in the world?
Can you close your eyes - - - and feel
What you can in Africa
The sounds, the smell
The voices, the wind
Like no other place
In the air, on your skin, with every sense
You feel the texture of life

Where in the world?
Are the people - - - as happy
As they are in Africa
The music, the stories
The family, the tribe
Hearts so full and free
The Kgotsa, justice and the Chief
An extended way of life

Where in the world?
Would I rather be?
It is, to be in Africa





“A MOTHER’S LOVE”

On a hot afternoon deep in the heart of the Okavango Delta – Cathy - a working Elephant – and her new six-month-old baby calf - Little Abu – were out grazing on the green grasses of the Delta – where he was learning to become an Elephant. Cathy - the matriarch of the herd – had been given a few months off work – to spend time with her son – to give him a mother’s love – as only a mother can – teaching him all that she knew about the world. As the day stretched on - the afternoon sun filled the sky – it got hot – they found a place to rest in the shade of a Sycamore fig tree. As they slept – it slowly began to rain – at first as a fine mist – then a drizzle – then it began to pour (if you’ve been to Africa – you know how it can rain – oh yes – rain like the devil) – it rained harder & harder – the wind started to blow – suddenly a crack of lightning – an explosion of rolling thunder – now the rain was blowing sideways - it was a massive storm!

Cathy knew she should take Little Abu back to the safety of their home - the Boma – this is where their trainers the Mahouts live – along with the other elephants of the herd. On their trek back they had to forge the Xudum River – it is a large wide river – as they started their crossing of the river channel - there was a low slow current. As Cathy and Little Abu worked their way to the far side – the water started to rise – higher & higher – the current becoming stronger & stronger – when they reached the bank on the other side – they could not climb out – slipping and sliding in the mud – there was no way out – the steep banks were three to four metres high – the river continued to rise - the current grew stronger. Billy and the Mahouts at the Boma – began to hear Little Abu scream – they rushed to the river – saw the situation – tried everything possible to help Cathy and Little Abu – using ropes - branches – rocks – anything they could find - but nothing worked in their efforts to help save their friends. Cathy’s feet were still on the river bottom – but Little Abu was now floating - Cathy held the baby against her body as the river current grew stronger – whenever Little Abu would begin to drift away – Cathy used her trunk to pull him back against her body. Suddenly - the fast flowing water washed Little Abu away – Cathy turned – jumped in - plunged downstream - over a hundred metres to retrieve Little Abu. Swirling in the tempest of the

river – she pinned her calf against the bank with her head – she reared up on her hind legs – then with her trunk lifted Little Abu – placing him on a rocky ledge just a metre above the roaring water. In an instant - Cathy fell backwards – tumbling – rolling – swept away – into the torrents of the Xudum – disappearing downstream – never to be seen again.

The Mahouts were in shock – their hearts were sickened by the sight of Cathy being taken away – then they heard Little Abu screaming for his mother – they all turned their attention to the calf – which could barely fit on the narrow ledge – alone – cold - shivering. An hour passed – the river

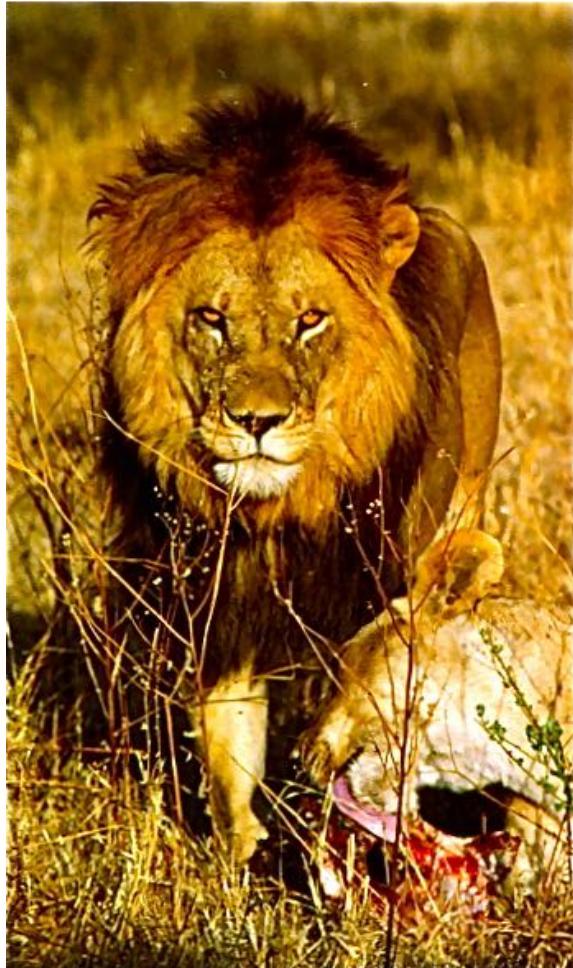


continued to rise – higher & higher – closer to baby Abu – his potential death. Billy and the Mahouts again tried everything they could to save him – a baby Elephant weighs over a hundred kilograms – there was nothing they could do - as Billy peered down – wondering what he might do to rescue Little Abu – he heard the grandest sound - he's ever heard in his life – Phunnnnn Phunnnnn Phunnnnn – the trumpeting of a mother's love. Cathy was alive – she had survived – somehow – someplace – she had climbed out of the river – got up the bank – and was making her way back – running as fast as she could – calling out the whole time to Little Abu – in her loudest defiant roar – Phunnnnn Phunnnnn Phunnnnn – this was music to Little Abu and the Mahouts - Little Abu's two small ears – shaped like little maps of Africa – were cocked forward listening to the only sounds that mattered – the call of his mother. When Cathy reached Little Abu she saw that he was safe on the ledge – her call changed to the rumble that Elephants typically make when pleased – everyone was so happy - so tired! The two Elephants were left alone that night – to let nature take its course. By morning Little Abu was off the ledge – Cathy had somehow retrieved him – the Xudum no longer in flood – Cathy and Little Abu headed back home to Billy – the Mahouts – their home the Boma.

