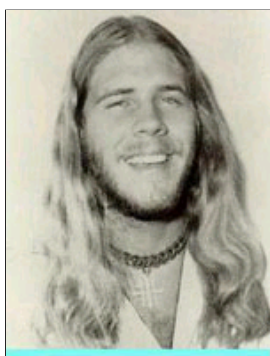


Home  
Life  
Nirvana  
The Path of the Shaman  
Old Armadillos



**I love to wander. I always have and always will. I wander the roads and streams of the present the past, and the mystical future. I have learned much in my journeys. Come, share some of my stories. When I was five, I heard the story of Samuel, God's prophet. I wanted to be like Samuel. I prayed every night God would speak to me. One night, my life forever changed...**



In 1968, the "Summer of Love" I went to Guatemala, in the middle of a communist revolution. I thought I was on medical mission...The summer of 1969, I was in Honduras on the El Salvador border during the "Soccer War." Though a medic, I knew my mission was just through service to humanity. I became a "Jesus Freak." In 1971, I needed a break from Austin, Texas, where I grew up. So, I did the only logical thing and went on the road. I traveled so many miles, thumbing, hitching, walking-lots of walking- thinking, looking and seeing things I never saw before. I traveled seven and 1/2 months. I never stopped for more than a couple of days anywhere. I ate what I found (see Yule Gibbons) along the way, wild in the woods or served by the finest chef. I slept where I landed for the night, sometimes in bed, usually under the stars or under a bridge. I was 19 when I left. I came back 105. I finally feel free to tell my stories. Funny what growing old will do.

Growing old, allows memories to become something different and special. We forget the pain, but we remember the ecstasy. We find that the rough edges have been softened and the painting of life has become a tapestry of beauty and peace. Also, memory is interpreted with time and experience. Embellishment becomes the heart of a good story. What matters is the story and that Truth is revealed. We can tell it anyway we want, especially if we were the only one there.

I can be the hero. I can be the warrior or the priest. I can be the guru or the philosopher or the simpleton. I can let my Texas accent make me look stupid or I can let the accent become the accident or even become the heart of thoughtfulness.

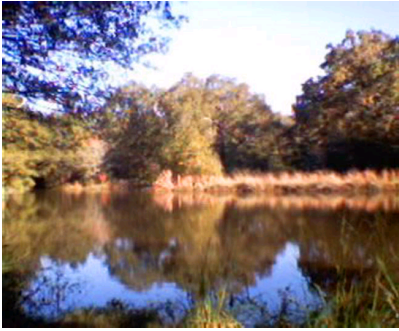
Is the story true, or has fiction replaced the memory and become its own truth? 10 people witnessed an accident. You get 10 different stories, but they are all true. Ask each person. Being on the road was like being all 10 people at once. I guess the most fun would be to try to walk you through day by day, but you would quickly find that each day has so many different versions. I no longer know exactly what occurred, though I remember every event vividly. But does it matter? I mean, let's take leaving for the road. The day I left, I left so many different stories behind and had a new story in front that was even different than any story I left behind.

I guess all the people that have ever known me will have to interpret as they will. But, I have and will always travel with my God at my side. Jesus taught me the way. Vision is amazing...



I'm sure you will be pleased when I get to this point in the story. Living in the country is a mighty fine life. This was a 1949 Pan Head I rebuilt on a swingarm frame. Got my first big scooter after the war in Honduras. Still ride when I can.

Write me at [rollinjiii@hotmail.com](mailto:rollinjiii@hotmail.com). I enjoy new friends.



I finally understand peace.