



Free as the Wind!

An Autobiography of  
Machiko Malkah Conway

By Machiko Malkah Conway



Free as the Wind!

## **Dedication**

Firstly, I would like to dedicate this book and a big thank you to the San Francisco writer's club members who inspired me to write. This would not have even gotten started if it was not for all of you.

Secondly, to give many thanks to my son Brett Conway, who helped me in the proofreading, editing and the publishing of this book, 'Free as the Wind!'

And most importantly, is what this book is for. It's primarily dedicated to all of my children, my grandchildren, my great grandchildren and to the many other future generations thereafter. I do hope you appreciate this book. It's a book worth reading. I will always love you all, now and in spirit!

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## Foreword

Giving, touching others' lives, expanding the circle of our concern to include others, being authentic, and being always open to receiving as well as giving. That's not just a children's fairy tale—it's a good description of many of the most amazing people I've encountered. And while they may live and work in different countries and in different fields, they all share the same core giving philosophy that is more than a fable, a parable, or a pipe dream. It's real—a path that people can follow in their daily lives.

People want to believe that this is the way the world can work: that living with a focus on others isn't just a nice goal but that it can be a way of life, and can lead to a life that is full, rich and fulfilling. But then, too often, we feel pressured by the voices (both external and internal) of cynicism and resignation, telling us, “It's a dog-eat-dog world out there—you've got to look out for #1.” The fact is being a giving person is how you achieve success in the first place, however you define success.

Too often people hear “be a giver” and think of charities and writing checks, of “giving back” once we have already done well for ourselves. But that's only one very specific facet of giving. A giving person is one who gives thought, gives attention, gives care, gives focus, gives time, and gives energy and value to others.

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## **Preface**

**ANZURUYORI UMUGA YASUSHI!**

**(Don't worry, just go ahead and do it!)**

This ancient Japanese proverb even today has lived by this philosophy.

It was on New Years Day 2013, my son Brett, my cousin Masako and I climbed up Mount Kurama. Mount Kurama is a mountain to the north-west of the city of Kyoto in Japan. It is the birthplace of the Reiki practice and it is said to be the home of Sojobo, King of the Tengu. It was the Tengu who taught swordsmanship to Minamoto no Yoshitsune.

It snowed a few days earlier on Mount Kurama and most of the entire mountain was covered in white. The sun was fully out, beaming down its radiance to the earth with no clouds insight, while casting beautiful patches of black silhouette shades from the trees everywhere we looked. It was a nice scenic and easy hike to get to the top of this mountain. When we finally got there, all three of us stood in almost shock silence in total disbelief, because what we observed was the one of the most beautiful views we ever saw surrounding us everywhere we looked. This feeling of awe just overwhelmed me and I thought I was actually in heaven!

Mount Kurama has been also known as one of the central points to receive utmost energy from the universe. So I meditated here for a while and the messages I received was: In your life, you should put your every wish in high

Free as the Wind!

rankings above all the rest, trust it always and then your life will be enjoyable! I suppose it's in the trusting heavens and our will, to just walk along in this life, than try to live by our limited will to fight along in life.

I was protected while growin' up in my father and mother's love. Later, I married Jack and his protection for me and our two sons & daughter was also in love. I have been protected by love and taught by many people around me in my life. Now, my protection of love extends to my grand-children and great- grandchildren. They are my proud and joy! I hope one day they will do the same to their children as I have to them.

#### **2011 Tōhoku earthquake and tsunami**



The TOHOKU disaster in Japan on March 11th, 2011 had changed humanity on earth. Especially at the Fukushima Nuclear Plants accidents that brought a great danger in the Pacific Ocean that we all cannot take that lightly!

It was the most powerful earthquake ever recorded in Japan, and the fourth most powerful earthquake in the world since modern record-keeping began in 1900. The earthquake triggered powerful tsunami waves that may have reached heights of up to 40.5 meters (133 ft) in Miyako in Tōhoku's

## Free as the Wind!

Iwate Prefecture, and which, in the Sendai area, traveled at 700 km/h (435 mph) and up to 10 km (6 mi) inland. Residents of Sendai had only eight to ten minutes of warning, and more than a hundred evacuation sites were washed away.

The tsunami swept the Japanese mainland and killed over ten thousand people, mainly through drowning, though blunt trauma also caused many deaths. The latest report from the Japanese National Police Agency report confirms 15,899 deaths, 6,157 injured and 2,529 people missing across twenty prefectures, and a report from 2015 indicated 228,863 people were still living away from their home in either temporary housing or due to permanent relocation.

A report by the National Police Agency of Japan on 10 September 2018 listed 121,778 buildings as "total collapsed", with a further 280,926 buildings "half collapsed", and another 699,180 buildings "partially damaged". The earthquake and tsunami also caused extensive and severe structural damage in north-eastern Japan, including heavy damage to roads and railways as well as fires in many areas, and a dam collapse. Japanese Prime Minister Naoto Kan said, "In the 65 years after the end of World War II, this is the toughest and the most difficult crisis for Japan." Around 4.4 million households in northeastern Japan were left without electricity and 1.5 million without water.

The tsunami caused nuclear accidents, primarily the level 7 meltdowns at three reactors in the Fukushima Daiichi Nuclear Power Plant complex, and the associated evacuation zones affecting hundreds of thousands of residents. Many electrical generators ran out of fuel. The loss of electrical power halted cooling systems, causing heat to build up. The heat build-up caused the generation of hydrogen gas. Without ventilation, gas accumulated within the reactor containment structures and eventually exploded. Residents within a 20 km (12 mi) radius of the Fukushima

Free as the Wind!

Daiichi Nuclear Power Plant and a 10 km (6.2 mi) radius of the Fukushima Daiichi Nuclear Power Plant were evacuated.

Early estimates placed insured losses from the earthquake alone at US\$14.5 to \$34.6 billion. The Bank of Japan offered ¥15 trillion (US\$183 billion) to the banking system on March 14th in an effort to normalize market conditions. The World Bank's estimated economic cost was US\$235 billion, making it the costliest natural disaster in history.

This was such a moving experience for me to see such utmost disaster. It was good at least I was not there in Japan when it happened and was living back in San Francisco, CA when I saw it on TV.

I wish to speak out for the sakes of my grandchildren and great children and in the future generations to come. Did you have any moving experiences that affected your heart, mind and soul? That would be a personal meeting of the Holy Spirit to connect with Universe. In that moment on you are responsible to live in the energy of love. This energy of love within you will be the power of the Creator. It's not a material thing, but the power of pure energy in which we will all create the things to happen.

This power will appear in 3 forms!

1. Your action in true form.
2. Your daily activities will have meaning and you must move it right away.
3. Your anointed action in your life must be completed while you are here on this earth. Please listen within your heart carefully.

‘Mankind will not perish for want of information but only for want of appreciation. The beginning of our happiness lies in the understanding of life without wonder is not worth living. What we lack is not a will to believe but wonder.’ By Abraham Heschel

Free as the Wind!

## Contents

Dedication	1
Forward	2
Preface	3
Chapter 2	The Starting Point 9
Chapter 3	My Only Marriage 14
Chapter 4	My Seven Masters of Life 28
Chapter 5	My Children: 1970-1975 38
Chapter 6	Our Life: 1976-1994 49
Chapter 7	Friend Rabbi David Robin 66
Chapter 8	Life after with family 73
Chapter 9	The Women Generations 84
Chapter 10	The Vision 91
Chapter 11	The Perfect Moment 103
Conclusion	105
Reference	108
Family Photos	119



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Free as the Wind!

## The Starting Point of My Life

### “Liberty is a Self Discipline”

I was born 7 months after the Atom Bomb was dropped on Hiroshima in World War 2. The morning the Bomb was dropped my parents were coming back from their summer vacation outside of Hiroshima city waiting for the 7:30 AM train to go home.

The train never arrived, and at 8:15 AM they witnessed with a great sky sprit splitting with a great flash of light and a few seconds later, they heard the earth shaking sound of “Doonh”. At the time my mother was pregnant with me. My parents never mentioned what had happened until I was 18 years old. Both my parents did not ever speak about the atom bomb incident until then. Later my father told me that his whole body was shaking from the inside out.



After the bomb incident my family moved to Nara. My

## Free as the Wind!

father built our home and his company's factory when I was three years old. I was very fond living in Nara. I used stroll in the back of Ikoma mountain when I was around 5 or 6 years old.



Sometimes I would go to the mountains with my sisters and friends but most of the time alone. I like going alone mostly, because then I could stop and observe things in more detail without being rushed along by someone else. I remembered a glorious moment in the springtime. It was when I was walking through the trees and I entered the valley, I was delighted to see the whole area covered with white beautiful flowers. That was a breath taking beauty even through a small child's eyes.

I also found a little pond made by the rain the day before. I was captivated by the crystal clear water. I scooped the water with my hands and drank it. The water was so sweet together the aroma of pine trees surrounding me. So on that day forth I decided it to be my secret place, but the next day when I visited there again the pond no longer existed. I assumed that it only happens then when it rained the day before and made a point to go there any day right after the

Free as the Wind!

rain stops.



Near our house was also a river filled with of fish, tadpoles and a lot of dragonflies. I really saw the wonders of nature's creations. I enjoyed even to this day "Sakura" which is the cherry tree blossom flower viewing in the first week of April. I would go with my family and sometimes with my father and his employees. My father always took his employees to spring vacations and in the fall, to Kabuki shows. I recall their happy faces and great times we had back then.

In the summer I would spend most of the time at night lying on our house roof observing the stars in the night sky. The stars were so close to me that I felt that I was almost able to touch them. On some nights when it got hot in the summer, our family would have dinner on the top deck, which was cooler with the winds hitting us. It was really nice eating under the moon and stars in the clear night sky.

During that time my father decided to build a swimming pool in our garden next to our fish pond, so we could learn how to swim at home. I was in around 4th grade elementary school at the time. The water was coming from Mt Ikoma

## Free as the Wind!

and the water in the pool was so cold, but my father originally built a hot bath tub before. So when we got cold from the pool we would jump into the hot bath tub and warm up and after that head back to the cold pool when it got too hot. It seemed like my father was able to build just about anything for us five girls.



In the Autumn Mt. Ikoma was in full display of the colors nature represented. I would walk endlessly enjoying the beauty that surrounded me. At one point I would just stop and lie down on the dry leaves and look up into the blue sky into space. The mountain walk also provided me with an abundance of chestnuts and sweet red berries. We are one in the universe!

I also loved the cold when it was winter season. It had a pure essence of fresh air!

Actually we did not have much snow but the mountain and fields was in deep silence from the cold. I would stay warm in a Kotatsu (a under blanket warmer) and read my favorite books, while munching Okaki (rice crackers). These days, I don't get to experience any winter since I live in San Francisco, CA. But I still love the winter season if one day I

Free as the Wind!

get to experience it again, who knows where life will bring  
me next!

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## My Marriage



I visited America and studied in the fields of Commercial Arts & Human relations in 1967. I returned to Japan one semester later by ship, from San Francisco to Yokohama Japan named the USS President Wilson Passenger ship in December of the same year of 1967. This was the first time for me to travel on a big ship for almost 2 weeks. I was very much excited.

When I was ushered to my cabin, I was met by a Filipino woman whom to share my cabin with. She was a young doctor that was pregnant and was going home to have a baby in the Philippines. The cabin was small but very clean and it was quite comfortable. Even if the cabin was quite small the rest of the ship was not, so If when not in my cabin sleeping, I spent most of my time on the deck level, library or in the dance hall with my new Japanese crew member friends I have met on the ship earlier.

Free as the Wind!



That was when I met Jack Conway on the same ship of the orient.

Our first meeting was at the Captain's Dinner Party on the first night, the very night our ship left San Francisco Bay. I was walking into the Dining hall and was stopped by a gentleman who had a beautiful British accent and I did not know at the time, but later found out he was quoting some poetry to me. He asked me, "Do you understand?" I said, "No". So he made it simple and said, "You are so beautiful!" Which, I understood right away. I answered back to him, "Thank you!" That was how we encountered each other for the first time on the Pacific Ocean.

One day I was with my Japanese crew member friends on the deck practicing our English speaking skills, Jack passed by and saw and heard us trying to speak English and said laughingly, "You girls speak very terrible English, so let me teach you how to speak English correctly, alright?"

That was when Jack became our new English teacher and a good friend.

When the ship arrived in Yokohama, he asked me to write



## Free as the Wind!

to him, so that he could correct my letters and send it back to me showing how to construct my words into sentences more efficiently in improving my English skills.

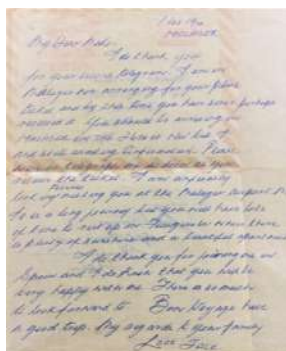
I thought to myself “Wow, I got a free English teacher!”

