



*Limping into Infinity  
One Awkward Hobble at a time*



*An Ordinary GOPI in the “Orbit” of  
Enlightenment  
(Tales of Adoring Devoted Mystifying  
Hilarious LOVE)*



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### **Extra Fun:**

*RIDICULOUS "LIMPING" LETTERS SENT TO GURUJI*



**THE GURU IS YOUR NATURE**  
**(This is the FIRST in a series of Trippy-FUN-**  
**Miraculous Stories -San Jose 2014)**

*It's Saturday night and I'm getting ready to see Sri Sri tomorrow.  
 I just took a hot bath and I'm ready for bed when the phone rings.  
 I assume it's someone from Los Angeles wanting a ride up North to a course or my  
 daughter  
 calling to make sure I'm still alive.*

*I answer the phone and someone on the other line says:  
 "Dvorahji? Guruji wants to talk to you?"  
 "Me???" I chirp. "Why would he want to talk to me?"  
 Then I suddenly hear laughter: "Dvorah!! How are you?"  
 It's Guruji. I'm speechless but my "brain" kicks in.  
 "Hi Guruji. You're calling Me????"*

*"Dvorah, come, come to see me?" When are you coming?"  
 "Guruji this is the first time you ever called me!" I stammer.*

*"How are you Dvorah, how are you doing?  
"I'm great Guruji. You called me, of course I'm great!"  
"Well you better be" He chimes.  
"You don't want to ruin my reputation!"  
He laughs and I also hear  
people in the background, roaring with laughter.*

*"I'm coming tomorrow Guruji. I have a hotel, and my son's paying for it.  
Well, he says: "If it doesn't work out, we'll take care you..."  
"OHHH Guruji, that's so kind and sweet of you, but it's ok, I have a hotel"  
"Ok, but remember, if it doesn't work out, we'll take care of you"....*

*"Ohh Guruji, you're too much! This is too much!"  
"If this is too much I better go now!"  
"NO NO- I CAN TAKE IT. Don't go!" I'm gleefully pleading, but to no avail.  
"Jai guru dev" he sings - and he is gonnngnnnnnnne!*

*I sit there in my nightgown BLOWN AWAY!!!...  
"BOY!!!! he must've been bored if he called me!" I chuckle  
ORRRR....maybe my time is up and he called to give me last rites! (my dark sense of  
humor kicks in).  
Wouldn't that be a kick, I chuckle!! Jai Guru Dev and off to lalalalal LAND. What a  
great way to goooooo!! hahahahahahaha*

*The morning seems perfect. I get in the car and I'm off to San Jose. It's a long ride and  
of course I get lost. (I'm a dyslexic driver).  
I finally get to my hotel and hobble to the reception desk, where they ask me for my  
credit card to pay for the room up front.  
I explain my son is going to pay for it and give them his phone number to call.  
Welllllllll GUESS WHAT???? They don't take credit cards over the phone.*

*I am stuck. This is NOT working out and I'm actually thinking of just packing it up and  
going home.....  
.thennnnnnn I remember an inviting loving voice saying to me:*

*"Dvorah, If it doesn't work out, we'll take care of you!". Mind-boggling!!  
He knew. He knew all along it wouldn't work out. I am blown away with wonder. How  
the heck did he know???*

*I get in my car to try and find the Hyatt where Sri Sri is staying. I finally find it after  
driving around in circles and pull into a parking space.  
How will I find him, I wonder, It's a huge hotel with 14 floors.*

*NO sooner do I get out of the car then I recognize someone walking by with his family:*

*"I remember you, we were on a course together".*

*He nods: 'Hi Dvorah. I remember you,  
I saw you on course having fun with Sri Sri."  
I look at him thankfully:  
"Oh thank God I found you. Do you know where Guruji is?"  
He points a couple of yards away:  
"He's right over there, giving Darshan."*

*We walk in and there is Sri Sri no more than two feet in front of me. I smile like a crazy lady, I so happy to see him.  
He throws a bunch of petals and sings: "OHHHH Dvorah, you're here!"*

*I'm still beaming like a crazy lady as Guruji takes my hand and asks:  
"Dvorah, you have a room?"  
I shake my head: "No Guruji".  
He calls one of his helpers over and points at me: "Find Dvorah a room".  
I twirl right in front of him, It's all I could do to show my joy.*

*Guruji kept his promise. I followed his helper to my new hotel room. Where do you think the room was????  
It was on the 14th floor, right next to His!! Can you believe that??? RIGHT NEXT TO HIM.*

