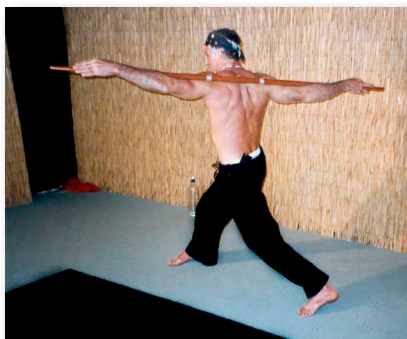


More About The Author

Kenpo Master Herb Patus



Testimony of Mike Roberts A Ninth Degree Black Belt in our Kenpo Organization



Mohamad Ali at Grand Opening

It has been my pleasure to know Herb Patus for almost 30 years. With a limited formal education, Herb exemplifies what can be accomplished through hard work and dedication. Today, Herb is an accomplished black belt, author, and martial arts entrepreneur.

As a solid Christian, his knowledge of the Bible is astonishing, and his daily life mirrors the principles of his faith. Herb is always available with help and support for the many demands of our organization and his martial arts skills and knowledge, both as a fighter and a teacher are highly regarded by all of us.

It is a measure of his loyalty and respect to have invited many of us to participate in this outstanding collection of teaching videos. It is with humility and a deep sense of pride in our collective Kenpo skills that we accept his generous invitation and hope that all of you will benefit from his experience and generosity.

Mike Roberts



Left Mike Roberts, Herb Patus, Joe Lewis, Grand Master Richard Willett

It's my life I call the shots

**By Kenpo Master Herb Patus
January, 2009**

Table of Contents

Preface 4

INTRODUCTION 6

**IT'S MY LIFE – I CALL THE
SHOTS 9**

**A NORMAL DYSFUNCTIONAL
CHILDHOOD 12**

**RELOCATED DEEPER INTO
THE CITY 14**

TROUBLE IN THE HOME 17

**OUT OF JR. HIGH SCHOOL
AND INTO HIGH SCHOOL 18**

**HIGH SCHOOL CAN GREAT-
LY MOLD YOUR FUTURE 19**

**WHAT I LIKED ABOUT RUN-
NING 21**

HIGH SCHOOL WRESTLING

Preface

The purpose of these memories is to establish whom I am for those who read my writings. By nature I am a private person. I like doing my own thing and try not to make waves. Over the years several highly educated successful people, who hold prestigious positions, in high levels with successful companies have approached me. They all told me they felt that I seemed to be a self made man who has an idealistic structured lifestyle.

One particular gentleman who I met while at a gas station on a chilly, rainy, winter morning made an impression on me. I was dressed as usual in shorts, no shirt nor shoes, and a bandana around my head. He was clothed in what seemed to be an expensive white silk suit wearing a silk laden Panamanian hat and was driving an exotic BMW. He was in awe at the way I was dressed in the inclement weather. I told him that we could dress this way all year long in San Diego. He began to question me as to my lifestyle and was impressed with my story.

He had the aura of a professional in some high-income field. He told me that he authored fiction novels specializing in detective stories and they sold well. After conversing with him for about twenty minutes he told me that I was an extremely interesting fellow, then asked if he could use me as a character, reflecting my lifestyle in one of his novels and call him by my first name (Herb). I was honored and gave my approval.

Another successful individual that requested I write memoirs is a highly respected ninth degree black belt in our Kenpo organization, thank you Mike Roberts. He said that he has known me since the days of my white belt training. Over the years he has watched me progress through the ranks of Kenpo. He was aware of my high school athletic achievements and noticed how they enhanced my martial art training. He watched as I would come in to the dojo nightly and train to total exhausting until closing time. He watched as I grew into a skilled fighter and a quality Kenpo instructor. He watched as I opened up Kenpo Schools and developed into a successful film producer and author.

Mike was impressed with my growth and understood my background to be bumpy and even turbulent. After all those years of associating with me he said that

nobody really knew me. He felt that I should write an autobiography, and said it would be interesting to read.

I have been honored by the various requests for me to record my memoirs, but have not been moved to do so until now. The compilation I have authored titled: “Karate and the Christian the parchments: a 5th degree black belt thesis,” is a writing that will enlighten many and will no doubt stimulate controversy.

I believe that it is appropriate that for those who read it to understand more about the person who wrote it, and they are entitled to do so. For this purpose only, am I willing to open up my personal life in book form. I am prepared to accept the jeers as well as the cheers for my writings. I am also ready to defend its contents from those who rebuke it.

INTRODUCTION

What is life but time and how you spend it. I decided a long time ago that I no longer wanted to work at a job that I did not like and for bosses I disliked even more. Perhaps because the last seven years that I spent in the work force I not only disliked my job, but I grew to hate it. It was that hatred that helped me drive myself to my ultimate freedom.

I am presently a seventh degree black belt in Chinese Kenpo Karate, and a nationally certified massage therapist. I've produced one of a kind world-class internationally distributed martial arts instructional DVDs. I have authored books and training manuals for the market place. As a massage therapist, I specialize in deep tissue therapy. I have an office but am only there by appointment. I also do out call massage that pays well. I live in San Diego, California that provides me some of the best weather in the USA. I wear a karate gi (uniform) when I teach Kenpo and scrubs when I massage, other than that it's shorts, no shirt, and no shoes. I dress to please no one but myself.

I have structured my life to live it to the fullest. I work for nobody nor do I ever plan to. I do as I please and make a decent living doing so. I can drive to the beach in twenty minutes, or to the mountains and deserts in one hour. Every experience good or bad that one goes through in life should be a learning experience that leads one to be a better person. Even past experiences that may have brought great sadness and depression into one's life should somehow be viewed as a building block that will help achieve ultimate success in your goals. It is the hard times that make you appreciate the good times and prepare you for them. If you don't remember where



you came from, you may never get to where you are going.

It is an agitation to an oyster to have a small particle of sand within its shell, but it ultimately produces a pearl. When a caterpillar morphs into a cocoon to begin the process of changing into a butterfly, it is imperative for it to greatly struggle in order to break out of the cocoon. Should some one try to do the caterpillar a favor by slicing open the cocoon to let it out, the soon to be butterfly would die. It is the struggle, the fight within the cocoon that prepares it with the strength to fly into its new world.



When a chick is hatched from its egg, it is important for it to fight its way out of the shell; this gives the chick the strength to survive its new environment. To a mountain climber, it is the journey or the climb that provides the excitement, once he is on top, there is an unspoken peace. To the hunter it is the hunt and not necessarily the kill that provides the thrill.

My journey to a Master's belt in the art of Chinese Kenpo Karate was one of the biggest, most rewarding struggles of my life. I especially enjoyed testing for my upper belt ranks in which I had to fight, and fight hard, at the end of each test in order to gain rank. The belts I had to fight for were Green, Brown, First Degree Black, and Second Degree Black.

I bled and broke bones on nearly all of my tests. I enjoyed having a date set to test and knowing that I had better be ready for it. That gave me incentive and purpose. The Second Degree Black belt test was the most grueling. It is not uncommon for a testing black belt to get busted up or fall apart during the test and therefore not be able to finish. You know that when you step into the arena, it might be one of the toughest and or the most rewarding day of your life.

During my Second Degree Black belt test I fought hard and received a severely broken nose that required surgery, but I passed my test. I still remember the feeling that I had after the test. My body was tattered, broken, and torn, but that did not bother me. What bothered me the most was knowing that the Kenpo second degree black belt test was the last test that I would be required to fight for. From then on I would be judging tests and not be required to fight on them. I had witnessed many second-degree black belt tests previous to taking mine. I knew what was awaiting me, but it was my dream to climb that Kenpo Mountain. I be-

lieved in myself and in my dreams.



IT'S MY LIFE – I CALL THE SHOTS

Believe in yourself and your dreams if you don't believe in yourself don't expect anyone else to. People will tell you that you can't, because they don't believe in themselves and have no dreams thus why should you. Some will even delight in seeing you fail, it somehow makes them feel better about themselves and their own failures.

I believe that everybody has a special and unique talent that could propel him or her to a success of some type. Most people will never discover that talent or if they do will not have the intestinal fortitude to develop it. Unless you are born with a silver spoon in your mouth, and most of us aren't, it will be a battle to develop dreams... I mean "bayonets in the trenches every inch of the way baby". In most countries of the world parents raise their children to think about what type of business they would like to have when they grow up. In America, we raise our children to think about what company they could work for that has the best benefits, retirement, etc... All too often after giving a company the best years of one's life, they get dumped before they can collect the fruits of their labor.

I personally have a friend that immigrated to the United States from Iran at the age of eighteen. He had no money or family here to help him. He worked several low paying jobs while going to school. He was one of my Kenpo students and a good friend for several years (Hello Angello). Now he is a highly successful financial planner who makes several million dollars a year.

Angello's sister, a single mother with two teenaged sons came over a few years later she had nothing but a dream. She went to work for an employment agency cleaning houses; she was a proud woman accepting no help from her brother other than food and shelter while she established herself. She worked cleaning houses for one year then opened her own house cleaning business. Within a year after opening her own business, she had twenty-five employees working for her in her own house cleaning business. She then bought a three hundred and sixty thousand dollar home. A year later she had forty employees working for her and purchased a second home of equal value.

Her sons have equivalent success stories with degrees in electrical and au-

tomotive engineering. How could this happen? Simple, they grew up in a country with no opportunity, came to a country that offered opportunity and they took advantage of that opportunity. The point that interests me the most about these two success stories is that one made through intense education and study, while the other made it through with a good idea.

“Brains... who need brains, what this country needs is a good idea, I can hire brains all day long,” is a quote I heard years ago that made me ponder. Some can and will make it big from high education (I never wanted to go that route), and some will make it big from a good idea. Like the pet rock, the hula-hoop, inter-planetary real estate (buy a star with a certificate of ownership in your name etc...), these “good ideas” make millions of dollars for their initiators.

All too often people with dreams get caught up in a comfort zone and stagnate there while their dreams get cold and even freeze. Many people in America today end up working at a job that they dislike or hate but stay there because they are “making it”. They can meet their monthly financial needs and maybe put a few dollars into their meager savings account each month, and if they are lucky and really sacrifice, they may even take a yearly vacation. Success stories of people fulfilling their dreams seem to be a rarity. It is common or perhaps even human nature for people to blame lack of success on circumstance or place the blame on others.

While working out at the gym one morning I met a most amazing man with an incredible story. He was a black man in his mid thirties. He grew up in Africa then migrated to the United States, when he was twenty years old. Although he was highly educated he spoke with a heavy accent. He was a CPA accountant who owned his own accounting firm. He was also a tenured professor who taught accounting at UCSD in San Diego, California. He said that he washed dishes, bussed tables, and studied relentlessly to get where he is today.

