Del Norte Triplicate COMMUNITY

‘Jacques Talks’

By Jacques Kepner: Sea-Side Social Scene November 19, 2026

GRAND GREETINGS, Triplicate readers! Last week, wind, rain and the sea collectively stomped into Del Norte County, kicked off their boots and joyfully redecorated the whole coastline! That said, has anyone spotted the remains of the six-million-year-old sunken forest along Pebble Beach Drive in Crescent City? If ancient stumps do appear, let me know pronto—and I will contact renowned local geologist Dane Robinson.

Speaking of big storms—in 1952, massive waves battered our very own 145-foot-high St. George Reef Lighthouse. The iconic, antique tower wallows like a shipwreck on the Dragon Rocks, six miles off the Crescent City shore. During that storm, several angry waves slammed against the granite structure, hurling rocks and seawater against the lantern room’s windows and shattering the glass. Seawater, kelp and clam chowder crashed down the central spiral staircase, flooding the lighthouse’s very soul! Ummm, correct me if I’m wrong—but wouldn’t that make those waves about 14 stories high? Yikes!

There’s something about Del Norte County that makes me wonder whether nostalgia belongs entirely in the past. I would argue that this ancient land stirs a deep yearning in those who call it home. Along the picturesque surf line, stone haystacks and jagged black rocks patrol the battlefield like doomed soldiers. The tide approaches, tests their strength and then retreats once more. As far as I know, these rocks stand ankle-deep in eternity, one millennium washing into the next.

And then… there is the wind.

It sweeps inland, rattling our windows and speaking a language long forgotten. Native peoples called this place home eons before we did. Perhaps their voices still echo across the land, the sky and the sea. We recall so many trivial things. Why can we not remember our beginning or know our ending? Perhaps answers await us in the shade of the largest and loftiest living organisms on earth. After all, their roots hold the soil more firmly than we hold our days.

Rain darkens and stains the Del Norte soil. A vast army of fallen leaves surrender and softens into decay. Mushrooms bloom. Steve Kasmar and Debbie harvest them. Along the beach, more wind sweeps sand across our feet, erasing our lingering footprints. The ocean continues its stoic conversation with the shore. Perhaps this is why there is something magical about wind rattling our windows. What does it say to you?

I often imagine Del Norte County as a place the world dreamed up before it learned to turn its wonders into tourist attractions. Ever since Sue Wright and Dr. Joe Vogl got me into watching “cinema,” I’ve come to realize that Hollywood spends a fortune inventing other worlds. But in this Fantasia-Land, all you have to do is pull off the road and roll down the window. No spaceship required.

My final reflection is this: we all stand before the mighty blue altar of the ocean. At our backs are the lofty organ pipes of a primordial gloaming forest. Through the wind, the two meet, and mist kisses the trees with salty tears. Put your phone down and linger. Find a place between the two realms and breathe it all in. We are blessed to live here. Celebrate each day like it's your birthday. Be kind to the cathedral of creation. Be kind to yourself. Be thankful that you belong to something so magnificent—and never forget that part of its beauty is YOU!

Shout-Outs this week: Leslie, (Luna), Balmain, Steve Portzer, Ron Reel, Elks Lodge #1689, Robert Tiernan, Tami Lee, Dan Friestman, Dean Valero, Jamie Daugherty, Jennifer Schmidt and Cara Patten! Peace and Prosperity to all of you!

Friends, it's time to lower the curtain on this week's edition of "Jacques Talks." If you know of a business, gig, event or tale that needs some ink, share it with me, and I will help spread the good vibes! Email jaxlist4u@gmail.com or text 510-881-3679. Cheers!