

# The Divine Light

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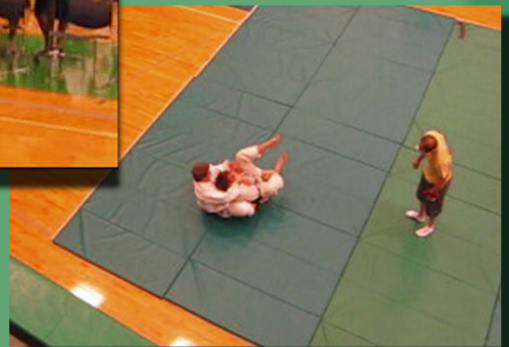
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*Inside this issue:*

*Uncle Bud*

*Variety Training*

*Treating Skin Splints*



Top Left: Cole takes an armbar during the grappling event; Above R: Keith getting a good abdomen hit during the point sparring (he won this match); Center: Will delivers a high roundhouse during the point sparring; Bottom L: Gabe connects with a strike while evading a kick during point sparring; Bottom R: Cody performs a choke during the grappling.

# SHIN MEI KAN COMPETES IN LOCAL TOURNAMENT BRINGS HOME MEDALS!

See page 9 for competition article.



## Family Karate Competition Winners!

From L.: Prof, Will, Cody, Cole, Keith, Wyatt

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## ***From the editor***

And so we have the latest issue of the Divine Light—on the dawn of the 16<sup>th</sup> birthday of the Christian Jujitsu Association. As with many things in life, the DL and the CJA have seen many changes. In this issue, we start a new regular feature, "Training Tips", by Sensei Dan Baca. We've also included more photos and more color than any previous issue. At the same time, some things remain unchanged: our commitment to the original teachings of Master Seishiro Okazaki and Professor Bud Estes, our sense of commitment and loyalty to the perpetuation of true Danzan Ryu—the way of the samurai—and our love and devotion to family—our biological or adoptive family units we associate with "home" and our martial arts brothers, sisters and ancestors.

We truly owe a debt of gratitude to all who came before us. Our biological ancestors as well as our martial arts predecessors. So, it is in this spirit I wish Professor Gene Edwards a happy 50<sup>th</sup> year of jujitsu (yes he's been practicing DZR for 50 years now), and a happy sweet 16 to The Christian Jujitsu Association. Many thanks for the fond memories (and bumps, bruises and stiff joints) to you both. And may we continue to build memories for years to come. Kokua!

**—Marcos Baca; Yodan, Tenmei Kan**

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## Special Essay

This special essay is about one of the original four founding fathers of Danzan Ryu, Francis Merlin "Bud" Estes, written by his nephew, Burl Estes. Prof Bud Estes was one of Master Okazaki's most cherished students. Prof Estes, in turn, instructed Prof Gene Edwards—one of the two founders of the Christian Jujitsu Association. Perhaps this short article can provide a little insight into who this senior professor, and most revered sensei, was off the mat. The below essay is reprinted in its entirety.

—Special thanks to Prof George Arrington and Burl Estes for allowing us to reprint this essay in our publication. It can be viewed online at [www.danzan.com](http://www.danzan.com) under essays.

### UNCLE BUD

Born October 1, 1909 - Died June 7, 1981

by Burl Estes

This article is entitled "Uncle Bud," and not "Professor Estes" as he was known to anyone reading this, because I am his nephew, Burl Estes, and that is how I knew him. Tenth Degree Black Belt Francis Merlin Estes was, and always will be, simply Uncle Bud to me.

Uncle Bud was very formal and insisted on following protocol in judo classes or seminars. You did not carry on conversations with your neighbor, wander around or take breaks whenever you wished. He usually wrote, "Speak very softly in class and listen very carefully." You listened, learned and spoke only when asked to. Although I've attended his classes in Chico, California, this formal man is not the one I remember.

In fact, Uncle Bud was a very outgoing man with a great sense of humor. If a student was having difficulties in class, all he or she had to do was pick up the telephone and Uncle Bud was more than willing to help them on a relaxed, informal basis. His interest was in promoting judo and the American Judo Jujitsu Federation.

Working full time as a bookkeeper for a well drilling and pump company in Chico, financial profits from judo were probably the last thing on his mind. The only time I recall hearing him discuss finances was when trying to determine what to charge for the GIs that grandma made on an ancient sewing machine at her home. He wore them, Auntie Luke wore them and his students wore them.

To understand Uncle Bud's dedication to judo and the formal way he ran his classes, some information about his background is necessary. To put it quite simply, it was largely formless and shapeless. Anyone living that lifestyle today would be considered to be far below the poverty line and semi-homeless.

To start, my Grandfather and Uncle Bud's father, James Estes, was born in Indianapolis in 1873. To say he was less than a dynamic person would be an understatement. Throughout his entire life he never

had a job where he couldn't see the end of it (i.e. working 30 years for a company for a pension, doing the same thing day after day, was an alien and horrible concept for him). In some way, he was a forerunner of the modern day hippies. In his latter years (he died in 1974 at age 101), he depended upon Uncle Bud and his brothers for support. After Grandma Estes went into a rest home and died, Grandpa Estes lived with Uncle Ivan, dad and Uncle Bud. He had no other means of support.

As a historical footnote, my great-grandfather was Francis Marion Estes (born 1833) who was Uncle Bud's namesake. On August 8, 1862, Francis and his brother James (born 1841) enlisted into Company D of the Indiana 79th Volunteer Infantry Regiment on August 8, 1862. James was discharged in Louisville, Kentucky, on March 25, 1863. Francis was mustered out on June 7, 1865, in Nashville, Tennessee, as a sergeant.

My great-grandmother had seven children spread out over a number of years. Dad said that she never saw all seven of them together at the same time and Uncle Bud and dad had aunts and uncles they never met in their lifetimes.