This is "A Mothers' Love"

The outline of this story is from the book "When Elephants Weep"
By Jeffery Moussaieff Masson & Susan McCarthy

“THE BORDER BOYS”



The Border Boys
Six brothers they came
Seven years-old, the story goes

No one knows
Where they came from
On their way, to King's Pool

Namibia to Botswana
Border river they swam
The Linyanti, is her name

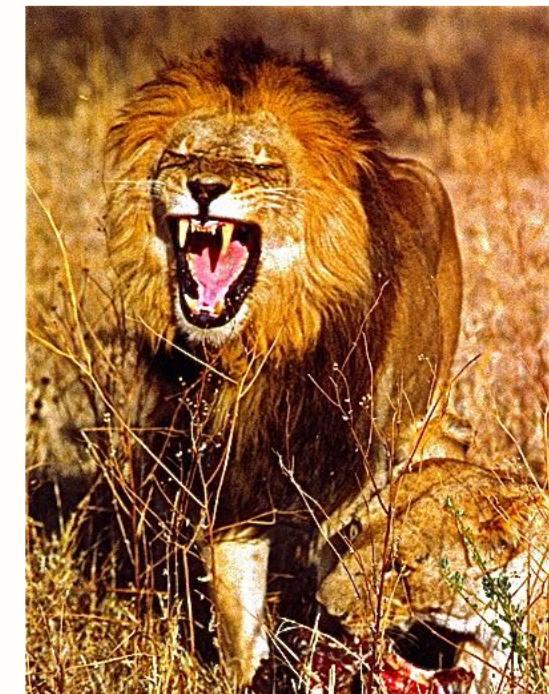
Bad Boys all six
They came as a gang
To fight “Alto”, for his Savuti Pride

“Alto” never seen again
They killed all the males
Then the cubs, to start their life again

Lionesses loved them
They mated, copulated
Every fifteen minutes, they'd roar

Nothing stopped them
The perfect specimens
Ultimate genes, to pass on

Strong and beautiful
The “Border Boys”
Greek Gods, of the Okavango





Return from the Delta
To share their kill
All for their, Savuti Pride

They hunted at night
Like no other team
They could take, down anything

Elephant, Hippos,
Leopards, Giraffe,
Baboons, Buffalo and the like

These "Border Boys"
Where did they come from?
Like a mirage, in the night

Their story to be told
They've come to King's Pool
To carry on, the Savuti Pride

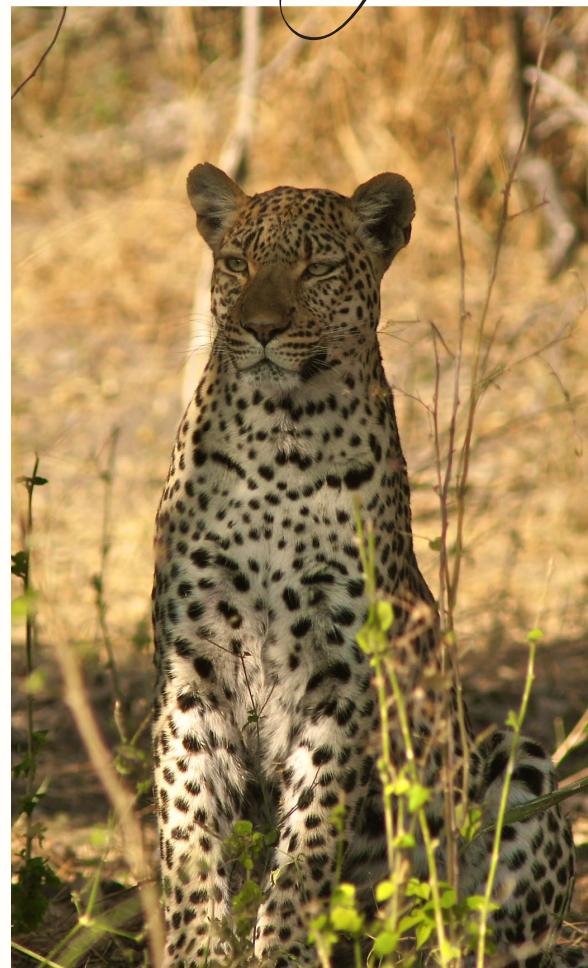


“Moltopi”

The story of Moltopi – the most beautiful young female Leopard – you've ever seen!

