

## 2020 Hindsight: One Odyssey of San Juan County

An odyssey is a long journey full of wonderful experiences. The famous Greek poem believed to have been written by Homer is called the *Odyssey*. After years of adventures, the hero of the journey, Odysseus, finally returns home, only to find more adventure.

San Juan County gets mixed up with San Juan County in New Mexico, seen in the *Milagro Beanfield War*. And New Mexico gets mixed up with New Spain. My daughter's favorite number is 52. The fifty second viceroy of New Spain had a long name: Don Juan Vicente de Guemes Pacheco, de Padilla Horcasitas y Aguayo, el segundo Conde de Revillagigedo. Many of these words in his name are found as names in the San Juan Islands, like Orcas from Horcasitas. Sailors from San Blas, Nayarit, Mexico had traveled to our islands and named places to honor their viceroy. Sailors from San Blas named other places also, such as El Gran Canal de Nuestra Señora del Rosario la Marinera, today's Rosario Strait. They named La Isla y Archipiélago de San Juan on the day of Saint John the Baptist's transit, June 24, 1791, from their ship, the *Santa Saturnina*, when they awoke that morning in what is today called Roche Harbor. I have proposed this date for decades to the Journal of the San Juans in letters to the editor, to make it an annual holiday commemorating the island's triple namesake, being not just John the Baptist, but also Don Juan Vicente 52<sup>nd</sup> viceroy guy, and the Captain of that ship, Juan Pantoja.

When my daughter Ammah became eight years old in 2004, we decided to advance into an adventure. I asked her: Hawaii or Mexico? I had always talked about Mexico, and this she chose. I asked where: like a Mary Kate and Ashley tourist location in their movie or a place more like Never Never Land in Peter Pan? She of course chose the Peter Pan setting. And off we went for a two week trip, just before winter break in Friday Harbor. While in San Blas, visiting local crocodiles in the estuaries and the fort on the hill with the mounted canons to protect the port, we decided maybe she could go to school for some months each winter in San Blas, joining in with

## 2020 Hindsight: One Odyssey of San Juan County

the Mexican kids with their uniforms and parades. We arranged this and returned at the end of November for a three-month stay. Our theme upon arrival with too much baggage was la Princesa y el Burro. Ammah chose to school in San Blas for five winters before her social instincts to remain with Friday Harbor friends grew too strong.

I have inquired with past mayors and others in Friday Harbor about making San Blas a sister city, but the responses were all the same: too much trouble and the sister city expects too many gifts. So I quit that pursuit and I simply accept the two places as sister cities.

I still come to San Blas each year. This journey, I arrived here November 3, 2019. By February, the coronavirus thing was getting obvious. By March, both my daughter and my mother asked me to just stay through the epidemic in San Blas. My reservation was to take me home at the end of April, but alas, I am still here. Every year since the 90's I would return from these adventures by May to my San Juan Island cabin, still, for me, one of the most peaceful places to live on Earth.

So far, San Blas has had zero cases of the virus. Schools closed in March. Two roads lead into town with their own check points, and there is one more when the two routes unify. Foreigners need to show proof of residence in San Blas when arriving here.

The plaza in front of the church here in San Blas is still roped-off, keeping the loitering pastime of this tranquil town to a minimum. The church's *Bells of San Blas* are silent, like in Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's final poem of that name, of the departing ships that brought Spanish names northward, from San Diego to the San Juan Islands & into Alaska. The ruins of the first Rosario Church on the one hill here in San Blas lent her name to Rosario Strait. In the San Juan Island Library is a bilingual book that I wrote over a decade ago, *The Bells of Rosario*, with Longfellow's poem and surrounding stories.

## 2020 Hindsight: One Odyssey of San Juan County

I sometimes greet friends in San Blas with “Feliz Coronavirus”, with fingers locked in front of my face while I clap with my palms, the “bubble burst”. Yes, many people suffer, yet a good attitude is generally healthy.

Coronavirus is a teaching situation. There is much we have to learn, from deep philosophical, scientific, and spiritual pursuits, as well as lighter projects such as arts and crafts. Hopefully, many people are learning better to benefit from daily mental, physical, and calming exercises. And we have more home-time to experiment with our healthy diets. One may try mixing brown rice and lentils, cook together and mix the protein into salads, pancakes, noodles, tacos, hot breakfast cereals, eggs on toast. Others may sing daily, even if it is just one tone. One can dream of a cool project, research it, design it, create it. Happy Coronavirus.

My personal path never was ordinary. I seemed to have missed the memo when young that I was to pursue the accumulation of money even at the cost of my own physical, mental, and spiritual health. I tried that some when I was twenty-one years old. I borrowed money and bought a run-down duplex in Seattle, fixed it up, made a tri-plex, was witnessed and corralled into a commercial real-estate firm, and I began studying tax-deferred exchanges as the most lucrative path I could see to specialize in. But this whole dream stressed me beyond my own self recognition, so I bailed, sold out, walked away, quit business school, and got a creative writing degree instead.

A week after my UW graduation, on April 2, 1981, I kayaked away from Lake Washington into Puget Sound with friends and we adventured with our kayaks for six months to Alaska and back. After working winter with the same friends triggering avalanches with dynamite in a ski area, during the following spring, summer, and fall, down below Eagle Point on Rob and Terry Browne’s property, I typed my first book about that kayak adventure. That book title in the San Juan Library is *I Can’t See the Wind*. During the typing, my philosophical

## 2020 Hindsight: One Odyssey of San Juan County

pursuit was to find a scientific vocabulary to explain the epiphanies of unity that people like Buddha with the mind, Jesus with God, Einstein with physics, and Darwin with biology all experienced and shared with the world. This triggered my own epiphany the evening of October 4, 1982.

That epiphany completely changed my life. I rang the bell, meaning I found the end point of my theoretical pursuit, being the math of harmonics as able to complete Einstein's search for his Unified Field Theory. Since, I have had to fill in credible paths all leading to the same solution from the many fields of science, art, and religions. That experience is not included any longer in the kayak book.

Now is the year of 2020 vision. I have spent 38 years connecting the spokes of language and mathematics to the hub of this wheel of life, the hub being my original experience. The book created from this adventure is presently called: *SONG and DANCE Math Arranges Nature*. The sub-title is: *Epiphanies to Shift the Paradigm*. The book, introducing my *HUT: Harmonic Unifield Theory*, is the wheel stabilizing all the spokes of language connecting to the hub, the circle surrounding a void.

The tire of this wheel of life is what is now new. I am building a school here called SAN BLAS ETC. The acronym ETC = Escuela de una Teoría Científica. I have hidden so long doing my work mostly in privacy, though I have written many letters to the editor on San Juan Island over the decades about this adventure I continue to follow. Next, I might pass time in my school once it is finished being constructed, and be the only student, the only teacher, the only person enjoying this project. But so be it, I will be able to die in peace with the belief that I have pursued my dream with integrity.

## **2020 Hindsight: One Odyssey of San Juan County**

I have tried many times to publish parts of the book with scientific journals, but I am a professional nobody, not even professional, so I do not get past the secretaries to get peer reviewed, as is required in today's science game. So instead I have invented my own game.

When I will return to the USA, I do not know. Only time and 2020 hindsight will tell what the history of this story will be, for which I now choose my destiny. Feliz coronavirus.