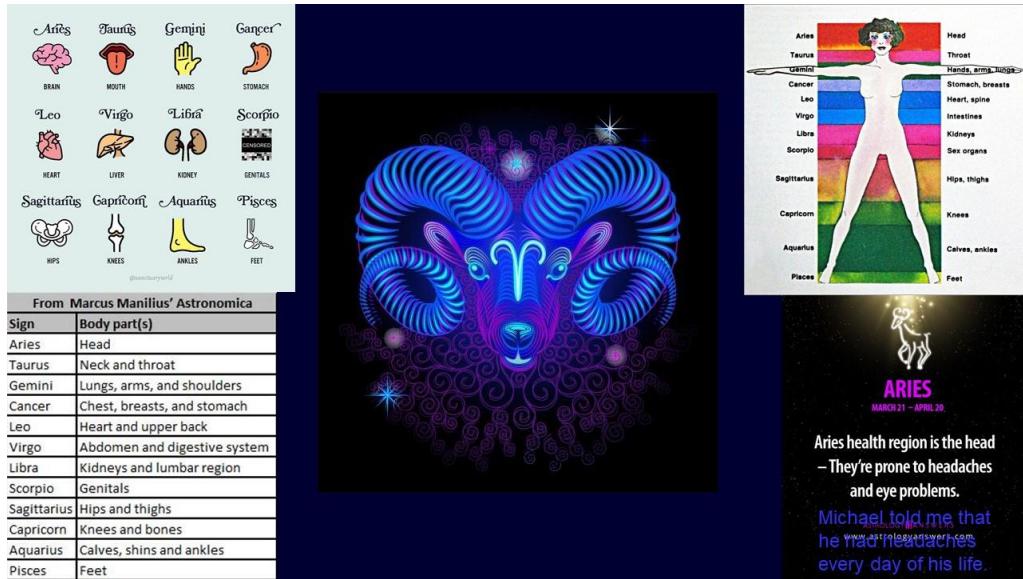


The reason I am sharing this anecdote is because it reveals an aspect of Michael that most of you are probably unfamiliar with. I'm guessing most of you met Michael in the later years of his life, when his health was beginning to fail him somewhat, because of his non-stop, tireless dedication to service—writing and speaking—24/7—sleeping less than any of us, I would think. I'd always ask him each morning of the conference period how much sleep they got the night before. He was always consistent in his response, "Two hours."



As you well know, Michael had a wonderful mind and brain—that is, Mr. Aries Sun had a great *head*.



But what you may not have known is that when he was younger, he also had a strong and athletic *body* to go with that *head*.



In a *Cosmic Fire* class here on this property in Ojai (Tara and Lyn's house beside my [future] cottage) in 2010, Michael told us that he was a good athlete, but not at the conventional sports of football, baseball, basketball, etc.



He said he was a good bowler and golfer.



As someone who used to be a fairly good golfer as well, I can tell you that after 18 holes, I was always more than ready to put down the clubs, and kick back and relax for a while. Sometimes, professional golfers (who usually play 18 holes a day during 4-day tournaments) have to make up a missed day due to bad weather, and actually play 36 holes in one day—which is fairly exhausting even for them. And yet, Michael loved to play *9 more holes* than *that*—a total of *45 holes in one day!*



Can you say, “*Aries Energy Abounding!*”?

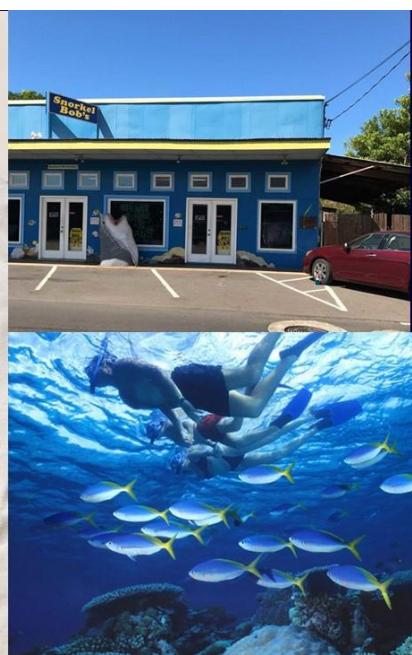


When the Trio (Michael, Dot & Mary Ann) visited us on Maui in May of '89, initially, Dot was feeling a little under the weather, so she and Mary Ann stayed in their hotel room to rest up. Michael joined Carolyn and me for some snorkeling in the crystal clear waters of Maui.

#### The Split Level



Includes the Ultima Bubba Snorkel  
Also includes Fish I.D. Card, net gear bag & No Fog Goop



We rented Michael some snorkel gear from Snorkel Bob's in Kihei. Snorkel Bob's motto was: "Reality is for people who can't handle the beach". (Maybe that's why I've never been that grounded in "reality", because *I love the beach!*)



Now outfitted in his snorkel gear, Michael took to the water like a fish. He seemed very natural and comfortable snorkeling in the clear water just beyond Keawakapu Beach in Kihei. The 3 of us swam out to where the water was about 20-25 feet deep. (The only *real* picture of us *snorkeling* is the one labeled "Robert" from *another* swim; all the rest are from Bing Images.)



We then taught Michael a game we often played, and he really did well at it right away. While treading water on the surface, the three of us would have our masks in the water so we could see the water and bottom below us. Then, one person would be the 'thrower' and another would act as the 'catcher'.

The thrower would then toss a golf ball about 20 or 30 feet away from where we were treading water, and the catcher would have to swim down rapidly to catch the golf ball before it hit the bottom of sand and coral. Michael showed great strength and agility as he caught every ball, just before it sank to the bottom.



The three of us were beaming after our ‘deep-light-full’ time in the crystalline waters of Maui, as we walked back along the beach to their hotel—grinning, laughing and chatting excitedly!



*Mahalo & Aloha Nui Loa, Ko‘u Kaikunāne*