

Requiem for A Yogini

c/o mayesvara dasa / w g roberts



My mother died **Jan 05, 2013**. Regrettably my relationship with her during my youth was tumultuous. As a child she would call me in from play to learn my ABC's. When I was sent to bed, I could still hear other children riding their bikes and playing ball outside and that left me fuming.

My Mom endured my tantrums so I would not be illiterate, although I still don't grasp the concepts of grammar or how to diagram a sentence! She didn't like it when I played in the brook because I got wet and sullied my clothes. I rebelled against her wishes, not appreciating then how prophetic her words were when she averred: *"Someday you will realize just how fortunate you really are."*

I drove my Mom mad with worry because I struggled to maintain even a "C" average. That led to my TV privileges being shut off Mon-Thu for all 12 years of grade school. My acrimony broiled more when my closest friend shared the antics of Johnny Carson which he could watch during the weeknights with me. However he WAS a straight A student!

Despite my defiance I sensed that Mom was different and knew what she was doing, although I found it strange that she practiced Hatha Yoga while I got ready to go to High School. In 1968 only a few knew what yoga was!

I did not appreciate the magnitude of my Mom's character until I got to college and I finally got a chance to let my hair grow out. In my sophomore year she wrote to tell me how much she did not like my Franklin look and *"Indicted"* me for being on the *"Dean's List!"* I soon learned that was a good list to be on and then pointed out how many times she taught me NOT to judge a person by their appearance. She never brought it up

again.

Over time I realized how much my Mother was in the mode of Goodness and had a natural affinity for God. As a young family we went to church to inculcate the same respect.

But when she learned how John Calvin burned at the stake those who opposed his "TULIP" interpretation of the Bible, she promptly left the Presbyterian faith. Instead she volunteered to educate the impoverished and read books for the blind.

My Mother's belief in the power of education was particularly evident by how she responded to my abrupt departure from college just six months prior to graduating. After reading the books by His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami, I left the university to become his disciple. In the early 70's many parents responded to this type of conviction by paying the high school dropout Ted Patrick \$10,000 to kidnap and deprogram their children. He literally tortured those who chose a monastic lifestyle with the International Society for Krishna Consciousness back to "Sanity" by not allowing them to bathe, compelling them to lie, and forcing them to eat McDonald's cow on a bun! My Mom was wiser. At age 55 she returned to school to study comparative religions to better understand why I gave up Industrial Design to study Sanskrit. (I followed that example when my former stepson failed out of school and became a Neo-Nazi.)

Eventually my mother personally met Bhaktivedanta Swami. She was so enchanted by this living saint; she was inspired to write a newspaper article about it. The editorial addressed some of the most misunderstood issues of the day. It was so interesting the New York Times syndicated it across the country as the lead photo-story in the Sunday insert section, SUBURBIA TODAY. For two weeks after it was published my Mom fielded hundreds of non-stop phone calls and later reported that only two were from hate filled bigots.

I lament the departure of my mother's soul from this temporary world of mundane accomplishments, but I am at peace because I know she was "*Old School*." She educated herself about the personal nature of God and knew that the Supreme Lord was a sovereign Individual that retains His own identity and communicates with all creatures via His representative within the heart (Conscience). Therefore, she rejected the pithy platitudes about "*Oneness*" because they obfuscate God's most personal attribute. For that same reason she never indulged in the contemporary pseudo-spiritual rhetoric that offers only vague references for an imaginary divinity and culminates in hardly more than a cosmic blob of vibrating white energy.

Externally my Mom appeared to be just another octogenarian. But the nurses who cared for her concurred that she was one of the most pleasant patients they had. Indeed; I considered my mother to be some type of mystic yogini that dropped in for about 86 years while on her way to a better venue. I am proud to have been her son.