Grandpa Estes left home when he was 15 or 16

**"...most of his stories were tall tales (i.e., in one he was trapped in a box canyon and was killed by Indians)."**

(1890 or 1891), with very little formal education, and moved to Salt Lake City where his oldest brother Tom was reportedly the sheriff. I'm checking this out with the Mormon Church who has excellent genealogical records. There he became a teamster (i.e. a man driving a team of horses pulling a wagon full of supplies) and reportedly hauled supplies used in building the Mormon Temple and other buildings in Salt Lake City.

In 1894, Grandpa Estes moved to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, where he homesteaded a ranch and acted as a guide for hunters. One story he told when I was a kid involved hunting. Since most of his stories were tall tales (i.e. in one he was trapped in a box canyon and killed by the Indians), this one sounds

halfway believable because I learned very early how much he detested hard work. He said he and a hunting party were on one side of a deep valley when they spotted an elk several hundred yards away on the other side. Kidding the hunters, he told them to shoot it as it was such an easy shot. Before telescopic sights were in wide use, it was nearly an impossible shot.

The hunters told Grandpa Estes to take the shot. He did, aimed at the very top of the tree the elk was standing under and pulled the trigger. To his amazement, seconds later the elk fell over dead. The hunters were ecstatic. Not Grandpa Estes. They had to climb down one side of the valley, up the other, dress and quarter the elk, and then repeat the trip back carrying hundreds of pounds of elk meat, the skin and horns. The hunters told Grandpa Estes he was the greatest hunter in the world. He told me he'd never worked so hard in his life.

In any event, at some point in time Grandpa Estes married Olive Nathan and Uncle Bud was born in Jackson Hole in 1909, Uncle Ivan was born there in 1912 (the year the Titanic sunk) and dad (also Burl Estes) was born there in 1915. A sister Patricia (i.e. Auntie Pat) was born some years later, but I don't recall when or where.

In 1918 the family moved to Miles City, Montana, where

Grandpa Estes had a brother who had a ranch. Uncle Bud would have been 9 years old then and dad would have been 3 years old. They stayed and worked there until 1920 when the family moved again to Sheridan, Wyoming.

While life in rural America was pretty primitive and rough in the early part of this century, Sheridan was probably a pivotal point in the forces that shaped Uncle Bud and his outlook on life. Grandpa Estes intended to work in Sheridan for "a while," but the family was snowed in and they spent the winter there in a tent. Dad, just 6 years old, recalls going to school in a horse drawn wagon until he and his brothers came home with frostbite. Uncle Bud was then 11 years old and that was the end of school for the year for him and his brothers (Auntie Pat was too young to be in school) and they spent their time lying around in a tent trying not to freeze to death.

If you think your Sensei is too formal and rigid and classes are sometimes dull, can you imagine what it must have been like for 11 year old Uncle Bud to lie on a cot in a freezing tent during winter in Wyoming with no television, radio or record player? He, dad, Uncle Ivan and the others just huddled under blankets day after day trying to avoid freezing to death. Uncle Bud has never mentioned this time in his life to me, but I suspect that that is one of the reasons he loved the Hawaiian Islands so much and made numerous trips there.

If you can recall from working out with Uncle Bud

or having seen photographs of him, you'll notice he usually wore black socks while everyone else is barefoot. He was not trying to be formal. He had cold feet, probably a carryover from the winter in Sheridan.

When the snows melted the family moved to Sydney, Montana, where Grandpa Estes used his team of horses to pull a dirt moving scoop for a contractor, another part time job.

In 1922 the family moved to Grand Prairie, Canada, where Grandpa Estes worked at odd jobs. Every morning in school the students would stand and sing "God Save the Queen." However, Uncle Bud, Uncle Ivan and dad would sing the American version of the song, "America." Needless to say, the Canadian students did not find this especially amusing and dad reported that there were frequent fights in the schoolyard with the elder Uncle Bud trying to protect his two younger brothers.

The year 1923 turned out to be another pivotal experience for Uncle Bud. In that year the family traveled to Los Angeles by train and discovered that

jobs were scarce.

In 1924 they started "following the fruit." In other words, they became migrant workers, traveling up and down the Central Valley of

California picking apricots, peaches, prunes, grapes, cotton and whatever crops were available. Their source of transportation was a well used Model T Ford, not a large vehicle by anyone's standards.

Can anyone imagine what it must have been like for a family of six to travel up and down the state, living in tents and picking crops carrying all their worldly possessions in a Model T Ford? I've picked crops when I was a kid (we moved to Santa Rosa in 1954), but that was for pocket change and every night I went back to a secure home. It was also hard work. Uncle Bud was 15 then and it must have been devastating to him. Dad was six years younger, but still recalls the hardships. The family constantly moved and Uncle Bud and his brothers just as often changed schools. They had no permanent, long time friends and everyone worked to support the family. It was a transient existence and it is no wonder that Uncle Bud dropped out of school when he was 15 years old. Until that time he had been a good student and had been getting good grades, but the constant moves were just too much.

The family had a report card from Sheridan in which Uncle Bud was described as being an "excellent student." However, the odds were against him and when he discovered he was three to four years older than the other students in his class, most of whom had stable homes, he gave up. Incidentally, my father did go on to graduate from high school. By the time he did so he was 20 years

**"If you think your Sensei is too formal and rigid and classes are sometimes dull, can you imagine what it must have been like for 11 year old Uncle Bud to lie on a cot in a freezing tent during winter in Wyoming with no television, radio or record player? "**

old, had gone to 17 different schools and was working part time at night as a janitor. My grandparents told him he was lazy and that he should have been working full time to support them.

**"I've heard at least three versions of what happened, but Uncle Bud took a shotgun blast in his right forearm that almost shattered the bones.**

Grandpa Estes was not much of a father figure for Uncle Bud and the others and is little wonder he took to judo the way he did. It gave structure to his life.