Jack and I corresponded for over a year now and I was heading to Europe this time for schooling in Spain. Jack said he would meet me there. When I met him again in Spain, he proposed to me!

When Jack proposed to me, I was shocked and almost forgot to breathe! I was only 22 years old. My head was spinning making me dizzy with thoughts. I wanted to see the world more and not to be locked down not able to do anything or go anywhere, which I thought was how marriage life was all about! Also, I told my father long before that I did not wish to get married but instead to stay with them for a very long time. Besides I didn't see any happiness in married people around me. I wanted to be as free as the wind.

Even during my meditations when growing up, I would make requests in thoughts to myself to go by regarding marriage if someone asked me to. First would be that I would never get married, unless, that is unless my husband will love me unconditionally and to love me only, with no other woman secretly hiding. 2nd he would also agree to me that he will let me do anything and let me go anywhere I want to.

## Free as the Wind!



We also had almost 20 years of age difference. During our correspondence for a year he mentioned to me in one of his letters that he had no one to love him, nor anyone to love. I couldn't really reflect on that image or what he was saying, that no one would love him, nor anyone to love, because I had such a wonderful family growing up. My father and mother, four sisters all adored me and all the people surrounding me in my life did as well.

I never really thought of loving someone because the love was always there for me all my life. If my mind was not ready for marriage at the age of 22, I could have just simply said no to Jack, but I thought to myself, how I would reflect on this in 20 years from now? If I said no to Jack now, may I regret it for the rest of my life if I did not take up the challenge and adventure to love a total stranger while I had a chance to act on it now?

Before I could answer back to Jack , because he could see the thoughts running in my head, he also said, "Machiko, out of 100 men, 99 of them will be a drunk and cheat on

### Free as the Wind!

their wives or gamble to destroy their family. There will be only one man out of 100 who will love his wife & children and he will take good care of his family. That one man is me." "Will you marry me?" That sealed the deal. When I heard those words from him I decided to be with him as long as time would allow us to. So I said, YES!



We then got married in Spain, which was in December of 1968.

Since I was a Zen Buddhist and Jack was Jewish, to officiate our marriage was not so easy. Jack and I went through four wedding ceremonies with no luck. We later found out that if you are not Catholic you cannot get married in Spain. So we went to a US Camp in Seville,

## Free as the Wind!

Spain to ask the Chaplin at the base to allow us to get married. He said, "I can only marry US Military personal not civilians." We finally just went into a Malaga Catholic Church and married each other.

The second marriage took place in Reno, Nevada USA, after arriving back from Europe while taking on an adventure driving across the US continent from Boston to California in a 1969 Volkswagen camper that Jack bought in Europe. On the way to California we stopped into Reno, Nevada. In order for us to get a US marriage certificate, we went to one of the Chapels and got married.

The third marriage was in Japan. When I introduced Jack to my parents and with our US marriage certificate. My father said to us that that he could not read English, didn't trust it and said, "it's better if you have gotten married in Japan in Japanese style." So that gave me the idea to do so.

In April of 1970, the Expo Osaka was the main attraction exposition that was going on back then. So Jack and I ventured out to go take a look at it. On the way home we went to a big department store named Takashimaya for window shopping.

When we got to the 7<sup>th</sup> floor, we saw Kimonos for sale. I found a beautiful embroidery sleeved Kimono that was shown out on display of the other bundles Kimonos for sale. I picked it up and said to Jacky, he liked it when I called him Jacky, "I like to have this one, and "I can use this embroidery for my art work." Jack said, "How much is it?" I looked at the price tag and it read 3600 yen to him. Jack said, "It's too cheap you better ask at the register." So I went to the register and asked, "Is this really 3600 yen?"

### Free as the Wind!

She said, “Yes, it is. Would you like to buy it?” So we bought it.

When we got back home to my parents’ house, I ask my mother, “Do you have a long hanger that I would like to show you what we bought today? It is a beautiful Kimono.” My mother came into our room and saw the Kimono and exclaimed, “Machiko, this is a wedding gown!” She just realized what was going on and we hugged each other and did a little dance. She was the first one to know what was going on.



The gown was covered with gold & silver embroideries of two Phoenix’s greeting each other with the flowers of red and pink peonies which were all in silk. It was the most

Free as the Wind!

beautiful wedding gown I have ever seen. It was such a breathtaking gown. Most likely the Department Clerk must have made a mistake to have priced it so low, for the reason that Japanese wedding gown prices back then were over 510,000 yen and the rental itself costs around 11,000 yen. Usually no one just buys it because it's so expensive and of only one time use. So I still have it.



My family was so excited for our Japanese style wedding. It took was a Japanese Shinto wedding ceremony. The wedding was conducted at Takahama Jinja (Shrine) In Suita City, Osaka on April, 1970. Takahama Shrine was located where my two older sisters lived. My oldest sister Hiroko was married to a dentist Yoichi Omae and his clinic was in Suita City. My second sister Shinko was a cosmetologist and her beauty parlor was next to the dental clinic.

My sister Shinko dressed me up with the best Japanese hair style and helped me to put my wedding dress on. Jack had to wear a Japanese Kimono too, named Hakama, in which is the Samurai tradition.

On the day of our wedding it was getting late, so my mother and my aunt went into the room where Jack was sleeping and said to him in Japanese, "Get dressed; you have to wear

Free as the Wind!

the Kimono for your wedding ceremony right now.” Suddenly two ladies were undressing him out of his western clothes. Jack started to scream, “What is going on? They are taking off my clothes!” After the big commotion we were now ready to go to the Takahama Shrine. We even had to go through the wedding rights in the fancy Nara Hotel.



After the trip to Japan, we settled in Summerland, Santa Barbara CA, where Jack's house stood up on a hill. One day he asked me, "Would you like to study the Bible?" I thought about it and answered, "Yes, I would like to know about the Bible." I thought since I moved to Christian country in America, it's better to know how Americans think and how they conduct their lives. When I started to read the Bible, I was amazed to know that all the words which were spoken to me before through meditations were the same words in which I found in the Bible. Would this God, the creator of all things be the one guiding my life all the way through?

Free as the Wind!



We later moved to Hawaii in 1976. I was a busy Sunday school teacher in the Glad Tidings Church. Jack was not very happy for this, being that he was Jewish and for the reasons that I would take our 3 children to Sunday school every week. Because of the fact Jack said the so called Christians killed a lot of Jewish people in Eastern Europe before the WWII, including his grandfather Rabbi Cohen. Also he saw how Nazi and Christians killed millions of Jewish people in gas chambers during the World war II.

One day we had a Jewish gentleman for lunch. Jack was complaining again about when I would take our children to Church. Then his friend said to him, “Don’t you see that Machiko is a good person, and is all that matters for a good wife.” Later then I thought, “After all Jesus was Jewish. Why not I become a Jewish and keep peace at home?”



Free as the Wind!



Jack was very much a true Jew, so his principal was very much the Bible concept and he had no bad habits. He always rejoiced in other people's good fortune and their happiness. He would always fight for any injustice.

Learning how to read the Hebrew language in the Torah came rather easy for me. Because I found out that there were a lot of classic Japanese verbs, adjectives and nouns I learnt before when growing up In the Nara/Yamato Province where we all spoke Yamato Kotoba, which was quite similar as the Hebrew language.

After the conversion, two Rabbis said to us, "Now you both are ready to get married!" He said that under the Jewish law, previous marriages does not account under the Torah (Jewish Law).

Free as the Wind!



I converted to Judaism in 1977 and the fourth marriage took place on the Big Island of Hawaii by two Rabbis. Rabbi Nodel from Temple of Emmanuel in Honolulu and Rabbi Heschel from San Francisco CA, were there to officiate and bless our marriage. We had our children, Rodney, Brett and Shalom witness our Jewish marriage and from that point on it was said that it would be forever sealed .

It seems like marrying a Cohen of Israel was not easy. It was like we needed the permissions from the North, East, South, and West of the Universe to the Holy Matrimony.

Jack's grandfather Morris Cohen was Ashkenazi and was a Rabbi in Poland. He was killed during the pogrom raid in late 19th century. With the help of the Rothschild Foundation Jack's grandmother took her 7 children and immigrated to England in the turn of 20th century.

Jack's father, also named Morris Cohen was the eldest son of the Cohen family and was a top student in the Hebrew school in London. Mr. Morris Cohen also spoke four languages and became an interpreter for King George of

Free as the Wind!

England during World War One. He was married to Hannah Levy, Jack's mom, in 1812 at the grandeur Jewish Temple in London.



Jack's mother Hannah Levy was Sephardic and was from a Jewish family who came from Israel through Egypt to Spain and left during the Spanish Inquisition and then they moved to England. They were well established in London, England and their family lived there for over 400 years since. Hannah was a lovely girl with beautiful big eyes. Her favorite hobbies were dancing and singing.

Jack's father and mother first met at a Jewish Temple in London, England. It was love at first sight for the both of them and thank goodness because Jack would not have been born for me to meet him.

Jack was a unique child and was able to play the piano at the early age of 3 years old. He would play any music

## Free as the Wind!

almost all day long without any music sheets at his grandparents' house on their grand piano. When his father Morris returned from WWI, he was eager to teach Jack to read music notes. So they got a piano teacher for him. When the music teacher tried to force Jack to read the music notes was when Jack was no longer wanted to ever play the piano again.

After Jack's Bar Mitzvah at the age of 13 years old, his father passed away from illness then suddenly music came back to Jack and just as naturally as before he started to play piano again. His best music came from not reading music notes. So he stood by his own standards, which sounded remarkable and was really beautiful when he used to play while we were married.

After WWII Jack immigrated to Canada and then to America in 1950. He worked at Weblin Magazines Co and at the Chicago Tribune as a proofreader in Chicago, IL. Later he moved to California and at that time his uncle died in England. He inherited a lump sum of money and set up the Trust Funds in Santa Barbara CA and lived comfortably well.

My message to the future generations of this present day:

Become one heart, one body, one mind and one soul! Share your joy and to live life as an art and make every moment precious whether together or apart!

Free as the Wind!

## **The Seven Masters of My Life**



My first two masters were my father and mother.

I was very fortunate to have a wise father and a mother who gave us unconditional love in our family. My father's name was Isamu Tokuyama and my mother, Shio Ikeda Tokuyama.

When I was 8 years old, in Elementary school, the school had a survey for family religions. I didn't know what ours was, so I came home and I asked my father these questions:

Q. What is our family religion?

A. He said, "Zen -shu!"

Q. What is Zen shu?

A. My father looked at me and said, "We practice meditation and find enlightenment (SATORI), which will

Free as the Wind!

guide the way of one's life.”

Q. What is meditation?

A. I will show you how to meditate. He asked me to close my eyes. So I did. He then asked me what I could see.

Q. I don't see anything, just darkness.

A. Good, now try to clear your mind. That means don't think about anything but just look at the darkness. Now listen. What you can hear?

Q. The sound?

A. Don't think, just listen! Do this by going up the mountain behind our house, and sit under the pine tree and just listen after that you come back and tell me what you heard. Then we start from there!

This was over a half century ago and still today now I come to know the sounds of nature and the voice of the universe. The child of how I was of clear mind and heart. We can easily listen to the whisper of our creator.

My father connected me to the creator of the universe. He who was a descendant from Minamoto no Hisanao — Member of the Saga Genji line of the Minamoto clan; founder of Kamachi family from the Chikugo Tachibana branch (see reference) passed this life in August 6, 1975.

Thirty years earlier, the Atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima Japan on August 6, 1945. My parents miraculously escaped the bomb and at that time, I was in my mother's womb at the time.

Free as the Wind!



My mother, Shio Ikeda Tokuyama, was the loving kindness to all the people around her. She was the one who asked me to care for the war orphans in the Orphanage in our town AISEN IN (The well of Love) in Ikoma.

My mother raised me to respect and help the unfortunate. There was a time when I was in the fourth grade Elementary school and seven of my girlfriends formed a Crystal friendship club. We got together once a month to bring our pocket monies that we saved for the orphans. By the end of the year we saved around one hundred dollars and contributed it to the Orphanage, AISEN IN.

My mother also told me that my job is to study. So I wouldn't need to know how to be a domestic wife. No cleaning the house, no cooking, no washing the laundry, but instead she gave me a beautiful bell when I was 18 years

### Free as the Wind!

old. I asked her what it was for. She said, "I didn't raise you to be a housewife. So you are to get a good education, a great profession, marry a rich husband who can hire the maids for you and you will run your household just as I did for your father. This is the bell to call your maids!"

I told my mother that, "I don't think I would marry anyone!"

