

## Preface

About a year before actually deciding to write a book I was having a conversation with my friend Monique. We were discussing the various books we've read and I stated how I have all these theories that I formulate in my head but that when I try putting those thoughts into words I can't verbalize them. So she suggested that I write a book. End of conversation.

Fast forward one year and I'm taking a drive out to the mountains to take some photos and this idea pops into my head that I should write a book. I had, more or less, decided to take off and spend the winter in warmer climes, living in my RV.

Slowly over the next few weeks the plan came to light. The books I've been reading and the theories I have pertain to spirituality, mysticism, science, religion, and, well...life! And so I decide to write a book to answer the age old question, "What Is the Meaning of Life".

As I travel around North America I would talk to the people I would meet, write letters to celebrities and well known individuals asking them to answer this question, observe how life is being lived, read more books on these topics from various authors, and start writing my book on "The Meaning of Life"...all from my perspective.

My Journey started and I started writing emails to family and friends describing my trip and sending them copies of some of the photos I was taking. One day I met a young lady and she asked if I was recording my Journey in a travel blog. I indicated that I hadn't started doing that yet but that I had thought of it. It was on my to-do list. That was a sign that I should do that.

I went back and copied my emails into a travel blog and started recording my experiences and thoughts. What follows is what actually happened during my Journey and how I wrote my blog. I have edited it for blatant punctuation errors and clarified a few comments originally made, but not many. What you are about to read is "Me" living "The Meaning of Life".

Unfortunately I wasn't able to insert any of the photos posted in the blog in the book or I would have ended up with a book larger than War and Peace. To see the photos referred to in my Journey you can check out my website @ <http://whatisinc.ca> in the photography section and the photos are in the "Paul's Journey" photo folder. The photos are sorted according to the Chapter where they were originally included.



## Road Map

Life doesn't provide us with a Table of Content telling us where it's taking us and so, like a road map that shows us the "Big Picture" and we get to chose where to go, my Journey took me to the places you will be reading about, but you don't get to know ahead of time where that is.



## The Universe



## **Introduction**

### **Paul's Journey to the Ends of the Earth....NOT!**

Written by Paul Fiset

Welcome to my Blog. It will be about ME describing my travels, my thoughts....my journey, over the next eight months or so as I travel around North America. Follow along as I travel the back roads of the U.S. of A. I would have described the back roads of Canada, but there's something about living in a trailer in the middle of a Canadian winter that didn't appeal to me. I do promise a collection of amazing photographs, some funny observations (hopefully), some insightful questions, and a descriptive citation of my travels. I will often quote various writers, sports figures, politicians and even "Joe or Mary" down the street.

**Fasten your seatbelt and  
Welcome to my Journey of Discovery!**

# Chapter 1

## Starting Point

Calgary, Alberta, Canada

*(The following is a copy of the first email I sent to family and friends when I started my Journey. I haven't edited it to include it here in a broader forum. Things will become clearer as you read on.)*

These emails will be sent to a hodgepodge collection of family, friends and acquaintances. They will not be edited for content and may come as a surprise to a lot of you as we all wear different masks depending on the audience. This is a journey for me and my thoughts and feelings throughout this will come out. If any of you feel uncomfortable reading this, you can delete the emails before reading or send me a note to remove you from the mass mail-out list. I will not be offended. We are all at different places on our journey of discovery about who we are and have different comfort levels about knowing other people.

**"Everybody sees how you seem, however, only some know who you are!"**

*Author unknown*

**"When you do not seek or need external approval, you are at your most powerful. Nobody can disempower you emotionally or psychologically... You cannot live for prolonged periods of time within the polarity of being true to yourself and needing the approval of others."**

*Caroline Myss, Sacred Contracts: Awakening Your Divine Potential*

I do promise a collection of amazing photographs (I am soooooo modest), some funny observations (hopefully), some insightful questions, and a descriptive citation of my travels. Thoreau spent two years at Walden Pond. Henry Beston spent a year writing about Cape Cod...I will spend eight months somewhere in North America. I will often quote various writers, sports figures, politicians and even "Joe or Mary" down the street.

**"Something tells me if scientists ever discover the true center of the universe, a lot of people will be disappointed that it isn't them."**

*Caxon Bonaparte*

As I'll be driving by Toronto in the next week on my way to seeing Nick (for those who don't know, Nicholas is my son who is attending the Royal Military College in Kingston...Ontario...not Jamaica) this seemed like an appropriate quote to put here. (Editor's note: People from the rest of Canada believe that the people in Toronto think they are the center of the Universe)

PS. As a postscript here are some details about my plans not going according to...well plan. I had originally planned on leaving on the tenth of September, travelling south through the middle of the U.S. on my way to Kingston. As in life, plans must be flexible. I'm leaving ten days later on a route I will describe in future emails.

