

A Short and True History of The Wind Ceremony

Once upon a time long, long ago (1978), there was a dude who lived in Tallahassee (but who now lives at Shell Point). His name was Jim and one day he decided to take a vacation to a little island called Ibeza. They had windsurfers there and Jim caught on fast. He liked this new sport called windsurfing and he came back, bought one and brought it to Shell Point. Jim was good; he could free style and go fast and he sailed his windsurfer for years at Shell Point. He even taught many others how to windsurf, including myself.

One afternoon Jim got up and said, "Fishing is what I really like to do" and the very first windsurfing board at Shell Point lay against his house, and the years went by, but the seeds of windsurfing had been sewn at Shell Point. Of course, there were others in their own time who made large contributions to the



development of windsurfing at Shell Point. Bud Swindell and his friends in the early eighties and later the officers and members of SPSC have all done their part, but that's another story.

Jim still did a little windsurfing so he joined the SPSC when it first formed and awhile after that he gave his old board, the first board at Shell Point, to the SPSC. Unfortunately, before the true spiritual and historical significance of this act could be understood the officers of the SPSC found themselves in the middle of a regatta with no wind. We thought back to the last time this had happened and to a new game called the Board Toss that had been a lot of fun. But we need a board to toss!

To make a long story shorter, Jim's board, the first windsurfer at Shell Point, was broken during that Board Toss and the wind did not blow again. As the days, weeks, and months passed by with no wind and depression over came us, many of us began to believe that more than an old board was broken that day. Indeed as we sat on the beach swatting flies, it became increasingly clear that Jim's old board represented a cosmic thread that linked all of us who ride the wind to the source, the power, the cycle that drives the wind and thusly us, and that thread had been carelessly and foolishly broken. Something had to be done to reconnect us to the source and right then and there T.P. (Perry Williams) spoke up in his modest monotone way and first suggested it, and Swami and I immediately saw the truth in his words. A Ceremony must be held, a Wind Ceremony to re-tie the cosmic thread, to bring us back into the cycle, yes, to reconnect us to the source.

The rest, most of us know. During the first Wind Ceremony we buried Jim's board (now a short board) forever pointing to the Southwest... We built a big fire and danced around it, we chanted "North, South, East, West, Festoons" and we all felt better and the wind came back. The Swami had helped us re-tie the cosmic thread and the wind was with us once again. It was such a great feeling that the next year we decided to do it again. This time we buried a complete rig next to the board and Swami led us in chants and we danced around the fire. It was great, the wind blew so hard that night it almost blew us away.

For the next year, and each year since then, the great and powerful Swami (don't look underneath the turban), in his infinite wisdom, decided that the Wind Ceremony should not bury anything, but that all who took part should write their own personal wind wish on a piece of wood and put it in the great fire as they danced around it and let the flames take it to the source of the Big Wind and thus re-tie the cosmic thread. A final addition was a band to lead us in the Ceremony. This year, it's Swami and the FESTOONS' "Walk of Shame Tour."

So you see people, it's not just a party, but after a long winter it's a re-tying of the cosmic thread that connects us to the natural cycle of wind, water, and sun and of course to each other.

It has always been thus.

Rama Don, Follower of the Great Swami