My mother Shio Tokuyama passed this life on August 6th, 2000. She had a great grand-daughter Shyanna Costa she was fortunate to have met through my daughter Shalom.



### The Third Master

His name was Mr. Jack Conway (Yacob Ha Cohen), whom I was married to.

I finished my studying in Japan and I came to further my studies in USA.



Free as the Wind!

At that time my conviction for not getting married was still very much intact.

I first met Jack going back to Japan from San Francisco on the ship named the President Line. The first night was a Captain's Dinner party and all passengers were invited. I was on the way to the Winning hall when I was stopped by a gentleman who spoke in a beautiful British accent. I really loved the tone of his voice. That's how it all started out.

We separated our ways after our arrival to Japan, but promised each other to stay in touch by sending letters back and forth.

Eventually I would travel to Europe the following year to study in Spain and met Jack in Spain again. He then proposed to me to get married. The first thing came to my mind was my mother's bell she gave to me when I was 18 years old. Right away I told him that I don't cook, I don't clean the house or do any domestic work.

He said that it would be fine. He would cook, clean the house and the windows too. He also said, when people get married, during their marriage 99 out of 100 men would get drunk most of the times, gamble, fool around with other women and destroy their families. There is only that 1 percent who would not do all those things. That man you so fortunate to have met, is me. So I said yes to him. That was back in December 1968.

Jack taught me not only how to speak English correctly, but all about life itself and guided me to the Jewish Torah (Bible).

Jack passed this life in May 14, 1994.

Free as the Wind!



#### The Fourth Master

His name was Mr. Solomon Kirk Cashmere who I have met in Hawaii and opened the door to the Hebrew language and prayers. Solomon could very well converse in Hebrew and through prayers; he ignited the fire in my soul!

I come to see a clear view of our creator, our Father in Heaven.

Solomon (Sholomon in Hebrew) passed this life in 2002.

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The Fifth Master

His name was Dr. Haleakala Stanley Hewlein. In Hawaii he taught me about Ho 'O Pono pono. It is the cleansing process of oneself. It is the old Hawaiian practice that even today is still go on.

He also gave me an insight of my ancestors whom I connected deeply and am very grateful for it.

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### The Sixth Master

His name was Rabbi David Robins. He was a spiritual supporter for my husband Jack when he left this world. I met him in San Mateo, CA. Later, Rabbi David Robins became my protector and teacher. He was very kind and did not give in to any wrongdoing.

Rabbi Dave passed this life in February of 2000.

Free as the Wind!



### The Seventh Master

His name was Mr. Itoh Enyu Roshī. He was a Zen Master who came to America to spread the Zen meditation. I met Mr. Itoh Roshī through my students while teaching at the College of San Mateo in CA. It was when my student said he was in a Saratoga Zen Center practicing Zazen and he asked me to meet Mr. Itoh Roshī since I have been also practicing Zen earlier in my life.

So, on Sunday I went to the Saratoga Zen Center and met Mr. Itoh Roshī. At this meeting I decided to practice Zazen again, this brought me back to the early days of my life when I was in the Ikoma Mountains under the Pine trees. It seems like that I went full circle of my life and back to

Free as the Wind!

Zazen! Mr. Itoh Roshi brought me back home which I remembered in my childhood days. I heard again the sound of pine trees and the wind passing through it with a gentle whisper. I was at peace.

Mr. Itoh Enyu Roshi passed this life on March 4th, 2020.

“Eternal Hidden Master of the worlds, you are the Supreme Cause of all causes and the origin of all effects! You water the trees with that flows and that flow is one of the very life-force and source for the trees - like a soul to a body. But no "human" likeness or "bodily" image exists in your infinite essence in which we might liken you to anything within or without.

You alone created the starry galaxies and the earth. From the galaxies above, you brought forth the sun, the moon and the planets and starry constellations. On the earth below, you brought forth trees and plants, the Garden of Eden, the fields of grass, living creatures, birds, fishes, all other animals and of course humanity.

Through them, through all that exists of you below, you also make known that which is above is regulated and how the higher worlds may be known from the lower. But knowledge of your essence is completely impossible. Without you there is no unity in the higher or lower realms. You are therefore known as the cause of all and the master of all. You are he who permeates them all. “

-From the Kabbalah teachings.

Free as the Wind!

## My Children: 1970-1975



We lived in a small town of Summerland, in Santa Barbara CA. Jack built a lovely, split-level house. The house was on top of a hill facing the Pacific Ocean and the Santa Barbara Islands. It had such a beautiful view. I loved this house most particularly because we were able to see a 180 degrees view of the ocean, where we would sit and watch the sunrise and sunset every day.

Free as the Wind!



On March 3rd 1970, Rodney Isamu Conway was born. His middle name “Isamu” was named after my father. Rodney was also born on Hinamatsuri — “Girl’s Day” in the Japanese calendar.

The day Rodney was born, there were also three other fathers waiting for their children to be born at the Santa Barbara, California Hospital. Two of the fathers were saying that they hoped their babies would be a boy. Jack was the only one hoping for a girl. It turned out that Jack got a boy and the other two fathers had girls. When Jack saw Isa for the very first time in the hospital, he was very scared because Rodney looked just like his father Morris. Finally, Jack’s long awaited son was born!

My younger sister Ryoko came over to visit from Japan to help me after I had Rodney. She was a great help for me, since she was a good cook and she knew how to run a house. Since she was a child she used say,” I don’t like to



### Free as the Wind!

study, when I grow up I'm going to get married and stay home to take care of the house". When she was younger she went to a cooking school and received a diploma to cook. She also helped me cleaning the house, doing the laundry and shopping too.

One day she walked down the hill to Summerland beach to relax and she did not know it was a nude beach. The men on the beach asked her to take off her clothes. She was so scared, she ran as fast as she could back to our house. Even I did not know that there was a nude beach next to where we lived. We both laughed about that experience. It was so funny.

While my sister Ryoko was with us, my friend Ayako also came to visit. We planned a trip for them both and they took off to San Francisco for a little sightseeing trip. They had a great adventure together which they still remembered to this day.

Free as the Wind!



The following year on March 18th, 1971, Brett Taro Conway was born in Santa Barbara, California. His middle name “Taro” was named after my grandfather who died in Maui in 1906. We had two sons in one year!

If Isa was the prince of the West with his curly reddish hair and gentle face, Brett was then the prince of East, with his big black pearly eyes and handsome face. Brett had a very gentle nature, compared to Isa’s mischievous character, but when it came down to a fight with his brother Rodney, he never backed down.

When Rodney and Brett was just about 2-3 years old, Jack knew I was into art and graduated with a degree in it, so he created a studio for me to do my artwork in and where I used to teach my children Sunday school every week. We would read the Bible and let them draw pictures and I

## Free as the Wind!

would ask them how they understood the scriptures. They were especially interested about the creations of the world. The children always looked forward to painting in those Sunday school lessons. They would also receive a tea party after each lesson. They both had their favorite teacup & saucer. I treated them as English gentlemen and prepared surprise goodies for both boys while drinking their tea. I never thought that having children was so much fun and a joy to be with.

Later Jack decided to have a vasectomy so there would be no more pregnancies for me. We felt we had enough funds to send our two sons to college when they came of age.

The following year we made a trip to San Tropez, Mexico. After we came back to the States from our two-week vacation, I suddenly became ill. I was taken to Jack's doctor and after the exam the doctor told Jack that I was sick alright but not a bad sickness, I was pregnant! What a surprise for both of us! He went back to his vasectomy doctor for a check-up and was later told that he never did have his vasectomy at all. We found out that he had a high sperm count, so of course I became pregnant again.

During the time we lived in Oregon from 1973 to 1975.

Now the house that Jack built in Santa Barbara, California was too small for all three children so we decided to move to Oregon and buy a farmhouse so that the children would have animals and nature all around them, including dogs, cats and horses. So off we went. We packed and moved to Drain, Oregon. Jack found a lovely ranch-style house on 3 acres in the woods bordered by creek named "Jack's creek."

## Free as the Wind!

The house Jack bought stood on the outskirts of Drain. The property was full of huge Douglas fir trees and oak trees. It was so beautiful being in the woods. There was also a pump house and two wells. One was for spring water and the other for hard water.



We moved from California to Oregon when it was autumn when the leaves were changing color. It seemed like the mountains were all on fire. We had breathtaking views all around us.

I was carrying a 3rd child and at peace. We found a very good Doctor in Cottage Grove Hospital 30 miles away. Our daughter Shalom Shio Conway was born on February 8<sup>th</sup> 1973, in Cottage Grove, Oregon. Her middle name Shio was named after my mother. She was the biggest baby to have been born out of all of the three children, almost 9 pounds! I did not feel any extra discomfort of her size really and the delivery was very easy for me. I guess because of the prior experience I had while delivering the other two boys.

Free as the Wind!



Finally we had a daughter to name “Shalom” meaning Peace in Hebrew. She inherited Jack’s big eyes and no doll could match her pretty face. Jack always saw his almost exact mother in Shalom with her long curly hair and big brown eyes.

While we were living in Oregon, our neighbors would come by to greet us with welcome gifts, which was the produces from their garden. We were especially fond of Mr. & Mrs. Hibner who were a nice elderly couple. They showed us how to be farmers, since Jack and I were city people.



When we had a lot of apples from our 2 apple trees and Mrs

### Free as the Wind!

Hibner taught me how to make apple pie. In my first year I made 70 apple pies and Jack had to buy me a big chest freezer to keep them all in, which took us a whole year to eat it all. We also bought half of a steer of beef that lasted for a year too. Fruits and vegetables were very cheap compared to where we lived in the city: 100 ears of corns for \$4.00, a case of fresh Raspberry for \$3.00, which you picked yourself and 100lbs of Potatoes for \$4.00 a sack. It was such a wonderful way to live in the country.



We joined the Church with Pastor Alvis Alsup who was a humble and wonderful person with a lovely family. I was baptized by the Assembly of God; Pastor Alsup in 1975 after our daughter Shalom was born.

We had a small travel trailer to travel on small trips for all 5 of us to sleep in, cook and came with a toilet as well. We also bought a 5 ft. motorboat. We had everything we needed to have a great life here in Oregon.

Free as the Wind!



Then Jack had a first heart attack. After he survived from the attack, he asked me, if he died what I would do together with the children? I told him that I would go back to Japan with the children. So because of my answer, we decided to move to Japan.

On August 1975 we had to sell everything, including our house. It was amazing that all our nice Christian friends were willing help us sell and pack all of our belongings. In the morning of August 6th, Alvis came to see Jack and they went in the back bedroom to talk to themselves in private. After a few minutes later Alvis came out from the room, hugged us all and wished us a warm good bye and left. I was curious to have wanting to know of what they were talking about, so I asked Jack, "What were you guys talking about privately in the room?" He said Alvis dreamt about your father and he saw your father dying and I should let you go home right now, before he passes away.

I called Japan right away and spoke to my mother. My mother said that they were all waiting for my return to Japan with my whole family and to arrive there when we were are ready to do so. It didn't sound so urgent to me. Anyways I

Free as the Wind!

was planning to go to Japan early enough with three children in 7 days which would be on August 13<sup>th</sup>. It would include a lot of finishing up, packing things and cleaning of the house before our departure.



My father, who was a descendant from the Genji Clan (see reference) already passed away when I arrived in Japan on August 13<sup>th</sup>, 1975 and found out the funeral took place on August the 6<sup>th</sup>, the day Alsup told Jack about my father. There were no traces of my father, but the Urn on his teak table he used study in his room which was so eerily quiet.

It was just 2 years earlier when I visited my family in Japan, which was when Brett was just a year old. I remembered the last meeting with my father was in the spring of 1973, at the Ikoma Hospital in Japan which was the last time I said good bye to him in his hospital bed. Never did I suspect that it would be the last time I would ever see him alive again. The last few years of my father's life was spent mostly in bed or in the Hospital. I remembered him smiling to me telling me to be happy. I was at peace when he told me that. I hugged him and told him I love you. Later when I left the hospital



### Free as the Wind!

to go back to the USA, my mother told me that my father cried so hard when I left that he became unconscious for days. After he regained consciousness he was at peace. My mother said, “Maybe he knew that the good bye you told him would be the last time he ever saw you”. He was right.

Free as the Wind!

## Our Life From 1976-1994



We lived in Japan for only 6 months. We found out that the Japanese government wouldn't allow any person of not of full Japanese blood to live permanently in Japan. So Jack and our three children were not able to settle down there. Instead in January 1976, we decided then to move to a US territory, the Big Island of Hawaii.

The Big Island of Hawaii offered so many great adventures while we were there. Even though, the Kilauea volcano started to erupt, earthquakes rattled our home and hurricanes wreaked havoc. We encountered many surprises of Mother Nature that we never thought of having while living in this paradise. But eventually we got used to it all and very much enjoyed living on this beautiful dynamic island.

