

Goobajie ran into my hotel room after a concert in Santa Barbara, California in the Spring of 1984, barely squeezing in when the door was 98% closed. I exclaimed “A kitty!!!” She looked up at me, to say “You know what to do”, and I said “Of course I do!!” And her name, as usual with cats I meet, just popped out of her mouth. The front desk people said she was a stray and I knew her for eight years. She didn’t have a voice – whenever she occasionally meowed at me, no sound came out. I always say the being I learned the most from never said one word to me.



I have always loved cats more than anything, since the day I was born (if I had it to do over again I would be a cat vet). I go into an ecstatic state whenever I see a cat, or a picture of cat, and whenever I even think of a cat. I love the whole feline species, and all the big cats - and this spins off to realizing that all living beings are cats in another form, and then for the love of all life - and then that expands to realizing that every living being is struggling all the time with two things: defying gravity and death/ entropy (we all have two battles at all times, so why are we fighting each other?).

Everything for me basically comes from cats in one way or another. Cats for me are the doorway to EVERYTHING. And for me everything good comes from Goobajie. Of all the huge multitude of serendipitous gifts the Earth has given me, she was the greatest one of all. And how on earth did the Earth create cats??? How could that have happened???

She inspired me to think about things like: Where does the Earth end and I begin? – and ultimately where did Goobajie end and I begin? She taught me every day and especially at night.

I learned all of this from Goobajie. I never knew I could have a relationship with another being like that – the infinite love for and from another being - I didn’t even know it existed, and I wasn’t seeking it – and I have never experienced a consciousness quite like hers – she knew everything, she knew when I had to wake up, and she knew when someone was suffering, and she always tried to comfort anyone who was suffering in any way. She was loving, empathetic, healing, and protective. She would take a bullet for you, including absorbing toxic energy around and towards you, and she did that for another person she dearly loved in her last days.

Cats do that, and I tried with all of me to take a bullet for her, I tried to somehow take the illness from her, saying to her “Goobajie, give it to me, I will deal with it”, but it was too late.

She didn’t care if I succeeded or failed at anything, or what I had done or

not done, or about *anything* in my background.

I learned from her that there's no such thing as evil – there are only two states: balance or imbalance (aka *entropy*, the thermodynamic law of the universe that everything gets more disorganized over time, so it is very easy to fall into entropy). Sociologically it is called destruction, so someone's not really evil, rather they are falling out of balance.

I learned from her to try to help balance things in a bad situation for anyone, as she would have wanted to do, often asking to myself, “What can I do to help” and “What would Goobajie do here?”

I learned from her to try to be forgiving (or at least to *act* like that), as hard as that might be sometimes.

I learned from her that that's how I want to be, to be like her – and that is who I really am inside potentially, and to try to unfold myself to get to the level she was at.

And I learned from her about the ever-important *timelines*, each being's journey from birth to death, and how they are separate from others in the beginning (except for the mother), until they meet each other and go parallel for a time, or forevermore – and to look down those timelines to try to realize, repair, study, or enhance things. It was miraculous how her and my timelines were totally apart (other than being on planet Earth), and then in a split second they came together until her passing on. My thinking of timelines started with me wondering about how could she be a stray? How did she get to my hotel area? How did she know to meet me?

Timelines are precious – they are not to be terminated by unbalanced or ill-informed beings. That is not why timelines are here. If we are instructed to end a timeline, we and the ones giving orders need to realize that there are many other ways to try to re-balance the person-situation, and that that exploration is an essential part of one'd education, growth, and unfoldment from within.

From that first night on she slept on my chest on my heart every night, and night after night she was giving me lessons. On my heart center was her spot (and Gobajie's spot was between my knees or firmly against my shin [more on Gobajie soon]). Often I would wake up and she would just be staring at me, those big soft eyes penetrating so softly and so very deeply inside me. I would always say these three things to her out loud: “Goobajie, how did you get like this? How can you love me this much? I want to be like you.” I learned that if something, anything, any situation is not “like Goobajie”, then try to help get it more like her, more balanced, more benign, more loving, more forgiving. So many lessons and realizations that keep unfolding on and on (“What would she do here?”).

