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Maharishi Mahesh Yogi
MERU Academy
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The Netherlands

Dear Maharishi,

I have recently moved to Germany, making us neighbors again, as we were in Humboldt, California and in La Antilla, Spain in 1972, and for a few days in Chicago in March 1973, and for a few days in Seelisberg in August 1973, and for many months in Arosa, Switzerland in 1974 and 1976, and in Seelisberg again at the end of 1977, and in other times, and other places, if my memory serves me correctly.

Your reinvigoration of the ideas and ideals in my mind is priceless to me, as are my many memories of your lectures, and your laughter. The laughter that rings truest in my mind came shortly after you had told the inspiring story of the disciple of Shankara who gained his enlightenment through devotion and service alone. An initiator then asked you to tell stories about the other men in the Holy Tradition, to make them also come alive for him, and you laughed and explained that the reason you told that particular story was that it was inspiring, and that all the other men in the Holy Tradition were such great intellects that the initiators would not find their lives so inspiring.

I also remember the story you told when I was on the Vedic Studies PhD program about the master who told a particular disciple not to return until he had acquired 1000 cows, which you explained was a metaphor for Brahman Consciousness. Shortly after that you sent four of us to Hong Kong as Associate 108s, and as I thought about this story over the years I concluded it was personally applicable. You had already answered the few questions I had had and it was clearly time for me to be more self-reliant.

Now, almost 20 years later, even though I don't have any pressing questions for you, and have certainly not acquired the prerequisite 1000 cows (perhaps a dozen or so thrive in my personal pasture, but like any excessively proud farmer I no doubt dote too much on them), I would like to see you again, and hear your voice, and your laughter, one more time.

So I am writing to request an invitation to visit. In December 1990 I came to Vlodrop to visit you, but was told that I could not see you without my National Leader's recommendation. Since I have no relationship with either the American National Leader or the German National Leader, I have assumed that visiting you is not possible. But I have been thinking lately that if there is another way, I would love to see you again.

Sincerely,