Moltopi is the daughter of Boshiba – at the age of two-years-old Moltopi separated from her mother – which is natural for Leopards – who are known as solitary animals. Moltopi also had a brother – who had recently been killed by the Baboons. Losing her son caused Boshiba great sadness - so moved by his death she did something very rare for Leopards – she reunited with her daughter – Moltopi. Boshiba, started by inviting Moltopi to share in her kills and eat together – Moltopi began to do the same – they would stay together for a few days then split up again to hunt separately. This was a very special relationship in the animal world – especially for Leopards. They were a unique mother and daughter.

It was a cool – beautiful – blue sky morning – on the banks of the Linyanti River in the Okavango Delta of Botswana – a mother Fish Eagle had coaxed her two baby eaglets out of their nest for the first time – high in the branches of the Acacia tree – she was perched – watching her two babies – flap and flutter – from tree to tree – making their way – experiencing flight for the first time. It was a wondrous sight – Fish Eaglets learning to fly! As all this commotion took place – a beautiful female Leopard raised her head from a deep sleep – hidden in the branches of a Mopane tree – she slowly rose to her feet and scanned the landscape. Moltopi was her name – suddenly she jumped from branch to branch down the tree – to the ground – like a sleek stealth ghost – she launched into another tree just a few yards away – she shot up like a rocket – up –

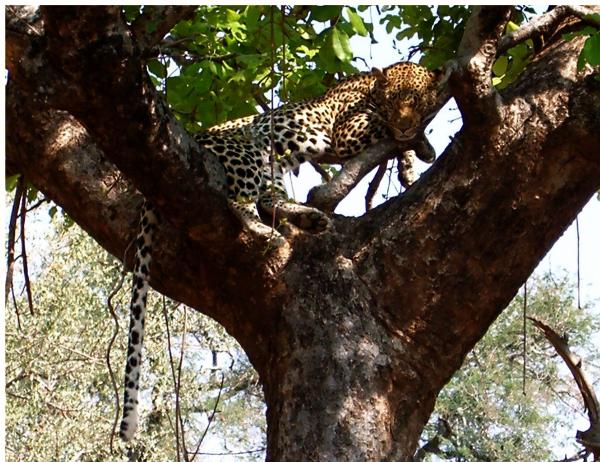


up – up – bouncing branch to branch – what's she doing? Leopards are supposed to sleep during the day? Higher and higher she danced – why? Where was she going? Then without warning – from out of the shadows – the mother Fish Eagle came soaring in with talons flashing – straight at Moltopi – KA KA KA – screaming – whistling – she glanced at Moltopi's side and flew away – again and again, KA KA KA! Whooshing – dive bombing – attacking Moltopi – without a flinch Moltopi climbed higher and higher. The attacks continued – until Moltopi – finally got to her destination – the nest! It was huge – at least four feet wide and three feet high – it was the nest of the eaglets and their mother. Moltopi reached up and peered over the lip of the nest – there was no one home – what a lucky day – they were out learning to fly! Moltopi slowly came down the tree with nothing to eat – picked her a branch – laid down and closed her eyes.

Late that afternoon – Moltopi slept in the branch of an African Mangosteen tree – resting in the shade – she waited for the sun to go down – so she could go hunt in the darkness of night. Far - far off in the distance was a troop of more than fifty Baboons – they were slowly approaching and heading in her direction. The Baboons – were rolling and tumbling – cleaning each other – picking the seeds off the ground - playing as the Baboons – always do. As Moltopi lay camouflaged in the tree – she dreamed of her mother and brother – the Baboons passed off to her left – but it being such a large troop – they spread out like a giant wave. Then out of the clear quiet silence came a huge roar – HO HO HO – HO HO HO – YAK YAK YAK - a scream alert – rang out



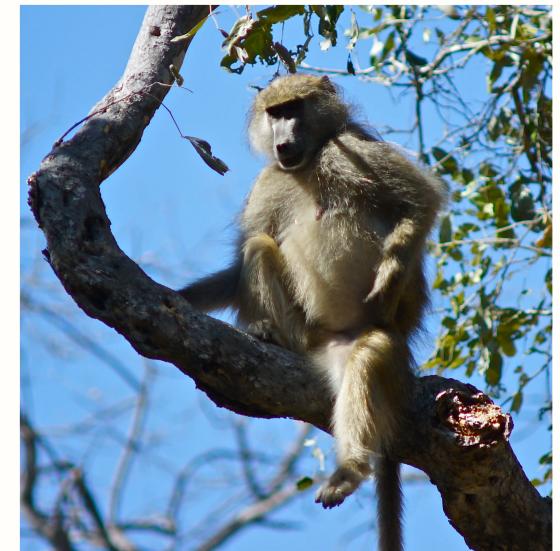
For over an hour Moltopi and the Baboons are at a frozen showdown. Moltopi's only hope is to wait out the Baboons - who must return to their community Palm trees - where they go to sleep for the night - before darkness and their predator the Lions come out to hunt! No one makes a move for more than an hour - there's stillness. Suddenly - slowly - one Baboon - then the next - start to retreat - slowly climbing down the tree. Eventually - after another hour - they have all gone - moved on. No - there is still one! He's 5' 4" tall - the biggest - meanest - nastiest - looking Baboon you've ever seen - the dominant male of the troop - look at those fangs. The entire time his troop had attacked Moltopi - he sat at the base of Moltopi's tree - he never moved - he never went up. He had been waiting - waiting for her to jump out of the tree - trying to make her last dash for life - he hoped that she might break a leg if she jumped - but she didn't. Moltopi had survived - held on till the end. Now, Mr. Big must go up to get her. Slowly he starts up the tree - Moltopi is watching his every move. Then he goes into action - flying branch to branch



