

Date: Tue, 21 Sep 1999 19:44:17 -0400
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Subject: Trying to Find you- A Turtle Tale on Significance

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From: INTERNET:CCafe@creativity.net at CSERVE
Date: Fri Jan 01 13:01:01 1999
To: skippy at DAR
Subject: Trying to Find you- A Turtle Tale on Significance

[Part 2: "Attached Text"]

====FYI Received this last week. Aloha, Sh>>>>>>>>>

Greetings Skippy,

I have just had an encounter with a sea turtle in the waters of Maui. I would like to use my story to help solve the problems and plights of these wonderful creatures. I was scooped up by a turtle and it kept me sitting on top of its shell as it spun, round and round and round. Here is my story. All rights reserved!

Please let me know if you are interested in publishing it or of other avenues where my experince can be of service and perhaps compensate me for the week it took to write and edit the most amazing tale:

An Amazing Turtle Tale:
Another in the True Life Adventures of Shiloh Bones
by Peter H. Rosen copyright Sept. 11, 1999

It could have been that kind of upsetting experience that makes you feel small for the rest of your life... but for me, it led to ultimate acceptance, and confirmation of unconditional love from another species. Science fiction doesn't get this good. Ready for a story about what happens when you follow your heart? Here's mine.

You wouldn't think being asked by a hostile security guy and his military buddy to surrender your volunteer pass (at the Maui Writers Conference) would enable an experience of unconditional love, but it did! I swear the story I am about to tell you is true.

It was after having a difference of opinion with Conference "brass" that I was "romanced" by a member of another species! My freedom from the Writers Conference allowed a life changing experience to unfold.

I experienced a sense of liberation rather than loss. I have learned to accept what life offers...to view challenges (as I call such negative energy) with the grace of knowing everything in life is unfolding as it should... This has been proven to me time and time again. Life is always happening for your benefit. It certainly was for me--as you shall see! It was all so perfect. A rare series of appearances and connections with some of my normally very busy friends followed right after the incident.

I took this as a demonstration of a higher power saying, TRUST ME! Friends appeared right on cue to help shift the dark energy of my accusers back into love. First my Tantic Lover from years ago appears, then, a gal I've been dating had time to see me on a moments notice. Like most of my friends these days, she is a member of the 4B club (Been Busy Beyond Belief) and normally doesn't have time for such things, but

this time she accepted my invitation to meet me for a setting sun swim! It was more love that I needed to feel at that moment...another wave from the hand of God, perhaps?

We met at my favorite reef where I go for rejuvenation and healing. I suffer from constant chronic back pain. Being in the water and "dancing" with my fish friends is the best medicine! The scintillating setting sun colors played upon the surface of aqua ocean waves as we slithered against each other.

But, even the most erotic play could not compare to the experience this one magnificent sea creature was to give me! Not even our singing and playing at my favorite white piano in the Grand Wailea Spa after our swim, or the free French fries afterward. They could not compete.

I was up early that fateful next morning; Sunday September 5, 1999. I will never forget the day. I finished a letter begun in the wee hours designed to set the record straight about the unfortunate conference incident. I drove back to the hotel and gave it to one of my former teammates. I wanted conference officials to know my side, and to give them some suggestions for improving the conference experience for everyone involved.

I was looking forward to being naked at Little Beach to escape the considerable heat by becoming a fish. I also looked forward to being with the "Maui Family," in a Sunday ritual to celebrate life...both on land and of the sea.

Before I got to Makenna, A striking older gentleman who had the look of King Neptune was just standing there in the hotel garden; dressed so colorfully. He was none other than Jim Loomis, my first pod pal and mentor who could hang 25 feet underwater for 3 minutes or more! He was there hoping to meet someone to agent his book and help him take the next steps after previous success as a Maui Writers Award winner.

I gave him some suggestions for marketing and promotion. I told him how he might revise the flyer he was exhibiting for better affect. I didn't tell him how ludicrous he looked compared to the dress and demeanor of the agents. It struck me funny when he mentioned there was a noticeable lack of Aloha Spirit around.

There were two more messengers of love from God right around the corner. My massage therapist and singing buddy I hadn't seen in years appears! "I was just thinking about you," she announced! We hugged. I felt the love energy flow between us. Running into her at that moment was like finding hot chocolate syrup just in time for a sundae.

We went and sang a couple of songs in the garden just within ear shot of the conference goers. We even got some smiles from passers by. Singing with another singer is like being in heaven for me, but even that was eclipsed by the amazing dances with my new turtle friends.

All this love and friendship appearing out of the blue reminded me that I am here to love and to be loved! Wouldn't you agree? In an instant after our song, she went her way, I went mine. A quick but significant interlude. I was off to Makenna.

My last thoughts of the conference was about the irony of these visits with friends, and how it turned out I received the most valuable lessons of the conference in those last 15 minutes before the Gestapo like treatment and request to surrender my badge. What a day....If you want THOSE details, you can email me.

