

Essay

Pele's Lava—an open letter

by Greeley Wells

My dearest lifetime friend and brother in spirit, Stephen Lang, lives on the big Island of Hawai'i on the coast near Pahoa in Vacationland. His farm has already been consumed by lava that is still flowing, and it seems inevitable that his home will soon be gone. Those of you who read my own experience of losing my house in the Laurel Canyon Fire in 1979 will imagine a bit of what I am going through with this news. These are my words to him.

June 3, 2018, 3 am. I arise for meditation and greet your message and the photograph of your dilemma. The contemplation of the end of your lives as they were, I, too, went through so many years ago. Different and the same. Living again my feelings and thoughts, my knowings and my growings. So many years ago. My heart goes out to you.

Oh brother, it's really happening. My experience was so instant: minutes, really seconds. Here for you it's days and weeks and a month. Wow, what a different experience of the same experience. The photo is very clear—it's just simply going to happen. I suppose they stop sometimes, or it may pick its pace and continue to the sea. Your beautiful swimming pond you've grown to love will never be the same. At least in our lifetime. I'm glad you seem so calm and observant watching the external and internal as they unfold. Sorry about the farm, of which I have such sweet memories. Melted stone with great boiling temperatures is slowly, steadily taking a universe way. Leaving what was once home uninhabitable to us humans for many decades at the very least.

Again, my heart goes out to you. I identify with you, watching your life slide slowly, inevitably into an abyss of no return. In my experience I still had a piece of land, I could clear it, I planned drawings of a new house, I could sell it, I still owned it and it was still *something*. Some neighbors rebuilt and live there still where they always were. I ended up selling and moving to Venice Beach with clean



Lava from the Kilauea volcano on the Island of Hawai'i covered the property of Greeley's dearest friend, who lived near Pahoa in Vacationland.



air and a whole new life separate from the old. And in your case there is only a clean slate. I have no idea what that state is on your land that is now Pele's playground. *Her* new land. Our footprint taken away, disappeared under hot rock, rock to be firm and permanent and then cold.

Now the news comes in, yes, you've been ordered to leave after several preparatory orders. Now you're gone and it's really gone. Under 30 feet of lava rock. Not coming, not soon, but done, fact, end.

My heart goes out to you, brother. My heart joins yours in the eventual learnings and unfoldings that this experience will give you, as it fades into the reality of the past and teaches you its hard and deep lessons. It is all of The Will, the karma, the

reality, the fate, the inevitable. It is what it is and still you are what you are. You are not alone in this path, yet also there aren't many who share this experience. The death of a life that was, the place that was, the beingness that was. Now opening up to what? Something new, something we don't know, something different, something completely without what was. A new life in a new place for you both and your now old dog and cat. May it be a wonderful future filled with all and more of what you've had for 32 years. Happy new perspective. Things will and will not be the same.

My heart goes out to you.
love and hugs, greeley
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