

**Subject:** Re: News from Jay . . .  
**From:** Jay Killen <jkillen@mac.com>  
**Date:** Sun, 17 Oct 2010 01:49:07 -1000  
**To:** cal-van@pacbell.net

Cal, Aloha Bro , You are doing well I Trust.  
I have managed an account of Greg and my adventures into the South Land.  
Please review for general accuracy and foreword at will . . .

DBS and the PCH

As many of you know, knew, suspected, were concerned about, doubted, and predicted ; a nine day journey down the surfing coast of California , two weeks after deep brain surgery ,would be very difficult at best, dangerous at worst.

Some, who were optimistically inclined, allowed or hoped for the best and visualized a challenging and healing experience.

I was all of the above without the “dangerous at worst”.

I was in touch with my Team at UCSF almost daily,  
I was in touch with my wife in Carmel almost daily,  
I was in touch with myself a little less consistently;  
but with Gregs help I stayed pretty much on track.

I had agreed with all (Professionals, family, friends, intuitives ) who cautioned “No Surfing”. I traveled down the coast of California in a October Indian Summer, was confronted by beautiful surf breaks at the Hollister Ranch (Greg surfed alone) and at Camp Pendleton and The Trestles surfing area (Remarkably Greg surfed alone)  
and not once did I enter the water. So to speak.

I did not go surfing, Exactly that is. I will explain later.

I did have some rough going.  
I have learned from the staff at UCSF.  
I have come to grips with my own reality.  
My path to healing will be a difficult passage.  
Requiring about six very difficult months before I will BEGIN to show benefits from the surgery and the on-going adjusting of the implant.  
This is extremely daunting but I am not going anywhere.

So our journey was punctuated with my slipping into trances at inopportune times.  
I had to sleep frequently.

it is just a part of my healing and I dare not resist.

Down at Camp Pendleton Marine Base we met up with Gregs military buddies and I had to miss out on some good times but I was there for others. Plenty of good nature and laughs when I was present.

Often described as a roller coaster ride, the healing process needs to be elaborated upon. I like roller coasters.

What this disease is. is a roller coaster from hell.

Enough from the dark side.

There were three parts to the journey that ranged from magical to serene to inspirational

and indeed all three events combined all three qualities

Event one

On the journey down to the Southland “we” surfed a stunningly glassy late afternoon session at the Ranch and then headed a little south to the Dos Pueblos Ranch and the hospitality of Paul “Paplo” Schulte an family.

The Schultes had to take care of family responsibilities in Santa Barbara and so we found ourselves alone in this remarkable place. A stretch of California beach privately owned and accessed. Simply put it is private. No fisherman. No boats. No surfers. No hikers. No other guests. No staff came down. Only the palm lined beach and the sun going down into a silvery southern Cal sun set. Most serene.

We awoke in the dark of early morning to get a jump on the LA freeway system and puled on down into the surf cities of southern California.ha

So we move to event two

Despite my personal difficulties; there were many fine moments along the way :

Simply setting out.

Hooking up the Airstream and hitting the highway.

Rolling down the 101 highway. Laughing. Joking. Punning. Singing old Kingston trio songs. Simply recalling surf trips gone by. The great surf trip adventures of our youth. Mexico and its wonderful calamities.

Those memories are all that remained of points further south.

To avoid traffic we d woke at 3;30 am and headed thru LA dropping out of the freeway system to head into Seal Beach where I began surfing in the mid 1950's.

My family moved to Northern California at the end of the decade and i had little contact with the area since.

We drove the rest of the morning south on PCH. The old Pacific Coast Highway which had no real other function in its day but to serve as a link between all the surfing beach wonderlands of my youth. Seal beach and sunset beach. Huntington beach and its great pier. Corona del mar and the fearome wedge, Newport and Laguna beaches, the great point at Doheny, San Clemente and the ( then ) non-negotiable access to the surf wonderland protected by the Camp Pendleton Marine Base.

We drove that morning down this stretch of surfing history and I could find no remans of the Seal Beach storefronts, the beach edge little cabins at Sunset Beach, there wasnt even any tin cans at Tin Can Beach. The entire visible history of the original coast - gone !

Getting back to event two

The Surfing Heritage Museum.

We atrrived in the drizzle of a freak front making its way slowly down ?, up ? it just there to tease us with onshore wind and gray skies settling on our shoulders.

But it was quickly shrugged off the shoulders of Gregs friends as they drifted in from all points of the compass. Each bearing a good word for the weather and getting down to the celebration of their annual reunion A celebrating I most often missed due to the demands of my healing.

But I rallied for a visit to the Surfing Heritage Museum.

So glad that I did . . .

Through education and outreach they tell surfing's story and bring its rich lore to life. They are doing this withy tremendous momentum and the vitality of the inspired. When I , as a builder of surfboards , saw this most amazing aggregation of surfboards and the builders ,designers, inventors and even the hap -hazard victims of surfboard evolution; I found myself wallowing in this sea of historic antiquity. A pure joy of a surfing and history combined in such an overwhelming way that I still carry with me, just as intensely real today, this wonderful experience.

And then ;

Cal had need of a return visit to the museum the next day.

I was eager to get another well in Cal's own words,

"Thanks for sending the picture. Please tell Linda, thanks for taking it. We had a blast at the museum. Everything came together with the weather being so lousy.

