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## From the Picklehood

February 2024

By Jack Hodges

A good story.....

On the first day of February, a funny thing happened on the way home from Kalawai pickleball. Not so funny at the time. Very stressful, in fact.

Pickleball play had finished at Kalawai around 11:45. I reference the time for a reason. Stephanie and I spent the next thirty minutes visiting with a couple from Canada. They had played with our Kalawai group several times and were returning home later that evening.

We usually drive separate cars, as I run errands after play. Lihue, Poipu, Hanapepe. Groceries, Starbucks, lunch, etc. I was behind Stephanie and on my way to Paco's Tacos Kukuiofono. I turned on to Kaumuali'i Highway from the Puuwai neighborhood and immediately left onto Papalina. I could hear a loud honking and looked into the rear view mirror to see a school bus directly behind me. I connected the honking horn to the bus and immediately thought, "Oh no, I must've passed the bus illegally as school kids were being dropped off." I pulled over and the bus pulled up beside me. The driver opened the bus door and said, "your bag dropped off your truck and onto the highway. A black truck stopped and the driver picked up your bag. He's driving west towards Hanapepe." It was then I realized I had left my bag on my open tailgate. I turned around and went down Papalina to the slowest stoplight on Kauai—you all know it—and finally turned back onto Kaumuali'i Highway going west. I thought maybe I could catch up to a black truck. Not the best plan.

After twenty minutes of driving, I turned around. Needed to go to plan B. 'Find My Phone.' Yep, my phone was in my pickleball bag. Got back to the house and explained everything to Stephanie. Got on the laptop to find that my



worldly PB paraphernalia?

Hang in there. The story gets better. At home, we tracked my phone to the newest section of Kukui'ula's housing development at the very end of Noho Kai Road near Allerton Beach. Now close to 3:00, I decided to drive down to the above mentioned house construction to see if I could find a black (or dark colored) truck. I might luck out. I drove to the last known location of my phone, only to find a dozen houses being worked on and at least three dozen trucks. About half were dark enough to be suspect. I asked a couple of crew supervisors, after explaining my situation, if anyone had arrived recently. They said no. One supervisor looked at my screen shot of the last known location and told me that I was in the wrong area. The phone looked like it was at the very end of Noho Kai, about a quarter mile away and around a bend in the road. He also said that everyone would be packing up and leaving for the day.

Now 4:00, my last option was to walk on the road towards the supervisor's suggested location and WAVE DOWN every vehicle driving back out of the area. It's a two lane road and they couldn't miss seeing me standing there waving. After maybe a dozen stops and no luck, I looked up to see a big BLACK flatbed truck coming my way. I stopped him and asked, "did you by any chance pick up a large black sports bag on Kaumuali'i highway earlier this afternoon? It dropped off the tailgate of my truck." His face lit up and he said, "Uncle, I have it right here. Been working so I didn't see that you called. I was going to drop it off at the police station. Everything is there. So happy you stopped me." Makes two of us and makes for a happy ending to a hectic afternoon. By the way, when I got back in my truck and opened my phone to call Stephanie, the time read 4:44. The angels were indeed watching over us. All you have to do is ask for their help. I did....several times that afternoon.

Column Note: With more recent cell phones and operating systems, you can use the 'Find My' app to share your location via satellite when you're outside cellular and Wi-Fi coverage. You just have to have an unobstructed view of the sky.

Happy February,

Good luck to all players entered in Kauai's February Charity Walk Pickleball Tournament.

Jack Hodges

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State of Hawaii

Kaua'i Resident