- like the circus master of the flying trapeze! In a flash - he is able to get above her. One large male Baboon can kill a Leopard - if he can attack it from behind or get on her back - but Moltopi stays frozen covered by leaves and branches. Mr. Big waits - he can't quite figure out how to launch his attack. It's another frozen standoff - after another hour - Mr. Big - screams one last time - HO HO HO - then slowly - very slowly - moves from branch to branch - down the tree - when he gets to the base - he sits and waits again. As time slowly passes - Moltopi knows - if she can wait till darkness comes - he will leave. Finally, Mr. Big slowly - ever so slowly - heads off to his troop. Moltopi waits - waits and waits - making sure she's safe to live another day in the bush!

We watched this entire scene from the base of Moltopi's tree. It is the most powerful moment I have ever experienced in nature and Africa. Blown away, what can I say?

like a piercing shot - all the Baboons start screaming - louder and louder. Moltopi awoke from her slumber to the horror of looking down on fifty Baboons surrounding her tree! Running - screaming - circling - they start to climb up towards Moltopi. She shakes herself from her sleep - springs to her feet - bounding up - up - up - up to the top branches of the tree - like lightning - higher and higher - out to the thinnest branch - the smallest branch that would support her! It was unbelievable - the sound - HO HO HO - HO HO HO - YAK YAK YAK - the attack - the Baboons jumping throughout the tree - shaking and screaming - going closer - closer to Moltopi - they were trying to surround her. She's frozen - trapped - what will happen next. A few large female Baboons approach to attack - but she swipes at them with her paw - again and again - they stop - they freeze - it's a standoff.



“THE BIG BABOON”

It was a quiet afternoon out on the Okavango Delta - a lazy summer day - as six male Lions – “The Border Boys” - were slowly cruising through the bush. Far – far – off in the distance - there was a giant – dominant male Baboon – bathing in the warm sun on the top branch of a beautiful Acacia tree. He was massive - king of the harem – the main man – quietly standing sentry over his troop. As he rested there scanning the horizon – he spotted the six Lions approaching – he rose to his feet and let out a huge roar – HO HO HOOO. He stomped and jumped on his branch at the same time – making quite a scene. The tree shook and quivered with each of his screams – roars – shrieks. Well, it didn’t seem to bother the Lions – “Kings of the Jungle.” As the Lions got closer – and closer – the giant Baboon with his long teeth snarling – spitting – shouted louder and louder. HO HO HOOO – HO HO HOOO – shaking the branch with all his might – the entire tree swayed back and forth – but slowly and quietly the Lions just kept coming. As they arrived at his tree – oh , so very close – they were now - directly beneath “The Big Baboon” – well, he let out a roar like you’ve never heard before – his loudest ever – with all his teeth shining – screaming – HO HO HOOO – HO HO HOOO – HO HO HOOO – jumping and swinging on his branch from side to side – the entire tree shook like an earthquake – the leaves were falling – he was like a mad man. Suddenly - in an instant – without a second’s warning – the branch he stood on snapped – he fell to the ground with a thunderous thud – right into the middle of the Border Boys. It was his last day – what a great meal for the Lions!





Namibian Stars

Air crisp and sweet, a cool fresh morning
The rising sun's pastel colors, desert's smell of sage

Ever changing landscapes, majestic, large & grand
As far as you can see, they seem to never end

Time passes quickly, it turns to searing heat
The day becomes so hot, you know you're in the Namib

Dunes, ancient forests, fade into the shimmering light
Desert rolling down the other side, to the Skeleton Coast

Such a harsh environ, life giving coastal fog
Only the spirits, sun, wind & rain, touch this holy land

There are a couple of rivers, sinking into the sand
Stream beds turn to Oasis, for the desert adapted life

So diverse a people, the many tribes so proud
Elders voices, died for us, freedom that long hard road

Red, orange rays of light, the sun begins to set
Golden honey grasses, close the day & start the night

The air turns cool, black skies come alive
There's nothing like, a Namibian night

Shooting stars never end, Orion, 7 Sisters, the Southern Cross
It's lighting up half the sky? My god, it's the Milky Way!

A full moon slowly rises, brightening up the sky
We're so lucky just to be here, under Namibian Stars