*It was so weird, I was beyond shocked. How is that possible? I mean really???? How is that possible??  
I'm in a room RIGHT NEXT to the Guru. It's Crazy!!!!!!*

*No sooner do I put my things away then I'm called into Sri Sri's greeting room. I walk in and all of a sudden we start having the most ridiculous, hilarious, outlandish conversation in front of an entire crowd of devotees and I AM STOKED. HAPPY TO BE A STRAIGHT MAN for my HILARIOUS, WITTY, TINGE OF SARCASM with A TOUCH OF DARK HUMOR - GURU. IT'S A BLAST!!  
I feel like Lucy hanging with Rickie (who happens to be my GURU). WHAT a trip!*

*This happens several days in a row, and by this time I'm so grateful, I'm begging for Seva!!!  
(and if you know me - that's a miracle!!) I start bringing ice water to devotees waiting to see Sri Sri in the hot lobby.  
I want to do more, but everything seems under control. I'm a guest, and I relax into my good fortune.  
I'm blessed for no reason WHATSOEVER. JUST AS I AM.. And GUESS WHAT??? So are UUUUUUUUUUU! Yea! UUUUUUUUU!!!!*

*U are always taken care of. I promise U. U ARE ALWAYS taken care of. The DIVINE takes care of you. PERIOD.  
Relax. Just relax and the most amazing things will happen when you least expect it.*

*The DIVINE is your nature. The GURU is your nature.....and when you need IT/HIM -  
"He'll" put you up in a hotel room right next to HIM  
and make FUN with/of U! and you won't know what HIT U.*

*You'll just know that life is good especially for U at this moment and IT ALWAYS WILL  
BE!  
(whether it seems that way or not!!) hahahahhahahahahahaah*



***An Unspeakable tragedy Assuaged and HEALED***  
*(STORY 2 - San Jose 2013)*



*I'm sitting in Sri Sri's room on a padded bench directly to the side of him; approximately 3 feet away. Next to me is a middle aged Chinese couple.*

*They sit quietly then catch Guruji's attention and begin to tell their story. The man was a policeman for 30 years, his wife a loyal companion and mother of their only son. It comes to light that their son committed suicide (no explanation) and apparently the father found him with massive amounts of blood all over.*

*The Man can't get the horrific tragic scene out of his mind. He's been haunted by the incident since it happened and hasn't slept for months.*

*He quit his job out of sheer exhaustion and trauma and lost all sense of peace. His wife also feels completely broken for herself and her husband; numb with the tragedy. They haven't eaten or slept for months, and are besides themselves with grief.*

*As they continue to tell their story, Sri Sri listens compassionately to their pain. All of us in the room feel such deep empathy for this beautiful couple.*

*Sri Sri hands them prasad (a huge bright orange) and assures them, it's going to get better. (Both are taking the Shakti Kriya course).*

*Sri Sri looks at the wife and softly Asks: "It's better already isn't it?"*

*She nods. Sri Sri reassures her it's going to get even better for them, and they will be able to sleep again without constant images of the tragedy.*

*They begin to relax, as Guruji naturally hands out prasad to others sitting near. He spontaneously starts joking with me and the mood in the room lightens.*

*I decide to ask Guruji about my love life:*

*"Where my man, Guruji? Have you found him yet??"*

*"I have a 75 year old for you - and he's vigorous/strong and he has plenty of money"*

*"OHHHHH NOOOO! Are you kidding?" I complain. "I want a younger man! Guruji suggests John Osborne, who's sitting at my feet, leaning against the bench.*

*"Heck NO!!" I emphatically moan. "He's wayyyyyy too old for me. I want Mikey!!" The place roars with laughter. Mikey (Michael Fishman) turns beet red.*

*"Don't encourage her" he implores of Sri Sri and the crowd*

*"Dvorah", Guruji counters, "Mikey's already taken."*

*"I don't care!" I beg, "I want Mikey!" (The place laughs uncontrollably, as Mikey looks around as if to say GET ME OUTTA HERE!!*

*I'm now beaming with Gleeeeee! I love seeing Mikey so uncomfortable (cause I love him! hahahhahhahahaha :D)*

*I turn to Sri Sri and change the subject: "Guruji...I have a great idea. I just started a new program."*

*He looks at me inquisitively. "Yes, What is it Dvorah?"*

*"Well you know the children's charity program DOLLAR A DAY? .....*

*Well I've decided to start a DOLLAR A NIGHT program".*



*The whole room begins to laugh, barely believing what i just said!!. Guruji starts chuckling, his eyes twinkling. And thennnnnnn THE place begins to ROAR with laughter!*

*"Yea Guruji", I continue non-plussed, "I made brochures with my face on the cover, (I vogue the image)*