Free as the Wind!



Jack built four houses during the first ten years there. He used the funds from the Santa Barbara Trust Bank to build and then sell these homes every two years, which covered our living expenses. We handled everything ourselves when it came down to building a house, by hiring a carpenter, electrician, plumber and cabinet makers. Jack used to bid lumber for the best prices and designed the blue prints for the homes, while I handled all of the financial matters.

While each house was being built we would take a break every so often. We would grab our tent and big inflatable boat to go camping somewhere on the island next to the ocean. Every day was like a vacation to us. When we drove through the remote areas of the Islands we would pick wild mangos, papayas, guava, breadfruit and other exotic fruits. That's why they would say that you could never starve in Hawaii. Where ever we lived we knew how to make our lives fun and enjoyable.

## Free as the Wind!



When our children started school, I also volunteered to help out in their classes and that's how I eventually started off wanting to teach in a school. During their summer vacations, our children would take off in the morning with their friends and then we wouldn't see them until later in the evening. The Big Island was a safe place for them since they were, in Hawaiian called 'hapa haole' (half and half of mixed races).

When we had a large downfall of big rain, most of the rivers and streams would over flow. Then Rodney and Brett would jump into the water and go swimming. Free swimming pools were everywhere. If not raining they would be in the jungle acting like Tarzan, climbing the coconut or guava trees and jumping off onto forest forages. Brett and his friend would also go in the forest without a compass to try to get lost, but never did. It's like they had a compass in their head.

Free as the Wind!



Brett was very gifted in art just like me. In his early school years in Hawaii, he would get top honors every year in the field of Art, on top of his Principal honor rolls he already had. He would also be chosen to be the only one to create the artwork of the brochures every year held on May the 1st, which was a special event called 'May Lei Day'. The brochures were handed out to the hundreds of attendees who came to it, showing his artwork on the front and back.

During those same years he also took 1st prize in the Hawaii statewide art housing poster competition, bringing attention to equal housing opportunities for the old, disabled and mentally ill people. Jack was the one who took the call from the City Mayors office that day letting us know of what he did. We were so astonished and thrilled with happiness! We couldn't wait until Brett came home to tell him. When Brett finally arrived from school, Jack asked what he had done. Brett told me later that he thought maybe

### Free as the Wind!

he was getting in trouble for something he had done wrong, but instead Jack told him about the 1st prize he won for the equal opportunity statewide poster competition he participated in. Jack told me later that Brett just nodded and all he said was, "That's nice," and went back to his room to study.

One week later after the call, Brett was honored at City of Hilo Mayor's office by Mayor Herbert Matayoshi with his prizes. His equal opportunity poster was put in all of the government branches offices throughout the state of Hawaii. I was also so happy to have my mother attend the event while visiting us in Hawaii. She was so happy as well and said that Brett was just like me being gifted in art.



Both Rodney and Brett loved playing basketball and baseball. One year Brett's little leagues baseball team were

### Free as the Wind!

grand champions while playing in the Little League International competition in 1984. It was such a huge event with thousands who attended. When Brett always got to the field or batting, Jack was always yelling so loud to Brett to let him know he was doing a good job. Both Jack and I were so happy and proud for Brett when their team won the whole competition, as did the huge crowd who wanted them to win too. It was such an extraordinary event for me to have experienced while living in America.

I really don't know how both boys survived all those years while doing all the crazy things they did. Surfing was another matter they were really into as well. So many times our boys nearly drowned but they would never quit and became good surfers.



Shalom grew up very tall, early for her age compared to her

## Free as the Wind!

fellow schoolmates and other girls of her age. She later surpassed her two older brothers. When Shalom was in her teens, we got the photo of Jack's mother and compared it with her. Jack was absolutely right! Shalom did take on a striking resemblance of Jack's mother.

All the kids in school back then were very intimidated of Shalom because of her stature. Even later in high school, Brett told me that if he had any girl issues making trouble to him he could not handle, like a girl or groups of girls having a bit too much of a crush on him, he would call Shalom to help him out. She would go up to the girls and speak some words to them and that was that. The word would get around later and all the girls would not cause any trouble to him anymore because they knew Shalom was his sister who was not to be messed with.

We lived in Hawaii for almost 20 years until the children finished High School and went to College. While they were in High School in 1985 I taught Japanese Language & Culture at the Woldrof Steiner School and at the Malamalama School.

While Rodney was attending the University of Hawaii in Hilo, I also went back to take some credits for my master's degree at the University as well. 2 years later I started teaching Japanese Language at the University of Hawaii in Hilo. At the same time I also taught and created Japanese curriculums at the St. Joseph High School in Hilo.



Free as the Wind!



Jack Conway Passed away on May 14<sup>th</sup> 1994.

2 years earlier in 1992, we found out that he had stomach cancer. It was in advanced stages level 4. He asked me that he didn't want go through operation but just live out the rest of his life at home. He had an experience like this with his late wife Amy, seeing how she was suffering with many operations and yet nothing helped her. Instead at the end she suffered so much and later died in pain.

I quit my job to be with Jack for his last 2 years which were the most fruitful years of our marriage for 26 years. We were able to talk and discuss about all subjects. We were always best friends to each other. It was good also that he felt no pain during his sickness. Maybe because this was the great time of wonders in the medical field or maybe it was something else? Maybe it had something to do with the painting in which I painted? Because it was a beautiful Sunset Scenery in front of his wall closet doors next to his

Free as the Wind!

bed that he kept looking at for long periods of time.

In September 1993, around the same time the following year after Jack was diagnosed with cancer, I received another blow. It was a call from Japan informing me that my mother was dying at the hospital from a kidney infection. I was also taking care of my husband who was dying from cancer. I was thinking what should I do now? Jack told me then that he would not die tomorrow and to go to Japan to see my mother now while she was still alive instead of going back to see her when she already passed away. Jack asked me to go now; he could wait for me, but not to stay too long. I applauded the people of Hospice Hawaii, who was really helpful in helping me during those times in taking care of Jack while I would be away for a little while departing to Japan to see my mother.

The next day, I kissed Jack good bye, collected my bags and headed to the airport. Reserving my tickets for the flight was not so easy. I was only able to get a connecting flight on Korean Air and not go straight to Japan. It would go to Seoul first and then to Osaka Japan. Nevertheless, I had no choice to catch this airplane. Just before sunset the plane arrived at the Seoul Airport in South Korea.

While at the departure terminal to Japan in South Korea, I was standing in front of a large window and witnessed a huge sun which was setting over the golden rice fields. The color of indigo in the mountains was separated by two colors of gold. Where I was standing, the sun was beaming directly on me and I was receiving the full gold of lights and colors all around me. That was an awakening moment.

As soon as I landed in Japan I went straight to the hospital

## Free as the Wind!

where my mother was staying at and I stayed at her hospital bed for a whole week. She was gratefully able to recover and was released to go home. The next day I left Japan to go back to Hawaii to be with Jack and my children.

After I came back to Hawaii, Jack asked me to paint the closet doors it was brown and facing him and did not always want to look at old plain brown colored doors anymore.

I asked him, "What do you want me to paint?", "How about London where you grow up?" He said, "No something good to look at, not worse."

I decided then to draw the scenery that I experienced at the Seoul Airport window. I used all three of the panel doors to paint that big sunset going down over the indigo mountains with the golden rice field. When I completed it, Jack was very astonished and compelled by the beauty of my painting. Every time now when Jack gets up, he would always see a glowing sunshine beaming at him to lift his spirit. He said while looking at it, he would not experience pain anymore and feels that he had been running for miles which makes him very tired. But he said in a good tired way, like relaxed and calm tired.

I found out that the way you look at colors can really affect great healings. I was told by this in some books I was reading, later years after Jack passed away.

Free as the Wind!



On May 14th 1994, Jack, my mentor, my best friend, great husband and dad, left this world in peace with no pain. His last words were “I love you all” as he drifted off, eyes slowly closing, never to open again. My children and I were all around him while we sung Hebrew songs for his spirit. I become a widow now at the age of 48.

After Jack was gone I decided to mourn his death for one year. During that year my mother Shio Tokuyama joined me in Hawaii. She stayed with me for three years after Jack passed away and I was able to listen to our family histories of Tokuyama and Ikeda clans which most of them I did not know, since I left Japan at the age of 21. My mother also told me how she loved when Brett was home to make her meal when I could not be there. Brett would go out of his way to grab around 20 little plates in a Japanese style presentation and add all kinds of food onto them, served her tea and cleaned up after. My mother also joined me on a trip to the dormant Halemaumau crater in the Kilauea Mt. for a sunrise to sunset prayer. We were able to encounter all kinds of wonders while we were there. Like a circled rainbow while in the Halemaumau crater during sunset!

Free as the Wind!



At around this time we met Haleakala, a Hoo ponopono instructor.

I first met Dr. Haleakala after putting an Ad in the local newspaper (The Hawaii Tribune Herald) for a Piano for sale. It was Jack's old piano that he used to play almost every day for hours. After Jack was gone no one played the piano. One day I tried to play on the keys then one of the keys got stuck. When I looked into the back of the piano, all the keys had mold on them from Hawaii's high humidity and the higher altitude coldness where we lived in Mountain View. That's why I decided to sell it for \$800.

The next day after I put the ad in for the piano for sell, a man came to my house to buy it. He gave me \$800 in cash and said he would be back with his friend to get the piano and left. I thought he was coming back the same day, so I did not ask his name or his telephone number and he didn't even give me his name and number. So a week passed and

## Free as the Wind!

then a month, he never came back for piano. Now I was worried because I spent the money he gave me already and the piano was still sitting in my living room. Never have I suspected that in life your ways on how you choose your destination, start off as a journey and purpose as riddles and are solved in which path you decide to participate in, as you read on regarding this piano.



During that time my friend from the University, James Randall returned from Japan to visit me. He asked me to go on a trip to a Tibetan temple in Pahala. I said yes, and the following day we drove to Pahala. After driving through miles of this jungle of sugarcane fields we finally came to a T in the road. He stopped and I asked him, "To the right or left, which way?" He said, "I think to the right." We turned right and drove to the end of the road. There was no temple. He said, "We should go back and should have taken a left instead." When we turned the car around there was a big station wagon now blocking us in the middle of the road. We couldn't go either to the left or right to pass it. I asked the driver to move to the right or left to let us through.

Then a Hawaiian lady came out of her car yelling, "Are you

Free as the Wind!

guys lost?”

I replied to her that we were looking for the Tibetan Temple to visit. She said that it was up the road and after we visited the temple to come by to her place and we all could have a cup of coffee. We said we would. I thought she was just a crazy old lady, because there was no coffee shop anywhere around this jungle.

I later found out that crazy old Hawaiian lady blocking our road was not crazy at all and her name was Kili Matsui who was married to a Japanese Nisei. (A second generation of Japanese descent)



The Kili Matsui's house was recently built on the slope of Mauna Loa, over looking down into the Pahala valley. One of the most beautiful places I ever visited on the Big Island. The Matsui family started to replant Koa and Sandal trees in which Hawaii lost due to the deforestation of foreigner occupancies in the 19th & 20th century wanted to have this beautiful wood that looked like mahogany.

During our talk with Kili she said a friend of hers bought a piano a while ago but was never able to pick it up in

## Free as the Wind!

Mountain View the same area I lived in. My ears shot up with attention! I said, “I also sold my piano but this man never came back to pick it up!”

So I found out the man that bought my piano more than a month ago, his name was Haleakala. We made a date exchanged numbers and the next few days later Michael Matsui & Dr. Haleakala that same man who had come to my house and paid me for the piano over a month ago finally took the piano away. Wow! Destination chosen, correct path, riddled solved! Life is so amazing!

Later Dr. Haleakala told me that one morning he was looking at the News Paper (Hawaii Tribune Herald) and the Ad for 'Piano for Sale' popped out of the paper and hit him and for some odd reason he had to meet this person and buy the piano right away without making arrangements first to how to pick it up.

That was how I met Dr. Haleakala Stanley Hewline with Hoo' Ponopono. Dr. Haleakala was born from a Hawaiian mother and had a Chinese father. He studied psychology at the University of Colorado and held a PhD; he later worked with a Hawaiian Kahuna (a wise man or shaman) to master Hoo' Ponopono. Hoo' Ponopono is an ancient Hawaiian self-cleansing practice method, in which when using this process will find your way into the right direction in life.

I went through with the self-cleansing process using Hoo Ponopono and healed my passed life dealing with Jack's death. I was also given a Hawaiian name of Pio'ke Anuenua by Dr. Haleakala. It means 'the arch of the Rainbow'.



Free as the Wind!



