

## GOLFER IN THE RYE

As a travel junky I have rambled throughout an enchanting Dominica - the Nature Island of the Caribbean - an emerging remote and unique travel destination - the paradise home for a paradise lost Eden Resort. My walkabouts brought a telepathic connection with a fellow AD traveler, Evelyn Waugh, who wrote inspired by Dominica trails - sometimes it is enough to be beautiful you don't have to bear fruit. A fitting accolade I decided standing in the gloaming of the Eden Resort landscape a triangle of true gravity.

Occasionally in recess from my roaming and journalising I emailed Max, a fellow Irish émigré, a lifelong friend who has lived on Dominica's Godful golfless island this past 40 years. His father had nicknamed him Max months before his phoenix birth whilst watching Max Faulkner in the flesh sink his final putt to win The Open at Royal Portrush in 1951. His mentoring of young Max was undone by Christy O'Connor of Royal Dublin who decreed Max didn't have the hands for a sustainable career as a professional golfer. Max came away from that gobsmack with the secret of the Vardon grip to fiddle with and a lament of how his bond with his dad was broken by "Christy's curse." His mother did not believe that was the case at all. She ranted how Max's father got messed up from always sticking his nose in books he didn't belong in like *Catcher in the Rye*. But there was no codding or cajoling Max as the key witness to his father's unmissable loss of interest in him.

I had planned to surprise Max but when I arrived at his mountain cul de sac retreat "Eden Macha" it was deserted. Neighbors knew not of his whereabouts. One recalled last seeing him before Christmas with the villas "mysterious caretaker." That was the season he turned 67. He had emailed me on his birthday telling of how he stood "dormie 3" and postulating about nearing three score and ten whilst entering a planetary age when the sun would be dimming and mother earth would encounter a mini ice age. It seemed to me upon reading this stuff eccentricity was setting in. It would not be the first nor last time he spooked me. The last time he freaked out was following his fortieth birthday reading Michael Murphy's *Golf In The Kingdom*. As it turned out, as he later wrote, he had had a premonition and bolted to Scotland to discover the spirit of Shivas Irons - the inspirational professional golfer of Michael Murphy's ken yoga journeys. On his return Max related he had indeed discovered the spirit of Shivas Irons on every Scottish golf course he played because he had played them for the thrills of the 'walkin' and not the ecstasy of the shots or the scores. After his Scottish sojourn he reverted to haunting the golf courses of the Caribbean from Mount Irvine in the south to Caymanas in the north to maintain his balance. A balance he sensed arose on the road hole of St. Andrews which inspired him to name his villa 'Eden Macha,' In remembrance of Dominica's Eden daydreams and our boyhood scouting days at Emhain Macha, the ancient royal capital of Celtic Ireland and the eternal pursuits of the goddess Macha.

I was finalizing plans for my trek to the boiling lake one of Dominica's beckoning natural wonders when Max finally replied to my SOS -

I'm rambling on the "auld sod" and haven't had email access till now. This getaway having been declined a reverse mortgage on Eden Macha to mount a Mt. Everest expedition for me 68th birthday. When the medical report came back it put my bio age at 51 so my bookie wouldn't take the risk of me not dieing in short order. Of course this means I shall be dormie 18 come November. So I have woken up without even going to sleep, kinda like being born again. So far I've had great indulgences all over Armagh and Emhain Macha and I'm now proceeding to visit all the other sacred sites of Eire. Kinda like a pilgrims journey around the island of saints and scholars. With a bit of luck and the road rising to meet me I shall reach Royal Portrush in July and relish The Open outside the ropes as me father before did. The keys to Eden Macha are with Dion Fortune @ 616-7777 make yourself at home.

Having led a wandering Hibernian lifestyle since my parents clocked out in 1977 I thought I had met all shades of romantics, eccentrics and crooks. But I was mistaken. Dion Fortune introduced herself to me as a reincarnated Welsh occultist who died on January 8, 1946 in London, England. Dominican born and reared and known as Shauna McDuff she was Dion Fortune an awakened taoist sage to her hermetic K Club members. Overtly she was a 73 year old naturalist and yoga instructor by day. Covertly by night an ageless ceremonial magician in the astral plain. She arrived at Papillote Wilderness Retreat in a flaming yellow land rover as I was checking out exactly three hours after I had phoned her as she predicted she would. One hour later having listened mesmerized to her musings I was planted in Eden Macha with a complimentary copy of her 1938 novel "The Sea Priestess" and a kitchen stocked with local foods until I would need to go venture shopping in Roseau. She told me I looked the worst for the wear of my 68 years, that I was going to seed, that my balls were low! Naturally, before my rising protestations erupted, she post haste offered to work wonders for me as she had for Max since his big 50. And so in parting I felt bunkered to await her return on Sunday at 5,00 a.m for an introductory yoga lesson,

Externally Eden Macha had an aura of a joint Celtic cross standing beneath a halo of dove white sky in reverent embrace of its panoramic view of luminous blue seascape and verdant mountains. Internally its fengshui exuded the atmospherics of a celtic temple for convoking a peaceful and solemn gathering of mindfulness. Those were my gleanings as I lay in corpse posture on its greenheart secluded eastern verandah nursing my weary body from the afterglow of hiking across the Valley of Desolation crowned off by the elation of the boiling lake summit.