*"It's a great idea Guruji! People give me a dollar and I promise not to bother them at night. What do you think????*

*Really a Great idea??? I'll make a fortune for charity!"*

*The place is NOW howling with laughter. The air is vibrating with the absurdness of it all!! A DOLLAR A NIGHT CHARITY!*

*hahahahahahahhaahahahaha*

*At this point Mikey (who's sitting quietly against the wall with John Osborne), offers me a dollar as John asks what will five bucks bring???*

*The place is now in hysterics.*

*I happily take the money and assure Mikey he's safe for 5 days. By now the place is OUT OF CONTROL!!*

*And Guruji is besides himself laughing. And of course,*

*I'm happy as a monkey with a load of bananas. (Maybe I'll put a monkey's face on the brochure. hahahahahahahahaha :D)*

*The room begins to naturally calm down and Guruji hands out prasad as devotees leave and let others come in to receive a final evening blessing.*

*The couple sitting next to me turn and offer me their hands:*

*"We want to thank you." they say. "This is the first time we've laughed since the tragedy. We wanna thank you for making us so happy again."*

*I'm taken aback: "I'm so happy to have helped in any way. It was fun, wasn't it? It's so wonderful to see you laugh."*

*We laugh together again, shaking hands and bow our heads.*

*We leave Guruji's room with more prasad and chuckles and happily skip to our rooms. It's late and we're ready for sleep.*

*I have a final thought as I lay in my bed drifting off into space:*

*The WONDER of the infinite is unimaginable....and healing is a natural WONDER in the presence of The Divine.*

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### **Update:**

*The next day as the huge Shakti kriya course ends, participants share their various experiences.*

*The Taiwanese couple (I met last night in Guruji's room) gave their testimony, tearfully proclaiming they had their first peaceful night's sleep in months, feeling tremendous relief at last.*

**LIMPING INTO INFINITY**  
**(with Michael Fishman! Story 3: San Jose 2013)**



*Sri Sri lets a group of us waiting outside into his room. It's late at night and I'm stoked because*

*I don't have far to go CAUSE my room is right next to his!! (Remember?????) I walk in and sit on the floor facing Sri Sri.*

*My feet are pointing directly at him. John who's sitting next to me, tells me to move my feet away from guruji's direction or at least cover them.*

*I try, but it's very uncomfortable. I'm thinking (Geez! Give me a break! Not another traditional old wives tale).*

*And I remember Guruji once saying: "Did I say that?? Did I tell you to do that?" So now I'm feeling more at ease with the whole "feet" situation.*

*Nevertheless, I'm still trying to move my feet, not wanting to seem disrespectful. Sri Sri sees me fidgeting and offers a solution:*

*"Dvorah, come sit over here".*

*He motions to the bench to his right where my friend Jeff is sitting. I move over there and get comfy.*

*My back's been screwed up for long time and sometimes I lose my usual "sexy walk" and kinda "hobble" around. I actually bought one of those Native Indian walking*

*sticks and call it my Danda stick. I'm still waiting to "danda" someone!  
hahahahahaha*

*I'm sitting happily looking at Sri Sri, minding my own business when he calls me out:  
"Look! There's Mikey over there!" He wrote "Stumbling into Infinity. Dvorah is  
Limping into Infinity"*

*The place starts laughing, they sense the fun is about to begin!  
"That's going to be my NEW book Guruji. Limping into Infinity. Mikey and I are going  
on tour together. When they call us up to talk about our best sellers, we'll stumble and  
Limp onto the podium! hahahahhahahahahahahahaha*

*Well by this time the iPhone cameras are rolling and we're on the floor laughing and I  
can't stop. The mental image of me and Mikey  
hobbling together up to the podium is just toooooo much. I look over at Mikey and as  
usual he wants to hide to get away from me.  
"C'mon Mikey, let's show him how it's done!" You stumble and I'll limp and mumble  
and we'll just fall into Infinity!"  
By now no one can keep a straight face, the place is Rollllllinnnnnngngngnggg! OOO  
TTTT FFFFF LLLLLLL!*

*"OHHHHH Guruji" I say. "You're the best! (the crowd oooooohhhhs) "You're THE  
BEST IN THE WEST!"  
I slide down to the floor leaning against his sofa. The crowd is now laughing and  
cheering with gleeeee!)*

*"You are just too too much Gurudev" I beam happily. "You're just too too much!"  
"Well Dvorah" He laughs, "I'm surprised you JUST realized that after 25 years!"  
The crowd in the room is now howling. I'm looking at Sri Sri transfixed, completely  
smitten beyond repair.  
(How the heck does he remember it's been exactly 25 years???)*

