

**From:** honu world <itsahonuworldinhawaii@hotmail.com>  
**Sent:** Thursday, April 27, 2017 8:00 AM  
**To:** Marylou Staman; Jan Staman; alexandra.reininger@noaa.gov  
**Subject:** Poem that was on the Pole at East- when the pole was upright

But of course the poem is still in the soul of the sand and the sea- realizing nothing is ever permanent- as in the Shifting Sands of Time. The turtles figured out how to handle that for nesting eons ago- if they hadn't they wouldn't be here today! Happily, George

Dear Emma, I thought you would appreciate this poem. Please save to read years from now. Aloha, George

"Walk softly. Walk softly, stranger. The land on which you stand is Holy ground, a place of unspoiled beauty, colored by The Hand of God. And you who stand upon this land will someday too remember sun-washed sands and quiet days, and moments crystallized in time. Walk softly, stranger, for you stand on Holy ground."

Composed circa 1976 by Harry Emmett Finch of Malibu, California, Stationed at 18 years of age for 12 months at the US Coast Loran Station at East Island (known then as "Gooney Bird Island" French Frigate Shoals.