



IN SEARCH
OF ELVIS
by
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a
brief
outline

"IN SEARCH OF ELVIS" is a non-fiction account of a pilgrimage in search of the spirit of Elvis. The author relates his personal experience of an encounter with the spirit of Elvis which takes him into the realm of Spirit and psychic phenomenon. Along the way in this modern story of a pilgrim's progress in spiritual understanding are episodes which verge on the metaphysical--astral traveling, mediumship, numerology and other occult subjects are interspersed like gems of wisdom along the road to Graceland, the 20th Century shrine of a great American hero. The social phenomenon of a living legend seems like an impossible dream, but the old saying "all things are possible with God" becomes a reality in the concluding chapter, where Elvis' reincarnation makes the legend come to life. There have been many heroes in the past and many heroic deeds recorded in legends and in myths.

Elvis Presley's appearance on the stage of life demonstrated the truth that those men and women who present the highest and most beneficial truths through word, deed or song to their fellow human beings are the saviors or heroes of their time.

CHAPTER 1

AUGUST 16, 1977

At 10:20 in the morning on August 16, 1977, my wife and I were leaving Kahului, Maui aboard Hawaiian Airlines flight number 297. Thirty-six minutes later and 196 miles away we arrived at our destination on Kauai, the Garden Island. We were celebrating a second honeymoon after five years of marriage. Our stay on the big island of Hawaii, where we visited Pele, the Hawaiian fire goddess, at Kilauea, was an uplifting experience; our stay on the island of Maui was just as exhilarating, especially when we passed by Pele's Hill near Hana, where the fire goddess is said to have left her bones when she finished her work on Maui and assumed a new body to go to the big island. After dipping in the sacred Seven Pools at the bottom eastern section of Haleakala National Park, we were ready to travel to the island that our hearts were longing for--Kauai.

The humid, sticky weather of Hawaii and the breezy, refreshing weather of Maui gave way to the sweet, soft, and

damp weather of Kauai. Shortly after eleven o'clock we were driving a brown Dodge Colt, which we had rented from the Tropical Rent-a-Car Systems, Inc., and we were cruising happily past Lihue on Highway 50 to Poipu Beach, where we had reservations confirmed at the Sheraton Kauai at a rate of \$42.00 per night. We passed wild ginger along the roadside. We turned down Highway 52 and drove through a grove of fragrant eucalyptus trees toward our appointed rendezvous. The trees stood majestically on both sides of the road. Since it was still early in the morning, we decided to pay a quick visit to the nearby Spouting Horn Park.

At roads end we stepped out of our little Colt and walked around and away from the jewelry stands that crowded the parking place. It seemed as if the stands were set up intentionally as an obstacle course for the tourist to negotiate before he was entitled to see the main attraction. The geyserlike spray of the Spouting Horn soared high into the air. The wind blew the salty water across the lava rocks out to sea in the direction of Oahu, the shores of which lay just 72 miles southeast of Kauai. We listened to the water rushing in through the shoreline lava tube, and we watched a rainbow faintly forming in the midst of the spray. A hissing sound was quickly followed by the sound of suction; and then a strange moaning sound echoed from within the depths of the tube. The sorrowful, eery

moaning is attributed by some natives to the cries of a legendary lizard, Lehu, who crawled into the tube long ago and was trapped there. The sound receded with the receding waves, and we waited several minutes for a repeat performance.

When we arrived at the Sheraton-Kauai Hotel sometime after twelve o'clock in the warm and somewhat cloudy afternoon, we were impressed by the brown buildings that resembled oriental pagodas. The four-sided sandy-colored roofs pointed up to the heavens in pyramidal fashion. It didn't take us long before we were changed into our swim wear. We walked hand in hand past the crowded swimming pool area to the expansive golden sands of the beckoning warm beach. I carried a portable General Electric radio, and my wife carried a handbag with beach towels and coconut oil. We found a spot in the soft sand, and we laid our beach towels side by side.

My beach towel had the setting of a polynesian hut with three palm trees behind it to one side and a volcano with three smaller hills below it to the left side; a red sun was setting to the left of the tall volcano and three birds were flying into the golden sky; on the road beside the hut a woman with a red hibiscus in her black hair was balancing a basket of pineapples on the top of her head with two hands; a man in a red Polynesian skirt was walking toward her and balancing a whole branch of ripe yellow bananas on his head with just one hand. I laid on my beach towel and

embraced the setting of warmth above and below me. My wife laid next to me on her blue, brown, golden and white setting of a tanned surfer in blue cut-offs balancing with uplifted hands on a sloping surfboard.

I turned the radio on and looked up into the blue and white sky. I waited for the sun to beat its burning rays into my skin before I decided it was time to cool off. My wife and I embraced each other and kissed in celebration of love. Then we raced into the cooling waters of the Pacific Ocean. The water embraced us as we simultaneously plunged into the greenish-blue transparent world. After swimming in the water and attempting a little body surfing with the small waves, we stumbled back to our private spot. The sand cleaved to the soles of our feet. We slumped down on our beach towels and allowed the music to lull us to sleep.

Moments later, something in my subconscious mind snapped, and I was suddenly awakened to what seemed like an abrupt ending to a melodic dream. A voice filled with urgency vibrated from the speaker of the radio.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the disembodied voice, "Elvis Presley is dead."