*"Guruji, do you remember telling me how I look great, at least 20 years younger than  
my age? Well guess what??  
That was NOT a compliment! Guruji! You think that was a compliment, but it wasn't!!"  
I look at the crowd getting ready for my punchline.....  
when Guruji steps in:*

*"Yes! She was old even then!" He begins to laugh, beating me to my own joke!!  
"When she was a kid" He continues, "She looked like a grandma!!"  
hahahahahahahahaha Even I couldn't help laughing so hard, I was choking.*

*"Guruji," I tease, (making a peace sign for the cameras), "It's tough having a guru  
that's funnier than you!  
"Nobody can compete with you, De-vo-rah!" He laughs.*

*"I give up!" I chuckle. (Now, I'm thinking I gotta get up, before my legs fall off!)"Guruji, I can't get up, seriously" I complain. "My legs have fallen asleep. Can't you call a truck or something to pull me up???"*

*"Oh Dvorah" He turns to the crowd. "Does anyone have any bananas?"*

*The crowd begins to giggle. Guruji pats his legs, several times and bobs up and down in laughter:*

*"If you sit next to Dvorah and you want some silence, make sure you have a bunch of bananas."*

*He dissolves in laughter patting me on the shoulder and handing me a date; motioning me to put it in my mouth.*

*"I don't think that's funny, Guruji!! Does anyone think that's funny!" I say with a straight face.*

*We all howl with laughter.*

*"Guruji" I look up at him, "Are you going to call a crane to get me up? How am I going to get up?"*

*"Are there any donkey's here?" He jokes. "If somebody has to get up, the best thing to do is get a donkey.*

*They come and they drag you up!"*

*He's jousting with me now patting me on the shoulder. We're a comedy routine! and I'm in @\$%\$@\$@ bliss!!*

*I'm loving being tapped on the shoulder by my Guru. And I JUST LOVE BEING a STRAIGHT MAN.*

*"Is that donkey stuff true Guruji?", I innocently ask.*

*"Yaaaahhhh" he affirms. "In ancient times there were no cranes, everything was done by donkey."*

*We are all in hysterics again imagining me being dragged and hoisted up on a donkey and dragged out the door!*

*hahahahahahahahahahaha I'm in stitches trying to keep a straight face!!*

*"OYYYYYY" I moan, trying to get up again. "Guruji, can't you just help me lose weight?"*

*"My God!!" He retorts, eyes wide open. "That's a huge task! It would be easier to ask me to join two continents together!!"*

*The place is now in hysterics, breaking out in rhythmic clapping. Sri Sri hands motion two continents coming together.*

*It's all absurdly amusing!*

*I pull myself up to my knees, pointing at him with my index finger, as if to say: 'You got me!!!'*

*Guruji still laughing, offers a "high five" and I tap his right hand several times. I look at the crowd and ask with a straight face: "Is that funny?"*

*“What’s funny” chides Guruji, “Is that you can still talk with a date in your mouth!!!!”  
The place roars.*

*“That date has a pit in it.” He jokes. “You better be careful a tree is going to sprout!”  
I keep my straight face, as the crowd in the room can’t control themselves anymore  
loses it, cheering, laughing,  
clapping and God knows what else!! Again!  
I clearly see I’ve lost this ‘battle’, and begin to get up.  
“Oh well” I think. “Maybe next time”.*

*As I get up, someone in the crowd chirps up: “Dvorah, we want you to stay here, it’s so  
funny!”  
“I know honey!”, I respond, pulling myself upright. “It’s because when I go, you all  
go!!!” hahahahahahahahahahha  
(Unfortunately we all know that’s true!!!)*

*We are ALL now giggling and happy to be together.  
I finally get up as Sri Sri begins to hand out prasad and bless individually all HIS  
silllllllyyyy smiling unruly devotees (including me).*

*WE just LOVE having fun and hanging out late at night with our ADORABLE  
LOVABLE, naturally funny, mystical, magical GURU.  
I mean really???? What could be better????? hahahahahahahahaha*

***A LEI OF PINK ROSES AND GOOD-BYE***  
***4TH FINAL STORY San Jose 2013)***





*It's my last night in San Jose. I'm tired, it's around 10:p.m. I get ready for bed and put on my white cotton nightgown that I often use as a dress with a white shawl (just in case there's more activity "next door" and I need to rush in.*

*I decide to peak outside my door. I see people waiting to say good night to Guruji. I slip back into my room.  
I'll hear if everyone is let into his room because there will be a joyful WHOOP as people scramble in. I relax, sitting in a chair and wait. Maybe I'll see HIM tonight.*