She arrived at 4.55 a.m, and rearranged me into Sukhasana a so called easy sitting posture, to watch her disrobe to a one piece yellow swimsuit and perform the 5 Tibetan Rites. To my spellbound eyes she did so as an 18 year old ceili dancer would. Then she indoctrinated me into each rite with a strict 10 week performance programme at the end of which she promised I should be ripe to find my inner man again. She departed at sun up to the sound of distant bagpipes of her Scottish ancestry humming in my ears.

Following five weeks of 5.00 am. performances of the 5 Tibetan Rites I was anxious for a eureka comparable to my rivers, falls, lakes and emerald pool penetrations of Dominica's enticing natural splendors. Instead I had to chew over another intriguing email from Max.

I've been to countless sacred Celtic pagan and christian sites and am delirious to believe they exist to herald a renaissance of the Celtic christian way. These are the sacred sites of St. Bridgid, St. Patrick, St. Malachy to name only a famous threesome. But I must also mention St. Ciaran's holy well at which his bell rang out to me to heed his cry. And I did. Outside these hallowed downtrodden sacred sites the Roman Catholic Church has fallen from grace hoist by its own inverted mortal sins as was the Roman Empire before it. No wonder then the Archbishop of Dublin from his pro-cathedral pulpit has wailed for the mass media to expose how violence in the capital has taken on an unprecedented level of depravity. I am now a witness to the Celtic Tiger having been slain by the machinations of Europe's 4<sup>th</sup> Reich. Pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy and sloth, the seven deadly sins are rampant throughout the length and breadth of the land. Belongers are bawling about their cultural internment by a mass influx of carpetbaggers. There is weeping and gnashing of teeth amongst her awakened, her mist walking sons and daughters. After 100+ years of independence lyrics of "A Nation Once Again" are being sung in every nook and cranny. A landslide of patriot ballots is being canvassed by Brian Boru spiritual warrior clans. The proclamation of the 1916 Easter Rising has replaced the "above" and "below" underground secrets of the green tablet. The souls of Kilmainham Gaol's liberty martyrs are still at large from dusk to dawn and must be freed. I tarry now along the Wild Atlantic Way to recharge my batteries, to allow my soul catch up with my body so to speak.

The plight of the Irish was driven home to me whilst hill walking in the Kalinago Territory, the pristine reserve of the indigenous people of Dominica. If Cromwell had had his "To Hell or To Connacht" way, the Irish homeland would have become the wondrous bogs of Connemara. The Great Irish Famine collusion was also thwarted as a final solution to the Irish question. So Ireland was morphed into an EU colony spawning the Irish downfall to minoritarians in their reengineered ancestral homeland.

On the eve of The Open Max emailed from his "lovely bed and breakfast digs run by a gorgeous landlady on the outskirts of Portrush" -

For the next four days I will be on the course to golf without golfing. 'Tis a triangle of giant sandhills, emerald turf and a tarot deck of 18 holes with macabre legends to rival the Bermuda Triangle. Perhaps I shall séance with Shivas on 'White Rocks' - the 5<sup>th</sup> hole or with me dad in 'Purgatory' - the 17<sup>th</sup> hole. The locals boast it was created "as a monument more enduring than brass." It is protected by giants of the Giants Causeway and the banshees of Dunluce Castle. So there is all to play for! If spared, on Monday I depart to a Celtic Christian retreat on the Aran Islands where we will consult the Celtic Runes at the medieval ruins of the Seven Churches. Thereafter I march to the drums of Celtic Christian Revivalists.

Dion sat in lotus. I lay in a Spirit of Longing in corpse. It was countless minutes since our 5 Rites 5 am ritual when her spell unbounded - listen awhile to me Seamus. Her voice sounded hypnotic, perhaps it was her Sea Priestess mode I thought. She continued - after 10 weeks of transformation by the 5 Tibetan Rites you walk tall with glint in your eyes. Your gait is that of a young man. Your paunch has receded. Your eliminations have become effortless. You may even feel full of spit and vinegar! I grinned, she continued - I now offer you passage to the next level to discover the mysteries of Kriya Yoga which transcends the joyful, sorrowful and glorious mysteries of your catholic rosary. A forty day and forty night quest awaits at my beehive rainforest cell. A quest to confront life's

three choices - To Generate, To Degenerate, To Regenerate. I will school you in the ancient art of Kriya. Thereafter if practiced faithfully with the 5 Tibetan Rites you will attain true enlightenment. You will discover the bliss of heaven on earth your so called Holy Grail. Following a long interlude of simmering silence I was thrust into lotus and declared my epiphany -

Once upon a time it was chronicled how the Irish saved European civilization. Now the Irish must save Irish civilization. I shall now be about my forefathers business for that is the Celtic Christian way of the Irish.

She responded in the way of her Taoist Master - LAO Tzu says Cultivate the Self and the action is pure, Cultivate the Family and the action is plentiful, Cultivate the Community and the action endures, Cultivate the Nation and the action is fruitful, Cultivate the World and the action is all-pervading.

The End  
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