She was here to give love to everyone she encountered, and to try to comfort anyone who was in need, with constant acts of love and compassion.

There are cats that are cats, and there are cats that are *not* cats (and when you

get to know someone of any species so deeply, then *any* “category” disappears – there are *only* individuals). I didn’t know *what* she was, but occasionally she would revert to being a cat, which was always so endearing and made me smile and laugh (like when she saw a mouse, or occasionally when she would chase her tail). She would very often somehow quietly materialize by me, without seeming to walk up to me, and then later when she departed away from me, it would be a slow departure.

Somehow I think the Earth knew that if she was in the form of a cat she the most important lessons of love through to me. Cats do more for me with that than anything else – more than music, more than anything. Through cats, I realize the love for all life forms (like everything is a cat in another form, with a different genetic structure), and cats unlock that level of consciousness for me.

New Orleans pianist Professor Longhair (1918-1980) is also way, way down inside me where Gobajie is, as far down inside me that is possible to get to, right down to where my true self is (or farther down).

I realize if i try to “define” something, then I am sealing off my connection to it. The trick for me is to get to a general “in the ballpark” cognition of something (categories *are* useful in the huge ocean of experiences and knowledge to show what something is *not*).

The huge gift from the Earth to me is the life form of cats, and from them is the way to get these realizations through to me like nothing else quite could, to unlock and unfold them within myself. It’s not something I could have really “tried” to do – I needed a teacher, a mentor to show me the most important thing, with constant acts of love. She loved to show me that she loved me in many ways, like when I would sometimes wake up and see her on my chest just staring at me, often purring extremely loudly (as she did the first night I met her). When I was home she made sure she was the last thing I saw before falling asleep and that she was the first thing I saw when I woke up in the morning (and Gobajie was the second thing I saw). Often she felt so much love for me that she had to just stand up and touch my face, or reach out her paw out to touch me. If I was working with piles of papers on the floor, she often jumped on my back. Sometimes if I was standing she even climbed up me to get on my shoulders – I’m sure she was forgetting how painful that was, but it was so endearing I had to let her do that.

Being with her led to my being with another huge inspiration and influence, her adopted sister Gobajie (aka “Pixie”, the silver fox kitty in the first photo below and in the photos below that – and see the “Pixie” songs on the albums GULF COAST BLUES & IMPRESSIONS 1, GULF COAST BLUES & IMPRESSIONS 2, SPRING CAROUSEL, and RESTLESS WIND). Her beautiful chirpy meow is one of my five main influences on my right hand playing on the piano. Gobajie’s purr was silent and internal, but she was purring internally often so that when she

meowed it came out very chirpy. Her meow became an influence on my right hand playing on the piano – I realized that sometimes instead of playing long choppy loud right hand licks on the piano in certain uptempo pieces, instead to just “chirp”, playing quick high phrase (along with my other major right hand influences with Professor Longhair (1918-1980), James Booker (1939-1983), Henry Butler (1948-2018), and also Jim Morrison (1943-1971), for the levels of expressions he had).

It is amazing to think about what I would not have experienced and learned, had I shut that hotel room door one third of a second earlier. I realize that everything I had done in life prepared me for that moment – and she prepared me for everything that I was to experience after. I am realizing things to this day, even just now with this sentence.

When she ran into my hotel room that night in 1984, in that instant everything changed – even more than from my other most profound pivotal moments such as: hearing the Doors first album the day after it was released on January 5, 1967, then hearing Thomas “Fats” Waller’s recordings in the Spring of 1971, then hearing Teddy Wilson’s recordings in 1973, then hearing Professor Longhair’s recordings in 1979, then hearing James Booker’s recordings in 1982, and then hearing Henry Butler live in 1985.

