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It was an impressive journey through a country where language is not understood, as we split up our luggage, each of us carrying our own suitcases for the five-country trip, and our luggage filled with the equipment needed for the class.  First, we took a cab from the Frankfurt airport and got off at the central station. As we were all walking through the spacious station, we heard the sound of a train coming from behind us. For some reason, the sound was also coming from my brain, and it was an experience that I can only describe as a flashback to the past. I found myself crouched in the narrow space between the kiosk and the wall in the station. I did not know how long I had been there, but I saw Ihaleakala standing quietly in front of me, facing me. I was very embarrassed as I grasped what kind of situation I was now in. Because normally no one would do such a thing. And I thought for a moment that Ihaleakala would get angry with me for doing such a strange thing when we were all acting together. But he just kept quiet and started walking slowly toward the train, probably confirming that I was ready to move. I got up and we all boarded the train together without saying a word.  Once on the train, Mary handed me my ticket and told me where I was assigned to sit. As she was about to take the seat next to me, Ihaleakala came over to her and silently pointed to the seat where Ihaleakala was originally supposed to sit. Mary sat in that seat and Ihaleakala sat next to me. | |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | |  | |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | I was sitting on the window seat and looked out the window in a daze. I didn't say a word, but I felt Ihaleakala's presence next to me. I also noticed that he was cleaning the entire time. I too cleaned my embarrassment and nervousness about why I had done what I did. The next day, after breakfast, we all went to the chocolate factory. After the factory tour was over, we went to a café next to the souvenir shop and bought hot chocolate. Suddenly, I remembered a vivid scene.  There I was, a small child of 6-7 years old, huddled on my knees, just as I had been at that time (in the station). A number of people were packed in the back of a small truck and being rocked. The back of the truck was covered with wooden planks, and I stuck my nose out through the gap between the planks as far as I could, trying to get some air. The smell of urine in the truck bed burned my nose. I could see a deep forest outside through the gap. I was there as a child being sent to Auschwitz.  The next moment, I felt the presence of Ihaleakala next to me and realized where I actually was. I felt a little embarrassed to be silent. Because I always had the feeling that Ihaleakala was kind, but he knew everything. He had the dignity of a father who knows everything I'm ashamed of or want to hide.  So I told Ihaleakala exactly what I remembered. Ihaleakala asked Mary, who was there, "Did you hear?" Mary said "Yes," and everyone there seemed to start cleaning. And I followed.  During the trip, Ihaleakala never once asked me anything or questioned me. He was cleaning at all times throughout the entire trip. As a result, I was able to experience what I needed to experience and clean what I needed to clean. It is a very memorable experience that reminds me of the greatness of taking responsibility through cleaning, even if it is just one person. | |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | |  | |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | | Ihaleakala always said, "You never really know what is going on."  Why did I fall down on that road? Why did I get into a fight with that person? Why do I get tired when I go to a certain place? There is no need to force yourself to know your past lives just because you don't know the cause. Everything that you are experiencing now is the result of the accumulation of many choices you made and actions you took in the past, and you are influenced by them. Therefore, if you clean it when you realize it, you will be free. History can be free too, Ihaleakala said.  ***"Just get to the cleaning!"   I love you, Ihaleakala.***  Peace WAI’ALE’A CRAVEN x | | | | |