Aloha

LOVE

PEACE

EA *Life's Force*

THE LIGHT

THE WAY

THE PATH

GIVING

SHARING

CARING

COMFORT

O'HANA *Family*

EXTENDED FAMILY

COMMUNITY



FRIENDS

ALL BEINGS

PONO *Balance of Spirit*

MANA *Power To Do Right*

SPIRITS

HEIAU *Sacred Temples*

SELF-LESS

AINA *Earth*

PLANTS

ANIMALS

BIRDS

FISH

LANI *Heaven*

STARS

MOON

SKY

SUN

WIND

CLOUDS

RAIN

RAINBOWS

FULL CIRCLES OF COLORS

WATERFALLS

MAUI MIST

SUNRISE

SUNSET

MOONRISE

MOONSET

OCEAN

THE SEA

ANOTHER COMPLETE WORLD

POUNDING SURF

WAVES

TIDES



SEA BREEZE

HANA

HAMOA BEACH

PANILO

CATTLE & HORSES

MELE' CHANTS

SLACK KEY

LAP STEEL

NANI *Beautiful*

THE WAY WE LIVE

KAHUNA *The Gods*

KAPUNA *The Elders*

FAITH

MAKANA *The Gift*

HONI *Kiss Of Life*

A HUI HOU *Until We Meet Again*

MAHALO *Thank You*

HANA NIGHTS

Cath and I had finally made the transition from Maui to Kauai's north shore - where we had just spent the last couple of weeks. We have been coming to Maui almost every year since the 80's. Maui will always be – a “Funmeister” travel destination - but Maui has just grown too much – too fast. With that said - there is one place on the island – that will always be the true essence of “aloha” - we will forever return - to Hana.

Hana, is where Cath will someday spread a few of my ashes. The Hana coast - Hamoa Beach - Frigate Island - Red Sand Beach - and Hana Ranch. The drive – town – sun - fun – horses – cattle – pastures - clouds – mist – rain - sun rise – sunset - moonrise - mushrooms – music - the people – families – their way of life - Hana - O'Hana. And of course, Hotel Hana – Maui – this is Maui – this is Hawaii.

It was the Christmas season and we decided to spend the holiday in Hana. On our way in from the airport - we often stop to visit our friends - Fred and Suzie – we met them through horses at the World Equestrian Games in Roma – they have the most beautiful home and riding arena on the slopes of Haleakala - surrounded by Ulupalakau Ranch. We had dinner with them - stayed the night – then headed out on the back road to Hana. We stopped at the Winery – then headed out on to the Piilani Hwy – had a sandwich at the “wacky” store in Kaupo – like always it was a windy – but a beautiful adventurous drive. Up around Mamalu Bay – we stopped and went for a swim at a waterfall and pool – dried off on the hot rocks - then drove on around to Kipahulu – looking for birds – past Seven Sacred Pools - finally reaching Hana in the late afternoon. (We take the old “Road to Hana” when we go back to the airport in Kahului) completing the loop. After a sunset at Hamoa Beach – we eat dinner at the Hotel - then settled in for a peaceful night's sleep. If you've been on the islands long enough - you actually lose track of time - TV – cell phone – shoes - your clothes – even your watch. You live by the sun – get up with the sunrise - go to bed with the sunset – your life cycle is in tune with the earth and sun.

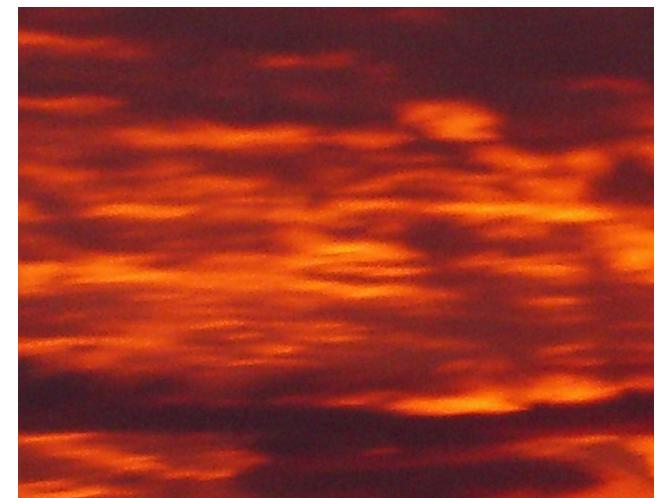
That night - I'm sleeping like a rock – suddenly - something - a flash – a giant flash of light wakes me. It was the strangest thing - in the middle of the night - like someone was outside was using an old fashion camera – with flash bulbs – big ol' flashes. Over here - then over there - across to the other side of the room - there was no rhythm or rhyme – no timing to this light.



I thought it must be lightning – but there was no thunder? - so I got up - went outside – stood on the porch - it was as still as it could be – I could see nothing – pitch black – no moon - no storm - no rain – no thunder - not a sound – what's going on here? Then it flashed again - behind me – I jumped - spun around – then again and again. When I finally got a straight shot - head on look - the flashes seemed to be concealed behind a dark shadow – a veil hidden within the darkness – the light was dancing deep within the black night's clouds. I could see the outline - edges of clouds - but far - far away. It lasted an hour – it was the most incredible black and white - silent light show. Like strobes flashing within distant clouds – eventually becoming slithering bolts of lightning - shooting sideways – horizontal – not vertical – flying – crawling branches - ripping across the entire sky – they rolled like fire balls – thrown from the Gods – the sign of Zorro - electric sparks and charges – instantly exploding – it was like Armageddon – a rocket's white flash - a flash so bright you could see everything – then instantly blinded and see nothing – stinging my eyes – my pupils couldn't adjust fast enough - I couldn't see – I couldn't see. But still no sound?