The date is unclear, but at some point during the Model T days while they were teenagers, probably 1925, Uncle Bud and Uncle Ivan went jack rabbit hunting. I've heard at least three versions of what happened, but Uncle Bud took a shotgun blast in his right forearm that almost shattered the bones. He had a lengthy hospitalization (six to eight months), but recovered. If you examine photos of him, you will note he always had a piece of wood held in place on his forearm with an ace bandage. It was needed to support his injured arm.

Dad recalls grandpa and a family friend examining the Model T and discovering that the canvas top and back of the car were riddled with shot, indicating that Uncle Bud had been in the car when the gun went off. Whatever happened, Uncle Bud ended up in the hospital for six to eight months.

Uncle Bud also suffered from respiratory problems that were also probably attributable to the family life style. For as long as I can remember, he carried a nasal inhaler in his shirt pocket and frequently used it. Neither of his medical problems seemed to affect him while engaged in judo.

In 1929 Uncle Bud enrolled in the Salvation Army Training School in San Francisco. He was then 20 years old and I suspect his enrollment was as much a desire to seek security and is was to escape the wandering family

existence.

In 1931 or 1932 (probably the former date) Uncle Bud was sent to the Hawaiian Islands (they were still a territory then) to

serve with the Salvation Army. Uncle Bud was stationed at the Ewa

Plantation, a boy's home, and reportedly did an excellent job working with the youngsters. A year or two after he arrived he married Arlene Hartman and they had two children, Kimo and little Arlene. They divorced in 1935 or 36 for reasons unknown to me (I wasn't born until 1944), and his former wife's new husband adopted both Kimo and Arlene.

Kimo graduated from Stanford University at an unknown date and lives in Mountain View, California, while Arlene lives in Sacramento, California. All I remember of them is that in the 1950s Kimo gave my cousin Lynn and me rides around Chico on his motor scooter. Kimo was very nice to Lynn and me in spite of some reported bitterness about the divorce. However, Kimo did visit Uncle Bud in Chico and seemed to be on friendly terms with him.

Uncle Bud left the Salvation Army in 1935 or 1936 and went to work for a Curley Friedman, a local tile contractor who, as dad recalls, served on the Islands with the Navy and remained there when his enlistment was up. He was married with teenage children and had been in the Islands for 15 to 20 years before dad arrived there in 1938 and went to work for him also.

According to dad, Curley Friedman introduced Uncle Bud to judo. A black belt instructor himself, he introduced Uncle Bud to Henry Okazaki and they started working out at Okazaki's

dojo. Uncle Bud also met Rick Rickerts and studied with him at the Army- Navy Club. Rickerts was a yeoman in the Coast Guard at the time.

In 1931, when the family moved to Chico, California, there was a revolt, of sorts, and Uncle Ivan, dad and Auntie Pat refused to continue the former family lifestyle. Grandpa and Grandma Estes bought a house, paid for by my dad and his brothers, and the family finally settled down. Grandpa Estes got a job he really enjoyed, being a night watchman. He could sleep for hours while supposedly guarding his employer's premises.

Around 1935, Uncle Bud saved a swimmer who became trapped on a reef offshore. Dad does not recall the details, the newspaper clipping Uncle Bud sent to the family is long since gone, but Uncle Bud was a strong swimmer,

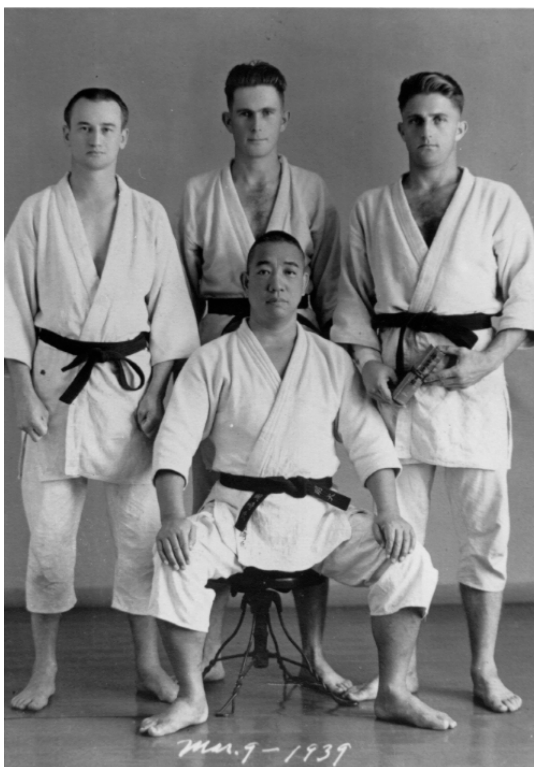
swam out to the reef and pulled the swimmer to safety. Uncle Bud was given a citation for the rescue and hospitalized

several days for injuries suffered crawling over the reef.

In 1938, after graduating from high school, dad sailed to Hawaii on the Matson liner "Lurline" to join Uncle Bud and also started working out with Okazaki. When I talked to dad recently (October 1998) and asked him about Okazaki's dojo, his reply was: "What's that?" He'd never heard the word "dojo" until I asked him about it. He also did not know that the workout outfits were called GIs. He simply told me that they went to Okazaki's place and worked out in "jufo" outfits on woven cocoa mats.

To dad, it was not "Master Okazaki," "Professor Estes," and "Professor Rickerts." As far as dad was concerned, they were Okazaki, Bud and Rick. Unlike Uncle Bud, Okazaki was formal both in and out of the dojo. Dad describes him as a man with a head shaped like an artillery shell and a personality to match. Dad

**"Dad describes [Okazaki] as a man with a head shaped like an artillery shell and a personality to match."**



Master Okazaki (seated) with (from L to R) Rick Rickerts, Burl Estes (Sr.) and Bud Estes

has a great sense of humor and it is to Okazaki's great credit that he was able to put up with him.

On March 9, 1939, Uncle Bud earned a Black Belt in Judo and can be seen standing in a formal photo with dad, Rick Rickerts and Okazaki.