He was proud of America and loved this country dearly. He said with a lot of hard work and determination a person can become whatever he wants to be in America. He then made a note worthy comment, he said, “black people in America do not know what prejudice is. If somebody here does not like you for the color of your skin you can just walk away; however in Africa, where I come from, should you travel fifty miles from home into another territory, they will kill you. There are literally hundreds of tribes in Africa, each tribe being extremely territo-

rial. Even though your skin may be the same color as theirs that means nothing to them. They will chop you up with a machete and be done with you. I had to get out of that place.” Thank God he did, American is a better place because men like him are here; people that chase down dreams with determination and accomplish those dreams.

Dysfunctional homes are commonplace in American, and are an obstacle that one must overcome if not, the scar tissue that it leaves can choke out your dreams. The “Beaver Cleaver” households in America are few today. A hard attitude and an unforgiving spirit can choke out dreams. I have personally found that on the journey to the top of my mountain, I have stumbled and fell back many times, often because of decisions and mistakes that I have made, and because of the actions of people that I have paid or trusted to help me; they let me down to the point of costing me thousands of dollars.

I had a right to be angry, but no time in my schedule to get even with them for costing me. Vengeance consumes too much energy, time, money and can even cost one his or her freedom. No, it is always better to just count your losses, chalk it up to experience, pick up the broken pieces and move on... chin down and eyes up, like a fighter ducking and weaving through any obstacles that may be in your way until you achieve your goal. It really is a fight that you either win or loose.

A NORMAL DYSFUNCTIONAL CHILDHOOD

Like perhaps most Americans, I grew up in a somewhat dysfunctional household. My father who I dearly loved was an ex-Navy Chief and worked as a machinist in the shipyards. The pay was not all that good, nor was the environment, and on top of that, he was struggling to support a wife and three children. As a result he drank excessively, which did not help matters. We lived in a navy-housing complex that was located in the Tide Lands, they are similar to swamps and there were lots of them. About a quarter mile away was a small private airport, the National City Airport.

I lived there from the age of three until the age of eight years. It was a dangerous but great place for a kid to live, kind of like a “Tom Sawyer” adventure. The Swamps, as we would call kinds of spiders, rats, snakes, all types. At night during high completely submerged under out the next day these creatures would be out in abundance. There were even pits that pitch-black stinky sucker various places. You had to all times.

We had rafts built and and would raft when the small adventurous kids. The grounds and we knew them like the back of our hands. The Swamps were located at the end a runway where airplanes would lift off and usually up into the wild blue yonder...but they did not always lift off. There were several occasions when airplanes would crash into the Swamps.

My little buddies and I always “beat feet” through the maze of paths that lead us to the crash site, where we would be first to arrive on the scene. As always



the area, was filled with all and stinging/biting insects of tide, the Swamps would be water. When the tide went tures would be out in abundance of quicksand, it was actually mud, that scattered about in watch where you stepped at

docked in several locations water was high. We were just Swamps were our stomping

the response teams of police and ambulance personnel would be parked on the crest above the Swamp. They would honk their horns and wave us over to them, asking us to guide them through the paths, leading them to the crash site.

One occasion on a late afternoon, there was a knock on our door. It was a police officer informing us that an airplane had just crashed in the Swamps and asked if there was anyone in our house that could guide them to the crash site. They must have been surprised when I, a six-year-old child, came out to offer my assistance. Although in a few of the airplane crashes the pilots survived, some did not. There was one particular airplane crash that stands out in my mind. I was seven years old then, and now in my fifty's, I still occasionally flash back into the memory of the crash.

My little friend and I saw the airplane go down, and again we were first on the scene. The pilot was dead, his head severely injured. We later learned that his plane had run out of fuel on take off. What a tragic unnecessary waste of a human life.

The Swamps were a consumer, where several lives were lost there, not only in airplane crashes, but also in drownings. One of my little buddies had stepped into a pit of sucker mud, he was shouting out as he quickly sank. Fortunately his father was doing yard work in the rear of the house and heard his desperate cries. The father was able to rescue his son, just in the nick of time; the father said another sixty seconds and my little buddy would have been gone.

One day I was walking bare footed (as I usually did) in the Swamp about a quarter mile from home. I stepped on a nail that was attached to a 2x4 two feet long. The nail was large and went completely through my foot. It was kinked and would not come back out. I had to walk home dragging that two by four attached to my foot.... What pain! My father hack sawed off the bent portion of the nail then pulled it out of my foot...even more pain!!

I have never been fond of shoes; I wore them then and wear them now, only when I have to. About a year later in a similar situation I had a nail pierce approximately three quarters of the way through my foot. That did not stop me from continuing my bare footed lifestyle.

One day word came down that the housing projects where I grew up were to be torn down to make way for a the Interstate 5 freeway, and for a surrounding industrial complex. My heart was broken to learn of this news.

RELOCATED DEEPER INTO THE CITY

My parents bought a house in the rural area of the city and life was different, maybe because I was just growing up some. I ended up living in the new area all the way through to high school and beyond. The kids I met in elementary school played a major role in shaping my life, helping to determine who I was and were to become. Of course there were many characters that I had associated with, three of whom I shall review: Willy Stetler, Ronaldo Alonya, and Victor Alonya. These guys all had one thing in common; they were big, strong, and crazy guys who never made it in life.

After moving into the new neighborhood Willy was the first person I met. He was a sadistic bully that actually enjoyed hurting animals as well as hurting people. It did not take him long to start in on me. I was very small for my age; however I always managed to make friends easily, but not with Willy the bully.

Willy never really hurt me, but every time he saw me he would come up to me rip my shirt off then laugh. After going through a dozen shirts or so, I went to his house (he lived a couple of houses away from mine) and informed his parents of the problem. They were unable to do anything about it, so the shirt ripping continued. I was determined that this nonsense would stop, so I approached them a second time. I made the same request and was told by Willy's parents, that they were sorry, but could not control him. I then explained to Willy's parents that I would beat him with a baseball bat or knife him if necessary, but one way or another this shirt ripping was going to come to a stop.

The shirt ripping continued! I began to plot my scheme. I watched Willy's every move and noticed an area he passed through daily on his way home from school. There was a six-foot chain link fence that he would have to jump. There was also a large patch of tall bushes just a few feet from where Willy had to jump the fence...perfect! The time had come, so I obtained a baseball bat that was small, light, and would do the job nicely. I laid in wait behind the bushes. I was determined to straighten out this bully. I saw him coming and waited until he began to

climb the fence. Just as he was climbing the fence, I jumped out from behind the bushes with my Louisville Slugger in hand and shouted out to him, "Freeze! So you want to play games? Lets play". I told him that if he moved I would beat him to death with this bat. He was riddled with fear. I had him right where I wanted and you might say that it was my turn at bat.

As I pierced into his eyes with great intent, I told him to take a long hard look at me because I was going to be the last person he ever bullied. He began to tremble with fear; he was not such a tough guy now. Tears began to flow from his eyes as he begged me not to hurt him. He told me that he was just kidding with me and did not know I was that angry. I continued to use some choice words on him, as my anger grew. I was just about to strike him when he dropped to his knees and cried out for mercy.

At that moment, I told him that I was going to put the bat down, although I could have walked away with it in my hand, I chose not to. I made it clear that should he ever bully me again I would come at him from behind and knife him... the choice was his. Although Willy was much bigger and stronger than I, the bat came down. I just looked at him as he got up with tears in his eyes. As he stood up, he gave me a big hug, kissed me on both cheeks and then thanked me for not batting him. He said that from now on we are best of friends and that if anybody bothered me he would go after them. He kept his word to the end, Willy and I became inseparable, and we went everywhere together as friends.

It was about this time in my life that I attended a local fundamental bible preaching church and accepted Christ Jesus as my Lord and Savior. The good seed was planted within. It was time for me to make some choices as to what path I would take. I began to run with Willy and his friends, among his friends were Ronaldo and Victor Alonya. There we not as sadistic as Willy but were ornery hombres to say the least.

We would gather in packs walking in the streets just to see what kind of trouble we could get into. Ronaldo and Victor had an exceptional dislike for the police. They would carry rocks in their pockets waiting for a cop to drive by, and then throw rocks at them and the chase would be on. Although I never threw any rocks I had to run away also or pay the consequences for their actions. If there was an opportunity to steal something, they would. Not just Ronaldo and Victor, but the whole group was that way. They would walk into a store, pick something up and boldly

stroll out with it hoping that a clerk would give them chase. They didn't necessarily need what they were stealing; it was just the thrill of it all.

There were about a dozen of us. I would hang in the back of the pack but ultimately I learned their ways. There is no riding the fence, you are either part of it or you're not.

TROUBLE IN THE HOME

It was about the time when I was in seventh grade, that my mother and father got divorced. The judge gave the house to my mother and restrained my father from it. He rented a room on the other side of town. My mother decided to stay at the church shelter. I did not go with her, but instead I told her that I would stay with friends so that I could be close to my school. She was heavily burdened but agreed.

The divorce financially devastated both of my parents. They had little to no money to give me, and I had needs that had to be met. I stayed at some of my friend's houses, usually in their basements, garages, storage sheds, in the back yards or wherever they had rooms established. Most of my friends did not have their bedrooms in the house, but tried to position themselves out of the range of their parents where they could get a little crazy without disturbing them.

At first I was intimidated with my new position in life at the age of thirteen, but soon became used to being a free floating spirit. I bounced around from one friend's house to another, sometimes sleeping in the back of abandoned cars and vacant houses. It was kind of neat. I could now walk the streets all night long with my group of wild and crazy buddies. It seemed that the police for one thing or another would chase us almost nightly.

My new sense of need seemed to justify my growing craziness. I began to steal whatever I needed, usually food and clothing. I soon had a large stockpile of food and more clothing than I could possibly wear. It was now the thrill that I sought and I found myself taking out of want as well as need. This only went on for a few months or so, then my mother got herself established and I went back home to her, but I already had a taste of the wild side and began to like it. Over the next couple of years I continued to wildly run the streets with the guys. In about ninth grade or so, alcohol and drugs came into play but I myself chose not to indulge. Throughout all the crazy and wild times, I still remembered that I had Jesus in me. What was I doing?

OUT OF JR. HIGH SCHOOL AND INTO HIGH SCHOOL

It was summer, and I had just graduated from Jr. High School and was anxiously waiting to enter into the adventures that high school had to offer. Crazy Willy was bigger, stronger, and crazier than ever before. He had gotten to the point of enjoying beating up people. He would be walking down the street then for no reason, viciously punch some poor innocent guy in the face who happen to be walking by and then he would laugh. Unfortunately I witnessed him do this on several occasions. I would verbally go berserk on Willy and get right up into his face to chastise him. He would accept the chastisement then just smile.