PPS. I will be using "big" words on occasion. I will ensure they are appropriate for the context. If I can do the research...so can you. I could live forever and still not have enough time to learn all that there is that I want to know.

PPPS. Feedback about my musings would be most welcome. The ego still wants to know that it matters. Depending on where I am I may not have internet access for a few days and may not respond promptly, but sooner or later I will have coffee withdrawals and will have to find a coffee shop with wireless access.

PPPPS. Last one. Feel free to pass this on and any future emails to whomever you please. Tell them to email me directly if they want to be added to the mass mail-out list.

## **Chapter 2**

### **First stop**

Moosomin, Saskatchewan, Canada

The first stop on my trip. A few photos taken at the campground.

Note: I am playing catch up here as the following few entries are being entered on October 14th. Hopefully after that I will keep them up to date.

For those new to my Journey, the photos are protected as they will be part of my portfolio for the business I will be setting up when this Journey is completed. If you are interested in any photos contact me at [info@whatisinc.ca](mailto:info@whatisinc.ca). Thank You!

## **Chapter 3**

### **Third stop**

Bemidji, Minnesota, United States

The third stop in my journey. Time to take some more pictures!

## Chapter 4

### Fourth stop

Powers, Michigan, United States

This stop was creepy. I was driving and looking for a small town campground along the highway. I had seen numerous ones before deciding to stop. When I was ready, none were to be found. I drove for over an hour before seeing a sign. I pull in. The campground was deserted. I paid my \$8.00. It was dark within an hour. Pitch black. The next morning I was still alone in the campground.

## Chapter 5

### Fifth stop

Emmett, Michigan, United States

Close your eyes (...after reading the following paragraph) and picture the following.....

*“Crimson, flax and moss bordering the charcoal blacktop. Leaves and trees no more than a blur. Mile after mile...after mile. The hum of the car engine a symphony breaking the eerie quietness of the dawn. Fiery red sun low in the eastern sky hidden behind Swiss cheese clouds. Rays of sunlight shooting down towards the approaching landscape. The occasional glimpse of Lake Michigan to the right. Curve after curve...after curve. Then another curve.....and a view that is forever stained in my mind. A clearing in the trees bordering the right side of the highway. Land jutting out onto the lake. A peninsula capped with a lighthouse. The radiant rays of sunlight illuminating the beacon of light in contradiction to its normal purpose. A lighthouse should illuminate the way for approaching vessels. In this instance...itself being illuminated.”*

They say a picture is worth a thousand words. I am nowhere near a thousand words in describing the view I saw that early morning driving along the shores of Lake Michigan. For every picture I have taken there are probably three that I wish I could have. When you are driving and pulling a trailer you see so many sights and it is just not possible to stop in time to take the picture. Nor is there room to pull over. All I can do is forever store that information in my mind. You'll have to do your own road trip to have your own memories.

Here are a few pictures from this part of my Journey.

## Chapter 6

### My stop in Kingston

Kingston, Ontario, Canada

I have made it to Kingston to see Nick...the planned way from Calgary, through Winnipeg, to see parents and family...then southeast towards Minneapolis, Chicago, and Detroit. But wait...a change in plans. Let's backtrack a bit. As I indicated in my last writings, there was a delay in my planned date of departure and planned route. Some of you are aware that I had an epiphany (of sort) during my summer travels with Alexis (my youngest daughter) that I required a motorcycle for this upcoming journey to truly have the experiences that are expected from a life's journey. I have never cared for motorcycles. I am a CAR guy. I haven't ridden one in twenty-five years. Returning to Calgary around August 10th, I set out to buy a motorcycle and figure out a way to bring it along for the trip. Things progressed quite well in that I immediately found a great used bike and was able to get into a motorcycle safety course within a week. An operator's license and bike in hand the next hurdle was getting a bike carrier attached to my trailer. My planned date of departure came and went. My deadline to leave to get to Kingston came and the carrier that was coming from the U.S. was stuck in Customs at the border. On the road now, my motorcycle is collecting dust in my garage awaiting my return.