Contrary to what was printed in his obituary, dad does not recall Uncle Bud ever practicing judo in Los Angeles prior to going to the Hawaiian Islands. Dad said they wintered in Los Angeles when there were no crops to be picked and that he and Uncle Bud went to the Brookline School and Humphries School. The rest of the time they were moving around.

Dad also said there was someone who worked out with them who was known as "Applehead." Dad said he was a Black Belt who was a machinist's mate in the Navy who worked on airplane engines. Dad said he was very, very good and probably didn't realize his own strength, the strongest man dad has ever known. A throw from him and dad said that you felt as though you were about a half-inch into the concrete under the cocoa mats they worked out on. Dad is 83 years old now and much slower than when I was a kid, but he was the strongest man I've ever known. Does anyone know who "Applehead" was and if he ever became involved with AJJF?

In 1939 dad and Uncle Bud returned to the mainland. Uncle Bud returned to Chico and opened a dojo on the front lawn of the house he was renting and started teaching judo there. Uncle Bud and dad traveled around to local schools putting on judo demonstrations to get young people interested in

the sport. They were the only two who knew judo at the time. Dad continued working out and eventually reached Brown Belt rank before marrying, working full time and going to college. It was the end of his judo career.

Around 1948 Uncle Bud married Auntie Luke (i.e. Professor Lucile Estes). They were a couple born for each other. Making a number of trips to the Hawaiian Islands (I still have a wooden ukulele they brought back for me) they revisited the place where Uncle Bud was probably the happiest in his life.

My parents and I lived in Santa Rosa, but made frequent trips to Chico to visit my parents and Uncle

**"Uncle Bud died doing what he loved to do."**

Bud and Auntie Luke. When I was younger my parents would leave me in Chico for several weeks each summer so they could get away by themselves. During those times Uncle Bud and Auntie Luke ferried me and my cousins around as my grandparents did not own a car.

In 1959 Uncle Bud and three others founded the American Judo and Jujitsu Federation, an organization that is still going strong today. At a banquet in Oakland that year he granted an "honorary" black belt to dad in appreciation for his assistance during the early years. From there both Uncle Bud and AJJF went on from strength to strength.

Uncle Bud died doing what he loved to do. On June 7, 1981, he collapsed and died while giving a judo demonstration in Corning, New York. He was 71 years old. His body was returned to Chico and was buried with an honor guard of his students and black belts. Uncle Ivan and Sensei Lamar Fisher assisted in the funeral services. After he died Auntie Luke lost heart, gave up and died a year later from breast cancer. It was commonly said in the family that she just couldn't face life without him.

I miss Uncle Bud and Auntie Luke and fondly remember them driving me around Chico in the cramped back seat of their Nash Metropolitan, the canoe they kept in their garage for camping trips, the workouts in their dojo, Uncle Bud's sense of humor, and Auntie Luke's seemingly permanent smile. I've never known anyone to smile so much and be so happy when they were together. They took me and my cousins to swimming holes, movies and on picnics. In addition to the Nash Metropolitan, they also owned a Willy's carry all, the forerunner of the modern day sports utility vehicle, they used for camping trips. I recall them heading out with their camping gear in the back and the canoe tied down on the roof.

They may be Tenth Degree Black Belts and Professors in Judo to the rest of the world, but they'll always be Uncle Bud and Auntie Luke to me.



# Lords of the Samurai

By Prof. David Hallowell

This past summer, the Asian Art Museum of San Francisco played host to an extensive display of rare samurai artifacts from Kumamoto Castle and the Kumamoto Municipal Museum in Kyushu, Japan. Billed as Lords of the Samurai, the collection displays pieces collected over 600 years from the Hosokawa clan.

I couldn't resist. Since Jim Snook was coming down from Oregon for a visit, I decided we'd do a little Yama Kei Kan dojo trip. I didn't have to ask Jim twice. Another of my students, Jesse Garcia was also interested. So, the three of us zipped on down to the S.F. Civic Center to park and crossed the street to the museum.

Upon entering the exhibit, the artistry of the Hosokawa samurai was readily apparent and incredible. The kimonos and armor on display were intricate and mesmerizing with pattern and color. To remember that some of these items were many hundreds of years old was astounding. Galleries were filled with battle flags, models, shoji screens, sumi-e painting, books, scrolls, pottery,...every item one could think of that was used in everyday life.

My mind, after having already reached saturation, now received another surprise: Apparently Miyamoto Musashi had 'retired' in the service of the Hosokawa family and it was there that he wrote The Book of Five Rings. The original scroll was said to have been lost, but a full copy by a disciple was on display

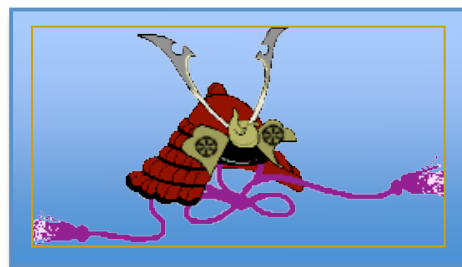
under glass. They had also on display, other of Musashi's works. He was quite a prolific and excellent artist.

Many shoji screens and sumi-e paintings by him were on display. What held my attention even more than these was an actual bokken believed to have been hand-made by Musashi, which he practiced with. I must have stared at it for a good five or ten minutes.

After dragging myself away from that, there were of course armor and sword displays. Under the display lighting, they almost appeared to glow. I felt how utterly cheap and worthless anything modern and well-made is compared with these works of sword art. They seemed like polished glass in their perfection. No scratches, not a particle of dust. Carvings and signatures; flawless. To remember that these swords had most likely been used in battle and some being from the 1400-1500's was awesome.

The fittings and armor detailing were no less impressive. It looked like gold, silver, and bronze were used for color. Microscopic carvings of nature, landscapes, and temples were worked into the metal.

Everything in this exhibit gave new meaning to the word 'perfection.' It made me reflect on how poorly I do things; how much more work my arts should take. If we are to live being samurai of Okazaki, we have a lot of work to do!