I squiggled out of my long pants making sure no one was around. I pulled my bathing suit up as I stepped out of the car. Then a short walk to where the real miracle begins.

I climbed to the top of the lava mound overlooking Little Beach. I saw lots of naked bodies and rolling waves full of frolicking people riding them. The luminescent sea bubbled a welcoming invitation for me to join my fate.

I was feeling particularly strong and remarkably, my back was barely

hurting. I felt a sense of peace within myself and observed how my spirit has evolved. This was especially reflected by these most recent events that continue to help shape me.

I immediately got my fins and headed for the water's edge. I was putting on the last flipper when lo and behold, an old girlfriend appeared. She embraced me (WoW. Yet more love...it was highly unusual). She asked that I spend some time with her down the beach when I got out. It was her last night on Maui for a year! Great! I said and jumped into the cool caress of the ocean, ready for yet another adventure.

I look forward to playing with my fish friends. Sometimes, if I'm really really really lucky, they will play with me...come right over and check me out! But that's ONLY if you are in POD mentality and send the right vibes.... I must have had them! In spades!

I found all these events held a certain resolution and symbolism. I took all the love as a "pat on the back," a pat on the back from God (in the form of waitress gesturing "no charge" for the free French fries during the date the night before, and the friends who appeared).

I AM worthy I thought as the physical world drifted from consciousness to be replaced by the water world. I reflected how I acted with grace in the face of my accusers, and how I was immediately supported by friends. I had the feeling that each of the "scenes" during the conference was a different Tarot Card, illustrating my destiny. What happened next makes me think someone stacked the deck, especially because of the ending you are about to hear.

I ventured along the reef right of Little Beach which separates it from "Turtle Town" behind the Maui Prince. I didn't have to go that far before my first sighting. I noticed a baby turtle floating ahead of me. I paused and watched it poke its head up for a quick gulp of air before it sailed toward the bottom.

Off to the right appeared a bigger one...scratching at it's eye. This was an excellent day indeed! However it was my experience with the last of five turtles that has forever become a reminder to honor the heart and trust one's path...then, the most amazing things are allowed to unfold...as was the case with me.

My path is that of artist; storyteller of the soul. Even I have a hard time believing this story is true. I am also on the path I hope we all strive to be on, that of love and compassion for all things, especially for each other and earth during these dynamic days of change. Picture it, here we are "Dancing On The Edge Of Time."

I was feeling grateful to see turtles when suddenly a third even bigger one approached and got very close quickly; unlike the others. It too was scraping at its eyes. It seemed to be coming over to show me the beginnings of the cancers you find on the sea creatures in the worlds waters. It was trying to get the killer virus off.

I took a deep breathe and swam with my arms in sync with those of the turtle. We floated weightlessly in eternity eye to eye paddling to nowhere in particular together.

To my amazement, this animal let me reach down every so gently and touch its shell. It wanted me to see what is happening to its eye. I was deeply saddened that humanity's polluting ways have for so long eroded our own kind, and have reached the point of harming our sea family as well.

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Details at the end of the story about what is hurting the turtles.

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My new friend had a hard white growth in the corners of its eyes it was trying endlessly to remove...unsuccessfully. Poor thing. It looked like an ant cleaning its antenna scraping at its head with both fins at a time.

I couldn't help but feel sorry for it... We had drifted together. I took a closer look at its eye. It seemed to encourage me. Then the

first, miraculous thing happened.

I did something I've never done before. It let me reach out and pet its' head like a dog. I was looking empathetically into this big eye when I felt a pulse of energy come from inside the turtles head, through its eye into mine. I became still to sense what it was?

In that moment, we had bonded - god to god, eye to eye. The pulse seemed to acknowledge our kindredness of spirit on what often seems like an alien planet of war and hostility. As I gazed into the creatures eye, a feeling of infinite peace and love filled me. Its trusting me certainly helped! Perhaps it sent the same silent signal to the outpost turtle I was to encounter next. I was to get the amusement park ride of my life!! I was totally immersed in turtle energy. I felt the grace of all existence. I looked forward to my return to the last warming rays of day, to tell everyone I knew about my divine "bodhisattva tanga sanga" experience.

I noticed a swimmer nearby. Getting closer, I realized it was another turtle. From a distance, it looked like a baby just hanging lifeless from the surface of the water. Its tail was just breaking the surface and its body was hanging at an unchanging angle of 11 or 12 degrees. I thought it might be one of the cancer victims? I got closer...and closer, and closer until I was right next to this magnificent 4 foot in diameter shelled animal. What happened next shocked me!

The turtle let itself slip from the surface, shifted its position until it was right under me and let itself rise! It came up on a collision course with my belly. Instinctively I put my hands out to protect myself. But nothing prepared me for what it did next. The moment contact was made, the turtle went like this....

It cocked its front legs to the right and with a mighty spring-like release of its fins, suddenly spun itself, my hand contact the center of revolution...360 degrees and then it stopped! Stopped dead on the money 360 degrees later! I was in disbelief! It paused only a moment before doing it again.... and again....and again.... for as long as I cared to remain in contact. I had to shift my mindset to adjust to what was happening.

