
A Tribute to Patrick McCarty

Letters from Readers

We are pleased to present the following remembrances of our dear friend Patrick McCarty (1947-2008). - ed.

Influenced by Patrick,

It was probably late spring, 1988. I heard about a Macrobiotic potluck that was going to be held at a private house in Newport Beach, not too far from my Anaheim home. I called up to find out more about it and was told that Shizuko Yamamoto and Patrick McCarty were going to be there giving macrobiotic shiatsu treatments and they would be speaking after the potluck. I signed up for a treatment with Patrick and it completely changed the course of my life. Later that summer, I convinced my reluctant wife, Karen, to pack up our camping gear, our 2-year-old son and drive 700 miles to the Three Creeks Macrobiotic Summer Camp run by Patrick and Meredith—his wife at the time. I wanted to learn more about Macrobiotics and Shiatsu. The camp was a life-changing experience for our whole family.

On one hand, I don't feel that Patrick knew me very well on a personal level. After all, we usually only saw each other once a year at camp for a few days, and he was much busier than I was. It was like seeing a distant



PATRICK McCARTY 2007

cousin at an annual family reunion. After he moved to Orlando we joked that we both lived in the happiest places on earth—he, Disney World, and me, Disneyland.

But on the other hand, I felt that I knew him very well on a personal level. All you had to do was attend one of his talks and you knew what was going on in his life—his macrobiotic shiatsu teaching trips in exotic and

far away lands, the rise and fall of his relationship with Meredith, his new relationship with Vashon, the birth of their son Kean, the joys and challenges of fatherhood, and finally his prostate cancer. These were all teaching moments as well as personal events. In observing Patrick over the years I noticed that his teaching style came more and more from his heart. He was more sincere, more humble, more human, and more helpful.

He was an inspirational teacher and healer. He could give you the theory and the practical application in an entertaining and useful way. At his camp talk, he'd diagnose you in front of the other campers just by scanning your body with his hands, and then he'd give you a treatment and some dietary suggestions. And when he was done, you were a new person with new energy. He gave you hope as well as the tools to transform your own life.

A couple of years ago at one of the French Meadows campfires I publicly thanked Patrick for his positive influence in my life. Looking back now, I'm so glad that I did that. Thanks again, Patrick.

—Neil Malley
Anaheim, CA

A BOLD STRIDE OF FAITH

So pure of heart, at peace and self-possessed
To some, but a dream and not a goal
In our heart of hearts we've all confessed
We'd love to find a way to be more whole
For many have their torment and addiction
Their sphere of being implodes upon itself
The soul is pained without firm conviction
To search and find that point of inner wealth
Faith, when coupled with determination
In this house of mirrors where we dwell
Gives our God some solid indication
We want no more self-inflicted hell
The path to wholeness needs a starting step
A bold stride of faith where we once crept

Multi-Instrumentalist and macrobiotic enthusiast Todd Green performs concerts and clinics around the United States and Canada on over 30 instruments, along with recording CDs, writing poetry, and creating music for film. Visit him at www.toddgreen.com.

© copyright 2008 by Todd Green



PATRICK McCARTY TEACHING AT FRENCH MEADOWS 2005

INFLUENCED BY PATRICK ALSO,

I reluctantly went to my first Macrobiotic Camp the summer of 1988. It was Patrick's Three Creeks Camp. I had a two-year old at the time, and life was almost solely a series of patterns that would work with a high-need child for whom I would do anything. As a result, I was in pretty bad shape physically and emotionally because all my focus was on my child. My husband had met and consulted with Patrick earlier and was convinced it was worth going anywhere to repeat that experience. I relented and was not appeased when we arrived at camp and I discovered that keeping up the habitual child-serving patterns was going to be impossible. The first day I stayed in the "kids camp" area all day and ate the delicious meals and started to relax enough to see that we could survive there.