About the middle of summer Willy was driving a moped scooter approximately twenty-five miles per hour while tailgating a car, the car hit the brakes and Willy hit the car. His leg was broken to the point that the doctors were contemplating amputation; he was placed in a bent knee cast that ranged from the bottom of his foot to the base of his hip. He relied heavily on his crutches and was to be in a cast for one year.

Ironically Willy entered into high school with that cast. Even though he was burdened with the cast he remained wild, going to parties, getting into fights, climbing up into and falling out of trees, etc... At the end of his year in the cast, the leg did not heal correctly. The doctor had to re-break and then reset his leg. He was placed in a cast again for a second straight year. The doctors had to once again, due to his constant fighting and horseplay, re-break and reset his leg. He now had to spend a third straight and high school senior year in a cast. The doctor said that if any problems occurred during this third year of casting they would have to amputate. So, Willy entered into high school with a cast on his leg, wore leg casts for three straight years, and graduated with his leg still in a cast. Although Willy was handicapped during his three years of high school, he still managed to physically hurt a lot of people and thoroughly enjoyed doing so. All the years that I knew Willy I never could really figure him out.

HIGH SCHOOL CAN GREATLY MOLD YOUR FUTURE

High school can greatly mold your future. From the classes you take to the company that you keep, high school will play a major role in determining who, and what you ultimately become. By the time I entered high school, I was wild but never got too crazy. I had the good seed deep within, but spent too much time running with those who did not. Over the years I learned to enjoy the excitement of a good run so I joined the high school cross-county team. I was very good at it and received a varsity letter as a sophomore, another as a junior along with a C.I.F. (city championship) title.

I had become a champion distance runner and did it barefooted. At that time there were no rules as to what kind of shoes were to or not to be worn. They never thought that anyone, such as I, would consider running a cross-country race barefooted. After my C.I.F. championship race, the committee ruled that shoes must be worn during races. As a child I never liked wearing shoes, even today as an adult I still enjoy running barefooted.

Cowels Mountain is a popular stopping point for those who seek a good work out. It is approximately 1500 feet in elevation with a rugged stone ridden 1.5-mile path that leads to the top. It is wilderness terrain. People come from miles around to take the challenging hike/run to the top. At the top there are no comforts or facilities such as water fountains. It is not uncommon for somebody to collapse on the ascent. Several people have suffered heart attacks on top of the mountain and have either been life flighted out of there or died there on the scene.

I challenge the mountain often. I usually hike to the top but chose to run at a good pace to the bottom, I do this barefooted. People think that I am insane for doing this; however, from my point of view it relieves the stress from the calcaneal (Achilles) tendon to run rather than to walk down the hill. It also keeps my reflexes sharp, because I am forced to run on the balls of my feet. Each time my foot lands to the ground it is precisely placed and I have a mere fraction of a second to decide where, or injury may result. The path is narrow and often crowded

with hikers. My downhill momentum sets a pace that I must keep. Even on a good day's run my feet get pummeled, some runs leave them bruised and even bloodied. I consider it to be great conditioning, after all I am a 7th degree Kenpo black belt. I love the challenge. I've been doing this for many years and have yet to see anybody else run the mountain barefooted. It makes me feel unique.

WHAT I LIKED ABOUT RUNNING

What I liked about running is that size made no difference. I enjoyed lining up at the beginning of a race against bigger and stronger guys, then running them into the ground. I enjoyed breaking their will. Just about every course on the cross-country circuit had at least one huge hill that was positioned towards the end; these hills can either make or break a runner.

The cross-country coach at my school “Sweetwater High School” was a friend with an Olympic gold medalist by the name of Billy Mills. He had won a gold in the 10,000-meter race in the 1964 Olympics. He goes into the record books as the greatest come from behind win in the history of the games. I’ve seen the footage and it was awesome. Billy Mills was gracious enough to coach us through a varsity work out. Every word he said I can still remember. Some of the championship techniques I learned well running cross-country were:

1. Stretching is important to a distance runner. Concentrate on a lengthened stride as you run. If you lengthen your stride by six inches, consider how many steps you take in a mile, times how many miles you run in a race. That adds up to a considerable amount of conserved energy.

2. Do not drain your energy by pumping your



arms as you run, save that for the kick at the end of the race. All too many runners unnecessarily pump their arms in order to create a rhythm as they run. This puts undue strain on the biceps and triceps. Let your wrists create the rhythm. Keep the hands loose and allow the fingers to lightly touch together like a set of contact points, and keep the upper body loose.

3. Hill Running: everyone knows that hills are what take it out of runners the most, so that needs to be your strength. Hill running should be included in your

workouts at least once, maybe twice a week depending on the intensity. Train on hills, to the point that when you encounter one in a race you are not a stranger to it. Often runners do not like hills therefore do not train on them, so that is where you break them during a race. First break them psychologically then break them physically. (This is also a principal that applies to fighting, break your opponent or attacker down mentally then break or beat him down Physically.

No matter how bad you are hurting, suck it up, gain your composure as you pass him by, make a breathless as possible comment to him such as “Tough hill, eh bro”, at first you hear his footsteps trying to keep up with you, but then you hear them slowing. You’ve broken his spirit, then you go onto the next man. This was the technique that I used the most, it helped me to win a lot of races.

I liked cross-country the best because it was a sport that was mostly conducted in canyons or in the back woods. There were no spectators in the stands and no cheerleaders waving pom-poms. It was a group of determined well-trained athletes competing man to man, and if you had everyone beat, then it was you against the clock. It is a sport of sheer discipline.

HIGH SCHOOL WRESTLING

High school wrestling was another discipline builder. I loved high school athletics and was a champion in both cross-country and wrestling, however when I was not training I ran the streets with my hoodlum friends. There was a fight between good and evil that raged deep within me and so far it had been a draw. My hoodlum friends that I hung with since elementary school were graduating to more serious illegalities. It seemed to escalate from cigarettes to alcohol, to pot, to pills, and for the extremely foolish, heroin.

The high school drop out rate among my buddies grew rapidly. Ronaldo and Victor were among the first to drop out. They began to rob taxicabs and liquor stores. They were constantly in jail. For the most part, athletics kept me in line, but during the last part of high school I began to indulge in drugs and alcohol. I overdosed three times on downers known as rainbows, to be specific – the medical name being Truenal. The last overdose that I experienced I was according to the doctor, only hours away from death when I was brought into the emergency room.

When I was sixteen years old, my mother had signed for me to get a driver's license. I could not afford the insurance, and it was not mandatory at that time. I assured her that I would accept all responsibilities for any problems that may occur while I was operating a motor vehicle. I was lucky for a while but my use of downers caught up with me. I was driving under the influence of downers one night and side swiped seven parked cars, totaling out my own vehicle, which was a 1955 Chevy station wagon. The damage to the seven parked cars was great. I remember sitting on the curb while several police officers conducted a thorough investigation. They were not ignorant as to what was going on.

A police officer came over to me, knelt down on one knee and put his arm around me then said, "We know that you are on drugs and have no insurance. I could take you to jail and you'd probably end up doing six months in road camp, but then you would not be around home when these insurance companies began calling your house requesting reimbursement for damages. No you are not getting off that easy". Then he just walked away. All the police cars drove off and left me sitting on the curb.

Wow! Was he ever right. The damages came to about \$6,000.00 and it did not take long for those phone calls to begin. The pressure was on! I dropped out of high school and went to work at a gas station for \$1.67 per hour in order to remedy the situation. I was not going to allow this burden to fall upon my mother and I kept my promise to her. All this was very discouraging to me and as a result I turned to alcohol for an escape, what a mistake.

Not long after the accident I was arrested for my first, but not last, drunk driving offense. It was New Year's Eve at about midnight and I was driving down one of the main streets in town, and I was extremely intoxicated. The speed limit was 25 mph and I was doing 75 mph. I had the stereo blasting and rear view mirror turned up, preventing me from hearing the sirens nor seeing the flashing lights that were behind me. I had run through traffic stoplights for about one mile but for some strange reason I decided to stop at one. I glanced out of the passenger window to see a police car screeching to a halt beside me. The officer's face was red with rage as he ran over to open my card door, and then preceded to yank me out with fury, he was extremely upset.

The officer was a large muscular 240 lb weight lifter that had a reputation in the city for police brutality and was ultimately fired from the department because of it. He was not at all gentle with me. He threw me around like a rag doll bouncing me off the police car several times. He hand cuffed me then literally picked me up and threw me into the back of his car. I landed half way into the back seat, legs hanging out, he then proceeded to viciously kick me until I was fully inside. Off to jail I went. I was charged with drunk driving, reckless driving, and speeding, doing 75 mph in a 25mph zone. It was a holiday so I remained in jail for several days until I appeared before a judge, who was not happy with me.

The only thing that saved me from serious jail time was the fact that I had massive bruises covering my lower body where the police officer had severally kicked me. After explaining to the judge what had happened he agreed to drop the reckless driving and speeding charges, if I would plead guilty to drunk driving. I agreed to do so, and then was placed in the county jail for thirty-seven days. It began to dawn on me that I would have to either earn a higher income to cover my screw ups or clean up my lifestyle.

My father worked at a shipyard as a machinist, and after a year of me working at the gas station he managed to get me hired on as a machinist apprentice. It

paid \$2.32 per hour and offered some type of future. I worked at the shipyard for one and a half years then was hired on as a crewmember on one of the fishing boats that my company was working on.

COMMERCIAL FISHING

Depending on the boat, fishermen can make big money; however in my case the work was hard and the hours were long. The pay was little but was a great adventure that I would not trade for anything. I made several trips on the boat “Yaqi Queen” fishing for albacore and even a diving for lobster expedition deep in South American waters. All the exciting experiences that I had while commercial fishing I could not begin to cover in a book; however, there was one trip that was particularly intriguing.

Most of our fishing trips would last several months. I would naturally bring along a ¼ lb of marijuana. The skipper was looking for one more crewmember so I got my friend Willy the job. We were scheduled for South America to trap and dive for lobster. We were to be gone for two months.

The skipper was quite a red neck and did not like long hair or drugs. A few days before “shoving off” Willy and I were socializing with one of our high school buddies by the name of Bradly. He was a great guy but had taken a bad trip on LSD that he never really recovered from. He was definitely a long hair, the type that the Skipper hated.

We told Brad about our scheduled trip and even took him to see the boat. We told him to wear a hat and tuck his shoulder length hair under it or the skipper would probably not allow him aboard. That’s the way the skipper was. Even though Bradly was “brain fried” he was a very likeable guy. Somehow, some way, while on the boat (two days before we sailed out) Bradly convinced the skipper that he was an expert at cleaning fish and cooking. Neither of which he could do. He managed to talk the skipper into taking him on as a crewmember that would work without pay. I could hardly believe it.