# Shin Splints: Treatment and Prevention



By Prof. Todd Driver

Shin Splints are caused by three things: the sudden increase of intensity to your “running sport” (by either terrain change, speed/distance increase, adding lateral/sudden direction change routines), improper warm up and stretching during conditioning, and lower leg muscle strength imbalances. -Note: worn out or improper footwear can cause this injury also.

This causes tearing and irritation to the muscles in lower leg which get worse and worse for a while (to the point of possibly sidelining you) until the muscles strengthen to meet the demands being put on them. If you can, rest from the activity that is causing the shin splints.

Best practice treatment: R. I. C. E.

- R** Rest
- I** Ice
- C** Compression
- E** Elevation

To prevent shin splints be sure to condition yourself properly. Increase your workout intensity slowly, not suddenly. If you know you will be increasing it suddenly (like basketball season is coming up in 6 weeks ☺), start doing calf raises and toe raises to increase lower leg strength. Make sure you are stretching properly (doing some slow jogging, etc. to get blood flowing and joints warmed up, then stretch (runners will walk or slow jog 5-10 min. then stretch). Lower leg strength is critical here. Make sure you are doing something to strengthen them.

- Apply ice or other cold pack to shins for 10-20 min. several times with a minimum 5-10 minute break in between.
- A compression bandage (ACE, etc.) or tape should be applied to the lower leg to help support the muscles in the lower leg. This should not be too tight! You need blood flow to the muscles. Compression bandages that are too tight can cause the injury to hurt worse.
- When at rest, elevate the injured area to help prevent swelling. It also eases the pain by keeping the blood and tissue fluid pressure lower.
- The key to treating shin splints is blood and oxygen flow to the area. So you want to keep swelling down and increase blood flow. Ice works best for this. If you leave ice on too long it can have a counter effect so be sure to leave on no longer than 20 minutes at a time. If the ice pack is very cold, wrap it with a thin towel to protect the skin. Some will apply heat to the area alternating with the cold. This will increase blood flow to the area while the ice reduces the swelling, which decreases the blood and oxygen flow to the area. If you are able, decrease the level of intensity that is causing the shin splints.
- Taking an anti-inflammatory like Ibuprofen or Aspirin can have a positive effect on healing this injury also.

Eat, sleep, and hydrate properly. Your diet should consist of 30% protein, 30% fat, and 40% carbohydrate--this is not 3 flavors of Doritos washed down with a Monster energy drink! Beware of the energy drink fad. Powdered Gatorade is decent if you are in competition--bottled Gatorade has way too much high fructose corn syrup! All others are pretty much worthless. WATER is the best for training. When you have a workout coming up be drinking lots of water beforehand and then stop ½ hour before so as not to “water log”. Then just sip at breaks and you’ll feel fine. Make sure you are sleeping a minimum of 8 hrs each night. If you are under 18 you will do and feel MUCH better with 10. General rule is to add an hour to the “norm” when in intense training. Now, you can do all this and still get shin splints. Some are more prone to them than others. But if you do the prevention work and you get shin splints, the intensity and length of the injury will be greatly reduced. †

# THE DIVINE LIGHT

## MOVIE ALICE in Wonderland REVIEW

By Marcos Baca

A review about a Disney movie in a martial arts publication? What gives? Let me explain. First, Prof Edwards and Lora always had a special connection with Disneyland (or maybe it was just an excuse for Prof to wear his Donald Duck hat). Secondly, it has long been a tradition to head to Disneyland as an unofficial ending event to blackbelt convention. If that isn't enough to convince, then consider that Disney, Danzan Ryu and the CJA all have family at their core. Or, maybe, Alice in Wonderland is the most recent film I viewed prior to the publication of this edition of the Divine Light. Regardless...

It wouldn't be fair to say if you've seen one Tim Burton film, you've seen them all. But, it would be fair to say if you've seen one Tim Burton film, you have a pretty good idea of what to expect—outlandish costumes, outrageous set design, freakish characters, a motion picture score by Danny Elfman and most likely, Johnny Depp and Helena Bonham Carter somewhere in the cast. So as not to disappoint, Burton's *Alice in Wonderland* has all of that, plus 3-D (more on that momentarily).

The film opens with a young Alice, awakened by a recurring dream of chasing a talking rabbit down a hole and experiencing marvelous adventures there. Sound familiar? She recounts this to her father who excuses himself from an important business meeting to comfort her and assure her that it's perfectly acceptable, even preferable, to be bonkers. Fast forward 13 years—Alice's father has passed on (the circumstances are left a mystery to the viewer) and Alice is being courted by a droll suitor who is the very antithesis of her imaginative and lively nature. When he asks her for her hand amid a public to-do with their extended hi-brow families looking on, she dodges the question entirely by chasing a talking rabbit down a hole—where she goes on to experience marvelous adventures.

Without giving too much away, the film is supposed to depict Alice's return to Wonderland. However, it bears an uncanny resemblance to a remake of Disney's 1951 film--minus the bit about the walrus and the carpenter (luring unsuspecting baby oysters away from their mother, then consuming them probably wouldn't play out so well nowadays anyway). Oh yeah, and there's the part about Alice being the one destined to slay the Jabberwocky—which completely dismisses the fact that in the original Lewis Carroll poem in the midst of the original story, the slayer of the Jabberwock is a boy...but I digress.

Another chief difference between the two Disney films, aside from Helena Bonham Carter's transfixingly enormous orb of a head, is the fact that Burton's version is in 3-D. Mind you, this isn't the sort of eye-popping, three dimensional alternate reality in James Cameron's *Avatar*, nor is it the "Look out, I might accidentally poke you in the eye with this fork", headache-inducing novelty featured in *Spy Kids 3-D*. It's just middle-of-the-road 3-D. In *Wonderland's* case, the 3-D wasn't a distraction, but it just wasn't necessary. It seems to be there because, well, everyone else is doing it.