I am glad we went back on the second day. I asked Larry to make another trip back, after breakfast, because I wanted to get a few pictures of all the boards that came down from the rafters. Jay wanted to go back as well because two hours from day one just wasn't enough time to see everything. The timing was right. You being there. Jay being there. Then having Jim (Pate) show up. It was like the perfect storm.

We will be back. It is always a treat to visit and it seems there is something new every

time we visit. And, you and the staff are always willing to spend countless hours telling stories.”

Linda, our gracious hostess from our initial visit was there to greet us with what for me was a huge and most happy resolution and discovery - Steve Wilkings!  
How close and yet, seemingly faraway we can be. Steve was alive and well and Photo Editor, very much a part of this team. Steve took the time to fill me in on more than a few years of our 15 + years of lost track life and then gave the time to share life as it is today, and its all good now.

Well skies cleared, wind turned and stopped and a clean swell greeted Greg for an excellent solo session at “Church” the next morning.

It was time then for the band to abandon camp and each head his own way.

Craig and I retraced our steps to the confines of the wonderfully deserted and warm, sublime peace of the Hollister Ranch. Where I experienced . . .

Event number three.

The perfect points and headlands of this part of the coast were particularly serene due to a lack of swell and the hot, still. Indian Summer weather and not another sole for miles in any direction.

So as Greg reclined with a book and a sun chair on a bluff over looking Bolito point; I chose to laboriously don a wet suit and very cautiously make my way again into the sea.

At first I felt nothing . Numb, Not from cold but rather a lack of memory it seemed. and immediately it all came flooding back, And I was very awkward. I paddled in the shallows around in what seemed like a large circle coming around at last pointed toward shore with a very small swell gathering behind me which I caught and stood and rode and sat down at the end of my ride. Greg on the bluff, keeping a wary eye on me, burst into solo cheers.

I sat on the board for a while ,decided i was exhausted made a f rather harrowing return thru the shorebreak to the beach where I collapsed into the welcoming warmth of the sand.

Greg found a chunk of dried sea weed , ergonomically designed as natures perfect head rest, and in moments I was asleep in the sun.

The ride back to Monterey and Carmel was not so rosy.

Meds that had been carefully and for the most part successfully managed thru good communication with UCSF were (as we went North) going “south”.

Meanwhile back at the ranch ( . . .that is our home in Carmel Valley. ) . . .

Vance , having been released from “duty at the front” , also headed south but not so far , and on a completely different highway. sojourn into the beauty and energy among her friends, the wild creatures ,and the trees of the Big Sur coast.

She was able to make her way to the Lobe house on clear ridge and enjoy the seemingly impossible convergence of sea ,and sky ,and land, all while poised like a red tail hawk on a branch high above the sea.

She was able to connect with the annual Party given by the Hawthorne family at Coast Gallery.

I love her.

Only about ten days apart; yet sometimes I feel like newly weds at their first separation.

She made her way ton the magical Esalen on the south Coast.

There she received an equally magical massage. She wandered thru a wonderland of childhood memories and relived vignettes from previous embodiments.

She returned to the ridge and entertained and celebrated the completion ofthei new home with Scott and Lynda Parker.

I love her.

Only about ten days apart; yet sometimes I feel like newly weds at their first separation.

And beautiful Betsy McKinney my dearest friend and earthly angel ; who guided me through some of the toughest nights of my life, supporting Vance as well.

For this bright and lovely woman ; I must let her return to her family and life. Knowing that a bond between us now joins us in a marriage of friendship. I will forever look forward to times we can visit with a hug. I love her dearly.

I hope to join Vancie in Big Sur for the last day there.

There is a woman there who helped me early in this ordeal and others I would prefer to thank in person; beginning with a Big Sur Aloha style hug.

And where do I dare stop thanking people?

How do I start and risk not including some one?

Mike Curtis. Some weeks before the surgery

Prodding me into the Santa Cruz surf for what were my last surf adventures.

In his inimitable style.

Phoning. Encouraging. Supporting.

Joel Franklin, So wise is his council , So real is his outlook.

The Tirado's. Miguel and the invincible Sally who drove us a 5 in the morning to surgery,  
And of course my Sister Nina.  
She was every where at once.  
Always there, in the front lines , at the rear with support, and an on going source of inspiration.

There are so many.  
All the Bali crew. Tim, Raymie, John and the spirits there . . .

The folks of Big Sur.

Oregon.

Colorado.

And, of course, the huge Ohana of Hawaii Nei.  
Joey and Yana and there Hui  
Gordon and Iwilani  
Dale and Annie and Ollie who helped keep me online  
Rick who helped by putting Humpty Dumpty back together again  
Sean and Betsy Lu who helped to hold on to the dream of the shop  
all the loving support from the crew at the condo  
and so it goes on and on and on

There have been messages from all corners of this planet. Friends went to difficult lengths to find me after many years, How did they know?

Prayers came to me from friends who don't pray.  
jokes came to me from friends who don't joke.  
But always so much love from all who are so very loving ...

Truthfully I am still so stunned by everything; the surgery, the support of my friends, the challenge ahead. So stunned that I really am not able to respond in a cogent way. I cannot show you how much I love all of you. Not yet. I will need some time for that. For now.  
Perhaps for a long time . . .

Thank you.  
Gracias,

Mahalo.

Aloha au ia oe:  
I love you all . . .

Jay