I have talked about life's plans not going according to plan. A friend of mine told me lately (has to be lately because we just met) that she's had "Angels" throughout her life that have helped her along through difficult times. I believe we all have these..."Angels"...we just forget to acknowledge them. Along those same lines, I believe people come into our lives as "Signposts". These "Signposts" guide us along the roads we travel during our lifetime. Just as road signs direct us to our destination during a road trip, these "Signposts" are there at points in our lives to ensure we take the right path. The problem is that we often don't see these "Signposts" as we are focused on a pre-planned action.

I knew when leaving Calgary that I would head to Winnipeg to see family. The decision as to the direction to take from there wasn't made until I got to Winnipeg. My options were either Northern Ontario or southeast as noted above. On the 22nd of September, after having brunch with my Mom & Dad and my brother, I hit the road leaving Winnipeg. Destination, Fargo, North Dakota. I wasn't looking forward to the drive in the following days. This route would take me through Minneapolis (a Sunday-wouldn't be bad), Chicago (Monday-could be rush hour), then straight through Detroit. All this driving would be on the US Interstates with many, many large trucks. I did most of this route in July. It was quite stressful. I approached the dreaded U.S. Border crossing. I get to Customs and I end up in a closed lane (I'll blame the construction that was going on there for missing the red light indicating the lane

was closed). A Customs Officer directs me to back up (that was fun) and get in an open lane. Chat with the Officer then I am directed to pull forward for further inspection. They have to make sure I'm not carrying any banned "BEEF". (Editor's note: The author had some frozen beef confiscated by a Customs Officer in July) Nothing gets confiscated. Chat with the Customs Officer about my travel plans and destination. He mentions that the route between Lake Superior and over Lake Michigan has been upgraded lately. I've taken that route about fifteen years ago and have heard lately that you should avoid it like the plague. My GPS also indicates that south under Lake Michigan is the faster route. On the road again, towards Fargo. I start thinking about what the Customs Officer said. I take a break at a roadside rest stop and check some maps and campground listings. Change in plans. Heading east over Lake Michigan now. Glad I did. The views were awesome. Traffic was light. Hardly any large trucks. Glad I didn't miss that "signpost". You may read more about these "signposts" in the book "**The Celestine Prophecy**" by James Redfield.

When your consciousness expands to start seeing these "coincidences" they will start occurring more frequently and you will be able to differentiate between important and insignificant "chance" meetings. I will most probably expand on the subject in later emails.

### **Road side signs:**

**"Honest Injun Tourist Trap"** - Located in front of a store in a small town along Lake Michigan. Looks like they sell trinkets and stuff that says "Anytown, USA". Not much use for the stuff but collect dust and get thrown in the garbage after a few years. A sign that brings meaning to the old adage of truth in advertising.

**"Prison Area-Do Not Pick Up Hitchhikers"** - It's illegal in the first place to pick up hitchhikers in Michigan on a controlled access thoroughfare {interstate for you non-legal minded}. So what happens if you go to jail for picking up a hitchhiker? Can you be sent to the prison where you picked up the hitchhiker? And then what happens if you escape and someone picks you up when you're hitchhiking? I could go on, but you can see that it doesn't take much to amuse a mind when you've been driving for five days.

**"Watch for Turtles Crossing"** - This was a new one for me. Deer and Moose can cause considerable damage to your vehicle. I've never seen "*Caution-Skunks Crossing. May be offensive to your sense of Smell*" signs. Or "*Watch for Rabbits-May Cause Young Children to Cry if Squished*". But Turtles...is it the slime factor or the hard shells that can cause accidents?

## Quotes:

**"Courage is not the towering oak that sees storms come and go; it is the fragile blossom that opens in the snow."**

*Alice Mackenzie*

**"One cannot go contrary to nature. Nature is stronger than the strongest man. It is to our own interest to be on good terms with her."**

*Pablo Picasso*

## Random Thoughts:

**Time:** Why is it that the first hour of any trip lasts longer than the last hour?

**Perspective:** Why is it that you can easily change the perspective of what you are looking at by either tilting your head or squinting but people have a hard time changing their perspective on how other's see things? Why is it so difficult thinking of events through someone else's eyes. Why is "My Reality" often different from "Your Reality"?

I would like to thank everybody who sent a comment after my first email. They were greatly appreciated.

Finally....Today (actually yesterday since the internet connection was not working last night when I tried uploading the pictures and sending this). After a busy weekend with RMC events, today was errand day. It started with some exercise. I decided to take my Mountain Bike out for a ride (especially since I don't have a motorcycle to ride). AFTER leaving the campground I figured I should have used MapQuest to print a map of the area. It's not that I would get lost. I knew I'd eventually return to my starting point, but the distance travelled might exceed the distance I would have liked to have gone. And that's exactly what happened. Northeast....then North....West...then a road that should have returned me to the road I knew would get me to the campground. Started off going the right way...South that is...then a right turn...then South again...then right again...then South, but no left turns where I figured they should be. Then....Oh-Oh I'm heading over the 401. The campground is North, I'm heading into Kingston....