We were to ship out at 4:00 A.M. Near to where our boat was docked was a telephone booth. I had my back to the boat smoking some pot while making a last minute call. All of a sudden there was a loud continuous pounding on the phone booth door. It was the skipper. He said, “Get off that phone I need to use it, and put out that stinky cigar.” Wow! As much as the skipper talked of how he hated pot, he didn’t even know what it smelled like.

Once under way it didn't take long for the skipper to figure out that Bradley was less than truthful as to his expertise and capabilities. The first dinner that Bradley cooked turned out to be a disaster. The skipper was exceedingly angry and took on the job of cooking himself.

TAKE OFF YOUR HATS PLEASE

While sitting at the skipper's dinner table he demanded that all hats were to be removed. Up to this point the skipper had never saw Bradly with his hat off. He would tell Brad multiple times to remove his hat, but somehow Brad would manage to change the subject. This was a three times a day event. Throughout the entire two month trip the skipper never did see Bradly with his hat off. If he would have, he would have exploded with rage.

Bradly was consistently screwing up something and the skipper was constantly in his face.

STANDING WATCH

It took several weeks for us to reach our destination, the boat was traveling twenty-four seven. While under way we constructed lobster traps from early morning until late at night, as well as dragging long lines to catch fish. The work was hard. Each man stood a four-hour watch up in the pilothouse. I worked as a deck hand but because of my machinist background I also had duties in the engine room, which I conducted every four-hours, twenty four-seven. Everyone on board smoked pot, except for the skipper; he loved his hard liquor, which he maintained a bar full of. He drank nightly to the point of inebriation.

Crewmembers would wait until they were sure that he was in the pilothouse then go to the fantail (back of the boat) to smoke pot; however at sea, the wind can and does constantly shift, and would carry the pot smell into the pilothouse where I would often stand watch with the skipper.

He would catch a whiff of that smoke and swore there was rope burning somewhere on board the boat. On several occasions he gathered together the crew ordering us to search the boat high and low for what he thought was burning rope. We would go through the motions then report back that all is well. Every night at the dinner table he would talk about this peculiar odor that seemed to prevail.

One morning he ordered Brad and I to completely empty out the ships rope locker (ships carry huge amounts of rope), which was a large room size compartment and a burdensome task. He as sure that there was rope smoldering down there somewhere. We carried kegs of beer, which was rationed to the crew, but Brad developed the taste for the skipper's liquor and ultimately consumed quite a bit of it. As he emptied out the bottles he would replace it with tea.

RELIEVING THE WATCH

The procedure was for the man standing watch to go below, wake up his relief, then return to the pilothouse. The relief then had ten minutes to ready himself and muster up to the pilothouse to assume the watch. Sound simple? Not with Bradly. My watch was 8:00 P.M. to midnight. Bradly was to relieve me then stand watch midnight to 4:00 A.M. After awakening him, then returning to the pilothouse, ten minutes would go by and he would still be sleeping. I would have to go down three to four times in order to get him to relieve my watch. When you are only getting four hours of sleep a night this takes a large chunk out of your sleep time.

Willy was sleeping in the same compartment as Bradly. The commotion that I would make while trying to wake up Bradly also disturbed Willy. On one such occasion the commotion disturbed Willy to excess. Willy went to the fish hold pulled out a frozen tuna fish then slid it into Bradly's sleeping bag. He quickly arose cursing like a sailor. When on a fishing boat in the middle of the ocean every man depends on his fellow crewmember for survival. One careless move can get somebody hurt, killed, or even sink the boat.

On one occasion Bradly committed such a move. It was midnight, Bradly had just relieved my watch, and I went directly to bed tired to the bone. About 2:00 A.M. (2 hours later) for some strange reason I awoke and decided to patrol the engine room. While I was up I decided to have a glass of wine with Bradly. I went up to the pilothouse and as soon as I walked in I saw that we were on a collision course with an ocean freighter about 200 yards away, and Bradly was sitting in the captain's chair sound asleep. I froze with a fear that I've never experienced before in my life. My immediate thought was to jump over the side, but that would have been industrial strength stupid.

I was so froze with fear that I could not move or even talk. We were so close to this freighter that I could see the cherry red lit end of the cigarette that was being smoked by one of its' crewmembers as he stood on deck.

According to international law the freighter had the right of way, but also had a responsibility to sound it's horn. It did not! Our boat was on autopilot doing

about 8 knots. The skipper had shown the entire crew how to turn off the autopilot in case of emergency. I remembered it to be a simple procedure, but at this crucial moment I could not remember how. We were moments away from a collision.

I knew that should we collide with this 800 foot freighter, our 110 foot wooden hull ex-navy sub chaser turned fishing boat would be shredded into pieces and would be sitting on the bottom in a matter of seconds. The huge freighter would have felt nothing. There was no one to help, if it were to be done I had to do it, if not we would all surely perish.

I gathered my composure, took a deep breath then looked hard and long at the autopilot mechanism that was boxed under the helm. I found the correct lever, pulled it and the autopilot was finally disengaged. I cranked the helm wheel hard to port (left) then full throttled to our twin diesels to speed us out of our collision path. Maneuvers such as this greatly stress the structural integrity of a large vessel and is considered to be unsafe.

The combination of our boat listing (rolling) from the sharp turn and bouncing off the wake from the freighter caused our boat to shake and rock exceedingly. I knew that the skipper would be scampering up to the pilothouse any second now. Once out of harms way, I reset the helm to our compass course and the engine throttles to their original settings, all was well.

I was shaking from the ordeal but now had time for anger to set in. Bradley was still asleep in the captain's chair. I walked over to him then slapped him in the face so hard that he flew out of the chair and across the compartment. He quickly got back up but before he could say anything, he looked out the windows, saw the freighter and automatically knew what had happened. I told him that he almost killed the lot of us. He pleaded with me not tell the skipper. Just then, the skipper came bursting into the pilothouse wanting to know why our boat had turned and engines revved (I think he was hung over from drink).

Before I could say anything he saw the freighter, walked over to check the compass setting, gave a long hard look at Brad and I then said, "Next time we come that close to a freighter, come get me, DAMN that thing is close". I guess this secret belongs to Brad and I.

After the commotion had cleared I stopped to analyze the ordeal. I looked down at the automatic pilot mechanism and it was not complicated at all. There was one bicycle sprocket type gear with a chain over it, and just one lever positioned beside

it. Nothing complicated at all, but while under stress of the great fear that I was in, I could not see that simple isolated lever. It is amazing how much stress and fear can impair one's judgment.

And why after being so dog tired did I chose to get out of my warm bed on a cold windy night to drink a glass of wine with Brad. Had I stayed in my rack we'd of all been dead. I was convinced then as I am now that my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ had his loving hand upon me. I remembered that the good seed was in me and believed that God had a plan for my life and that my hour had not yet come.

After several adventurous months we arrived back at home port. Bradley decided to remove his hat for the skipper to show him his hair. The hat came off but the hair had been stuffed up into it for so long through rain, sweat, and heat that it would not come down. It just stuck to the top of his head in a knotted, mangled, glued mess. The skipper laughed at him then told him to go wash his hair... The joke was on Bradley.

BACK TO THE SHIPYARDS

Commercial fishing was a great experience, but I did not particularly like being out to sea for six to eight weeks at a time, also the pay was not sufficient considering what I had to endure. I hired on at a shipyard “San Diego Marine Construction Company” as a journeyman marine machinist.

The supervisor directed me to the end of pier two, (the only boat there) and report to aft steering compartment, there I would find an old Irishman by the name of Flanagan. He would put me to work.

When I found him, he asked my name “Herb Patus”, I replied. He said, “Patus, hmmm.” I worked with your father for many years, a great guy. Because he and I were such good friends I’m going to give you some good advice. Grab your tool box, walk over to the end of the pier, throw it into the bay then turn around and walk out of this God forsaken place, never to look back.

I laughed and replied, “I could not very well do that, besides I’m only here temporarily.” He replied, “I didn’t think you would, I thought the same way twenty-five years ago and I am still here.” This is a nowhere job that will help you scratch out a meager existence, but ultimately take you nowhere. This place will consume you until you have nothing left. Get outta here while you still have youth and health and can do something with it.”

I laughed at him then, but as I now look back it was truly some of the best advice that anybody had ever give me. I now wish that I had obeyed every last word that he had spoken to me. The shipyard was a consumer. It took all of my time (the overtime hours were many), my health (there was rarely a day that I wouldn’t leave my blood on the job), and even my happiness. I found myself changing into a product of my environment.

Most of the shipyard workers were either retired or ex-navy personnel, and the majority of whom drank excessively and used language that would peel paint off of the walls; however, it was the highest paying job that I ever had, and I was still trying to pay for the automobile accident from years back. I learned a lot during my shipyard years. It seemed like one needed to develop a sixth sense and grow an extra set of eyes behind the head in order to survive.

I was beginning to get established in life as an adult. My childhood dream was to become a black belt in a Chinese martial art. Up to now it had been unaffordable, but the time had finally come.

BEGINNING A MARTIAL ART CAREER

Although the shipyard took up most of my time, I still managed to associate with my hoodlum friends. Many of them had serious drug addictions, overdoses (myself included), lengthy prison sentences, and even drug related deaths. Willy was bigger, stronger, more muscular, meaner, and crazier than ever.

One day I was cruising in my '55 Chevy station wagon with a few of the guys, Willy being one of them. We passed by a hitchhiker and Willy suggested that we give him a ride. I pulled over; Willy got out and opened the back door for him to get in, as the hitchhiker approached to enter Willy sucker punched him in the face. I was enraged with anger as were the rest of the riders. Willy just laughed. From that point on, my friendship with Willy was tarnished. Here we are in our 20's and he's still acting like this?

Smoking, drinking, and drugs were playing a bigger role in my life than I wanted. This was not the real me, it was not who I really was. I was a champion athlete that had drifted off course I thought. It was time for a change in my life and I was counting on martial arts to help make that change.

KENPO INTRODUCTORY PROGRAM

Despite the long hard hours of work at my job, I managed to make time to sign up for the five private lessons in an introductory program at the Tracey's Ken-po Karate School. The training that I received turned out to meet my expectations. It was everything that I had dreamed of and more.

I had not been there long when I had the privilege of meeting up with an ex-professional boxer by the name of Donny Snook. He was from Philadelphia; tough as nails. He was a seasoned boxer that grew up on the streets the hard way. He had a heart of gold but also another side of him that one would ever want to fully see.

I had again lost my driver's license for a 4th drunk driving case. I decided to move into the heart of downtown San Diego at a YMCA. There I would have better access to the transit system as well as being closer to my job. Donny lived there as well, what a great opportunity to train with him, for he like myself virtually lived to work out. Even when the YMCA was closed we would sneak into the workout areas anytime we pleased to train. Not only did Donny have great boxing skills, but he was also a natural kicker. His kicks would fold the heavy bag in two with thunder.