I sat up in disbelief. I shook my soporific wife. I looked at my watch. It was one o'clock. My wife stared at me with a blank face as I related with emotion what I had just heard. We both listened to the details of how and when

they found his body. Our heads were swimming in a daze as we both couldn't believe it was true. They must be mistaken. Elvis Presley can't die.

For the next hour or so we listened to continuous reports and responses from people that had something to say about the tragic passing of the King of Rock 'n' Roll. People from Oahu, Hawaii were expressing their condolences and reminiscing about Elvis' movie "Blue Hawaii," which was filmed in Hawaii in 1961; they also mentioned "Girls! Girls! Girls!" filmed in 1962 and "Paradise--Hawaiian Style" filmed in 1965 in Elvis' personal paradise, which most people agreed was Hawaii. He had come to Hawaii on vacations, and he had come here with Priscilla. He was praised for his charitable benefit performance of 1961, during which he helped raise \$52,000 for the Memorial Fund of the U.S.S. Arizona, the battleship that was enshrined at Pearl Harbor as a lasting tribute to the heroes that died during the notorious attack which brought the United States into World War II.

There was much to say about Elvis' contributions to the tourist business in Hawaii and about his love of the islands in the sun. His crowning moment of glory in his career admittedly came in Hawaii during his January 14, 1973 performance at the Hawaiian International Center, the "Aloha from Hawaii" Special which was beamed via satellite throughout the world. And what a show it was. Some people claimed

Elvis was seen by more people than when man first walked on the moon.

That evening we dressed in matching blue clothes and walked somberly through the Plantation Gardens across the road from the Sheraton. We were amazed at the contrast in vegetation between the cactus and succulents of Moir's Gardens and the neighboring water lilies and tropical trees of the main garden. We ate at the restaurant overlooking the garden. The window seats allowed us to watch the gold fish swimming lazily between the leaves of the pink water lilies in the pond below. In memory of Elvis I ordered two foamy "Blue Hawaii" drinks. There was much to say about him. We talked about the show at Lake Tahoe, Nevada. It was just a little over a year since we had seen him perform at the Sahara Tahoe Showroom.

As we walked in the coolness of the evening among the tropical vegetation so as to settle the sumptuous fish dinners we had eaten, an unsettling feeling revolved around my head. I kept wondering why I was taking Elvis' death so seriously. I felt as if I had lost a close friend and brother. I wanted to cry, to relieve the tension and the sorrow that weighed over me like a heavy rain cloud. I felt embarrassed, acting like a child in front of my wife, but I couldn't help it. I identified with the man. There was something about him that made me feel as if the greatest treasure in

the world had just been taken from the earth. And yet I felt a strange, almost psychic, feeling that he was still alive. I felt his spirit hovering over the island, and I felt his presence walking beside me in the garden. It was as if the spirit of Elvis had come to rest in the earthly paradise of Hawaii. And of all the places to choose, he chose the Garden Island of Kauai.

I thought the prevalent impression I felt would dissipate and be blown away when I awakened the next morning, but things got progressively more intense. I was beginning to see images of his youthful face; it wasn't bloated as we had seen him in concert the previous year. It was as if he had taken a youthful early thirties appearance as the spiritual image that he desired to convey to the world.

As we traveled up the Waimea Canyon that morning I began to feel the great rift that separated me from the other side on which Elvis was now happily living. The reality of the spirit world was opening up to me like a deep chasm and I peered into its foggy abyss. The blues and mossy greens of lush vegetation that complemented the reds and browns of exposed volcanic rock walls seemed as mysterious as the colorful red and blue images interspersed with white light that I was receiving of Elvis.

There were two worlds: the world objectively visualized with the physical eyes and the world subjectively sensed

through the spiritual eyes. It seemed as if both were struggling for dominance and attention. I felt like a man groping in the fog as I stared through the cloud-covered rim overlooking the Na Pali Coast. The valley below stretched out through deep jungles--that much I had read about and seen in tourist books. But here I was, standing at the Kalalau Lookout and peering through the dense fog and clouds and not being able to visualize the beautiful valley below.

The following evening was our last day on Kauai. It was Thursday, August the 18th, and we continually listened to the radio for every word which was said about Elvis. We listened from afar about Elvis' funeral, but we imagined ourselves to be totally involved in one of the greatest processions in history. Thursday night was luau night on the Wailua River boat trip. The procession of boats arranged by Smith's Motor Boat Service, Inc. to the famous fern grotto was spectacular. The plaintive and gay Hawaiian music of the Smith family, the feast of pig meat, poi, rice, papaya and pineapple, the wreaths of braided green leaves and pink hibiscus, and the sound of a river boat gliding serenely between dense green foliage made me feel as if I were entering another world.

The sun was setting in the west and the torches were being lit in the distance. When we approached the upstream landing, we disembarked and followed a short torch-lit trail

through dense jungle growth to the Fern Grotto. Water dripped from the lush ferns, which clung to the vertical slopes, down to the cool, damp cave. The green ferns draped the natural amphitheater; they pointed downward like a thousand rays of light which projected growth and benediction to the people below. The Hawaiian music and the torch-lights made me feel as if I were in a dark underground world where little people, like the legendary Menehune, skirt to and fro in joyful activity. As I listened to the choral group sing "Ke Kali Nei Au," popularized by Elvis as "The Hawaiian Wedding Song," I felt the presence of Elvis again. But this time he was singing with the little invisible people of the island.