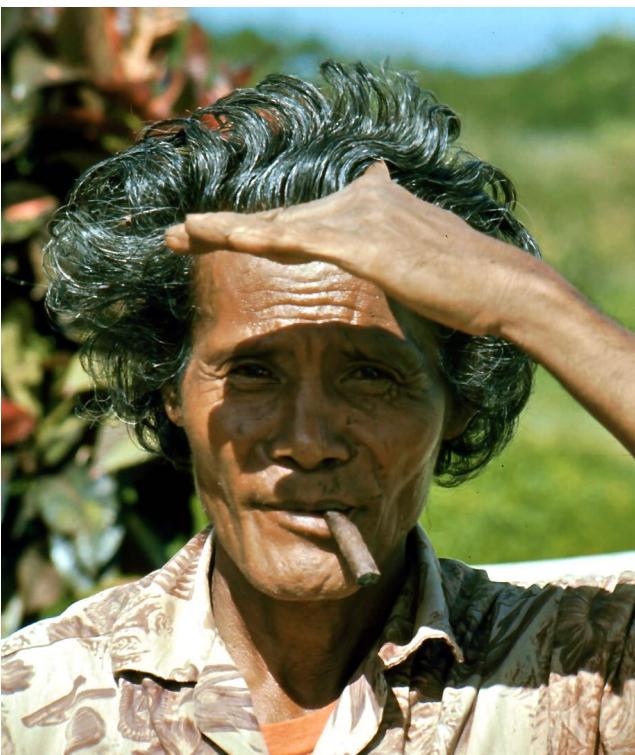
As I stood and watched - a soft wind started to blow – it was warm and mysterious – the flashes grew more frequent– still no thunder – only flashing light. Then the famous Hawaiian mist – started to float slowly on the breeze – they call it rain – Hana rain. I had been up for two hours – trying to figure this out – but now its here – I know it's a storm – growin' – blowin'– I could smell it – now it really started to rain. The wind slowly grew – from a breeze to a blow – to a howl – to a ragin' river - with unbelievable force – rolling down off the eastern slopes of Haleakala – with crushing power – swirling – shooting up – down – then comin' at me sideways. She blasted all night - it wouldn't - it just couldn't stop. It rained in sheets – pounding on the tin roof so hard - you couldn't hear – feel or think.

Underneath all this – like a foundation of sound - a slow quiet rumble started – from way out in the distance – way – way out - rolling - flowing – an eruption - coming up from the ocean floor – there was no timing – no connection to the flash! – growing louder and louder – slowly the sound started to connect to the flashes. Long sheets of waffling steel - slowly creeping up on me - shotgun blasts - lightning cracks – sonic booms - rolling in across the sea - comin' at me – an atomic blast - you could feel the shock waves – like pounding surf – inside a giant curling wave - rollin' - whirling – ringing in my ears – repeating so fast - that now you couldn't make out each roaring boom – it took me to my knees – I couldn't hear.





I knew it was a spiritual event unfolding – it had arrived – the Mana – the powerful Pele' – the Gods were now speaking – they are playing their games. Like World War III – up from the bowels of the earth - it seemed to last forever. The energy of the storm became so strong - it shook my soul – the room – the earth – every fiber of my body. It was the most amazing textures of sound – light – and vibration – I've ever experienced - in three hours - over six inches of rain fell. It was the best night I've had since the Northern Lights in Alaska.



Just as life - all storms must end - it started to lighten. Slowly – oh so slowly it started to unwind – out in the night - the sky - the water - the earth - all looked as one - melted melded together. Then the thunder - the rain - the wind - the blackness of night - started to separate - turning into all different shades of gray – was it starting to reveal a new day? A low soft hue - a morning light - a sliver of yellow orange light - sliding along the edge of the ocean's horizon – it was trying to break though – a morning sunrise? I started to make out the edges of the clouds - began to see the surf - crashing waves - horses in the pasture – even colors of green. Oh, my God, is that a patch of blue? Are we going to Hamoa Beach today? I couldn't believe it! It finished the way it started - but in reverse - for another hour – no flashes - no lightning – only the rolling - boooming - rumbling - waves of thunder - floating away from me.

Finally, I walked off the porch to looked around - checked things out. Palm fronds – pieces of roofing – it looked like a Tornado had come through. - Oh no - wait – behind me encasing Haleakala - were the biggest – blackest clouds – like a huge rolling blanket - comin' right at me! It had been a false alarm. This storm wasn't going die this easy – it wasn't going to end this way? I couldn't believe it! The wind started blowin' – faster this time – rain started fallin' – harder this time - with the slow low rollin' - boomin' – thunder roars – rumblin' in the distance – but no lightning – the black blanket covered the earth and sea . Mother Nature in her fullness. When it finally stopped – there was a long period of unbelievable colors and light – again - the thunder kept slowly driftin' away – in slow motion – two more inches of rain had fallen - it took another hour for the rumbling to stop - the sky finally cleared for another beautiful Hana blue sky day.

Later that day at Hasegawa's store, we talked with the locals - they said the Kapuna (the elders) of Hana - hadn't seen a storm like this since they were children - decades ago.



Lightning

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Jump to: [navigation](#), [search](#)

This article is about the atmospheric electrical phenomenon. For other uses, see [Lightning \(disambiguation\)](#).