After about one year of training in Kenpo he earned his blue (3rd) belt and was wiping the floor with them. They awarded him a "fighting effective kicks and kick-had to offer I was in awe of was far more important than mindset that if I could defeat before he could reach me with better for it.



most of the black belts. Black Belt". Once I discovered combinations that Kenpo them. I felt that kicking hands. I trained with the my opponent with my feet his hands, I would be the

BOXING...UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL

As we became good friends Donny took me under his wing and tried to explain to me that hands were much more important than feet, and that a skilled boxer with efficient foot work could stay either out of a kickers range or step inside thus smothering his kicks and forcing him to use hands. This is how most kickers would suffer defeat.

I would always argue that point with Donny, and then remind him that he out weighted me by 50 lbs and boxed professionally. We both believed that when training to be a champion one should push himself to the brink of collapse, then at that point your work out actually begins. This was the premise in which we trained.

As Donny and I sparred he would skillfully step inside my kicking range, push me into a corner then pummel me with his boxing combinations. As he would hit me with continuous combinations he would taunt me by chanting, “where are your kicks now? What good are your feet now?” He had a way of proving his point. On several occasions I would come out of the corner with my face bloodied and eyes swollen. I would take off my gloves; throw them to the ground or even at him, while I cursed him until I ran out of breath. He would just stand there and look at me, ask me if I was done, then say “lets go get something to eat”. Today I am a proficient boxer thanks to Donny Snook.

Shipyard work was not steady and most workers experienced frequent layoffs. During slack periods I would find myself drifting back to my buddies, drinking, and drugging. Things were getting worse for the crowd that I associated with. Many turned to heroin, including Willy, Ronaldo, and Victor. Although I always thought of myself as a bold, gutsy type of guy that would try just about anything at least once, I never could figure out why somebody would even consider using heroin. Especially knowing the addictive nature of the substance and what a monster that it eventually converts one into being.

MARTIAL ART TRAINING DEFINITELY CAUSES CHANGE

After a few years of training in Kenpo I was not the same person that I used to be. I was moving smoothly and efficiently, and I had developed some great kicking, punching and self-defense skills. My friends would often test my skills through horseplay. I always had a skillful counter for their attacks. It was all in fun, but I definitely gained their respect. Even big, strong, and mean Willy the bully became hesitant to come at my physically.

I think it came down to this: if I would have stepped up into their face and got ugly with them, put them down with verbal insults, disrespected them, then challenged them to fight with me, they would. However if I would just stay cool they would rather not have to deal with me. Personally I would not have it any other way, for by nature I've always been a peacemaker.

THERE COMES A TIME TO CHOOSE YOUR PATH

I chose my path and Willy chose his. I was now a Kenpo brown belt. I had been employed in the shipyard for five years working long hard hours while training in Kenpo and heavily into weight lifting. My body was sculpted and disciplined. The wild side of myself began to greatly bother me but I just could not seem to make it go away. I was trying to separate myself from the crowd that I hung with, but it was difficult.

By now Willy had gotten meaner than ever, even his friends feared him. He was needlessly beating up people now more than ever, just for the fun of it. He definitely had a sanity problem. Willy's uncle had given him a showroom condition 1955 Chevy. It did not take long before it began getting dinged up. Each time I saw the car it had a new scrape or dent in it. Soon it was almost a total wreck and

looked like it was ready for the junkyard.

One day I asked Willy how the side of his car got so badly damaged. He said he had side swiped a car and asked if I wanted to see the car that he had hit, I agreed. We began to cruise in his tattered Chevy and were only about ½ mile from his house then Willy said, “see that parked car over there?” As I looked, he purposely and viciously sideswiped it again as he said, “that’s how I got the side of my car scrapped up.” He laughed as he drove by two other parked cars equally side swiping and greatly damaging them too. Even I, as well as I thought I knew Willy, was shocked that he would do such a thing.

I began screaming at him with rebuke as he then drove his car over the curb across somebody’s lawn and onto their front porch where trashcans were placed and ran them over with his car. One of the trashcans had gotten stuck under the car and was making a horrendous noise as he continued to drive down the street.

He stopped the car, got out, calmly jacked up the car, pulled the can out from under the car, and then smashed it into the windshield of a parked car. He then got back into his car drove it off of the jack and away we went. From that time on, things were never the same between Willy and I. Despite the fact that we grew up together as best friends since childhood, it was time for me to sever our relationship and I pretty much did. It was not long after this incident that Willy was found dead in a parked car from a heroin overdose, with a syringe full of heroin still stuck in his arm. Someone had murdered him.

DRUGS: A DOWN HILL TRIP

It became a practice among some of my friends and I to obtain a bottle of whiskey, go to the park, climb the tallest tree we could find, and then consume the bottle. On one such occasion, my buddy Denton and I were readying to climb a tree with a “Fifth” and met up with Victor.

Victor had been in jail for robbing a liquor store. During the course of the robbery a police officer shot him in the neck at close range with a shotgun, blowing off a large portion of his neck, it was an ugly sight. He wore a bandana around his neck but would proudly display it with a cocky look on his face, then brag of his deeds.

Together we all climbed the exceedingly tall tree and ended up thoroughly drunk. Victor did not handle the alcohol well at all. He fell from the top of the tree, hitting branch after branch as he descended. Each time he hit a branch we could hear a thud and feel the tree vibrate. It was a hard fall. As he lay on the ground motionless we thought he was dead. We scrambled down from the tree to help him, but just before we got to him he jumped up, to our surprise, and then sprinted out of sight. That was the last time I ever saw him before his final fate.

TIME FOR BLACK BELT TESTING

Although the shipyard work was harsh and tiring I had managed to stick with my Kenpo training. My instructor Mr. Orned, “Chicken” Gabriel told me that I was ready for black belt and to be prepared to test in two weeks. Most brown belts would require more notice in order to ready themselves, for black belt testing; however I trained so hard on such a regular basis that I stayed test ready and did not need much notice.

A week before my scheduled black belt test, I was involved in an automobile accident. My upper torso bounced off of my car’s customized miniature steering wheel and badly damaged my chest. I suffered broken cartilage in my chest, a dislocated sternum bone, and a bruise on my heart. The doctor told me that my weight training had saved my life and that the average person would have never survived the impact I had suffered.

Several weeks later I was back to work, resuming my fighting condition was another matter. A year later, I was back to my normal self and again my instructor invited me to test for black belt within two weeks. Strangely a week before my test I was again involved in another automobile accident, this time with a semi tractor truck.

My face impacted the steering wheel cracking it into two while embedding my upper and lower front teeth into it approximately $\frac{1}{4}$ inch. It took many months of dental work and several oral surgeries to remedy my situation. It was another year before I was again considered for testing. Ironically it was eight years from the very day that I began Kenpo, to the day that I received my black belt. I was beginning to feel complete, but not quite. I was happy but not completely satisfied, and could not figure out exactly why.

Not long after achieving my black belt, the shipyard that I had worked at for eight years, went under. I lost everything I had accumulated as an eight-year employee, including graduated pay increases, lengthy annual vacations, pension benefits, as well as a high position on the seniority list, which meant job security. I was “dug in” to the company substantially, but now it was all gone.

I spent the entire following year teaching Kenpo and managing Karate schools

for my instructor. I would teach five to six days a week, 12 hours a day. It didn't pay as well as the shipyards and the benefits were few, but I was much happier. I began to consider opening my own Kenpo School as a way out of the shipyards, which I was becoming majorly discontented with. However in order to raise the capital to do so, I would have to take another "tour of duty" through the shipyards. I went to work for the Kettenburg Marine Ship Repair Company, where I stayed for 3 ½ years. Ironically this company also liquidated.

This was company number two that had collapsed on me. It was apparent to me now more than ever; that I needed to be self employed and not rely on a company's longevity to provide for my future. My shipyard career had provided me with some interesting experiences, the most notable being the "Kani Kieoki" (connie-key-o-key). She was a science research vessel operated by the university of Hawaii and funded by the U.S. government. The vessel was approximately 225 feet long, several decks high, and loaded with scientific research equipment. The computers alone were worth millions of dollars and the ship was also worth millions. The company that I was working for at the time had a contract to dry dock and completely overhaul the vessel. It was a contract involving millions of dollars. I was assigned to the overhaul crew. One of my duties on board was to remove, remanufacturing, and then reinstall all of the sea valves. There were approximately 25 sea valves. A sea valve allows or disallows seawater to enter through the hull of the ship for the operation of the fire mains, cooling or flushing water, and the ballast.

The vast majority of computers, generators, main electrical circuit boards, and other high tech equipment had been removed then shipped to various specialty companies across the U.S.A. for remanufacturing. The overhaul had went well, all the equipment that was shipped out had been returned and reinstalled, the ship was launched from dry dock and back into the water. It was tied up to the pier for touch up work, and all seemed well.

One day as I was arriving to work in the morning about 100 yards from the front gate I noticed my foreman standing there. The closer I got the more I could see the he was red in the face...huffing and puffing. He was upset about something. As soon as I got within voice range he began shouting and cursing at me with some choice shipyard language. I thought he was going to have a heart attack. In between the curse words he kept asking me if I had installed those sea

valves correctly. I had no idea as to what he was talking about.

A large crowd had gathered to watch as he shouted and cursed himself into exhaustion. I repeatedly asked him what he was talking about, he finally said, “the Kani Kieoki, did you install those sea valves correctly!” I replied “yes, I’ve installed hundreds of sea valves over the years and I properly installed those of the Kani Kieoki.” He said, “you better have you dirty @\$!” then abruptly walked away. I was flabbergasted and had no idea as to what was going on. I asked one of my fellow machinists who were among the gathered crowd as to what this was all about. He told me that the Kani Kieoki was sitting on the bottom. It had sunk while docked at the pier. I walked about ten steps to look around a building that was blocking my view of the Kieoki and saw only its mask sticking out of the water. I felt my heart drop into my stomach. I knew darn well that I had correctly installed those sea valves... but did I? He now had me wondering.

My supervisor approached me then told me not to go to my recently assigned job, but rather report to the pier where the Kani Kieoki lay on the bottom. I reported to the pier, it was a lonely feeling. There were dozens of rather large silk suited men wearing white hats. They all seemed to know who I was. Many of them were FBI agents. Their demeanor was gentle and they were soft spoken. Several of them approached me and in a low key manor called me by name then asked me if I had correctly installed those sea valves. They stood in a manor that encompassed me in a circle as if to make sure I went nowhere, while the diver below addressed the situation.

I stood there for about ½ hour. I’ve never before that day nor since that day, experienced such a feeling in my body as I did at that moment. I became dizzy, nauseated, sweating, and even began to tremor. Although I felt similar body sensations throughout my at sea experiences with the freighter, this experience was even worse. Had something gone amuck with the freighter incident I’d of died and it would all be over. However should I be responsible for the sinking of the Kani Kieoki, this could end my life as I know it. I would much rather die than to be labeled as saboteur and imprisoned.