With every moment I had with Goobaje I always completely knew what a privilege it was. Randy Newman’s soundtrack song from the animation *Toy Story 2*, *When She Loved Me* exactly describes my relationship with her – and also as in eden ahbez’s 1947 song *Nature Boy*: “The greatest thing you’ll ever learn, is just to love and be loved in return.” She is in my consciousness at all times. It is a gift of a reverie, and a love consciousness, and much more that I have available to go to anytime.

I will never get to her level of consciousness, but I will always be better for trying to get there, and she showed me that potential is in me to get closer to it. She inspired me to realize many other things, such as that half of my processes are within me, and half are what existence brings to me. Also paradoxical concepts that I live in (and when I am there I know I am as close to *it* that I can get), like that the odds were so slim that I could have met her the way I did, and yet the paradoxically the odds were one-to-one - because it happened. If (as in the time travel theoretical, “Butterfly Effect” theory) I had done something different 30 years before that I might have closed that hotel room door one second earlier and I would have never met her (but maybe I would have closed it one second later and thus would have met her – I can theorize all day about those things, but in actuality *it just happened* – and is *both* and *neither* great odds and/or one-to-one odds ).

Also I learned, that it’s not just what happens to me, it’s what I do with it after it happens. The gift was that she ran into my hotel room, and it was up to

me to decide to take her back home with me, which I instantly did after the front desk said she was a stray.

I've realized that my real identity is, like hers, that my ability is not so much to try to change things, or to try to prevent things, but rather to try to help after something unfortunate happens. Also, I learned that the reason for anything that enters my field of observation or my consciousness, is to participate in some way, even if very indirectly.

There are so many hundreds of stories that it would take a book to tell them all. We all have wonderful stories of the cats and the beings we have known and loved so much. For example, when I was home, as I was always working late at night and when it got to a certain hour she would sit by the bottom of the stairs and stare at me until I noticed her and realized she was telling me it was time to snuggle, and I never could resist and always went upstairs with her.

The story of her last days was so profound that had I not had a witness, I would not have believed it myself – I would have wondered if the whole thing was real, if was just a dream. OF all the possibilities, *how* did she pick me ??? – again referencing Randy Newman on his song *She Chose Me*.

Goobajie loved people like I love cats.

She also helped me realize that every moment ( $10^{-43}$  seconds, a zeptosecond, aka the Planck Time, the smallest unit of time ever measured - so far [as of 2022]), is that every other moment is equally significant to the moment I meet her, even though many of those moments might not be as spectacular to the senses and the feelings - and I might not realize the special things in those moments for a while (or ever), but they are, regardless of what I think – and also that every living being is like her but in a different form, and is unique and precious (even if there are moments that I forget that).

There have been 22 kitties that I have been very close to since the age of 5. I'm not with any now (in 2022) since I am rarely home. I have been adopted by cats three other times. When one loves something more than anything, there are ever-unfolding multi purposes and opportunities that can come out of that.

The Earth gave me cats, the Earth gave me sound to play with, the Earth gave me wood and metal for the instruments, the Earth gave me myself and the ability to get some work done.

A few months after Goobajie's passing, one night I awoke to a sound coming from downstairs – one that I had never heard anything like it before. I quickly realized it was Gobajie deeply sobbing for our mutual dearest friend Goobajie. I went downstairs with the brush she loved so much and brushed her, saying to her repeatedly "I know, Sweetheart, I miss Goobajie too", so she would know I understood. She had spent every day of her life with Goobajie since she

was born. It worked, as she was able to emotionally move on, and never moaned like that again.

What an incredible incredible incredible gift it was to be with these two.

Goobajie [tortoise shell] ( ? – 1992) - Gobajie [silver fox kitty] (1984-1997)





Gôbajie (1984-1997)