**Side note:** "Bee in a Bonnet".....literal interpretation. What happens when you are riding your bike, wearing your bike helmet (safety first-always) and a bee decides to enter your helmet through an air vent. Talk about getting a buzzzzz!

....argggghhhh...this bike ride is starting to be a lot longer than expected. Oh! I also forgot to mention that it's quite windy this morning. Up ahead a car stops on the side of the road...going in the opposite direction. Great, someone to ask where this road goes.....nope...they're just as lost as I am. Finally arrive at a road that looks familiar. Back towards the campground. What's that on the

shoulder further up? A turtle....a little...or maybe it's a lot... squished. I don't know if there are different levels of squished for turtles. Where's the "Watch for Turtles Crossing" sign? None to be found. Well...at least now I know why they have those signs.

Feedback is welcome on my writings. The time between destinations will now expand so I will have more time to write. If you wish more frequent emails I can probably send more. If you wish longer emails, I know I can find a lot to write about.

Miss you all! Take care!

## Chapter 7

### Side trip to Ottawa

Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

I had to drive to the Ottawa Airport and back (twice) to pick up my daughters and Louise who had flown down to see Nick's Royal Military College reunion weekend activities.

Here are a few pictures I took on the road to Ottawa.

## Chapter 8

### Side trip to Montreal

Montreal, Quebec, Canada

I have a High School friend who lives in Montreal. Nick wanted me to stick around for an extra week in Kingston so that we could spend Thanksgiving together. So I went to visit Monique for a few days. She started her own business, **EnergieNow** ([www.energienow.com](http://www.energienow.com)), a Coaching Services Company, in the past year and things are slow. She's had to return and do some consulting in the business she was in before. Life is not going according to plan. We chat a lot. I also borrow a lot of her books from her extensive library. Definitely cheaper than buying them myself. Besides catching up on old times there was a reason for my side trip.

I walk around Old Montreal and take some pictures.

## Chapter 9

### Back to Kingston

Kingston, Ontario, Canada

I spent the Thanksgiving weekend with Nick. Saturday morning we visited Fort Henry, which is across from the Military College. We spent the afternoon shopping. Watched the movie "**Road Hawgs**" in the evening. Sunday we had Thanksgiving dinner with one of Nick's old Air Cadet Squadron friend from Calgary who is in second year at RMC.

A few pictures from Fort Henry and of Nick goofing around.

## Chapter 10

### In the USA for 6 months

Lake Placid, New York, United States

Two days in Lake Placid admiring the fall colours. It was raining the afternoon I arrived. I walked around Lake Placid in the rain. Then I had pizza for supper. Ordered a medium and I had enough leftovers for a week. Don't know what a large would have looked like.

The second day was cloudy in the morning then it cleared up. I walked around in the woods taking over two hundred and fifty pictures of leaves and trees. Here is a sampling of them.

Stopped for coffee and started reading "**The Way to Freedom**" by *The Dalai Lama*. Extremely interesting!

Back at the campground...clean up the camper...go throw some garbage into the bin. As I release the cardboard box from the pizza I realize that there's a raccoon in the bottom of the bin. He gets beamed by the pizza box. Oops!

## Chapter 11

### Paul's Journey to Where He's At!

Twin Mountain, New Hampshire, United States

**\*\*CAUTION - THE FOLLOWING MAY BE DANGEROUS TO YOUR EMOTIONAL WELL BEING\*\***

*"It was a Dark and Dreary Thursday Morning driving through Vermont. The bright fall colours of days past were nowhere to be found. The driver, a man traveling solo on a Journey of Discovery. His mood matched his environment. He sensed a foreboding event was waiting in the wings of the theatre from which this story was being played out. This story...His Life!"*

I have just driven through Vermont on my way to the southern coast of Maine. As I write this, in another KOA, in the State of New Hampshire, I muse over the past week since I last wrote to you all. Last week I was on an emotional high, having watched Nick complete his RMC obstacle course and being officially initiated into the Military College, a proud father. Over the Thanksgiving weekend my daughter Katrine was curling in the Autumn Gold Bonspiel at the Calgary Curling Club. Lucky for us they were posting scores on their website so that we could follow along. For those of you who don't follow curling, the Autumn Gold is Calgary's stop on the Women's Curling Tour. All the top women curlers show up...even the Russian, Swiss and Japanese Teams. To make a long story short, the girl's (OK-Young Women) beat most of the top teams they played in the qualifying round to be the "B" division winners and then became eligible to play in the playoffs. They lost their first playoff game in an extra end, but came home with a lot of accolades from everybody. Check out the articles in the Calgary Herald. More Proud Dad!