The introductory campfire allowed me to see this "Patrick" I'd heard so much about. He seemed pretty likable and normal. That was good. As he continued to talk about macrobiotics and the choices and effects of our lifestyles, I began to feel

hope. He told me that I could be happy and healthy. It was that simple. I could be happy and healthy. I went to my freezing damp bed that night with the idea there was still a life for me out there. It felt fantastic! Somehow he had a spark that he was able to transmit to my very closed mind to open me up.

A few days later I went for "the treatment." It was the first time I'd ever heard of an emotional release from bodywork, as he sympathetically explained why I couldn't stop crying. Life has never been the same since then (20 years now). I'm really sad that Patrick has passed on, not only because his family is experiencing such a great loss, but also because so many other people will miss out on the incredible healing he was able to share.

— Karen Malley
Anaheim, CA

RIPPLES IN THE WATER,

When we attend the French Meadows camp, we pitch our tent near the beach and as close as possible to the water. It's inspiring to catch the reflection of the morning rays on the rocks, to steal a glimpse of a mother duck

with her dozen babies, and to hear the squeals and splashes of the kids. And so it was one afternoon in 2007 that I heard a rhythmic throwing of rocks in the water. Looking up from my hammock, I saw Patrick, knee deep, pulling up rocks and throwing them in formation to create a dam! The water level was extra low that summer—but I dare say that over the course of two or three days, Patrick raised the water level by at least 3 inches. Amazing!

Dear Patrick, perhaps the spring surges will rearrange your dam a little bit. But some of those rocks will stay where you put them, creating a ripple in the river for as long as it flows—just as you and your teachings will continue to create ripples in the rivers of the lives you have touched.

With deep condolences to Vashon, Kean, and other members of the McCarty family,

— Kaja with Vejune and Aura,
Roz, and Lauren
Los Angeles, CA

ONE OF THE FINEST,

Patrick McCarty is one of the finest men that any of us could ever be privileged to know. Patrick's spirit lives on in the hearts of his devoted family—his beloved wife Vashon and adored son Kean, who brought his father great joy and pride. Patrick's spirit and wisdom live on in the hearts of all he touched in his teachings, healing, and friendship. The World-wide Macrobiotic Family will forever honor Patrick's generous contributions and dedication. We had hoped and prayed that Patrick would recover his own health, especially in light of all those he worked tirelessly to help heal. Now we focus on the happy times and our wonderful memories of him.

We were honored to work and visit with Patrick throughout the United States from the French Meadows and Three Creeks camps in California to the Kushi Conferences, Miami events, and Holistic Holiday cruises.

Many times in Orlando, we enjoyed talking, eating, and laughing together. Patrick spoke confidently with world leaders, sharing his passion for the establishment of global health and peace. He touched so many with his expert massage, counseling, and writing skills enhanced by his uniquely warm energy. There is an Irish saying, "The work praises the man." Patrick's work will speak well of him always.

The vision we have of Patrick is as a truly vital man—enthusiastic, humorous, grateful, and yes, handsome. Patrick gave us such charisma and Celtic charm with a twinkle in his eye. He walked tall and in the courage

"Patrick's efforts led him to personal relationships with well-known influential people including...Benjamin Spock,...Fidel Castro,...Hillary Clinton, as well as many, many others."

of his convictions, yet had a gentle, humble, and grateful soul. We believe that now Patrick's soul is soaring in freedom and peace. There is an eternal life of the spirit—a transformation and evolution of energy. There truly is no death. Patrick will live forever in the hearts of his beloved family, in the warm breeze over the water, in the rustling of the California redwoods, in his son Kean, in the lives of all his students and friends throughout the world, in his writings, and in the thousands of people benefiting from his counseling.

This blessing of life can at times be a mystery—confusing and downright unjust, it seems. Life brings the bitter with the sweet, tears with joy, pain with healing. As the ancient Irish

saying goes, "Patrick, we hardly knew ye. You went too soon." We will have to seek some sort of peace in having the heartwarming memories of yesterday, your teachings for now and the future, and your unique friendship always. Thank you for walking with us in this life. Be in Peace, Friend. Until we meet again...