Now, don't get me wrong, the film does have many redeeming qualities. The production design is amazing—the vibrant colors and captivating costumes certainly draw the viewer into Burton's bizarre, imaginary world. The two biggest plusses to the film, though, are the Cheshire Cat (complete with grin) and the blue caterpillar (played by the vocal talents of Alan Rickman). These two characters alone make the film worth watching. The Cheshire Cat is no longer the whimsical jester of the original film. Rather, in true Burtonesque style, he takes on an ominous and eerily foreboding quality. Perhaps even more unsettling is the all-knowing, hookah-smoking blue caterpillar—who is evocative of Hannibal Lecter of *The Silence of the Lambs* series (I halfway expected him to produce some fava beans and a nice Chianti).

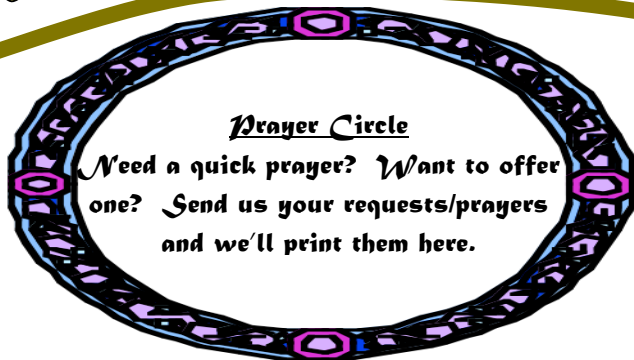
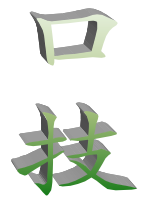
I'm not sure what I expected from the film, with Tim Burton at the helm of a Disney vessel. I knew it would have the fascinating machinations of the always creative, yet sometimes macabre, Burton, with the deep pockets and heavy marketing of Disney. Again, no disappointment there. I guess, I was simply hoping for a breath of originality. Unfortunately, there was none of that to be found, sigh. It's ironic, though, that a film who's central core seems to be "embrace your creative inspiration and originality"—is sorely lacking in it.

All in all, Alice in Wonderland is a fun film to watch despite the fact it doesn't break any new ground. This is painful to admit because I've been a Tim Burton (and Danny Elfman) fan since *Pee Wee's Big Adventure* and *Beetlejuice* came out in '80s. No, if you've seen one Tim Burton film, you haven't seen them all. But, if you've seen the first Disney *Alice in Wonderland* and *Willie Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*, you've seen this film—which is why I only give it three and a half stars. So, go see this movie if you're a die-hard Burton/Elfman fan like I am—or just enjoy a fun romp through the nonsensical. But, if you only have money to buy one DVD this year, skip it—and get *Avatar* instead.





# KUCHIWAZA



### Prayer Circle

*Need a quick prayer? Want to offer one? Send us your requests/prayers and we'll print them here.*

### **GOT NEWS?**

LET US KNOW ABOUT YOUR PROMOTIONS, BIRTHS, WEDDINGS OR OTHER EVENTS. WE'LL PRINT IT HERE.

### **Promotions**

Vonda Schriver from the Shin Mei Kan was promoted to Saffron sash in Tai Chi Chu'an. This is the instructor rank and is equivalent to a black belt. Congratulations!

Stephen Andrews from the Shin Ho Kan was recently promoted to Gokyu (1<sup>st</sup> Blue)—good job, Stephen!

Aidan Baca from the Ten Mei Kan was promoted to White Belt with Two Yellow Stripes in the junior program. Awesome work, Aidan!

## **Shin Mei Kan Attends Family Martial Arts Tournament**

**By Keith Treece**

On March 13<sup>th</sup> 2010 the Shin Mei Kan of Kalispell, Mont. attended the 4<sup>th</sup> Annual Family Martial Arts Tournament. The Family Martial Arts Club is lead by Daniel Depinto, a National Champion Black Belt Instructor. Some of you may remember him from the 2009 camp, as he was our guest instructor. Approximately 100 participants attended the tournament from Mont., Idaho, Wyo.--all over the NW. From the Shin Mei Kan were Gabe, Will, Cole, Cody, Wyatt and myself, of course Prof Edwards was there with us. The tournament consisted of Karate point sparring (kicks and punches to the body, groin and head). Leg sweeps, face contact and hitting below the groin were not allowed. I noticed that the taps to the head seemed to be scored more often than to the body because the judges could see it easier. And some learned why it is a good idea to wear a cup. The person to score 3 points first was the winner. It was a round-robin style system so that you got a lot of butt-kickin' in. The matches were broken down into categories by age and experience: black belts (which we had none) and below black belts 12-14, 15-16, 16-18, 18-35, and 35 up. There were no breaks in weight divisions. We all participated in the point sparring event but Gabe, our Brown Belt, was the main stand out and took a 2<sup>nd</sup> place trophy. I had the privilege of being asked to judge the point sparring for the 15-16 with 3 years or more experience and it was a great learning experience. The next event we participated in was the Kata Form--with and without weapons. All of us who participated medaled. In the without weapons event, Will took a 2<sup>nd</sup> place and Cody took a 3<sup>rd</sup>--both participated in the 18-35 bracket. In the Kata Forms with weapons, I took a second place metal with sai using a rendition of Pinan 1 and Will took a 3<sup>rd</sup> place medal using the Bokken forms. The final event was grappling with the same age categories but no weight divisions. Points were given for Tate (the mount), control, knee in the belly, take downs, escaping the guard, and of course if you submitted your opponent you would win. It was a 3-minute match, single elimination. Gabe, Will, Cody, Cole, and I participated. But, I believe the no weight classes took its toll. I was the only one to take a medal--4<sup>th</sup> place in the 35+ bracket. To give you an idea, I weighed in at 155 lbs and my lightest competitor weighed 40 more pounds than me. Even though we don't train specifically for these styles or events, the event was an overall success. Last year we took home 4 medals--this year 6. And next year, watch out....here we come!