I entered the U.S. for six months (maybe less...but definitely not more since they'll be looking for me after that-plus car insurance issues will also arise). Drove to Lake Placid the first day, spent an extra day there, than today, drove to Twin Mountain, NH. Took a ferry to cross Lake Champlain between New York and Vermont. Drove the back roads of Vermont for a while...with some slight detours as I wasn't following the directions from my GPS as I wanted to stay off the interstate. Took a few pictures, but the weather wasn't cooperating, so they're very dreary....just like my mood.

**"To Practice Buddhism is to Wage a Struggle Between the Negative and Positive Forces in your Mind."**

*The Dalai Lama*

The realization that I was going to be gone for a while finally hit me this week. I said goodbye to Nick on Monday night. We've chatted on MSN each day since and even talked on Skype (an internet phone line...free long

distance). I've text messaged Katrine most days to resolve issues back home (even called her on Skype-though that connection wasn't very good and she missed half of what I said). But the reality of things is that I will be gone from home for a long time...well...at least in my reality. So, even for an optimist like me...this has been a depressing week. Today was really bad. Throughout the day I was worried because my truck didn't seem to be running like it should. Was there a problem with the transmission? Or the engine? Or something else? During one stop I realized that I had a leak by one of the rear tires. It seemed to be coming from the axle seal. At the campground I checked and that's what it seems to be. Something to get fixed before traveling much further.

I also received an email today...then I had an emotional meltdown. Most of you do not know the details of how I came to be where I am now. I've warned you all about "me" coming out. Two years ago, this week actually, I was in a car accident. For car accidents it was very minor. But because of where I was in my life at that time, emotionally, things happened in the weeks following that had a deep impact on me, physically. There were some extreme highs (being chosen as the Volunteer of the Year for the Air Cadets in the Province of Alberta) to....having a major blow-out with someone I once considered a friend. I was off work for six months, went back full time for a few months, had a relapse in my physical condition and tried working part-time for a while. Was diagnosed with fibromyalgia or chronic fatigue syndrome....diseases for when the doctors can't really find anything wrong with you. Worked a while longer...then hit the wall and ended up with no energy at all. I've been off work since May because of that. Throughout this ordeal I've had to fight with the long-term disability insurance company to get the benefits that I'm entitled to. I've seen every specialist that my physician has sent me to...seen psychologists and therapists for weeks on end. They all arrive at the same conclusion. There's nothing wrong with me. I'm extremely healthy for my age group (and even younger age groups). The psychologists find me extremely well adjusted emotionally. So then...why do I feel so crappy? So that's how my journey started. I read. I research.

**"Study is like the light that illuminates the darkness of ignorance, and the resulting knowledge is the supreme possession because it cannot be taken by even the greatest of thieves. Study is the weapon that eliminates the enemy of ignorance."**

*The Dalai Lama*

A few years ago I did one of these on-line IQ tests. The results came back that I was "almost a genius". Looking at the test scores it looked like I scored 100% in all the categories. So what did I have to do to be classified a genius? They did indicate that I did score over the 99th percentile. So I have an IQ that's higher than 99.5% of the people who have taken this test or similar

ones. But I can't be that smart. In two years I still can't figure out what's wrong with me. And what about artists and poets and others who are artistically brilliant! A friend of mine indicated that she was classified as learning disabled as a child. She's very talented artistically. She's read some very interesting books and has related the topics to me. I find her very intelligent. How do you classify a Picasso, a Rembrandt, a Wayne Gretzky or Tiger Woods? They might all score low on IQ tests, but artistically or physical abilities exceed anything I would be capable of. Oh...and the results also compared me to Plato...they described me as a Visionary Philosopher.

So now I'm reading and thinking...trying to solve my dilemma. My spiritual knowledge has grown exponentially due to my readings. I've always been a very logical, calculating kind of guy...I am an accountant. Last year my friend Monique, who is also on her own spiritual journey, suggested I write a book to put all my ideas down. I had indicated that verbally I "suck" at getting my ideas out. So that's more or less where I'm at now...on a Journey to write a book. But I'm not writing. Or am I?