— Lino and Jane Stanchich
Asheville, NC

ON PATRICK,

Patrick McCarty, a son of California, was an enlightened and vigorous champion of natural health who'd authored several books on practices of natural-health restoration. He was among the earlier and brighter students of those courageous Far-Eastern teachers who brought knowledge of ancient practices from their distant homelands. Their students were encouraged to reach out to the world's leadership to let them know what benefits are derived from such age-old natural health preservation practices. Patrick's efforts led him to personal relationships with well-known influential people including the world's most famous children's doctor Benjamin Spock, one of the world's longest presiding head of state Fidel Castro, the nation's first lady Hillary Clinton, as well as many, many others. The overwhelming success of Patrick's extraordinary healing mission is undeniable. It is certain that his parents are very proud of him. We are truly grateful for this one wonderful life that was certainly well lived.

— Robert Mattson
Washington, WA

DEDICATED TO ALL,

I first met Patrick McCarty almost 20 years ago when I began what would become a seven-year apprenticeship in shiatsu/macrobiotic counseling. This took many different forms—taking notes for consultations, organizing classes and lectures for Patrick



MARY MORGAN, BENJAMIN SPOCK, DEAN ORNISH, AND PATRICK McCARTY

and his teacher Shizuko Yamamoto, and attending and teaching at a couple of residential programs in Eureka, California. Under all circumstances and in all environments, Patrick was very giving, considerate, and dedicated to students, his clients, and me. From day one of our apprenticeship, it was never a student/teacher relationship. He always treated me like a peer, a friend, and regarded me as if he had as much to learn from me as I did from him.

I was driving down Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley the other day and spotted a Japanese restaurant he and I would frequent each month when he would come to town to see clients. I was taken back to his lively story telling and his ability always to be able to create great laughter for all of those around him. His spirit was big—he had a great hunger for life and lived it with much humor, wit, and joy.

I will always have great memories of the times I spent with Patrick and will always feel a great debt of gratitude for his openness in sharing his wisdom, knowledge, and friendship.

— *Kerry Loeb*
Fairfax, CA

GREAT ADMIRATION,

Patrick's passing was a big shock that has had great impact in the macrobiotic community. I knew Patrick for twenty years and always had great admiration for him. His knowledge, his humility, and great simplicity with which he transmitted his teachings accompanied with joy and love will always remain in our hearts and mind.

— *Tere, Maria, and Miliani*
Miami, FL

DEAR PATRICK,

One more resisted message to call you. Stupid "busyness" that kept me from whispering love to you as you were making your birth into the world of energy.

You came to visit my Newburyport scene before you left for California and said kind things. You were a mellow man. When I visited your Eureka Center years later, you were comforting to me in my utter bewilderment about my son's illness, telling me that it was not my fault, and gave to him generously of your skills.

Patrick you managed to avoid the

importance of the "know-it-all" attitude of counselors. One time, years later at the bedside of a client to whom I'd recommended your massage, you said that she should continue to have education sessions with me. Many of us will miss your Three Creeks Camp.

Most treasured for me, reconnecting with you at the last two French Meadows camps, where you talked frankly of your health struggles, and told the funniest stories of the search in many countries, and the exploration of views of illness and its cure so different from anything ever heard of before in the United States. When someone asked if you thought your illness was cured, you said that you thought your spirit was cured, and that you prayed that the body would follow.

Kean, you are your father's great treasure. Always remember that. All of his students are family to you and your mother.

And last, Patrick, when the time is right for you, shed some light here on those who still struggle with the body we live in.

— *Patricia Murray*
Fairfax, CA

ALL IS WELL,

The news of dear Patrick's passing surprised and touched me deeply. Getting to know Patrick was an enriching experience that grew with each meeting. His candor and honesty at the French Meadows summer camps was inspiring, as was his life and abilities. His passing is a great loss to his family who he adored, and to the macrobiotic community where his contributions for so many years cannot be measured. In the face of death, I hold fast to my knowledge that all truly is well, and especially so for the one who has departed. Nevertheless, We will miss him.

— *Ginat Rice*
Jerusalem, Israel