

Waves, Wind, And Wisdom

Reflections from Port Isabel Port Isabel

By Keith Thorn



© 2025 Keith Thorn. All rights reserved.

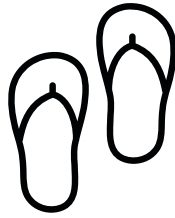
This book is a blend of fiction and non-fiction. While some names, characters, places, events, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, others are real. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events, beyond those expressly identified as factual, is purely coincidental.

For rights and permissions, please contact:

Keith Thorn
866 Lester Avenue
Collinsville, IL 62234

KeithThorn@KTLLC.net

Published by Amazon KDP



To Melody—

The One Who Walks Beside Me

Port Isabel has a way of reminding you what truly matters. Not in grand gestures or life-changing moments, but in the quiet, steady presence of someone who chooses to walk beside you—through every tide, every storm, and every season in between.

For years, I traveled roads that felt lonely, even when they were crowded. I lived chapters where I was the only one turning the pages, wondering if anyone else truly saw the story unfolding. I had moments of joy, of victory, of deep reflection—but they always felt a little lighter than they should, because no one was there to hold them with me.

And then, one day, *Melody* arrived.

She wasn't just another character in my story. She wasn't a passive presence or a fleeting guest. She became the reason the journey made sense. She saw every part of me—the rough edges, the worn pages, the dreams I had buried under doubt—and she held them up to the light, refusing to let me forget their worth.

She wasn't just along for the ride.

She was the reason the ride became an adventure.

She cheered for the moments I thought were insignificant, reminding me that even the smallest victories mattered. She steadied me when the road felt uncertain, not by pulling me forward, but by standing beside me and reminding me I had the strength to keep going.

I used to think life was something you had to navigate alone. That no one else could truly understand the depth of what you carried or the weight of the dreams you chased. But Port Isabel, with its endless horizon and ever-changing tides, has taught me something different: some journeys are meant to be shared.

Not because we need someone to complete us, but because the right person makes everything *more*. More meaningful. More joyful. More *real*.

I don't know what the next chapter holds. But I do know that no matter where the road leads, *Melody* will be there—not just watching from the sidelines, but walking beside me, believing in me even when I forget to believe in myself.

And that is the kind of love that makes the journey worth taking.

Foreword

"Life is but a blink," someone more famous, profound, or notorious than I, once said.

I met Keith when he and his lovely bride began their Port Isabel journey at the RV park I manage. A year later, they appeared in my yoga class, where I saw him weaving together his martial arts training with the Sthira (steadiness) and Sukha (ease) of yoga. After one class, we had a conversation about how these two disciplines, though vastly different to the eye, complement each other in surprising ways.

We both understand that those we connect with shape us—like a dance of give and take, offering tools and resources to help us navigate life. Keith and I followed different paths to Port Isabel, yet we both found that the serenity of this town and the connections we've made have soothed our souls. They have helped us fortify some of life's broken or misshapen pieces and embrace them as part of our whole selves.

I liked the title of this book immediately because wind and waves are what brought my husband and me here almost two decades ago, to sail across the water on windsurfing boards. Seeing myself in that title reminds me why we came, why we stayed, and reignites the fire within me to make the most of every blink of my eye—because how many does one get in a lifetime?

Angela J. Riley-Blanchard

Embracing the Wild & the Wonderful

If there's one thing Port Isabel has taught me, it's that the best people are never the ones trying to fit in. They are the ones who dance when there's no music, who laugh too loud, who wear their quirks like a badge of honor.

I see it everywhere here—the fisherman who talks to his bait like old friends, the retiree who rides his bike wearing a pirate hat just because he can, the woman at the local shop who insists every customer leaves with a smile (even if she has to tell the corniest joke to make it happen).

Normal? No, not here. And thank God for that.

I used to think there was a right way to be—some invisible standard that meant success, belonging, acceptance. Be composed, be predictable, be what the world expects. But the truth is, the most joyful people I know are the ones who threw that rulebook into the ocean and let the tide take it away.

Maybe that's why I feel at home here. The salt air doesn't care if you're put together, and the waves don't judge how you choose to live your life. Port Isabel is filled with people who

have figured out that life is too short to be anything but fully, unapologetically themselves.

So, I'll take my place among the weird ones—the ones who chase sunsets like they hold secrets, who talk to the moon as if it's listening, who find joy in the little things most people overlook.

Because in the end, the world doesn't remember the ones who played it safe. It remembers the ones who were brave enough to stay weird, stay wild, and stay wonderfully, unmistakably themselves.