Lightning is an [atmospheric](#) discharge of [electricity](#) accompanied by [thunder](#), which typically occurs during [thunderstorms](#), and sometimes during [volcanic eruptions](#) or [dust storms](#).^[1] In the [atmospheric electrical](#) discharge, a leader of a bolt of lightning can travel at speeds of 60,000 m/s (130,000 mph), and can reach [temperatures](#) approaching 30,000 °C (54,000 °F), hot enough to fuse [silica](#) sand into glass channels known as [fulgurites](#) which are normally hollow and can extend some distance into the ground.^[2] There are some 16 million [lightning storms](#) in the world every year.^[4]

How lightning initially forms is still a matter of debate.^[6] Scientists have studied root causes ranging from atmospheric perturbations ([wind](#), [humidity](#), [friction](#), and [atmospheric pressure](#)) to the impact of [solar wind](#) and accumulation of charged solar particles.^[4] [Ice](#) inside a cloud is thought to be a key element in lightning development, and may cause a forcible separation of positive and negative [charges](#) within the cloud, thus assisting in the formation of lightning.^[4]

Cloud-to-cloud lightning

Lightning discharges may occur between areas of cloud without contacting the ground. When it occurs between two separate clouds it is known as inter-cloud lightning and when it occurs between areas of differing [electric potential](#) within a single cloud, it is known as intra-cloud lightning. Intra-cloud lightning is the most frequently occurring type.^[15]

These are most common between the upper [anvil](#) portion and lower reaches of a given thunderstorm. This lightning can sometimes be observed at great distances at night as so-called "[heat lightning](#)". In such instances, the observer may see only a flash of light without hearing any thunder. The "heat" portion of the term is a folk association between locally experienced warmth and the distant lightning flashes.

Another terminology used for cloud-cloud or cloud-cloud-ground lightning is "Anvil Crawler", due to the habit of the charge typically originating from beneath or within the anvil and scrambling through the upper cloud layers of a thunderstorm, normally generating multiple branch strokes which are dramatic to witness. These are usually seen as a thunderstorm passes over the observer or begins to decay. The most vivid crawler behavior occurs in well developed thunderstorms that feature extensive rear anvil shearing.



Sheet lightning

Sheet lightning is an informally applied name to cloud-to-cloud lightning that exhibits a diffuse brightening of the surface of a cloud caused by the actual discharge path being hidden.

Heat lightning

Main article: [Heat lightning](#)

Heat lightning occurs too far away for the [thunder](#) to be heard. This occurs because the lightning occurs very far away and the sound waves dissipate before they reach the observer.^[37]

Thunder

Thunder is the sound made by [lightning](#). Depending on the nature of the lightning and distance of the listener, thunder can range from a sharp, loud crack to a long, low rumble (brontide). The sudden increase in [pressure](#) and [temperature](#) from lightning produces rapid expansion of the [air](#) surrounding and within a bolt of lightning. In turn, this expansion of air creates a [sonic shock wave](#) which produces the sound of thunder, often referred to as a clap, crack, or peal of thunder. The sound of thunder can be calculated by the listener depending on when the sound is heard vs. the vision of the lightening strike.



Because the electrostatic discharge of terrestrial lightning superheats the air to plasma temperatures along the length of the discharge channel in a short duration, [kinetic theory](#) dictates gaseous molecules undergo a rapid increase in pressure and thus expand outward from the lightning creating a [shock wave](#) audible as thunder. Since the sound waves propagate not from a single point source but along the length of the lightning's path, the sound origin's varying distances from the observer can generate a rolling or rumbling effect. Perception of the sonic characteristics are further complicated by factors such as the irregular and possibly branching geometry of the lightning channel, by [acoustic echoing](#) from terrain, and by the typically multiple-stroke characteristic of the lightning strike.

[Cumulonimbus clouds](#) often form [thunderstorms](#).

The cause of thunder has been the subject of centuries of speculation and scientific [inquiry](#). The first recorded theory is attributed to the Greek philosopher [Aristotle](#) in the third century BC, and an early speculation was that it was caused by the collision of [clouds](#). Subsequently, numerous other theories have been proposed. By the mid-19th century, the accepted theory was that lightning produced a [vacuum](#). In the 20th century a consensus evolved that thunder must begin with a [shock wave](#) in the air due to the sudden thermal expansion of the [plasma](#) in the lightning channel. The temperature inside the lightning channel, measured by [spectral analysis](#), varies during its 50 μ s existence, rising sharply from an initial temperature of about 20,000 K to about 30,000 K, then dropping away gradually to about 10,000 K. The average is about 20,400 K (20,100 °C; 36,300 °F).^[1] This heating causes it to expand outward, plowing into the surrounding cooler air at a speed faster than sound would travel in that cooler air. The outward-moving pulse that results is a shock wave,^[2] similar in principle to the shock wave formed by an [explosion](#), or at the front of a [supersonic aircraft](#). More recently, the consensus around the cause of the shock wave has been eroded by the observation that measured [overpressures](#) in simulated lightning are greater than what could be achieved by the amount of heating found. Alternative proposals rely on [electrodynamic](#) effects of the massive current acting on the plasma in the bolt of lightning.^[3]

[Calculating distance](#)

A flash of lightning, followed after some seconds by a rumble of thunder is, for many people, the first illustration of the fact that [sound](#) travels more slowly than [light](#). Using this difference, one can estimate how far away the bolt of lightning is by timing the interval between seeing the flash and hearing thunder. The [speed of sound](#) in dry air is approximately 343 m/s or 1,127 feet per second or 768 mph (1,236 km/h) at 20°C (68 °F).^[4] The [speed of light](#) is high enough that it can be taken as [infinite](#) in this calculation. Therefore, the lightning is approximately one kilometer distant for every 2.9 seconds that elapse between the visible flash and the first sound of thunder (or one mile for every 4.6 seconds). In the same five seconds the light could have travelled the same distance as circling the globe 37 times. Thunder is seldom heard at distances over 20 kilometers (12 miles).^[5] A flash of lightning and a simultaneous sharp “crack” of thunder, a thundercrack, therefore indicates that the lightning strike was very near.

