

## **The Blue Hawaiian**

Jeannette and I have taken many trips to Hawaii. We've visited every island and enjoyed them all. Each island is distinctive and has a culture of its own. We've had so many adventures that I can hardly wait to tell you some of them. I've decided to record a few in a new series entitled, "Hawaiian Tales".

I had accepted a new full-time position at the Institute for Creation Research in 1989 and needed a vacation from several years of heavy work at Christian Heritage College without much relaxation. We decided to spend a week on Kauai and Honolulu for our 24th wedding anniversary. We had never been there, but so many of our friends recommended it, we decided to see for ourselves. I couldn't imagine it was all that much different from San Diego where we had lived for the previous seven years--after all they were both tropical, right? But, we found there was little similarity to Southern California and it was a wonderful retreat.

We were scheduled to fly into Honolulu on American Airlines and spend three hours before transferring by Hawaiian Airlines to Kauai. We had planned to walk around the airport looking at the tropical trees and plants that would be new to us while we waited. But, our first surprise struck us squarely in the face when we stepped off the plane into the hot, muggy weather of a June afternoon at Honolulu International. We were expecting the cool tropical breezes you see on a Hawaiian travel poster.

We hadn't walked more than a hundred yards with our carry-on luggage, when we were dripping with perspiration and wilting with fatigue. "We can't stay outdoors in this heat and humidity," I said to Jeannette. "Let's go on to the Hawaiian Airlines terminal and wait there in the air conditioning."

On the way to the waiting area we passed a bar and restaurant that was decked out to look like a Hawaiian village. We seldom enter a restaurant that has a bar because we don't drink, but this looked like such an attractive place compared to a passenger lounge, that we decided to wait there until departure.

It was very pleasant in the cool restaurant with palm trees and tropical flowers decorating the room. We weren't hungry because we had eaten on the plane, but we

were thirsty from the hot, humid walk on the outdoor walkway from the American Airlines terminal. I looked at a plastic drink menu perched on a metal stand at the head of the table, displaying colorful tropical drinks. There were red-colored punches, yellow-colored mai-tais, and a blue-colored drink called a "Blue Hawaiian." They were served in exotic looking glasses with wedges of pineapple, bananas, and cherries attached to plastic or wooden toothpicks. Some were even served in hollowed-out pineapples.

When the waitress came to take our order, I told her we weren't hungry, but would be interested to know if any of the drinks came without alcohol. She said there were a few punches that could be made without alcohol and there was a non-alcohol mai-tai.

"What about the Blue Hawaiian?" I asked. "Can it be made without alcohol? "

She replied, "Yes, I think so. It normally comes with vodka, but I'll ask the bartender if he can leave that out."

" Great, " I said. "And, if he can't make it that way, we'll just have punch."

A few minutes later our waitress returned with two large glasses of the most beautiful blue drinks I've ever seen, containing pineapple wedges, cherries, and a paper umbrella each. They looked like two tropical islands floating on a sea of blue. "They must be intended to represent Hawaii in the middle of the Pacific Ocean," I thought.

I took a sip. Wow! That was good! It tasted like a mixture of pineapple juice and grenadine, with a slight minty flavor. What a refreshing drink! I drank more deeply, and before I knew it, my glass was empty. I looked across at Jeannette, and with a smile, she emptied her glass as well.

"Would you like another," I said.

"Sure, are you buying?" she replied, with a slight slur to her speech.

"Why not? I'd fly you to the moon, if you want," I said.

After a second "virgin" Blue Hawaiian each, we boarded our plane for Kauai and spent a wonderful, relaxing week in what became one of our favorite vacation

destinations. During that week we ordered several more "virgin" Blue Hawaiians at various restaurants before we returned home to San Diego and decided it had become our favorite drink.

The following year Jeannette and I ate at a famous Polynesian restaurant on Shelter Island in San Diego and ordered a Blue Hawaiian to celebrate our 25th wedding anniversary and remember our trip to Hawaii. When I placed our order for two "virgin" Blue Hawaiians, our server informed us, there was no such thing as a "virgin" Blue Hawaiian.

"What!" I exclaimed. "My wife and I ordered several in Hawaii last year. The servers told us they prepared Blue Hawaiians without the vodka, and they were great! Can't you do that here? "

The waiter replied, "Sure, we can hold the vodka, but if we leave in the curacao, it won't be a "virgin" drink. The curacao, is the special liquor that makes it blue!"

No wonder we had such a great time in Hawaii the year before!