

To Ride The Wind

Words & Music: Pat Drummond (3.50)

For Shinzo Takazawi Dateline... Narromine, NSW

I have long respected the Japanese concept of Wa, that idealised state in which all forces are held in balance. Few forms of flight so harmonise the elements, and encapsulate this concept, as the art of gliding. On the fiftieth anniversary of the bombing of Pearl Harbour, I found myself in the skies over the outback with Shinzo Takazawi. It was, for me, a compelling statement as to just how much the world had really changed. Spinning above the fields of Narromine, with my life in his hands; the silence of the aerial dance and the sense of peace were overwhelming. The appreciation of natural beauty is one the great commonalities of humanity. It's shared experience can serve as a marvellous bridge between the many cultures that form our nation. Those who would hold us in isolation do us no service. They fail to understand that it is only through empathy, commonality and brotherhood that our future is assured.

Chorus: To ride the wind,

a slender shadow cast upon the land,

held in God's right hand.

Between the heavens and the hillsides,

at the place where dreams begin,

Shinzo floats his magic boat upon the wind.

It's a lonely road from Tokyo to the flats of Narromine;

from the language of his people and the dreams he left behind;

from the laughter of his children and the girl who said "Goodbye"

Oh, a jealous mistress is the open sky.

Chorus.

A wafer shell of fibreglass and wings of blinding white

sail out upon a crystal sea, ten thousand feet in height.

Harmony and balance, a symphony in flight,

play in silence in the blazing golden light.

**Below, the wagon wheels of corn are spread out on the land
and the country wheels in circles underneath his guiding hand.**

So far away and beautiful, so vast and lost and grand!

**Though we were born a world apart, Takazawi-san,
one cannot sail so close to God and fail to understand
the quintessential nature of the brotherhood of man.**

Takazawi-san, Takazawi-san.

Chorus.