`Phoenix opened her wings dancing over the fire`

`Such a beautiful cloud above the volcano`

(This Japanese Tanka poem I took 1<sup>st</sup> place in the  
International Poetry Contest in LA in 1995)

## Refer to Hospice Early

**N**ot long ago, Machiko Conway's husband Jack was diagnosed with terminal cancer.

"We were busy being a family and making a living," one said, "when suddenly Jack was facing death. It left us frozen with terror. We didn't know how to deal with sickness and approaching death and most of all with our anguish."

Jack's physician, Dr. Daniel Bekker, referred the family to Hospice of Hilo. "It was a GOD send," Machiko said. "Not only for Jack, but for our entire family. Hospice of Hilo attended to my husband's psychological needs as well as his physical needs, and to the needs of our whole family. When Hospice of Hilo came into our lives, everything changed. In addition to Dr. Bekker, now there was a nurse for my husband, and certified nurses aides, a social worker, a spiritual care coordinator, and even volunteers who would come to help around the house or stay with Jack when the family needed to be away."

The Conways were an exceptional family in that they were referred to hospice early. They used their valuable time together to make every day count. Always a close-knit and loving family, the Conways became even closer as they supported and uplifted each other. Choosing to live each day as a celebration, husband, wife and children reminisced over old memories and made new ones together, discussed business and legal matters, made plans and decisions, and over and over again reaffirmed their love for one another.

"Ideally, patients should enroll in hospice about four to six months before death," according to Hospice of Hilo Executive Director Brenda Pitt.

Unfortunately, patients often don't enroll soon enough to take full advantage of the benefits, according to



Jack and Machiko Conway on their wedding day.

a recent study by Dr. Nicholas Christakis of the University of Chicago Medical Center. The study found that patients died an average of 36 days after they enrolled, and 15.6 percent of patients died within a week.

"We wish that we could get earlier referrals," said Hospice of Hilo Clinical Director Missie Kahanani. "Hospice care isn't only medical treatment, it's psychological, social and spiritual support as well, and there's not time to do much of that if you only get the patients a few days before they die."

It's not easy for doctors to determine when a person is likely to die, according to Kahanani. "A patient must have a life expectancy of six months or less for Medicare to cover hospice care," she said. "But once the patient is referred, we can work with

them to understand what hospice care is all about. Hospice of Hilo feels that no person should ever have to face death alone. We are there to support not only the patient but also the entire family. Hospice of Hilo supplements the family's care, we don't replace it."

As for the costs involved, hospice is much less expensive than a hospital stay. Medicare reimburses about \$100 per day for home hospice care, while hospital stays can cost \$500 to \$1000 a day. Patients and their families are not billed for palliative (comfort) hospice care.

And as for Machiko Conway, she has become a true believer in the benefits of hospice services. There's not a day goes by that she doesn't miss Jack, but her memories of him are filled with joy and love, not sadness and regret. And, because of what she has lived through, Machiko now volunteers as a co-facilitator of Hospice of Hilo's Grief and Bereavement Support Group that meets every Thursday afternoon from 1:30 to 3:00 p.m. at the Hospice cottage. The group is open to anyone who has experienced a loss, regardless of hospice affiliation.

"I will always be grateful to Dr. Bekker for referring Jack to hospice early," Machiko said. "He gave us the gift of time. The Hospice of Hilo motto is 'Celebrating Life, Day by Day.' We are thankful that our family had time to celebrate."

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Free as the Wind!

## Friend Rabbi David Robin



In 1997, my sister Ryoko came to Hawaii and took my mother back to Japan. So I left Hawaii for San Francisco in December 1997.

Back then when Jack was cared for by the Hospice of Hawaii in 1993, we had a social worker named Carol Giblou who visited Jack every Week. On one of these occasions she brought a man named Rabbi David Robin to visit Jack and soon after the Rabbi moved to Hawaii. When they would visit us, the Rabbi will go to Jack's room and they would talk for hours while Carol and I was in the living room chatting. I didn't really know Rabbi Dave at that time.

When Jack was closed to death, Jack asked me to invite Rabbi Dave for the Shabbat dinners that we always have

## Free as the Wind!

every Friday, even after he was gone. He said that when I become single I would get very lonely and to invite Rabbi Dave for dinners to give me company. I said, “Okay,” but I didn’t think very much about it until after Jack past away.

After Jack Passed away, I did realize that Jack was right and I did indeed feel quite lonely since my kids were already grown up and not living at the house anymore. So I invited Rabbi Dave for Shabbat dinners.

Later other members of the Jewish communities would invite Rabbi Dave for services and then I would accompany him for those occasions. We really came to know each other very well and became good friends.

One day Rabbi Dave asked me to move to San Francisco. I thought why not? Since my mother already went back to Japan and my kids were already living out their own lives. So that was when I decided to change my life to leave Hawaii to live in San Francisco. He said he would have to leave in a couple days, but just let him know when I was ready to leave Hawaii and arrive in San Francisco so he could pick me up at the airport. We then exchanged email addresses and phone numbers.



## Free as the Wind!

When I finally arrived at the San Francisco Airport, I called Rabbi Dave and let him aware that my flight came in was awaiting for him to pick me up. He told me that he had some bad news that just came up before he could talk to me before I left Hawaii. He said he had been sick with pneumonia and was bed ridden. After he told me this, right away I said to myself, "Oh no, he is going to die on me too!" I told him to just relax and I would be okay, I would stay with my friends in Moraga, and I would visit him the next day to nurse him until he got better.

After a couple of days I found my own place in San Francisco, which was a nice house in Stonestown, Galleria. It was a beautiful neighborhood which was walking distance from the mall and near the San Francisco State University.

Soon after I moved into my place I found a position at the Skyline College. When I first walked into the office of the Dean of Language and Arts at the Skyline College, Dr. Lucas said, "Machiko, we were waiting for you. Can you teach the summer courses?" I of course said yes and I was so pleased in finding a job so soon.

After a couple days later, the dean of Diablo College called me to teach college courses at the Monte Vista High School during the day. Diablo College was expanding their courses in High school for senior students who already had enough credits to graduate. He said we must meet up and heard that I was a good Japanese Language instructor! I really wondered how he heard about me since I just arrived here from Hawaii!

So in June, 1998, I started my new life in the San Francisco

Free as the Wind!

Bay Area with new teaching positions.

Rabbi Dave finally recovered from his pneumonia and stayed in good health. I would spend my weekends at his place in San Mateo. I really enjoyed visiting him because he also had a library of some of the greatest Jewish literature and he would let me read anything I wanted to. During that time I was able to read about “Plato” The Republic and other works by Jowett and Maggid of “Inner Teacher”, “The Kabbalah” by Alexandra Safran, etc. But one of my favorite book was and still is “I and Thou” by Martin Buber.

Rabbi Dave was like a big brother to me. Since I had no biological brother and he had no sister in his family we got along very well. When Rabbi Dave would be on his desk working and I curled up on his sofa reading books, we were just being ourselves, but occasionally he would look back to me and say, “I love Shabbat” and I would reply, “Me as well“.

Whenever we went out to lunch, take strolls in the park, or go to shows at night, we felt that we were free in society’s activities and enjoyed our intellectual life.

In the year of 2000, Rabbi Dave was diagnosed with lung cancer. He went through chemotherapy for 6 months and lost his hair but was recovering from it. But eventually Rabbi Dave’s health went downhill and he passed away on February 10<sup>th</sup> of 2001.

During the time when Rabbi Dave was alive, his older daughter visited him from Israel and stayed with him for 3 weeks and also his son Michael returned from overseas and later lived closed by with his wife Thuy. Thuy and I would

Free as the Wind!

mostly take care of Rabbi Dave in spending more hours with him. One day he was not able to stand up and passed blood, we were no longer able to handle the situation and Rabbi's Doctor told us to call the Hospital.

At the Hospital there were a lot of people visiting Rabbi Dave whom I never met and I greeted them with my kindness. Rabbi Dave was the head Rabbi for a big Jewish Temple in San Jose before he retired in late 1990's. He had two daughters and a son. He was married before for at least 30 years but he divorced her in his later years. His daughter Rachel also became a Rabbi too.

Rabbi Dave did not talk much about his past except for when he was young boy growing up in San Francisco. He was a man of righteousness, was very sincere, a good person which nevertheless was not understood by many. I was glad to have met Rabbi Dave through Jack and thankful to God who knew I needed someone like Rabbi Dave in getting through my bereavement.

Rabbi David Robin was a tall striking man who played Football during his High School years. He lost his right arm from cancer in his 20's and then decided to become a Rabbi. He told me that he had been involved with the Jewish Federations work since his teens and through his College years. When he was in WWII he served as a medical technician in the field. He told me he was sent to Japan after the war and stayed there for one year. His best friend during his High School years was a Japanese boy named Hikaru. He lost contact after all the Japanese people in the US were taking to relocation sites around the US states.

After the war Rabbi Dave searched for Hikaru and found

Free as the Wind!

out that Hikaru joined the US army during the war and was in Japan. Soon after he found Hikaru's whereabouts, Hikaru died after the war ended. WWII separated them forever.

After WWII, Rabbi Dave entered the Hebrew Rabbinical School. He was the oldest student in the class but was an honor student when he graduated. He was invited to a rich high class Jewish community temple and served there for a few years but he didn't like it. He wanted to serve the common people in every stages of life, so he moved to the San Jose Jewish community in California. He was there for a long time until he retired in his late 60's.

He divorced his wife soon after he retired from the Temple of San Jose and moved to Hawaii to serve the Jewish people on the Big Island of Hawaii.

His wife was remarried soon after they got divorced.

He said to me how he was a great speaker but not a good writer. I could always see Rabbi Dave writing about something at his desk. I just wondered what happened to all his manuscripts after he passed away because I was never able to read it. I would always let him be in his thoughts while he was writing to have been able to ask him about it.

Oh, he also sang so beautifully. His voice was in baritone and most likely all the women would have fallen in love with his voice if he sung to them. He did tell me that if he had any secret admirers, he never got involved with any of them and was only committed to his wife. That reminded me of Jack.

One occasion Rabbi Dave asked me to move to Israel with him but I was not able to do so for the reasons that my



Free as the Wind!

daughter Shalom just got divorced and would be coming to San Francisco from Hawaii with her two little children. They needed my help through their transitions.



When Rabbi Dave passed away, he left me with these words, “Caring, attentive, intelligent, warm, decisive, venturous, loyal, reliable, imaginative, open, alert and energetic. Put these words all together and you might have a picture of dear Malkah!” -Rabbi Dave



Free as the Wind!

## Life After With My Family



In December 2000, my daughter Shalom got divorced from her husband Vernon and moved to San Francisco with her two daughters, Shyanna, 7 years old and Kayla at 2. After Rabbi Dave was gone I was put back to busy life with taking care of two granddaughters.

We rented a big house which was five bedrooms and 3 bathrooms in Pacifica. It had a nice backyard with a dollhouse for the girls. The house was safe and in a beautiful setting for my family. Later in early June 2001 my sons Rodney and Brett joined us for support because I got a call stating my mother was very sick in Japan so I had to leave. It was right after I finished the spring semester at the College of San Mateo.

I flew over to Japan right away. She was in the hospital when I arrived, so I stayed next to her hospital bed for 2

### Free as the Wind!

weeks. She remarkably recovered again and was able to go home and my summer courses to teach started in mid-June; so I quickly flew back to California to prepare.

I then received a second call from Japan on August 2<sup>nd</sup> of the same year, just a couple months after I just came back from Japan, which was soon after I finished the summer programs. So again I flew back to Japan to be with my mother. I found out she was bed ridden at my sister's house, so I went there and the doctor was there as well. The doctor told me my mother was in a coma and she would not come out from it and to prepare the funeral services for her. But when I went to her bed side, I spoke out to her, "Mother I am here!" She suddenly opened her eyes and replied, "Oh Machiko you are home," as she gently squeezed my hands while looking at me. She did not speak any other words after that. Her breathing then stopped while her glazed eyes were still fixed onto me. It was that day on August 6th, 2001, was when my mother passed away.

We had a small funeral service among our families since most of my mother's brothers and sisters were already deceased, as well as her friends.

Free as the Wind!



She was a wonderful mother who would give us hugs all the time and told us girls, my sisters, to study hard and to help others. She was an intellect, a very intelligence parson who was the main person in handling all aspects in my father's business.

My mother came from the Ikeda clan of Ohmihachiman city, Shiga prefecture(see reference). Her mother was a Cha no Yu master and her father calligraphy master. My mother and her family used to live in a big Buke-Yashiki Lord property. My mother told me when I was a kid that they used to have a big horse stable with many horses on the property, but she didn't like it because it was very smelly for her.

One week after my mother's funeral I flew back to San Francisco, California.

When I returned, I found out Shalom enrolled into college to become an EMT, to make a living for her daughters, and

## Free as the Wind!

at the same time was going to medical school to become a paramedic. We all helped each other out in taking care of her two daughters and we had a good time being together again.