# The Importance of Training Spontaneously

By Dan Baca, Yodan

With so much emphasis placed on maintaining the Ryu via the “Kata standard” during testing and advancement, there is a lot of time spent studying and practicing the so-called standard arts in Danzan Ryu. While this is all well and good, the importance of training outside of the standard arts or simply the application of the standard arts in a realistic and time-critical situation should not be overlooked.

How much time have you spent practicing Nage to the point of feeling confident in each art only to find out during a Randori match that you could not throw the opponent anything but a rough foot sweep? How many times have you been in a sparring match and attempted one of the hundreds of arts we’ve practiced from a punch only to find out that you couldn’t quite make it work or that you weren’t fast enough?

How many times have you been seized as in Bull-in-the-Ring, only to find yourself paralyzed and unsure

which of the thousands of arts to execute? Unfortunately, these situations are not uncommon and are the result of hours and hours of practice from Kumi Kata, but with little to no practice from spontaneous attacks. Competition is not a focal point of our training, but the Freestyle method of competition is a good way to practice our arts in a controlled, yet spontaneous manner. It is the author’s opinion that a portion of every class should be devoted to some form of reaction training such as Kempo sparring, Randori, back-to-backs, or reaction drills. While the first three methods listed are good practice, it is the latter that is the focus of this article.

Since many of the arts in Danzan Ryu are intended to kill or maim

your opponent, it can be difficult to practice both spontaneously and with safety. It is all too easy to become carried away while sparring and sacrifice control for a good throw, takedown, or joint lock and unintentionally hurt your sparring partner. Thus, it is NOT recommended that sparring be open to include any art, but that the jujitsuka practice in a controlled environment with reaction drills. A reaction drill can be any set of responses to a predetermined set of attacks. The key is to limit the number of attacks that Uke is allowed to execute and map each attack to a particular defense. For instance, Tori may stand at the ready, while Uke has his choice of 3-4 attacks (right or left handed). For each of these, there is a predetermined response that Tori should perform. Thus, Tori

must recognize which of the attacks is coming and respond accordingly. This may sound like an overly constrained

form of fighting, but it is orders of magnitude more difficult than simply performing Seoi Nage from standard referee’s position. There are literally thousands of variations that one can employ that require Tori to recognize the attack, recall the appropriate response, and execute the countermeasure all before being struck by Uke. Furthermore, it forces Tori to perform techniques spontaneously in both the “right” and “left-handed” forms.

Here is a simple drill that uses standard arts from the lists of Yawara and Jokyu Yawara. All of these arts surround the chest and require Tori to discern which art should be performed.

Uke attacks with right or left-handed versions of the following:

1. A single-hand chest push
2. A single lapel grip
3. A single lapel grip with one hand and a punch with the other
4. A double lapel grip

For each of the attacks, Tori responds with the following:

1. Emon Tori
2. Kataeri Tori
3. Kata Mune Tori
4. Ryoeri Hazushi

Tori now knows that Uke is going to attack with one of the above but not which one, specifically. Thus, with right and left handed taken into account, there are 7 possible attacks (L&R Ryoeri Hazushi are the same), all looking very similar, that Tori will need to recognize and act quickly to counter.

When practicing, Uke should not simply alternate left and right attacks or go in order, but mix up the attacks to keep Tori on his toes. Take turns at both Tori and Uke and you will notice your reaction time decrease to the point where you will react without thinking. Your muscles will know what to do. Good luck with your training!



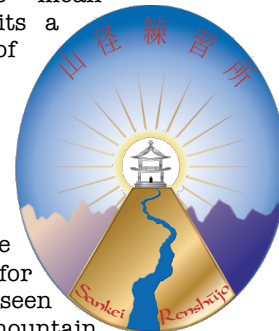
**This will be a continuing column in the Divine Light. Sensei Dan will provide a set of reaction drills with every issue.**

# Dojo Updates

The **Sankei Renshujo** has been reestablished in Littleton, Colorado after a two-year hiatus. The **Sankei Renshujo** is a relatively new dojo in the CJA and is led by **Sensei Dan Baca**. It prides itself on maintaining the true tradition of Danzan Ryu Jujitsu as set forth by Master Okazaki and Professors Estes, Rickerts, Law, and Edwards. The Sankei Renshujo began in Boulder, Colo. while Sensei Dan was attending Graduate School. Upon graduation, the school moved south to Littleton, but only one student was dedicated to her studies enough to make the commute. Eventually, she too left and the school disbanded. The dojo's new home is at The Ridge Recreation Center and has been operating since December 2009. The dojo's membership also includes 2 students of the **Ten Mei Kan** dojo formerly of Cheyenne, Wyo.

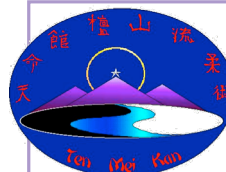
Like many of the CJA dojo emblem designs, the **Sankei Renshujo's** is rich with symbolism. The name itself means "Mountain Path Institute", which is illustrated by the path of the river flowing down the

mountain. Sankei can also mean "worshiper" or "one who visits a temple, shrine, or place of worship". Renshujo is a slightly different version of the word school in that it is more precisely translated as "training school" or "place of practice". Theoretically, **Sankei Renshujo** could be translated as "place of practice for one who worships". This can be seen in the temple perched on the mountain peak with rays emanating from within. It is also of note that the Sensei chose a Pagoda or Buddhist temple with a Christian Cross atop as a symbol of Okazaki's conversion of religions and the melded philosophy of both found in the dojo. The mountains and river are symbolic of the landscape in the Rocky Mountains where the Sankei Renshujo is rooted.



Chris Andrews sporting his old pants, held together with athletic tape.

The **Shin Ho Kan** (school of abundance of heart), in Riverside California, is going strong. As of when they hosted the CJA blackbelt convention in January, the **Shin Ho Kan** was comprised of 17 students. In February, they added four new ones: Lee Palmer, Brennan Rose, Jon Rowland and Jade Williams. The **Shin Ho Kan** would also like to announce that Chris Andrews FINALLY bought a new pair of pants (see photo, left).