I pulled my hands away in shock the first time. Quickly, I discovered I could start and stop the turtle at will!!!! Yikes! This was beginning to be more than I could handle... a totally interactive turtle! I know its hard to imagine, yet the best is beyond belief and yet to come. I took my hands away, the turtle stopped and hung there? As soon as I put my hands back on the slippery slime covered shell, this whirling dervish would cock itself back into action and spin....360 degrees and stop, pause and do it again... and again... and...well you get the idea. FANTASTIC! But wait... there's more!!!

We played that way for maybe 3 minutes. Then, everything escalated. I tried to hang on. But the torque broke my grip instantly. I thought to spin myself in sync with the turtle. That worked! I anticipated its rhythm and threw myself into revolution with it...lightly holding the edges of the shell or touching the center of the turtles back.

There we were eye to eye, spinning 'round and 'round each other like ballerinas doing contact improv. We were really having fun. It took a while to really register the depth of what was happening. My creativity switched into high gear, the turtle became just another playmate. We experimented. I changed my attitude of spin...the turtle followed suit! We began gyrating and spinning at all angles.... Can you imagine... contact improv with A TURTLE under the water....Jesus! BUT WAIT, there's more...

Suddenly, I found the turtle lifting me out of the water!! It had found my center of gravity with the back of its shell...and began whirling at just the right place on my butt to push me up to the surface! Propeller driven. There I was, sitting like a little Buddha on the surface of the water on

a turtles back!!! The turtle was supporting me by doing washing machine impressions; spinning endlessly 'round and 'round without pause. My perineum was the point of its contact and rotation. This turtle lifted me sitting cross legged on top of its' back and kept going round and round and round!!! I wanted to shout "Hey look at me!" to the guy that happened to be walking a hundred yards away on shore. I was too shocked. No words came out!

I had my hands on the turtles back beside my butt and felt the shell whirling against my fingers. It held me at the surface that way for a good ten or fifteen seconds. What was happening was completely outside my comprehension. I still have a hard time believing it now. Really! I was sitting like a Buddha on the surface of the water suspended on a spinning turtle's back.

That turtle probably would have spun that way forever... I leaned backwards and slipped off my new friend. I reveled in this affirmation of life, trust and love. I beheld the turtles gaze... It seemed to smile before it glided back towards its pod pals. It never looked back... Just a very special messenger to let me know, in no uncertain terms, that our family goes far beyond this human form and that no matter how it may seem, I am loved.

I swam back to shore at a turtles pace, savoring my experiences. The great people I'd met at the Conference. The rude ones who judged me and had a bone to pick. The friends that appeared afterwards to comfort and console, and who allowed my talents to unfold. Everything reminded me of lifes' many teachers and teachings. These people and circumstances coming out of the wood work were like angles leading my way to heaven...in the form of a turtle pod and a story.

A story to remind me that love is everywhere, to remind me that if we can get out of our own way, and out of judgment and control... if we can allow ourselves and each other to grow and change with these expansive times, then just maybe love can express in new ways and become something we see, we feel and can be all the time.

This true story happened on Saturday and Sunday, September 4 and 5, 1999
c by

Peter H. Rosen

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**Details about what is hurting the turtles.

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According the Skippy Hau, noted naturalist with the US Department of Land and Natural Resources:

"The biggest threat to Hawaii's green turtles is no longer hunting by humans, but a disease known as fibropapilloma. The disease, first discovered in Florida's green turtles in the 1930s, causes large tumors on the turtles' eyes, necks, flippers, mouths and internal organs. The tumors interfere with the reptiles' ability to feed, see and swim, relegating them to a slow, painful death. "I get lots of calls about turtles [with tumors] that have become beached, that are either so weak that they can't swim or are already dead," says Skippy Hau, wildlife biologist for Hawaii's Division of Aquatic Resources.

In parts of Hawaii, the disease has stricken 60 percent of the green turtles. Similar severe outbreaks of fibropapilloma have also been reported in Florida, several Caribbean nations and at a few other sites worldwide. Curiously, there are places, such as the west coast of the island of Hawaii, where the disease is absent.

Fibropapilloma is particularly troubling because it strikes turtles while they are young, before they have reproduced. Because green turtles

live for many decades (no one knows exactly how long), a disease killing juvenile turtles today could have a significant impact on population levels in the future. More than 15 researchers in the United States are racing to identify the cause and possible cures for the disease. One of them, Thierry Work, a wildlife disease specialist with the U.S. Geological Survey, reports that fibropapilloma may be caused by a herpes virus. But he cautions that this has not yet been proven.

Pollution may be a contributing factor. "We see that the disease is present in areas that appear ecologically compromised in some way," Work adds. [full text <http://www.nwf.org/nwf/natlwild/1999/kauila.html>]

Aloha,
-Peter-

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