Finally after what seemed to be an eternity, the diver surfaced and said he found the cause. A pipe that had been connected to the hull below the water line had broken and the automatic bulge pumps failed to intervene. It had no connection with my duties to the sea valves. Because of the corrosive nature of the

seawater, all the computers and electronic equipment that had been exposed to the water due to the sinking of the ship had to be removed and shipped out a second time for cleaning and testing.

I have never in my life been so relieved; I guess it was just another day in the shipyard. The moral of this story is that just about everybody believed that my work had sunk a multi-million dollar ship. They did not outright say it but their actions pointed the blame towards me. I knew in my heart that I was not at fault, but as they pressed me, I began to wonder myself. When all else fails and everyone seems to be against you...you've got to believe in yourself.

During the years of my shipyard work I witnessed and was involved in many dangerous situations, including several terrible fires, rigging and scaffolding accidents, shipboard explosions, and even deaths of fellow workers. Then there were long term health damages from breathing in toxic fumes from solvents, chemicals, welding smoke, and especially asbestos.

As a Kenpo black belt, I had a skill that was needed, coveted and marketable. The science of self-defense will never become outdated nor will a machine replace it. It was time for a change. Now most of my time and effort was devoted to teaching Kenpo, weight lifting, and surfing. I was still working on correcting the wild side within that had me living a lifestyle that was counter productive to who I was and was trying to achieve.

MY CONTINUED SEARCH FOR FULFILLMENT

Things were worsening within my circle of friends. Many either joined the military in an attempt to straighten out their lives, went to prison for drug related crimes, or died. Ronaldo and Victor decided to set up a large heroin purchase with some big time dealers. They met in a garage to make the deal. The dealers brought the drugs but the Alonya brothers showed up with guns rather than money. They shot and killed the dealers as they ripped them off for their heroin. One of the drug dealers survived long enough to tell the police who had shot them. It was back to jail for Ronaldo and Victor, never to walk the public streets again.

They both had separate trials; Ronaldo was first and he received the death penalty. Victor at first was offered life imprisonment but he idolized his older brother Ronaldo so much that he stood up before the judge and told him that he wanted the death penalty just as they had given his older brother Ronaldo, and if they didn't grant his request when he got out of jail he would kill the judge and his family, and then he would kill the prosecutor and his family. The jury granted his request; he too was set to die in San Quinton's death row. It was definitely time for me to make a final determination as to whether I wanted to become a chump or a champ.

A SERMON THAT BROUGHT CHANGE

I read the bible from cover to cover then, decided to visit various churches and denominations until I found one that preached what I felt were truths of scripture. There I would make my church home. It didn't take long to find what I sought. It was there that I heard a sermon that caused a dramatic change in my life.

The preacher was talking about possessions (the apostle Paul called it "stuff") that actually began to possess the possessor. He talked about how when a person first leaves the home of his parents at the age of 18 will often rent a small studio then begin to collect stuff, chairs, TV's, coffee tables, etc...

Soon the studio is filled with "stuff" and now need a larger one bedroom house.

More "stuff" is bought to fill the newly acquired space.

The one bedroom house quickly fills up, and now looking for a two bedroom house, preferably with a garage in order to accommodate your "stuff". The two bedroom house quickly fills and the garage is so packed with "stuff" that there is a narrow pathway leading from the back door of the garage to the front, once again you are packed with "stuff". On top of that, many people also have storage units for their abundant "stuff".

Now there is a need to work overtime at a job he does not particularly like in order to pay for a house that may be larger than needed in order to accommodate an abundance of "stuff". Chances are that if the house burned to the ground all of the "stuff" included and he had to write an inventory list of all the "stuff", he may not be able to remember what he had. And if he cannot remember what he had, did he really need it? That sermon described me perfectly. I returned home that night and went from room to room, then into my garage and just gazed at all the "stuff" that I had collected. The words of that sermon echoed in my brain. That very night I vowed to make a drastic change in my life. I did not need the large expensive two-bedroom house plus garage that I was renting, nor all those material possession that filled it.

I did not need alcohol or drugs, nor to associate with the ungodly crew that I

was running with. What I needed was to pursue my martial art career to perfection, for I was not satisfied with just being a black belt, I wanted more. My need was to finally become complete, establish a strong godly spiritual life, study my bible daily, and regularly attend a bible preaching church.

EMPTYING OUT

Wasting no time, the very next day I began getting rid of my “stuff”, mostly giving it away. I wanted to get to the point that I could live out of a duffle bag; the lighter I traveled the happier I would be. I gave up my two-bedroom house and rented a small room. I was becoming the free spirit that I strived to be. I slept either in my room, at the karate school, or in the back of my van, which was comfortably adorned. I came and went as I chose. I had no desire of ever returning to a shipyard.

OPENING MY OWN KENPO SCHOOL

Being a proficient black belt is one matter, owning and operating a martial school is quite another. By



this time I had thousands of hours of teaching under my belt and had managed several schools for my instructor. I was primed, prepared, and ready to go. I opened a school in Encinitas, California, which is a high-income prestigious community. Learning martial



arts there was more for a hobby or sport than for a necessity. Street fighting there was rare compared to the lower income type neighborhoods in which I was accustomed to living and teaching in.



I would be at my Kenpo School from early morning until late at night. I had lots of free time in which to read my bible, listen to sermons, lift



weights, spin my nunchakus, and work the speed bag. I became so proficient with the nunchakus and speed bag that I ultimately produced instructional DVD's on them.



Producing a successful instructional DVD is not an easy task. A DVD will never be any better than the storyboard (blue print) that precedes the actual filming. I also prepared scripting for the entire Chinese Kenpo Karate system from orange belt through black belt; it took several years to do so. There was no room for mistakes everything has to be perfect or film projects fail. I spent six days a week, long hours daily writing scripts and preparing for the day of filming. I broke away only for my workouts and teaching a select few Kenpo students.

Money was always a problem but if I were ever to complete my projects I needed to sacrifice, and I did. My friends began to think of my desire to produce films and write books as folly. They would tell me that I was not an author or film star, that I was not better than anyone else, and to go back to work in the shipyard. If they were not hiring then go to work at a fast food place, just get a job. Drop your dreams and come back to reality. How is that for “job’s comforters?” It was evident that even some of my friends had no faith in my dreams. I can’t really blame them for I myself had moments of doubt as to my ultimate goal of being “my own man”, the self-sufficient type of life style that I sought. I kept on marching forward, chin down, and eyes up towards my goal.

FROM TEACHING KENPO TO PRODUCING DVDs

I used to wonder why that I spent so many years laboring in shipyards and exposed to so much danger; but the more I studied the bible and attended church services, the more I began to understand how the Lord dealt with his children for their better years. Moses spent 40 years in the backside of the desert preparing to lead God's children away from the bondage of Egypt. David the promised the King of Israel struggled for decades before he was finally given his rightful position as King. Joseph was sold into slavery then unjustly imprisoned before becoming Prime Minister of Egypt. Joshua tried in the desert for 40 years before being allowed into the promise land.

These great men of God all paid their dues without murmuring one complaint. Their reward was great. It seems like the harder the struggle the sweeter the victory. The phrase "easy come, easy go" has definite meaning to it. Should an individual be given a large amount of money without earning it (perhaps millions) chances are that it would be quickly squandered. When a person has the intellect and abilities to earn the money they would have a much better chance of hanging on to it. There are horror stories of those who have won millions of dollars in the lottery and how some of the winners were completely broke and in debt in a matter of months of their winnings. A substantial number of these winners even considered their newly acquired money to be a curse in their lives and that it cost them their happiness.

It is always better to pay your dues. The years I spent in high school athletics produced a discipline that allowed me to enter into martial art training with motivation that other beginning martial artists did not have. It helped propel me to my goals. I was accustomed to pushing myself to my limit and beyond, even to the point of self inflicted pain.

The years I spent as a machinist in the shipyards also taught me discipline. Working twelve hours a day seven days a week for up to six months at a time doing jobs that I really didn't enjoy doing for people that I didn't particularly like work-

ing for. Most of all, the machinist job that I had, taught me precision. There was no room for mistakes. I was accustomed to working within a plus or minus three thousandths of an inch (.003) tolerance; anything more or less could scrap a project.

I blue printed my films with the same precision. I was blessed to connect with “Major Video Productions” Wayne Smith was the production manager. He was a former Disney employee and highly skilled in both filming and editing. My video productions were beginning to come about.

After approximately 30 years of research I was finally able to write to completion my fifth degree black belt thesis, “Karate and the Christian: the Parchments”. I was making a descent living by teaching Kenpo, weight training at the gym, and surfing at will.



Life was good. I ultimately closed my Kenpo Schools in order to work full time on my film projects.

MY FIRST MAJOR FILM PROJECT

My first major film project was successful but not without a struggle. I had to pay several thousand dollars up front (earnest money) and three months advance notice to the film crew allowing them time to obtain special equipment necessary for the shoot, also the personal to operate that equipment on shoot day. I had access to the filming site for 72 hours. The budget was tight as was the schedule.

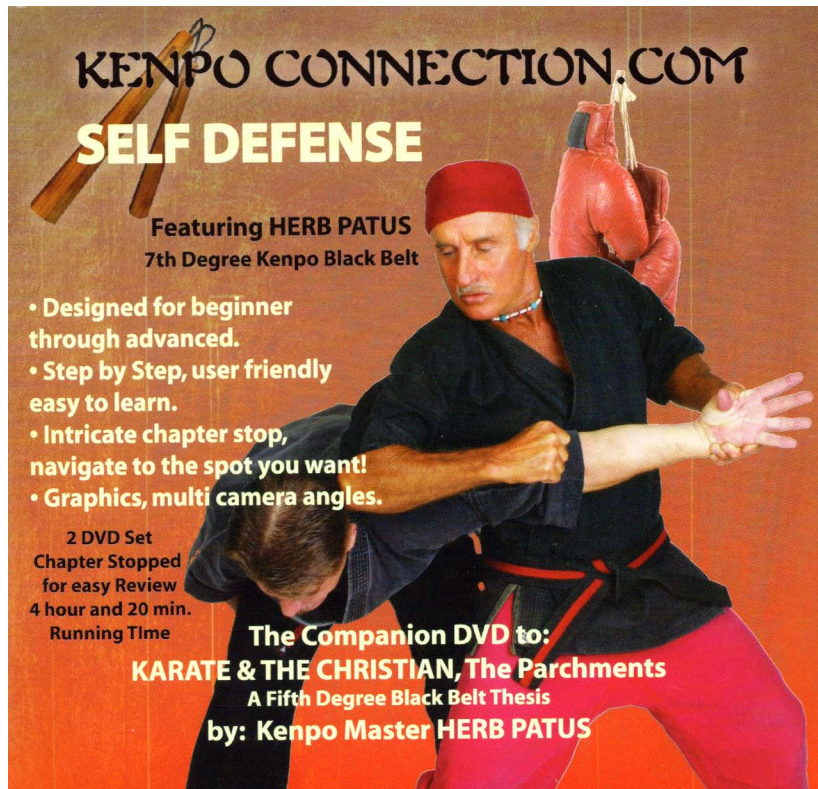
The day before our filming I had come down with food poisoning. The person that I had hired to decorate the film site did not bother to show up. Not only was I suffering with the food poisoning, but had to spend six hours prior to the shoot doing the decorations work. I was so sick that I could hardly stand up, but if I canceled the shoot I would forfeit thousands of dollars. I had to give it my best shot. My senses were dull yet with the cameras rolling I had so much to concentrate on. With a forced smile upon my face I had to act energetic and snap out the Kenpo techniques with vigor.