Kayla's Preschool teacher thought that Rodney was her daddy since he picked her up or dropped her off at her school every day. Even Kayla told her teacher that Rodney was her dad until the time she was ready to graduate preschool, but she finally told her teacher that he was not my dad but my uncle. Kayla never got to know her father. He was completely out of her life, even today.

Shalom eventually started working night shift as an AMR in San Mateo County, from 8PM to 8AM. Kayla slept with me every night and I would recite the night prayer and read some books to her until she fell asleep. Funny thing with Kayla was, when singing my prayers she started memorizing all of the songs and then started to sing together with me. Kayla also developed good artistic skills in drawing so many wonderful pictures. She was a very creative person and still is as of today.

Shyanna was also very good in art in her childhood years. She won numerous art contests during her school years. She also played the flute during her middle school years and she was in the school band. When she was in her teenager years, Shyanna and I enjoyed going to the 'Grandma and Granddaughter's Luncheon' once a month. Doing these lunches without our other family members, I was able to find out how she was doing in high school.

Shalom must have had a hard time working, going to school every day and taking care of her two daughters as well. I

Free as the Wind!

never experienced that in my life.

While I was teaching at the College of San Mateo, one of my students invited me to visit a Zen meditation in Saratoga. I learned Zen meditation when I was 10 years old from my father but never did I ever attend Zazen in Japan, mostly because the Zen Temple only allowed to men to attend. Women were not permitted to attend a Zen center! So I told my student this, but my student said to me, "Sensei, this is America, everyone is invited." I thought to myself, "Wow, I could finally attend a Zazen!"



So I went and met Itou Roshī (a Zen Master) who was a gentle but very strict master. I very much enjoyed the Zen meditations I started to attend every week in the beautiful mountains of Saratoga after Rabbi Dave passed away. Usually around 10 people or more at a time would sit in the early Sunday morning meditations. My son Brett would also accompany me sometimes to the Zen meditations when he was not too busy. In 2004, a couple years later, I was accepted as a Rinzai Zen practitioner and was named

Free as the Wind!

“FUSHO.”

Destiny also happened to me while attending the Zazen session outside of the temple. While sipping my hot chocolate in a cafe next to the temple before starting the session, this nice elderly lady approached me and asked, “Would you like to have a hot cup of cocoa with me after the meditation?” I said to her that I would be glad to.

After the meditation, as we drank our hot cocoa in the Café, she asked me if I would like to join the Global Education for Nonprofit NGOs. I didn’t know what Global Education for Nonprofit NGOs was. I later found out what her organization did and became the executive director for the Mercury Institute International in 2006 and 2007. We were invited to United Nation in New York for the Assembly of 52<sup>nd</sup> ‘The Circle of Women and Girls Agenda’ around the world.

That was an eye-opening experience. I learned about how many women and children around the world were being mistreated and suffering under terrible conditions. I had no idea. I was just living in my own world with my family.

We later met Dr. Vivian Kityo. She was working for the Wakisa Ministries in Uganda with the mission to raise the dignity and self-esteem of young girls with pregnancy crisis. These girls had been raped or exiled from their families. This time it really hit me to take off to see the world.

On August 6<sup>th</sup>, 2007 I was invited to attend The National Counseling and Dialogue Deliberation in San Francisco. Before the meeting was about to adjourn, there were arguments going on between the African Americans and white Americans. The African Americans were demanding

## Free as the Wind!

more equality, while the whites said there is a lot of equality in the American society.

I stood up and said loudly, “Today, August 6th the atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima Japan, 62 years ago. That bomb didn’t care who anyone was. Men, women, dogs, cats, plants or insects, it destroyed everything in sight. I am a survivor of the atom bomb. My parents were going into Hiroshima on the 7:30 AM train but the train never arrived that morning. That’s how our lives were spared from that fate while my mother was pregnant with me at the time. We are all intelligent people with great talents. So why don’t we get along and pursue a peaceful solution.” The meeting hall was dead quite at that moment, no more arguments arouse and we all closed it the meeting with peace.

That same summer, I was also invited to the ‘International Gathering on Hiroshima 62 years Atom Bomb Anniversary’ in Hiroshima city, Japan. I was accompanied by Dr. Catharine Firpo. Catherine’s father was one of the first American soldiers who went into the city of Hiroshima after the bomb was dropped. He brought back the Sennin Bari banner, a good luck banner for a Japanese soldier, which had 1000 prayers on it that the Japanese people had sewn into it.

After Catherine’s father saw what had happened in Hiroshima, he became an activist with the ‘No Nuke’ movement. He wanted to return the banner to the family of the deceased Japanese soldier. But a few years later after returning from Japan, he found out that the Japanese soldier already passed away from effects of the nuclear radiation. His daughter Catherine heard all about the Hiroshima bombing when she was just a small girl. When she got



## Free as the Wind!

older, she wanted to be an activist as well and joined No Nuke too. She finally found the family of the Japanese soldier many years later and returned the banner to them. It was a very moving experience for both parties.

Dr. Firpo spoke out very forceful at the International Community meeting for world peace. Also there was a person named Dr. Field who also spoke passionately at the International Community meeting for world peace. I was so moved that I decided to take my share of world peace.

In September, Dr. Field announced her retirement from Mercury Institute International, which was a global education organization that helped people all around the world that she was president of. So also all her courses were closed too. She wanted to focus on writing books more. I was stunned over this, because I had invited several professionals to join the courses she had developed.

I meditated on this while visiting Japan Town in San Francisco, I pondered about how the thousands of Japanese immigrants who lived in the USA, what kinds of impact did they have in US history? It reminded me of my grandfather Totaro Tokuyama who immigrated to Hawaii in 1904. He came with his villagers in Jinseki, Hiroshima as a doctor. In those days the Japanese immigrants working in the sugarcane fields were treated like slaves. A lot of people died from heat and poor living conditions. My grandfather and other intelligentsia of Japanese communities got together and created a Workers Union, to protect and improve the life of immigrants. At times they would travel to other islands to talk to other Japanese immigrants. On one of those trips my grandfather was sent to the island of Maui. He found the lodge in Hamakua poko and walked to

## Free as the Wind!

the Wulupalakua Japanese sugarcane plantation village. On the 3rd night he was walking back to Hamakua Poko when abruptly someone came out from the sugarcane field and fatally stabbed him. In those days a lot of assassinations took place to kill the leaders in order to stop the Workers Union movement. This was the history of Japanese immigrants in Hawaii, but the truth of his death was covered up and the letter sent to his family told them that he died from malaria. The truth of his death was uncovered 20 years later after one of the villagers who worked close with my grandfather came back to Japan and told them the truth of his death. My father was only 6 years old at the time of his father's death.

My father Isamu Tokuyama later became a business man in Osaka and his business was greatly expanded all the way up to WWII. After WWII he restarted his business, but this time in Nara. There were a lot of widows with children at that time. He created the jobs for widows so that their children would be fed and educated. Many women and children were saved from starvation during that time while working for my father's company.

Free as the Wind!



A few days later I was on the commuter BART thinking what I should do now concerning my responsibilities for world peace. After we crossed the tunnel arriving in Oakland, a lady on her wheelchair came on board and said that she had to go to an emergency visit to her hospital, and was in need of \$20 for her co-payment which she did not have and was asking people for help.

I was sitting in the back of the train and I thought, "Let's see, I have only one dollar for my bus fare to go to Diablo College after I get off the Bart. I may be able to give this dollar to her if I have four quarters for my bus fare." I checked my coin purse and saw that I had enough quarters. So I got up and walked across the train to the lady and said, "I'm sorry, all I have is this, please take it." She said, "Thank you."

When I returned to my seat, I saw another person go up to her to give her money too. I could hear her say, "Thank you, thank you, thank you". Then all of a sudden other people started helping her. Also there was a gentleman across from my seat who walked up to the lady in the wheelchair and then came back to his seat. The guy who was sitting next to

Free as the Wind!

him asked, “How much did you give?” He replied, “I gave her twenty dollars.” This gentleman knew the other passengers had given the lady some of the money she needed and yet he gave her the entire \$20!

I then realized that it was not the amount of money we need to help, but if we all came together to achieve a common goal that would be great!



So in October 2007, I and volunteer global educators started a new non-profit organization named the International Ambassador for Community Education and Development. [www.iam-ced.org](http://www.iam-ced.org)

We now provide support to disadvantaged men, women and children around world. We are right now helping in the countries of Russia, Uganda, Malawi, Nepal, Philippines, Vietnam, and Japan. Please visit us and join as well if you have not.

Free as the Wind!

## The Women Generations



In 1990, on the Big Island of Hawaii my daughter Shalom was married to Vernon Costa. Then a year later in 1991 their daughter Shyanna Bella Costa was born on June 11th which was the same date of a King long ago named Kamehameha. Also June 11th in the State of Hawaii, is the commemoration of all Kings and all kinds of festive events were celebrated. Shyanna thought she was related to King Kamehameha, but actually she is closer related to Hawaii's last royal, Queen Liliuokalani, for the reasons that her great grandmother was a Hawaiian Kahuna which used to heal people.

Free as the Wind!



Shyanna was our first granddaughter for Jack and me and we very much were excited to have her at our house when she was a baby. When she was just one year old I would teach her how to draw and she became quite an artist with her colors and motif, which showed her inner happiness in her paintings. In all of her artworks everything and everyone was smiling in it. Smiling suns, clouds, plants, all animals and all the houses and people in it too.

She would always stay with Jack and me when her parents were working during the day. We used to sing and dance whenever Jack played the piano. She loved to stay with us so much that when she was just two years old she asked me, “Babah, I want to live with you and grandpa!” So I asked her, “What’s going to happen to your Mom and Dad?” She replied, “They can just come and visit me!” I thought that was just so cute. But when Jack became very ill from his stomach cancer in 1993, Shyanna was limited in visiting us. Jack passed away a year later in 1994.

From 1994 to 1997 after Jack was gone, I was traveling a

### Free as the Wind!

lot with my mother when she came to live with me in 1994. During those next 3 years we devoted all of our time with each other traveling to various places in Hawaii and to other countries as well.



One of my favorite times spent with my mother, which was also the most interesting and awakening experience, was hiking up to the Mountain of Haleakala and watching the sunrise come up. We and a couple of my friends got up at 3 o'clock in the morning to drive to the foot of the base of Mt. Haleakala. It was still a little dark and the early morning was still in full moon when we got there. Just before heading up the mountain, we suddenly saw a full rainbow reign over the valley. It was so mysterious and just so beautiful.

When we finally got to the top of Haleakala it was so cold, but good we all had our overcoats on. Eventually the sun started to rise over the horizon of the Pacific Ocean and the full moon was still bright on west of us. Soon after, the sun and moon met in the same indigo sky! It was an amazing sight!

### Free as the Wind!

After returning from Mt. Haleakala, I painted that moment in full mural and also completed seven paintings which I later exhibited at the Renaissance Art Exhibit in the San Francisco Bay Area. I did not really want to sell my paintings, so I put very high prices on them, but still two pieces were sold by some very interested buyers. I still have four paintings out of seven left, one was lost during my move sometime later.



My second granddaughter named Kayla Malkah Costa was born on October 15th, 1998. She was born after I left Hawaii, but I revisited them in December of 1998. She was 2 months old at the time and when I lift her up; I felt the weight of her soul was so heavy. I knew right away she would carry a great mission in her life.



Free as the Wind!



My third granddaughter was born in Cebu, Philippines. My son Brett and his wife named her Tiffany, who was born on June 30th, 2013. Prior to Tiffany's birth, Brett corresponded by chat and sent emails to women all over the world for a year and found his true heart in the Philippines. He then moved to the Philippines in 2006 and later married a nice devoted Filipina woman named Jovencia, nicknamed Vibien in March of 2007.



I was also fortunate to have met Vibien in Japan on December 2012, when both Brett and she came to visit the rest of my families. It was the same time while I was

Free as the Wind!

working for the Fukushima Children's Fund Raising project in Kyoto for IAM-CED.org. We had such a wonderful time together.



My great granddaughter named Kalea Shalom Stargion was born on January 15th, 2011. Kalea was the daughter of Shyanna and her African American husband Showntrill Stargion.

Kalea looked like an angel the first time I met her. She was so cute and there was something about her. Later she started showing her unique personality that I never saw in anyone. She was very bright and a quick thinker when she was three years old. Kalea was also a good artist. She had been drawing since she was 6 months old. She loves to sing and dances just like her mom. She would always record herself on my iPhone when she came to my place for Sunday school. On some days we would bake cookies, cook noodles, create artworks, go to the library, museum, or even go on a picnic at the nearest park or beach with her

Free as the Wind!

grandma, my daughter Shalom. We would also talk about, that one day when I leave this earth and pass away; I will always be with her in spirit.

Free as the Wind!