Maybe my purpose in life is to help all of you realize that "we are all screwed up"? One of the quotes I included in one of my emails was just what one of you required on the day you received my email. Others find my writings "inspirational"... and that I have a gift for writing. Who would have thought? Also, that, "I'm living other people's dreams"...travelling without a care in the world. Some of the writings I've read used the "we are all screwed up" phrase. I would much rather put it, that we all have a "tickle trunk" of emotional baggage that we carry around with us.

So I had a meltdown today. Yes, a grown man can cry uncontrollably. But it did me some good and forced me to do what I use to do in similar situations. I went for a bike ride. Oh yes! The email I received was from the long term disability insurance company. Yes, I did tell them of my plans to be gone for the winter so they knew to contact me by email. Before leaving Calgary they made me do a "Functional Capacity Evaluation" and had me see an "Independent Medical Evaluator". The email/letter indicated that they would approve my claim from May till the end of October but the evaluations indicated that I could work six hours per day, or two days on, a day off, then two more days per week. So my employer will be contacting me stating I should be reporting back to work November 1. That creates a big problem. I've rented out two bedrooms in my house to two University students until the end of April and it's too cold in the winter in Calgary to stay in my trailer. I have a decision to make.

My bike ride! While having my emotional meltdown I was listening to some music. Alison Krause's version of "**Whiskey Lullaby**" played; a song about a guy taking the easy way out because of a failed love, then the girl doing

the same because she blamed herself for what the guy had done. It was a reminder that "I" never take the "easy way out". So here I am on my bike ride. It's still miserable out. The clouds remind me of "Mordor" in **"Lord of the Rings"**. Check out my picture (attached-though it's just me playing with my camera settings at the Lower Kananaskis Lakes to get that dreary effect). I get to the top of the hill where it says "Scenic Lookout". It could be scenic if it wasn't so dreary out. Turn around and head back. Then I notice the clouds breaking up. A bright white cloud and a hint of pink brightening up the horizon! Isn't that how life is? Dark days and a sliver of hope!

Back in the trailer, the music is still playing. Willie Nelson is singing **"What a Wonderful World"**. I also hear **"White Christmas"**. I'm too lazy to get up and skip the song as I usually do with Christmas songs in the truck when I'm driving. My iPod is on shuffle.

My Journey will continue. Life is no longer about me. It's about everyone else. I will find a way to deal with my employer and the insurance company. Remember...I'm almost a genius! My weekly, bi-weekly or whenever I get around to writing stuff for all of you to read is my purpose. A quote I find might lift your spirits at just the right time. One of my anecdotes might make you laugh and forget about your boss who has just screamed at you. I do have a book to write and it will get written. Neale Donald Walsch wrote **"Conversations with God"**, or as he indicated in the introduction, "This book was not written by me, it happened to me."

I titled this email, **"Paul's Journey to Where He's At!"**, because this is where I am. We all have setbacks in life. They are just speed bumps to slow us down for a while to allow us to regroup our thoughts before speeding down the off-ramp of life.

Paul

PS. I've attached just a few of my pictures. Writing was the therapy I required tonight.

## **Chapter 12**

### **Paul's Charmed Life!**

Bar Harbor, Maine, United States

**"My passion should be clear, and please know it runs deep within all levels of my consciousness. I feel it. I feel everything."**

*Alyssa Milano*

**The Ying & Yang of Life!**

**Seeing all things in Black & White!**

## **"Luke....May the Force be with You!" Good & Bad!**

I live a Charmed Life! I am extremely lucky in that my "Dark" days do not last long. Every Cloud has a Silver Lining! That's easy for me to say. I don't have creditors lining up at the door (at least not yet-they'll have to find me first), or a child that has just been diagnosed with an incurable disease, or a best friend who has just died of cancer. I live a Charmed Life!

This posting is coming sooner than later due to the dark nature of my last email/posting. But that posting/email still did serve its useful purpose for some of you. Coming, it seems, at just the right time to get you through some rough times, or as one of you put it..." I never thought I'd be so damn happy to be screwed up...."

Why do I have a Charmed Life? ....Because I Believe It!

As a teenager, I, like probably every other teenager out there went through a difficult period. One day, riding my bike home from my after school job decided that I didn't want to live anymore and would ride through the next intersection (red light) without stopping (we didn't wear helmets back then). I didn't have much chance of being hit as traffic was light. But then this realization hit me...."I was ALMOST perfect!" I would be perfect...if I wasn't conceited. Throughout my life I have had this thought. I usually joke about it. Those of you who know me would most probably not consider me conceited (but then maybe you do). I often (OK...always) acknowledge my capabilities. Some might take it as conceit. I usually downplay my accomplishments.