I had to carefully watch the marked off boundaries so as not to step out of the camera range. I had to direct the cameramen (three of them) to make sure proper angles for the various Kenpo techniques were captured correctly. I had to watch the video monitors to see how the cameras were viewing my actions. I was continuously placing not only myself, but also my assistant into the proper position that would be required in order to capture the particular technique that I would be teaching. All this to do while trying to focus the majority of my attention to teaching in detail, no stones left unturned, to the intricate Kenpo techniques that I would be displaying. I was so sick that I would often stop the filming so that I could go outside for air or an urge to vomit. The cameras rolled for 14 hours straight. The film crew was totally exhausted, the shoot ended up be-



ing a huge success.

After they had broken down the equipment and left, I stayed to remove the decoration and clean up the shoot site (perhaps another 6 hours). The entire project took 3 days in which I did not sleep a wink. After it was all over I stayed in bed for two days recuperating. I had been thoroughly initiated into the world of filming. Today this 4 hour 20 minute self-defense film project is the companion DVD to my thesis “Karate and the Christian: The parchments, a fifth degree black belt thesis”.



A KIND DEED CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE

Many people who workout at a gym have no idea of how to go about it, and can even do themselves more harm than good. I am known at my gym as a high-level martial artist and a knowledgeable weight lifter. I am often asked for advice from those in need.

One day an Asian woman approached me and to my surprise bluntly said, “I want you to teach me how to swim.” I told her that I was sorry but I did not teach swimming. She insistently repeated to me that she wanted me to teach her to swim. I repeatedly told her no.

She said, “You teach karate, is that correct?”

I replied, “Yes.”

She then asked me if I knew how to swim. I said, “yes”.

She said that if I were a teacher and knew how to swim, then I should be able to teach her to swim. I again told her that I do not teach swimming, and she needed to take swim classes or find a private swim instructor to achieve her goal. She told me that she had been enrolled in several swim classes and has had private teachers, none of whom were able to teach her how to swim.

I apologized to her and again told her that I do not teach swimming. She asked how much I charge my students for karate classes. I replied “\$100 per month” she then walked away. I thought, wow what a hardheaded woman. The next day she boldly approached me and placed a \$100 dollar bill into my hand, then told me that she was now my student and wanted me to teach her how to swim.

I finally agreed that at the end of my weight training sessions I would meet her in the pool area of the gym to spend 15 to 20 minutes giving her a swimming lesson. She was an extremely stubborn woman who desired to learn swimming but wanted to do it her way, and her way would not work. I tried explaining to her the necessity of keeping the body as low or emerged into the water as possible. She was afraid of the water and wanted to keep too much of her body above the water while swimming. I could now see why nobody was able to teach her swimming.

She resisted proper technique. At the end of each swim session she would ask me to give her a 10-minute massage; I did.

I was not a professional masseur, but over the years I had learned a number of massage techniques from fellow martial artists. She was learning to swim and immensely enjoyed the massages. After a few weeks of our swim and massage sessions, she would ask me if I would give a short massage to a friend of hers who would be waiting in the Jacuzzi. Each time we met there would be a different woman waiting for a brief massage. They were all older women and all very kind. This went on for approximately 4-6 weeks, my newly acquired student had successfully learned to swim, and all was well.

One day she informed me that all the women that I had been massaging in the Jacuzzi were owners of massage businesses and although my massages were not completely professional they were comforting. These business owners invited me into their businesses to massage the employees whom were all beautiful women. They would pay me \$20 per hour. Professional massages were \$60 to \$100 per hour. They kept me busy. Many of the women taught me techniques that improved my massaging.

Life was never better. I was now making twice what I made in the shipyard. No more dirty greasy dangerous jobs, now I made a good living by listening to soothing music while massaging beautiful women, and teaching Kenpo. I was becoming the free spirit that I sought to be.

Then one evening while reading the evening newspaper I saw a full 2-page article about death row prisoners that were awaiting execution in California's San Quinton State Prison. There was a picture of each prisoner and article written about each one's story. There I saw pictures of Ronaldo and Victor. For the first time ever, I saw the wise guy smirk gone from off of their faces. Their spirits were finally broken. By this time they had been on death row for about 15 years. I thought of what may have happened in my life, had I stayed close to my childhood buddies, rather than turning to the bible, martial arts, and seeking the path of righteousness. The more I sought goodness the better my life seemed to become.

ENROLLED IN A MASSAGE SCHOOL

Just when I thought life could not get any better...it did. Although massage has been around for a long time, it has only been in recent years that it has become more acceptable by the medical community as a viable method of healthcare. Today more than ever insurance companies honor and accept massage as a method of treatment for their insured. As a result of this acceptability, the laws governing massage are constantly foregoing change in order to monitor and improve the trade. It was not that long ago that a license was not required to massage nor were there guidelines to meet in order to perform massage on the public.

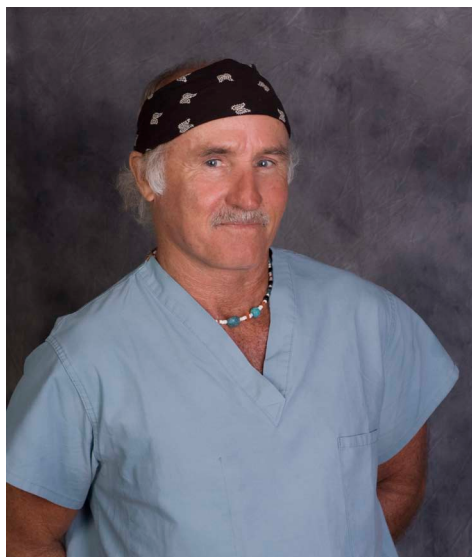
The licensing division in my community of San Diego decided to make a law dictating that in order to own and operate a massage business one must have a massage therapist certification, which consisted of 500 hours of study from a state certified school, and a national certification that required an extensive exam. The city gave all massage business owners two years in order for them to meet the new criteria. This meant that many of the massage businesses in town would have to close. Most of the Asian massage business owners did not read or write English well enough to pass an extensive National certification exam, which was conducted only in the English language.

I was contacted by one such woman who offered to send me to what she referred to as one of the finest massage schools in the world. She would pay all of my expenses, then upon graduation and the passing of the national exam; hang my license and certifications at her business, so she could stay open. I agreed to do so. I enrolled as a full time student at Mueller's College of Massage and Holistic Health in San Diego, California. I had not been in high school for decades and was not accustom to the long hours of study that would be necessary in order for me to successfully complete my classes and national exam.

I decided to put my life on hold and devote my every waking moment to school-work. I cancelled most of my massage work and the majority of my Kenpo in order to achieve my goal. The tuition and fees for the school were approximately

\$7,000. I cancelled perhaps \$12,000 to \$15,000 dollars worth of students and clients in order to totally devote myself to school. I was fearful of the possibility of not being able to make it in school. I studied so much that I ended up graduating as a “B+” student. The National Certification exam was not a problem. All this came about because I extended a helping hand to a woman by teaching her how to swim. Where would I be in life if I had told her to “hit the road, I am a Kenpo Master and I do not teach swimming”?

Soon after my successful massage endeavor, the San Diego licensing division changed their posture on the new regulation that they were about to impose on massage businesses. Many of the business owners funded the hiring of legal counsel to oppose the city’s new licensing proposal. The attorneys pointed out to the city that an individual is not required to have a dental license in order to own a dental clinic, nor is a medical license required in order to own a medical clinic, however if the owner wishes to treat patients on the premise, then a proper license would be required, so why the double standard for massage business? The city then conceded that a person could own a massage business, but if they wanted to conduct massages on the premises, a license would be required. I was now a Nationally Certified Licensed Massage Therapist, and the woman that paid for my education no longer needed my credentials in order to keep her business open...I am most blessed.



MASSAGE: A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

The massage college that I attended was wonderful; all you had to do was apply yourself. A good self-employed Massage Therapist can earn between \$60-120 dollars per hour. It can be a great career. For me it was a chance to be my own boss, call my own shots, pencil in my own schedule, and work when I chose or chose not to work. I was surprised to hear the large number of fellow students who talked about various spas they wanted to work for upon graduation.

Many spas pay their therapists a relatively low wage in comparison to the rates that they charge for a massage. Often therapists are paid \$15-20 dollars per hour then expected to massage 4 or 5 clients per day. I personally feel that a self-employed therapist has a tendency to put their all into the massage due to the pay incentive. The \$15 dollar per hour therapist has a tendency to give the client a massage that coincides with their pay. Massage colleges provide students with an amazing knowledge of the human body. A student of massage must have a love or at least a compassion for the body or study becomes drudgery. Some students were there solely seeking a high paying job upon graduation, but their hearts were not into the studies.

In massage school as the students learn techniques they practice them on each other. I could tell that although some had good knowledge, they lacked the physical strength required for longevity in the trade. Learning the aspects of the body was a challenge, learning the stances in which to massage from was an even bigger challenge. Massaging with improper body mechanics can quickly end a therapist's career. The lower body must power the upper body; martial art stances are commonly utilized to do this. Proper stances in which to massage from are one of the most difficult sciences for students to learn. Two prominent stances taught in massage school are a Horse Stance, and a "T" (cat) stance. The "T" stance is a basic sword-fighting stance, which allows one to smoothly transfer body weight from one leg to the other. No stances are taught that actually torque the body.

Being a Kenpo Black Belt, I am a master of many intricate martial art stances

and know how difficult it is to teach them. Even with constant guidance from a trained instructor it may take a martial art student 2 to 3 belts before they begin to feel comfortable working from basic stances. The human body is the perfect machine, with amazing recuperative powers in which under the right circumstances can and does heal itself. Without question one of the most important factors of good health is diet. That liability lies on each individual. The work of a massage therapist would be to help keep their clients well balanced and in alignment, this promotes superior health.