## The Vision



When I was a little girl just a 3<sup>rd</sup> grade elementary school student; I remembered my teacher asking us in class one day what our religion was? At the time I didn't know. It kept pondering in my head in school all day long. When school finally finished for the day I rushed home as fast as I could to find out this question I did not know of. I burst opened the front door and startled my dad in doing so. He asked me to patiently sit down and he would tell me. He

## Free as the Wind!

slowly poured us a cup of tea, took a sip, looked deeply into my eyes and proudly said, " We are Renzai Zen Buddhists". I asked him what Zen was and he said he would teach me even though I was very young and would be the perfect time for me to learn all about it.



I still vividly remembered hiking up to the Ikoma Mountains with my dad near where we live. We would both sit under the pine trees and quietly meditate together. The only sounds we would hear were the birds singing and the wind blowing through the surrounding trees. It was so peaceful and beautiful and felt as though I was with one with nature and myself. It made me feel so alive inside!

Growing up later at the time when I was around 13 years old. I would constantly wonder to myself a question that even to this day I am still searching for: So, what is life? Back then after doing meditations I would take a little nap sometimes. There was a fascinating time I dreamt of was when I was holding a crystal goblet in my hand. I could see

## Free as the Wind!

the clear water pouring out from it but no one or nothing was pouring the water into it. Then from out from nowhere a powerful voice spoke up and said, "THIS IS LIFE!"

In another time in my early childhood, I had another powerful vision. This was in June, which is the raining season in Japan. Our family was sitting together talking, drinking tea and eating biscuits just enjoying each other's conversations when suddenly we felt an earthquake and heard a thundering sound from outside. We all scrambled to look out of the windows and saw to our astonishment this huge flash flood of water picking up homes and people sending them all down the river. More horrific were the people trapped in this mad rush of water which was getting engulfed and buried into the dirty mud. The sad part it there was nothing we could do to help any of them. This disastrous flash flood also damaged all the rice fields in the area.

Again in another time in my early childhood life I had a vision that all of a sudden I was standing at the bottom of the street looking up at our house which stood up on top of a hill. From out of nowhere this huge flash flood of water came down from another hill and for some reason I just froze there and my legs didn't want to move. Just when these waves of water were ready to engulf me, I shouted out, "IF MY LIFE IS A WILL OF GOD TO LIVE, PLEASE LET IT BE THEN!" I then closed my eyes and

## Free as the Wind!

waited for the inevitable, but nothing happened. I opened my eyes and to my amazement I saw the ground before my feet widened, opened up and swallowed up all the water that was meant to engulf me just seconds before and for some odd reason one little drop of water landed on me right after that.

Another vision I had was in my teen years back again at Mt Ikoma, Japan next to my home town where I did meditations as I mentioned before. Mt Ikoma all of a sudden erupted violently and this huge ghastly lava flow was now flowing and oozing down to cover our entire town. There I was standing in its path for some reason. I looked at the lava flow and just before the lava was going to cover me, this Voice again spoke to me and said, "GET INTO THE DRUM CAN NEXT TO YOU!" So I climbed into it and was just in the nick of time because the lava swept up the drum with me in it as it floated me down this hot molten river of lava. Eventually the drum can came to a rest. I peered out from it slowly and to my disbelief, the lava cooled and hardened and myself and the town below was safe from the lava.

Free as the Wind!



Now, the time is in August 1967. It is the time in which I came to study in USA. Before that In Japan before leaving to the US I meditated for a while deciding to myself if I should travel to America or not. The reasons because that it was the time of the Civil Rights Movement and all big cities were in demonstrations. At that time, I didn't quite understand really about the movements. After my meditation the Voice spoke, "GO, I WILL BE WITH YOU". I didn't know who was 'I' as the voice said but in good trust I left for America.

On this very trip I met a handsome man named Jack.



Free as the Wind!



As you remembered earlier in the book, Jack was also on the President Wilson passenger ship of the Orient in 1967 when I first met him on the way back from San Francisco to Japan. He was so charming, funny and likable. Jack and I were still corresponding to each other for another year after. One year later Jack was in Europe he was already asking me to marry him in his letters. He said he was going to Spain. I myself was planning to study in Spain at the time as well. Before I left Japan for Spain, I meditated again under the Pine tree in Mt Ikoma. The Voice spoke to me again and said, "GO TO HIM, YOU SHALL FIND LIFE!" So I left Japan and traveled to Spain, where I met Jack again in 1968.

Free as the Wind!



I then married Jack in Spain.

A few years later I dreamt I was floating down on the cloud with several other beings toward earth. When we hovered over to a town I saw, the Voice said, "Machiko, GO DOWN TO THAT STREET". So I walked down to the corner of the street and I thought, "Where is this place?" I only saw a General store on the corner, so I said to myself, "I will ask someone in that store where I am". When I came to the front of the store, I saw a tired old man with a white beard and white hair who was sitting on a crate box to the right of the door of the store. I looked closer in his face and was astonished to find out that it was my Jack! I called out, "Jack?" But he did not answer. I gently touched his face with my right hand and in an instant as soon as I did so, to my amazement, Jack changed into a young man in his 30's and looked so very handsome. I thought at that moment that indeed he was young at heart even if he was in his 50's.

Free as the Wind!



Now in my 70<sup>th</sup> of age, my heart and soul are the same as I was 37 years ago. I feel now that I have reached my fullness of my being. I am now helping the next new generations who are building the communities of Sustainable Ecological Society where they are leaving the matrices from the big cities life to be one with the earth and themselves.

When I first met Christ;

In my youth I heard the Voice of the Universe. I accepted ONE without no doubt who was speaking to my soul. This is so important to let a child soul awaken when they are still little. Children must be loved by their mother and father and/or its family members. Their spirit will then awake towards the universe.

From my spectacular journey of life, I met Jack who introduced me to the Bible and the Old Testament. I heard

## Free as the Wind!

the same Voice of the universe spoken to Israelis in ancient time! The Voice says, "I Am Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow!" I heard the Voice in my soul but now I found the Voice in the written forms. Torah in Hebrew! Nevertheless, I was not able to recognized Jesus in the New Testament, and as our savior? But he was speaking to his disciples and that he knew the Old Testament.

Then I meditated, Zazen(Vii)

I was in very black space, so dark that I was not able to see my own hands. Then I saw a little spot of light so far away. I started walking towards it. When I finally came to the spot, it came from a small light shining down from above. I looked up at the light and then suddenly a huge ball of light hit me and engulfed me completely. I then saw into my soul the spirit of energy of Christ in Light, just like Saul/Paul who was hit by the Christ of Light on the way to Damascus. Meeting Christ like this, it's very different from how the Christians spoke of Jesus.



I was then baptized by Pastor Alvis Alsop in Oregon 1975, and became a Christian. One day in prayer, I envisioned a

Free as the Wind!

cloud in a green pasture and the Voice said, "YOU ARE GOING TO HAWAII."

When we moved to Hawaii in 1976, I was a Sunday school teacher at the local church and took my three children to Church as well. Jack was not very happy about it because he was Jewish and he did not trust Christians. He said the Jewish people were killed and persecuted over the centuries by Christians for the blamed killing of Christ in the western world.



In 1977 I was introduced to Sholomo/Cashmere. He introduced me to the Hebrew language in prayers and something astonishing happened to me one day. I was just sitting down reading the Hebrew language in prayers and after standing up from the dining table to the kitchen sink, I suddenly a feeling of warm oil or blood came over me and it dropped onto my heart. I waited a little while to see why I was feeling this. This feeling of warm substance then covered my heart and a feeling of joy gushed out from my stomach! Wow! This was a beautiful loving feeling that

## Free as the Wind!

overwhelmed my well-being. At that point I knew I was going to be Jewish, because I knew Yesha (Christ) was born from the house of Judah!

After my beautiful experience I had with Christ I went into meditation. I then had a vision that I was standing in front of a huge river and thought, "There has to be a bridge to cross over it to get to the other side, right?" So I started walking up the river and saw no bridges as far as my eyes could see. I asked myself then, "Why weren't there any bridges to cross over?" Then, The Voice spoke, "I will take you there!" As soon as I heard The Voice, the next thing I knew I had already crossed over the river! "Wow! What just happened?" I said to myself. The Voice continued to say, "Do you know the other side in which you are at now? It is the land of Isra'El! In Ybray-Hebrew it means the one who crossed the river!" This is one of the main reasons why I changed my religion to Judaism.

At yet another later time in my life I vividly remembered while in one of my prayers/meditations I had a vision that I was floating upwards, going higher and higher until I almost reached outer space. Not only myself but several others were there with me and while floating there The Voice spoke out and said, "YOU ARE SET FREE!" Then we were all given rainbow colored wings on our backs. When I looked up straight ahead I saw the heavenly Jerusalem floating in the blue sky and at that moment I thought to myself, "I want to go there!" Then I flew towards it, as fast as the speed of light and then I woke up.

In 1994 Jack passed away on Shavout. Sholomo the person I spoke of before who introduced me to the Hebrew language who also died many years before appeared in my

## Free as the Wind!

dreams after Jack died and said to me, "This is your key to open the gate!" He then handed me an old style gate key.



Three months later after Jack past away. I left to go to Japan to spend time with my mother. My mother was living with my eldest sister named Hiroko in the city of Nara where I stayed with their family for a while. That time in August 1994 in Japan was very hot at night and we left the patio doors opened. When I went to bed that night and almost asleep I heard a whisper in my right ear saying, "I love you." The moment I heard Jack's voice a beautiful surge of energy covered throughout my whole entire body. It was a beautiful experience for Jack to visit me even after he left this world. It actually happened three times. The 2<sup>nd</sup> time was in November in Hawaii while I was sleeping in the room he passed away in. The last time was in February 1995, yes on Valentine's Day, once again I heard Jack's voice saying to me, "I LOVE YOU!"

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## The Perfect Moment

I experienced The Perfect Moment Three times so far in my life (July 2020)

How or what kind of an experience I had for the Perfect Moment you say?

Well, the first time I walked into the perfect moment was in Oregon after I was baptized in 1975. I was walking in our garden in the spring time next to the house when suddenly I stepped into a different dimension where everything was in silenced and I could hear no sound, just the gentle wind blowing in the pure atmosphere. I thought, "Wow! Where is this?" The next second later I walked out of the garden and all sound came back and back to normal again.



The 2<sup>nd</sup> time was while I was walking in the Ala Moana Shopping Center in Honolulu, Hawaii in 1993. I was heading for the Japanese Poetry meeting. It was a beautiful day, full of sunshine and cool breeze. I was very happy.



## Free as the Wind!

Then again I stepped into like a different dimension and everything was in silence and only the gentle winds were blowing in the pure atmosphere. A few seconds later I walked out of it. What a strange feeling!



The 3<sup>rd</sup> time was the year 2011 in Pacifica, California. In my room the morning sun shined through my Patio sliding doors. It was in silence when I woke up, just the cool breeze and the bright light beaming through the patio doors. I broke the silence and yelled out, "Hallelujah!"

If someone else experienced something like this before I would like to know who you are.

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## Conclusion

For everything there is a season, a right time for every  
intention under heaven;

A time to be born and a time to die,

A time to plant and a time to uproot,

A time to kill and a time to heal,

A time to tear down and a time to build,

A time to weep and a time to laugh,

A time to mourn and a time to dance,

A time to throw stoned and a time to gather the stones,

A time to embrace and a time to refrain,

A time to search and a time to give up,

A time to keep and a time to discard,

A time to tear and the time to sew,

A time to keep silent and a time to speak,

A time to love and a time to hate,

A time for war and a time for peace,

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I know that there is nothing better for them to do than be happy and enjoy themselves as long as they live. Still, the fact that everyone can eat, drink and enjoy the good that results from all of his works, is a gift of God.

‘The righteous and the wicked God will judge because there is a right time for every intention and for every action.’

KOHELET/Ecclesiastes. 3;1-22 (TORAH)

Happy are the people whose knows the joyful note!

When nature whispers in your ears, then the words will arrive into your heart. And remember the essence of spiritual so I have lived here in this world for over 70 years now. I saw the four generations that came out through my lineage. When I read the above lines, I have experienced all the phrases of human life and knowing it was good to walk my life with Gods intention.

I hope every one of you will fulfill your life with a Holy Spirit and remember that the life you are truly intended to walk in this world will be fruitful!!

LOVE YOUR NEIBGHERS AS YOURSELF. No greater fact of life than this action.

I was honored to read this portion of the Torah when I attended Beth Israel Judea in San Francisco when it was Rosh Hashanah time which dates to 5764 Hebrew years.

SH'MOT (Exodus) 20:8 Remember the day, Shabbat, to set it apart for God. Sabbath was one of the first expressions of God's will in universe.