Since light [travels](#) at a significantly greater speed than [sound](#) through air, an observer can approximate the distance to the strike by timing the interval between the visible lightning and the audible thunder it generates. At [standard](#) atmospheric temperature and pressures near ground level, sound will travel at roughly 343 [m/s](#) (1125 [ft/sec](#)); a lightning flash preceding its thunder by five seconds would be about one mile distant. A flash preceding thunder by three seconds is about one kilometer distant. Consequently, a lightning strike observed at a very close distance (within 100 meters) will be accompanied by the sound of a loud snap, instant thunder, and the smell of Ozone (O₃).

TAP IT OUT!



Tap It Out! Tap It Out! Tap It Out!

What am I tryin' to hold on to?
The more I get, the more I need
My God, this is takin' over me

It's my comfort, see my groove
How's my game, ya, like my moves?
It's the yin, the yang, am I afraid to change?

Babe, how do I look?
In my latest suit, Italian style
But I'll need somethin' new, to keep lookin' good, for you

Hot, Hot, Hot or not?
Tap It Out! Tap It Out! Tap It Out!



Hey, what kinda' car do ya drive? I lease all five of mine
A Jag, Escalade, heavy duty 4X4 for my boat
Oh, I forgot my motor home

Buildin' a new house, 15,000 square feet
So my family can stay close
Swimmin' pool, theatre, and more, more, more, so much more



How much is enough? MAC, PC, PED
Oh, just Blackberry me
Maybe we could see, each other someday

It's time, It's time, It's time to
Tap It Out! Tap It Out! Tap It Out!

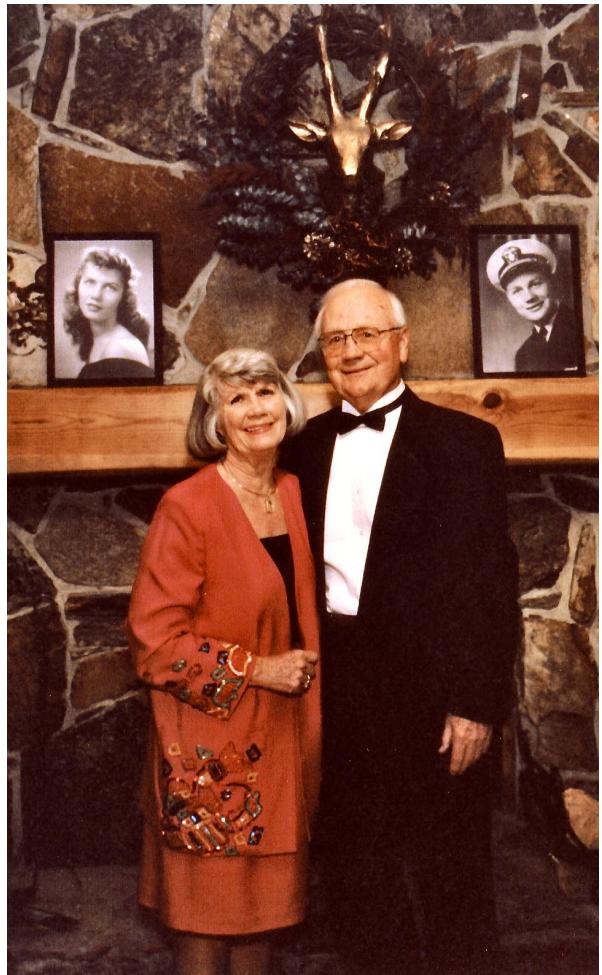
Hey, where's my family? Too busy to talk
Livin' all over this world
Guess, I'll have to wait to see 'em



New York, L.A., just another day
What city am I in?
Where am I goin'? Where've I been?

I'm runnin' so hard, can't find the time
To give you the love, you deserve
But wait! You know I really do love you?

Whoa, Whoa, Whoa – where am I tryin' to go?
Tap It Out! Tap It Out! Tap It Out!



Spinning out of control, I can't let it go
I'm tryin' to keep it all
Do you know, what I paid for that?

What am I sharing,' with others?
Oh ya, the ones I love
Let alone, the ones, that are really in need

It's takin' over me, it's got my soul
What's wrong with me?
What do I care about? What am I gonna be?

What am I givin' back? What am I givin' back?
Tap It Out! Tap It Out! Tap It Out!



Layin' in my coffin, lookin' up
You know I mean
Cold, dead, and gone

Can't take it with ya?
What do I want, when I'm gone?
Good friends, a family and love

Am I livin' each day?
Or just givin' it away?
My time, My love, My life

The question is, was I a player in life?
Did I take my shot? Did I make my shot?
Did I give to the ones I love?

Time's runnin' out
So Brother, do it now
Tap it Out!!! Tap it Out!!! Tap it Out!!!