So why then is my life so Charmed? Most people will acknowledge that they have strengths in certain areas, but completely suck in most other areas. I started off by saying "I was ALMOST Perfect", jokingly that is, and things started materializing in my life. I didn't have the highest grades in school...wasn't that great at fixing things...I was normal. I studied for my accounting degree and had "just" a passing grade in most classes. Started having kids...with no past experience...and raised them using my intuition as to what I should do. I didn't need any "so called" experts telling me how to raise my kids. Then people started telling me what great kids I had. I knew that, and said it (...and all parents should say that about their kids). They do turn out as you expect them to. My knowledge expanded. My mechanical abilities grew. I can fix most anything (well...at least my kids still think so). From the responses I'm getting from my emails (writings) it seems that I can write. I also take amazing photographs. That's not me talking...I'm highly critical of everything I do. Some internet test says I have a high IQ.

Why is my life Charmed? I had a few dark days. Wrote and sent out my last posting. Then I drove to Bar Harbor, Maine. It was dark and cloudy when I

got up in Twin Mountain, New Hampshire. I had planned on staying two nights but changed my mind. Not long after leaving the campground it started raining. It rained all day. But driving through Maine was the exact opposite of my drive through Vermont. The fall colours exploded in the falling rain. There was a sense of renewal in the dying days of fall. Each town I drove through had old, character buildings that just stood out in beauty. I stopped at a Maine visitor center and it was raining cats & dogs. I continued on to my destination in Bar Harbor. I arrive at the campground and it's still raining. Discuss my car problems with the campground attendant. He tells me to set up my trailer than come back and he'll make some phone calls to local mechanics. It's late Friday and most places are closed on Saturday. The campground is also closing on Monday for the season (I have to get my truck fixed Monday and move on). I drive to my camp spot and it stops raining. Set up my camper. Then I decide to go see the campground attendant. It starts raining again. He calls the Ford dealership in town and they might be able to squeeze me in on Monday. I talk to someone there and they tell me to drop my vehicle off first thing in the morning. They make no promises. During the conversation with the campground attendant they can think of a local tow truck operator/used car salesman/mechanic who fixed another traveller's vehicle but they can't remember his name to call him. I thank them for the assistance and drive into town to do some grocery shopping. I pass a road that sounds familiar from the conversation with the campground attendant. I turn down it...and lo and behold "**Bradford's Towing**"...just who they wanted to refer me to. I stop in and talk to the owner about my truck problems...no problem...come in first thing Monday morning and they'll get right to it. They also have a loaner vehicle so that I have something to drive while I'm waiting (that wouldn't have happened at the Ford Dealership).

So that's why I have a Charmed Life! I had a feeling that something wasn't right with my truck...I checked...and yes there was...but I can get it fixed before I got stranded. It stops raining when I need it to. I had a "Signpost" telling me who the best person to contact to fix my truck. I had a beautiful first day in Bar Harbor...unseasonably warm weather. Today it's cooler and windy, a hint that I should stay in, start my blog and write this.

I have numerous other indications that I have a Charmed Life. Thoughts...facts...whatever you want to call them that my life is going according to plan. I started by sending my comments/trip log to a select few. Then I met an older couple and a couple of young women at the Bass Harbor Head Lighthouse. I was taking pictures when the older couple asked the young women to take their picture in front of the lighthouse. As most people do, they got right next to the lighthouse. They were tiny in comparison to the whole lighthouse in the picture. I had once read that if you get closer to the camera, the people look bigger next to the landscape item. I passed this information on

to the other people. They took another picture and were amazed at the results. I chatted for a while with the gentleman. One of the young women from Provo, Utah (Ally) overheard my conversation and was interested in following along in my travels. She asked if I had a blog and I indicated I had planned on starting one but hadn't. I had been too busy travelling and taking pictures. So, another "signpost". My blog is up now and it is accessible to everybody who comes across it. My message can now be read by the masses. That will be handy when my book gets written. What better way to get the word out. Maybe Oprah will invite me on to her show to discuss my book. Guess I should get to writing it.

My book will be called: **"What? Is! The Meaning of Life."**

Remember - **"Think It! Feel It! Live It!"**

This is the motto from the business I thought to start up for my photography and writing. **What? Is! Inc**

The email address is [paul@whatisinc.ca](mailto:paul@whatisinc.ca)

There will be a website as soon as I figure out how I want it to look.