The **Ten Mei Kan** (school of God's will) has recently relocated from Great Falls, Montana to the beautiful panhandle of Navarre, Florida. **Sensei Marcos Baca** has not resumed instruction since relocating in July, but has several interested prospective students. Classes will resume shortly. Sensei Marcos hopes to host CJA events in the future so others can share in the experience of training in the sugar-white sands of Florida's beautiful emerald beaches.

The **Christian Martial Arts Academy**, formerly of Redlands, California, has relocated to Nampa, Idaho. **Professor Todd Driver** is the head sensei, and he has recently resumed teaching at the school where he serves as the vice principal. The name **CMAA** is tentative for their current dojo, but it may stick.

**Sensei Rich Borba** is taking a break from running his own dojo (**Koden Jujitsu Kai**) to teach carrying concealed deadly weapons classes and spread CJA/DZR to the local Gracie Jiu Jitsu dojo in Madisonville, KY.

## CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

*The Divine Light is always in desperate need of articles, news and other submissions. Please take the time to write up something small for your magazine. Send all submissions to Marcos Baca. See his e-mail address on page 12.*

## **CJA Board of Managers**

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Koden Jujitsu Kai Madisonville, KY  
Sensei: Rich Borba ([rjborba40@gmail.com](mailto:rjborba40@gmail.com))

Sankei Renshujo, Littleton, CO  
Sensei: Dan Baca



## **What does the Christian Jujitsu Association emblem represent?**

The emblem of the Christian Jujitsu Association is very special. It represents the essence of Danzan Ryu--what has, in fact, been lost and/or rejected by all other Danzan Ryu organizations. Danzan Ryu is much more than a simple system of self defense. It is a complete martial art embodying the standards and ethics of that art within the Christian tradition. It is perhaps unique among all martial arts in that the Japanese founder, Seishiro (Henry) Okazaki, converted to, and embraced, Christianity. Christian philosophy and tradition were also passed on by his earliest disciples: Prof. Law, Prof. Estes and Prof. Rickerts. Danzan Ryu is a deeply spiritual art, especially at the Black Belt levels. The secret teachings can only be passed orally (kuden), and emphasize the highest teachings of Jesus Christ.

The views and opinions in the various articles are those of the individual authors and do not necessarily reflect the opinion of the Christian Jujitsu Association, the Board of Managers, or the members. The Divine Light is the official publication of the CJA, a 501.c.3 "non-profit organization". It is published quarterly. Send submissions to: 803 Locust St, Great Falls, MT 59405; or e-mail them to [marcosbaca@msn.com](mailto:marcosbaca@msn.com). Limited ads may be accepted, if appropriate to the goals and standards of the CJA. Contact CJA CEO for current rates. © 2010, Christian Jujitsu Association. All rights reserved. The CJA welcomes all tax-deductible gifts.

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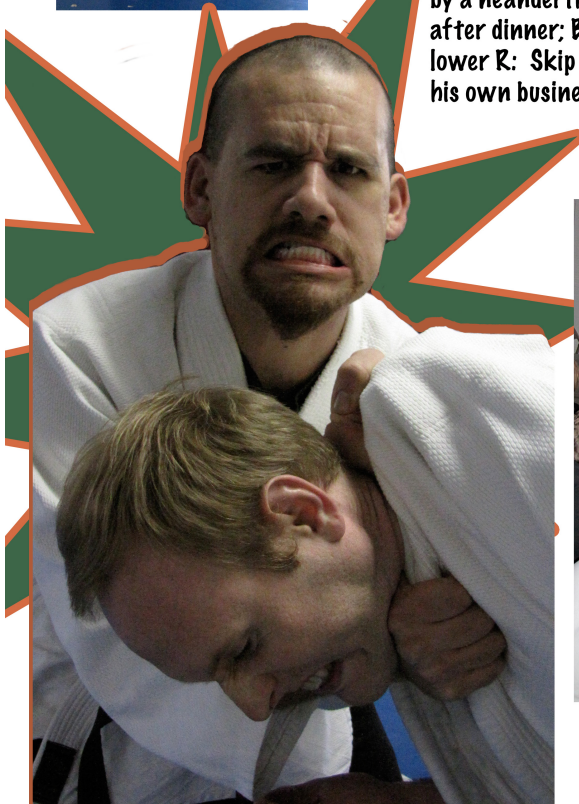


**2010 BB Convention attendees**

Top Row (from L.): Tim Jenkins, Prof Hollowell, Prof Driver, Prof Edwards, John Cleary, Trav Sienknecht, Dan Baca  
 Bottom Row (from L.): Marcos Baca, Jim Snook, Skip West, Chris Andrews, Brian Turley, Cory Nauman

**Blackbelt Convention 2010**  
 兄弟愛  
 Brotherly love

Above L: Prof Hollowell helps Dan see the dojo from a different angle; L: Prof Hollowell plays dead in the hopes the big mean man will go away; Below far L: Tim is viciously mauled by a neanderthal--nevermind, it's just Dan; Below L: Prof gives a brief history of DZR after dinner; Below, upper R: Blackbelts soak their weary bones after convention; Below, lower R: Skip demonstrates how to defend oneself from an opponent menacingly minding his own business.





# It's coming! CJA Summer Camp 2010

5 - 9 July 2010

Over 5 fun-filled days of Jujitsu, camaraderie, food, fun and camping!

Plus:

Guest instructors

Special weapons classes

Testing and promotion

Massage classes

See your nearest available CJA blackbelt for more information, or log on to our Facebook page.

Go to camp--or Prof Todd "Superfoot" Driver will crush your head.



# The Divine Light

*The official publication of the Christian Jujitsu Association  
P.O. Box 7174 Kalispell, MT 59904-0174*

Place  
Stamp  
Here



We're now on Facebook!

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