

A Long Journey



Too many things going on to get my head wrapped around writing last few days. I am sorry for that. I have been thinking a lot about my travels lately. I am attracted to something in the tropics, but it's not the usual sort of thing. You watch the Videos on YouTube, and there are all the girls in Bikinis trying to look hot. Reminds me of my first trip to Hawaii when I was a kid... Yes I walked Waikiki at 6 years old in the early 70's, all those leggy 20 something goddesses walking around in Bikini's with less material than my T shirt had... Yah it was eye opening. But for some reason while it brought smiles to my face and pleasant memories into my life... 50 years later I still remember the blond in the Tan Bikini all legs, coming out of McDonalds... God, she's probably 70 now... wow...

But the memory stays pure. Still these are not the memories that keep drawing me back to the Tropics. There is something much more primordial at play here. Northern Australia, It was the gardens and parks, the delectable fresh from the tree fruits. Walking down the outdoor mall. Watching the Cockatoo's fly through the air and enjoying the rich saturated colors of the Lorikeets. Ibis walking on the roof. Flying foxes and Vampires.

The land of Australia itself talked to me. It told me I belonged. It was part of me, and I was some how part of it. Don't ask me how, I have no Idea. But, to this day, I hear its call, a deep earthy voice, it booms in my soul.

The Philippines, the nation of smiles, and 59 million impoverished people, maybe 1 million with all the wealth. They say God gave them heaven, then with a cynical laugh gave them a government to see over it... Yes Filipino's are on the whole are a beautiful people, souls of gold. Bright, educated, sadly over looked all too many times.

But again as I sat foot down there, with the first crow of the Rooster, I heard the earth singing to me. Like bells on the wind. People make your days.. the earth makes your experience.

from the sulfury depths of Mambikol, to the emerald green vistas of the mountains surrounding Kanloan. I felt home.

I once said, with the right person I could enjoy living in a tin fishing hut. Now somehow I realize, I simply need to find the right fishing hut, I know where it should go, for ever lasting happiness.

To me Travel is a long journey with time to think, information to process, and memories to change your heart with. Journeys that can affect your soul, and your entire understanding of the world. Yes the world is alive, not simply the people on it. Yes the people all the people can shape your understanding. Yes they can reach into your soul. But when you sit on that mountain top, or that stream bed, just you, the wind, the birds and the aromas... I am transported back 50 plus years, to a time when I played in vacant lots, with tall grasses, eating black berries off the bush listening to the birds sing. That was when I lived at peace with the world. Now the world wants me back.