The bible says that life is in the blood. This of course is a spiritual message telling us of the work of Christ Jesus at Calvary. He shed his blood on the cross so that all who believed in him would not perish but have ever lasting life; however there is also a physical aspect to this statement. The better blood circulates through our bodies the healthier we seem to be. When blood flow is hindered problems begin. Blood carries oxygen and nutrients to all the organs and tissues in the body, it also carries out toxins and metabolic waste. Muscles can tighten or “knotted up” for a variety of reasons, stress or impact trauma being two of the most common infirmities.

For whatever reason, when a muscle tightens it goes into a pain-spasm cycle. The muscle tightens thus diminishing circulation therefore oxygen is cut off; the muscle begins to spasm due to pain (the pain being a result of the oxygen deprivation), the muscle tightens even more, spasms increase and the pain becomes more intensified...the cycle continues. It is possible for a pain-spasm cycle to continue for months or years and can even follow one to the grave unless the cycle is broken. To break the cycle, a muscle must be manipulated in order to make it let go or relax. The two most efficient methods of manipulation would be either a muscle relaxing medication or massage, usually deep tissue therapy.

Always follow the advice of a doctor, they go to school for eight years studying the body intently. A massage therapist goes to school for a year. If anybody is a healer it is the doctors, they deserve the glory; however, the master healer is the body itself. Doctors study the organs and their systems, tissues, hormones of the body and how various drugs affect them. They do not have the time or the energy to conduct massage as a part of their practice. Unless they specialize in an area that requires intense knowledge of the muscular system such as a surgeon, they do not get too deeply involved in the study of them.

A massage therapist will profoundly study the muscular system then spend a tremendous amount of time and energy working on them. Ninety-four percent of all massages are conducted on people who seek relief from a physical disorder. Six percent are given to people who just want a relaxing, circulating, energy building rub down. Deep tissue therapy requires energy transference from the therapist to the client. Therapists often use thumbs, fingers, and palms to press through as many as five layers of muscle in order to reach the afflicted area. This can take a heavy toll on the therapist, requiring him/her to limit themselves to 4 or 5 clients a day and even a 4-day work week. This is why a good deep tissue therapist may charge \$100+ dollars per hour.

This may seem to be a lot of money to pay for a massage, but if it brings results and it often does, it is money well spent. As a Massage Therapist, I do not wish to be referred to as a healer, but rather one that assists the body in healing itself. I give all the credit to Mueller College of Massage Therapy and Holistic Health for the outstanding education they provided my fellow students and I. One can never go wrong by getting involved in a career that involves helping people to relive pain and misery. I have found massage therapy to be extremely rewarding, for I enjoy helping the hurting.

Most of my clients have “tissue issues”, that is why they come to me. The vast majority of these clients suffers with neck, shoulder, and or back issues. I have made it a priority to intently study massage in these areas. It has paid off well. When I have finished massaging a troubled area I want the tissue to be warm, supple, and red. This would indicate that blood has been drawn into the area of trouble, tissue has been loosened, and that the body can do what it does best...heal itself.

When the body acquires a fresh (acute) injury the brain sends out signals to the appropriate glands and organs to speed the proper healing hormones and chemicals into the afflicted area to heal; however, as time goes by and the injury does not heal, the body senses that the injury is becoming chronic and tends to withhold its vast chemical response. Deep tissue therapy, acupuncture, and acupressure techniques can slightly re-injure the afflicted area thus re-stimulating the body's chemical response to longer proportions. One of the most valuable attributes of a massage therapist is to understand the contraindication to massage that is when “not” to massage an affliction. When improperly applied, massage can aggravate rather than help.

In order for massage therapists to operate at maximum efficiency they must stay strong and live a healthy lifestyle. Three days a week I am up at 3:30 AM and in the gym by 5:00 AM training with weights. I do a full body routine working each muscle group once a week. This helps me to maintain strength for massage as well as the physically active life that I live. Yes, being a Massage Therapist can be rewarding; however, the down side from my point of view is that there may be times when my energy level is down, yet I still must answer calls from clients in pain, seeking relief. I must also look energetic upon arrival.

Whenever I begin to feel that my massage tasks are burdensome, I just reflect on my shipyard days when the work was much harder for a fraction of the pay that I now receive. One of the keys to my success as a massage therapist is to be on call for my clients, staying available to meet their needs. If therapists have good skills and can operate in this fashion they would have no need to advertise; word of mouth could keep them busier than they wish to be. There are periods where I will not massage for days at a time, and then I'll massage 15-20 clients the following week. That works great for me. Several of my massage school professors were also practicing chiropractors. I was amazed at how well informed they were concerning the human body.

They all agreed that what most of their clients needed was a massage. Muscles tell bones where to go. If a bone is stressed or spinal vertebra is out of place, it has commonly assumed that condition by either a traumatic impact or tight (over-stressed) muscle pulling it out of alignment. This is why most chiropractors have their clients massaged to loosen up the appropriate muscles prior to an adjustment. It is unlikely that massage therapists would ever be replaced with a machine. Although there are mechanical devices on the market that may aide massage to a minute extent, there is nothing like the skilled hands of a trained massage therapist that can differentiate muscle from bone and nerve. Not only has massage therapy been a rewarding occupation for me, but it has also helped alter my lifestyle into being the free spirit that I have always sought to become.

The world is trying to figure out how to deal with today's outrageously high oil and gasoline prices. The answer is simple...earn a higher income. There are many in today's society that would not be affected if gasoline were \$10 dollars per gallon. My occupation as a massage therapist allows me to fill my gas tank with what I earn in less than a one-hour massage. I could never do that on shipyard pay.

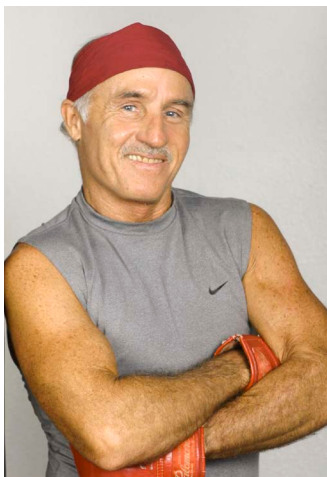
KENPO: THE REWARDS THERE OF

Unlike massage where a good income may be achieved once mastered, mastering a martial art seldom provides even the best of practitioners with financial reward. It is more of a self-esteem satisfaction issue for those who strive climbing to the top of the martial art ladder. For me, one of the most rewarding aspects of Kenpo has been the opportunity to teach it to the public. The more I teach the more I become my own teacher. It is a great feeling to sign up a student that may be clumsy and uncoordinated then train him/her to become efficient in self-defense or even an avid fighter.

As a Kenpo instructor one of the biggest problems that I encounter are individuals that are too quick to say, “I can’t”. Usually when the issue is pressed you find out that they actually can, but don’t want to. A good martial art instructor must be able to see through the, “I can’t” façade that is portrayed by the average student.

Teaching martial arts forces me to constantly review my self-defense techniques, form sets, and basics. It keeps me in great physical and psychological condition. I am sure there are many who would love to obtain a black belt in a martial art of some type, but are not willing to endure the necessary sacrifice required to do so. I have not

only achieved a Black Belt, but a Master’s Belt and beyond. I have had the honor and pleasure of owning several successful Kenpo schools, produced world class internationally distributed instructional DVDs, authored several books (and writing more), and am in the process of producing broadcast quality footage of the entire Chinese Kenpo Karate system for television programming. These accomplishments have provided me with a self-satisfaction that words cannot describe.



CONCLUSION

Training in Kenpo has taught me how to dismantle the human body; massage and holistic health training has educated me in the ways of putting it back into balance again... the Yin and Yang. It is important for those seeking a satisfying lifestyle to have dreams and then have the courage to follow them through tribulation. You will never know what you are capable of doing, until you are pressed to do so. If you are afraid to take a chance you will never win the prize. People may tell you that you can't, don't listen, press on...stay strong.

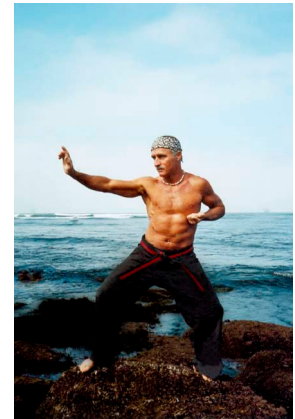
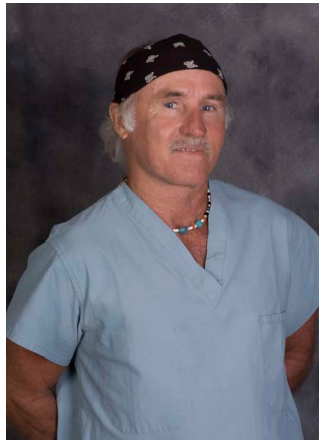
I contribute much of my achieved strength to my devout study of the bible. I thank God that I did not go the way of my many childhood friends. I attend church services regularly, read the bible constantly, and draw strength from the many radio bible ministries that I listen to daily. I cannot seem to get enough of the Holy Scriptures they provide a wisdom that cannot be obtained from anywhere else. I keep my body strong with a combination of weight training, martial arts, and even the constant massage work that I do. I feel as if I have truly become at one with myself.

I drive a 1967 Dodge van, which is a vintage medium size retired postal truck. It is the perfect vehicle to accommodate my work. It has been completely rebuilt and can be trusted to go anywhere. In it I carry all the necessary items to conduct massage, teach Kenpo, and or to perform my duties writing books, and scripting DVDs. In short it is my mobile office. I will often load up with supplies find an isolated camping spot in the desert or mountains or even on a blanket in the park where I can conduct my writing duties, with peace of mind. I have a nice office indoors but seldom use it.



Life is too short not to enjoy it to the fullest. My attitude is: It's My Life I Call the Shots. Do you call the shots in your life? Do you really?? If not, why not???

Today is the first day of the rest of your life...It's never too late to start.



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**KENPO
Connection**



www.kenpoconnection.com

The DVD cover features a man in a red cap and black shirt performing a self-defense move on another person. The background is a solid orange color. Text on the cover includes the website name, the title 'SELF DEFENSE', the instructor's name and rank, a list of features, the DVD set details, and the title of the companion DVD.

KENPO CONNECTION.COM

SELF DEFENSE

Featuring **HERB PATUS**
7th Degree Kenpo Black Belt

- Designed for beginner through advanced.
- Step by Step, user friendly easy to learn.
- Intricate chapter stop, navigate to the spot you want!
- Graphics, multi camera angles.

2 DVD Set
Chapter Stopped for easy Review
4 hour and 20 min.
Running Time

The Companion DVD to:
KARATE & THE CHRISTIAN, The Parchments
A Fifth Degree Black Belt Thesis
by: Kenpo Master **HERB PATUS**

Experience a taste of kempo. This 2 disc 4hr 20min. companion DVD will enhance you with a wealth of knowledge from the world of selfdefense that will increase the confidence in your journey through life.