## Chapter 13

### **"Carpe diem" - Seize the Day!**

Bar Harbor, Maine, United States

**"Carpe diem" - Seize the Day...**I was told.

I spent most of the day yesterday writing my blog and uploading pictures. By late afternoon it was time to get out. I drove into the town of Bar Harbor. I park the truck and am about to take a picture of the harbour when a lady comes up behind me and says she has a shot I should take. She is about to go for a swim in the ocean. Sunday was the Mt Desert Marathon...twenty-six miles. This woman, from New Brunswick, has just walked her first marathon at fifty-one years of age. It took her eight hours and three minutes. Most people take ice baths after marathons, she says, but the ocean is right here so she is going in for a swim. I tell her where I am from and that I am on a Journey around the United States. We chat a bit longer.

As she leaves she says....**"Carpe diem" - Seize the Day!**

Shouldn't that be everyone's motto?

I have some new goals. Well...some more that is. Since I first uploaded this blog yesterday I have had one hundred and twenty visitors. In last Thursday's blog/email I indicated that my life is no longer about me, but everyone else. The more people I reach out and help, in some way, by my writings, than the more successful I will be. This website tracks the number of

visitors to each blog. The World Population is six and a half billion. If I can reach out to .0001% or 650,000 people and brighten up the day or help someone realize that...yes, they are an awesome individual...of 1% of them then that will be 6500 happier people.

Am I dreaming? I don't think so. The all time best travel journal here has 460,700 visitors.

So forward this link to everyone you know and ask them to forward it to everyone they know.

But remember it's not about me...I am only the medium passing along this information.

...and as fate would have it, as I'm writing this an appropriate song starts...

**"Star" by Bryan Adams**

**What cha wanna be - when you grow up  
What cha gonna do - when your time is up  
What cha gonna say - when things go wrong  
What cha wanna do - when you're on your own**

**There's a road - long and winding  
The lights are blindin' - but it gets there  
Don't give up - don't look back  
There's a silver linin' - it's out there somewhere**

**Everybody wants an answer - everybody needs a friend  
We all need a shinin' star on which we can depend  
N' so tonight we're gonna wish upon a star  
We never wished upon before - (to find what you're looking for)**

**There'll be times - in your life  
Ya when you' be dancin' n' shit - but you ain't gettin it  
But don't get disillusioned - no, don't expect too much  
Cuz if what you have is all you can get - just keep on  
tryin' - it just ain't happened yet**

**Everybody wants ta be winner - everybody has a dream  
We all need a shinin' star when things ain't what they seem  
So tonight we're gonna wish upon a star  
We never wished upon before-(gotta get where you're headed for)**

Everybody wants some kindness - everybody needs a break  
We all need a shinin' star when things get hard to take  
So tonight we're gonna wish upon a star  
We never wished upon before

...so, Wish Upon a Star, and may all your dreams come true.

**Think It! Feel It! Live It!**

## About the Author

Paul Fisette currently resides in Calgary, Alberta. He knows that we have been put on this earth to create and to experience life and intends on doing that as much as possible. He plans on travelling around the world to meet and talk with as many people as possible to get as much “perspective” on life as is practicable. He also plans on documenting life as he sees it with his photography.

When he isn’t travelling he passes his time supporting his four children in their endeavours. He also volunteers with certain youth organizations. He is an avid cyclist, skier, hiker, and started riding a motorcycle this past year.

This is his first book. He had never considered being a writer, but now believes that writing is one of the many ways he can fulfill what he does see as his soul’s purpose, that is, doing what he can to help others.

Paul has been a life-long volunteer and has helped many organizations throughout his life. He considers himself a Visionary Philosopher, Life Scientist, and always looks at the Big Picture. He sees his place in this world as someone who has to help others see life as it really is. He plans on doing this by “testing” and confirming his and other spiritual leaders theories about life. He believes the best way to assist others in realizing their soul’s purpose is in leading by example.

Paul is in the process of writing his second book, a “How-To” manual on the steps required to “Create the Life” each one of us is meant to live by showing individuals how to attract into their lives what they want and need to fulfill their soul’s purpose.

He knows mankind is able to fulfill its destiny of creating “Heaven on Earth” and he wants to do his small part in helping achieve this. He has a vision of, “One Love One World One Dream!”

You can find his contact information by visiting his website, [www.whatisinc.ca](http://www.whatisinc.ca).



**What? Is! inc.**  
THINK IT! FEEL IT! LIVE IT!