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## Reference



Ikeda Terumasa

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Ikeda Terumasa (January 31, 1565 – March 16, 1613) was a Japanese daimyō of the early Edo period. His court title was Musashi no Kami. Terumasa was also known by the nickname saigoku no shōgun, or, "The Shōgun of Western Japan". Terumasa fought in many of the battles of the late Azuchi–Momoyama period, and due to his service at the Battle of Sekigahara, received a fief at Himeji. His childhood name was Araokojimaru. He was the son of Ikeda Tsuneoki and brother of Ikeda Sen.

The 2nd son and heir of Ikeda Nobuteru, Terumasa held

## Free as the Wind!

Ikejiri Castle (Mino Province) and joined his father in fighting for Hideyoshi in the Komaki Campaign (1584). He led troops at Nagakute (1584), the battle in which his father was killed. In 1590, following the transfer of Tokugawa Ieyasu to the Kanto, Terumasa was established at Yoshida in Mikawa, a 152,000-koku fief. In 1594 Terumasa married one of Tokugawa's daughters, and after Hideyoshi's death in 1598, the Ikeda drifted into Ieyasu's camp.

### Battle of Sekigahara:

When the Sekigahara Campaign began in the fall of 1600, Terumasa immediately sided with his father-in-law, Tokugawa. On 28 September he competed with Fukushima Masanori to be the first to attack Gifu, held by Oda Hidenobu. At the Battle of Sekigahara, Ikeda commanded 4,560 troops in the rear guard and saw some desultory fighting with Chosokabe Morichika's contingent as the battle wound down.

Following the Tokugawa victory, Terumasa was given a 520,000-koku fief and the province of Harima.[2] He expanded the Himeji Castle, which he completed in 1609. In 1603 Bizen was added to Terumasa's territory, and this he assigned to his eldest son, Toshitaka (1584–1616). By the time of Terumasa's death in 1613, the Ikeda had grown to rule over Harima, Bizen, Inaba, and Awaji, with a combined income of around 1,000,000-koku. Following the death of Toshitaka, the Tokugawa Bakufu took steps to reduce the alarming power of the Ikeda and eventually reduced the family to Tottori (Inaba) and Okayama (Bizen).

### Family

Father: Ikeda Tsuneoki

Free as the Wind!

Mother: Zen'ōin

Sister: Ikeda Sen

Wives:

- Itohime, daughter of Nakagawa Kiyohide
- Tokuhime (Tokugawa)

Concubines:

- Manganin, daughter of ando clan

Children:

- Ikeda Toshitaka (1584–1616) by Itohime
- Ikeda Tadatsugu (1599–1615) by Tokuhime (Tokugawa)
- Ikeda Teruzumi (1604–1662) by Tokuhime (Tokugawa)
- Ikeda Masatsuna (1605–1631) by Tokuhime (Tokugawa)
- Ikeda Tadakatsu (1602–1632) by Tokuhime (Tokugawa)
- Ikeda Teruoki (1611–1647) by Tokuhime (Tokugawa)
- Chacha-hime married Kyogoku Takahiro by Tokuhime (Tokugawa)

Free as the Wind!

- Furihime (1607–1659) married Date Tadamune by Tokuhime (Tokugawa)
- Ikeda Masatora (1590–1635) by Manganin
- Ikeda Toshimasa (1594–1639) by daughter of Ando clan
- Ikeda Terutaka



Takeda clan (Aki)

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

In this Japanese name, the family name is Takeda.

Aki Takeda clan

The emblem (mon) of the Takeda clan



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Home province: Aki

Parent house: Takeda clan

Founder: Takeda Ujinobu

Founding year: 14th century

Cadet branches: Wakasa

The Takeda clan of Aki Province was a cadet branch of the famed Takeda clan of the Kai Province of Imperial Japan, descended from Emperor Seiwa (850-880) and the Minamoto clan (Seiwa Genji). The Takeda of Wakasa were a branch of the Takeda of Aki.

Takeda Nobumitsu (1162–1248), son of Nobuyoshi, fought against the Taira, against Kiso Yoshinaka (1184), distinguished himself in the Battle of Ichinotani (1184), and was appointed Shugo (Governor) of Kai province. He also fought against the Northern Fujiwara (1189) and against Wada Yoshimori (1213). During the Jōkyū War, he helped the Hōjō, and led 50,000 soldiers as 'Daishogun of the Tosando', and in reward received the governorship of Aki province (1221).

Takeda Nobutake († 1362) was the last Takeda Shugo of the two provinces of Kai and Aki. His elder son Nobunari received Kai and the younger Ujinobu received Aki province.

From the Muromachi period until the Sengoku period, the Takeda of Aki ruled Aki province (since 1221), Wakasa province (since 1440), were supporters of the Ashikaga against the Southern Dynasty, and sided with the Hosokawa

Free as the Wind!

clan during the Ōnin war (1467–1477).

Their principal fortress was Kanayama castle, built on the top of the 411 meters of Mount Takeda; a castle built by Takeda Nobumune (1269-1330) in the late Kamakura period, near the present city of Hiroshima.

However, clashes with Mōri Motonari of Aki between 1516 and 1541 led to the clan's downfall. The principal line came to an end with the death of Takeda Nobuzane in 1555.

During the Tokugawa period, the Harada and the Yamaguchi families, samurai of the Asano clan (daimyō of Hiroshima), descended from the Takeda of Aki. According to the Yamaguchi family, the three most important strongholds that belonged to the Takeda of Aki were Kanayama castle, Kitsune castle and Ato castle (all in Aki province).

Their principal fortress was Kanayama castle, built on the top of the 411 meters of Mount Takeda; a castle built by Takeda Nobumune (1269-1330) in the late Kamakura period, near the present city of Hiroshima.

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From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Minamoto was one of the surnames bestowed by the Emperors of Japan upon members of the imperial family who were excluded from the line of succession and demoted into the ranks of the nobility from 1192 to 1333.[1] The practice was most prevalent during the Heian period (794–1185 AD), although its last occurrence was during the Sengoku period. The Taira were another such offshoot of the imperial dynasty, making both clans distant relatives. The Minamoto clan is also called the Genji, or less frequently, the Genke, using the on'yomi reading for Minamoto.

The Minamoto were one of four great clans that dominated Japanese politics during the Heian period — the other three were the Fujiwara, the Taira, and the Tachibana.

Members of the Minamoto clan (Genji Clan):

- Saga Genji
- Ninmyō Genji

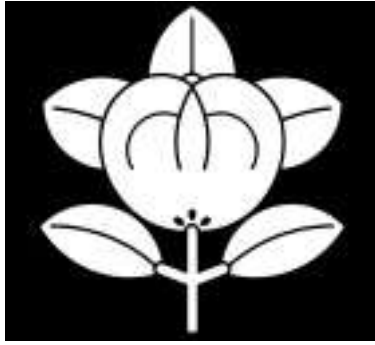
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- Montoku Genji
- Seiwa Genji
- Yōzei Genji
- Kōkō Genji
- Uda Genji
- Daigo Genji
- Murakami Genji
- Reizei Genji
- Kazan Genji
- Sanjō Genji
- Go-Sanjō Genji
- Go-Shirakawa Genji
- Juntoku Genji
- Go-Saga Genji
- Go-Fusakusa Genji
- Ōgimachi Genji

History records that at least three of Emperor Saga's daughters were also made Minamoto (Kiyohime, Sadahime, and Yoshihime), but few records concerning his daughters are known.

The first emperor to grant the surname Minamoto to his children was Emperor Saga, who reportedly had 49 children, resulting in a significant financial burden on the imperial household. In order to alleviate some of the pressure of supporting his unusually many offspring, he made many of his sons and daughters nobles instead of royals. He chose the word minamoto (meaning "origin") for their new surname in order to signify that the new clan shared the same origins as the royal family.

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From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Tachibana clan (Tachibana-uji, Tachibana-shi) was one of the four most powerful kuge (court nobility) families in Japan's Nara and early Heian periods. Members of the Tachibana family often held high court posts within the Daijō-kan (Ministry of State), most frequently Sadaijin (Minister of the Left). Like the other major families at court, they also constantly sought to increase and secure their power by marrying into the imperial family. However, as the Fujiwara clan gained power over the course of the 9th and 10th centuries, the Tachibana were eclipsed and eventually became scattered across the country. Though serving in high government posts outside the capital, they were thus denied the degree of power and influence within the court at Kyoto (Heian-kyō) which they once enjoyed.

Significant members;

- Agatainukai no Michiyo
- Tachibana no Moroe - Son of Michiyo; also known as Katsuragi no Ō-kimi
- Tachibana no Sai - Son of Michiyo; also known as

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Sai no Ō-kimi

- Muro no Ōkimi — Daughter of Michiyo; wife of Fujiwara no Fusasaki
- Tachibana no Naramaro — Eldest son of Moroe
- Tachibana no Shimadamaro — Son of Naramaro
- Tachibana no Kiyotomo — Son of Naramaro
- Tachibana no Kachiko — Daughter of Kiyotomo, Empress to Emperor Saga
- Tachibana no Ujikimi — Son of Kiyotomo
- Son of Ujikimi
- Tachibana no Hayanari — Poet, calligrapher; one of the Sanpitsu
- Tachibana no Hiromi — Scholar, five generations from Moroe; Served Emperors Yōzei, Kōkō, and Uda
- Tachibana no Kimisai — Second son of Hiromi
- Tachibana no Kimiyori — Fifth son of Hiromi; Dazai Gonnosochi (a post akin to Governor of Kyūshū); fought Fujiwara no Sumitomo's younger brother Fujiwara no Suminori
- Tachibana no Kern — Member of the Saga Morimoto line of the Ochi clan
- Tachibana no Toshimichi — Third son of Kimiyori; played an important role in fighting Fujiwara no Sumitomo and Suminori; lord of Chikugo province and founder of the Chikugo (Kyūshū) branch of the Tachibana
- Senkan — Fourth son of Kimiyori; preacher of Jodo Shu (Pure Land Buddhism)
- Tachibana no Yoshiyuki — Also known by the Buddhist name Shōkū; founder of Enkyō-ji
- Zōga — Lived on Tōnomine
- Kōkei — Priest of Esoteric Buddhism
- Tachibana no Nagayasu — Poet; also known by Buddhist name Nōin
- Tachibana no Michisada — worked with Fujiwara no Michinaga

Free as the Wind!

- Ko-shikibu no Naishi — Poet; daughter of Michisada
- Tachibana no Tamenaka — Poet
- Tachibana no Tōyasu — Formerly of the Ochi clan, founder of the Iyo Tachibana branch; played an important role in fighting Fujiwara no Sumitomo
- Tachibana no Isamu - medicine, son of Sachiko
- Tachibana no Tōshige — mokudai (governor) of Suruga; descendant of Tōyasu (Iyo branch)
- Tachibana no Kiminaga — executioner of Taira no Munemori
- Tachibana no Kiminari — Son of Kiminaga; founder of Kokajima clan
- Tachibana no Narisue — Served Kujō Michiie
- Minamoto no Hisanao — Member of the Saga Genji line of the Minamoto clan; founder of Kamachi family from the Chikugo Tachibana branch - (This is where our family comes from!)

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## More Family Photos



Photos of my mother and father when I was just a little girl living in Japan.



Me and Jack on tour in Europe before I had any kids.



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Another photo of me and Jack in Europe .



Me, Jack and family in America.



Jack riding on his motorcycle in Japan.

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Jack walking one of our babies in Japan.



In Hawaii tea ceremony with my kids.



Me and Shalom at home in Hawaii.

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Shalom doing the hula at our house in Hawaii.



Brett and Shalom on our property in Hawaii.



Rodney, Brett and Shalom on one of our camping trips.

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My students when teaching in Hawaii



More of my students in Hawaii



Newspaper in Hawaii announcing my teaching classes.

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Shalom with her daughter Shyanna and her daughter Kalea in San Francisco



Shalom's daughter Kayla with her husband and son Jack

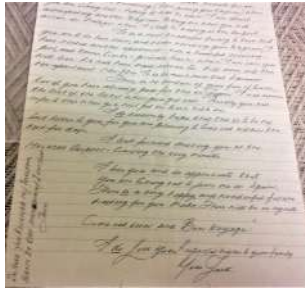


Shalom with her grandson Jack.

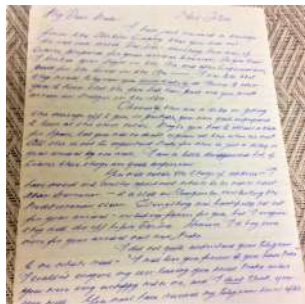
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Jack's letter to me before we were married.



More of Jack's letters to me when I was still in Japan.



More of Jack's letter to me.

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[illegible]

Continuation of Jack's letter.

[illegible]

Letter from my mother Shio Ikeda Tokuyama.

[illegible]

Letter from my father for the blessing of my marriage.

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