*Suddenly I hear a cry outside - I quickly put on my shawl, peek outside and see Sri Sri's door open and people rushing in.  
I go in last and find my usual bench open just to the right of him. I'm sitting next to Jeff again, my favorite friend.*

*Sri Sri says something and it's really funny, but I didn't hear it.  
So I chirp up:  
"Guruji what did I miss??"  
He jests: "Enlightenment!!!" (He got me again@!@)*

*No one expected that! The place rises in laughter. Apparently I've just missed The Holy Grail of the spiritual world!  
No one makes fun of that! hahahahahahahahahahaha  
I say: "Now, Guruji, is that nice?" The place laughs even louder*

*Then it hits me. Why would I EVEN want enlightenment when I got HIM????? Who cares about ENLIGHTENMENT anyway????  
So stupid. Enlightenment is my nature.  
Now I'm singing an old Sonny and Cher song to myself,  
"...I got you babe. OH OH OH, I got you babe...."*

*I actually don't remember what happened after that. I do remember that It was a short visit before we all got our prasad and said our good-nights. I left with everyone else and went to my room next door and changed into another night gown (which of course looks like a dress with flowers), when I heard people talking in His room.*

*"Should I give it a shot and try and get in? He obviously wasn't asleep yet?", I thought.  
"Heck what have I got to lose."*

*I put on my shawl, go next door and knock. To my surprise I'm motioned inside. I walk in jesting:  
"Look Guruji, I even changed dresses for you?"  
Sri Sri laughs (He knows it's a nightgown). Everyone laughs.*

Someone says: "Looks like a nightgown!" Now there's more chuckling.  
I'm in the room with 8 of Guruji's attendants and helpers. It's an all male party and I feel perfectly comfortable.

After all I'm an American and we're equal aren't we?? hahahahahahha

Besides I could be everybody's mother and Guruji's sister. Banu had called me "Benorah" (a play on her name and mine when I told her I was also Guruji's sister). It was a joke between us and she would greet me with: "Ohhh Benorah!" whenever she'd see me and we'd laugh.

Guruji motioned to Krshna (who was in the room) to video tape me. I guess he wants my nightgown to be the next Gopi craze!

ahahahahhahaha. I don't actually remember anything I said that night but I Do remember laughing a lot.

Guruji would just look at me and we'd laugh!!! I liked that. I love laughing and I love making other's laugh and

I love being laughed at. It's just sooooo muchhhhhh GREAT FUN!!

At one point Guruji was laying on the couch getting comfy, naturally talking to us and I remember feeling completely at home and happy.

After a while, Guruji looked at me and said:

"Dvorah, it's time to get some sleep."

I got up easily and said good-bye as I walked out of the room. Usually I fight to stay, but this time I was so content,

I didn't care that I had to leave while other's could stay. I've had more than my share this trip and was grateful.

I went to bed knowing I'd be able to say good-bye to him the next morning, before he left for Canada.

When morning comes, I put on a new white dress (nightgown!hahahahaha) with my white shawl and go outside and wait with

everyone else to get in. People are sitting and meditating or just waiting silently.

I brought out some of "MY LITTLE GURU books (stories of my adventures with Guruji); and begin to pass them out to people who are interested.

I thought it might be fun for them to read while they're waiting to go in. I also brought a couple of original "Shut Up" pamphlets before they were published into books.

The door opens, and we are so happy to come in to bid Sri Sri farewell. I jam myself into the full room - as far away from the door as possible to give other's room to come in. I can barely see him but point my iPhone in his direction so I can get a final video. Everyone is happy and greeting him,

*when a 30ish nice looking man plops himself next to Guruji's couch, kneels down and starts crying.*

*At first we're all observing in compassion at this guys plight, and I hear Guruji say: "Now promise me you won't commit suicide".*

*And again I feel great compassion for this young man. Then something interesting happens. The man starts to cry harder and starts complaining about his life and how nothing ever goes right for him and how he lost his girlfriend and he basically goes on and on and on about his miserable life.*

*Guruji listens, then tries to talk to him, but he won't listen. He's got the Guru's ear now and he continues to wail and complain.*

*"Look around you!" Guruji implores. "Everyone has a better life than yours? You are the only one that is suffering?"*

*It's because you lost your girlfriend?  
Relax, Okay, It's going to be all right"*

*The man isn't listening, he's having too much fun wailing and complaining. We're all stuck in the room with this guy*

*who won't take any suggestions or leave Sri Sri's side. We all wait, knowing that Guruji has to leave soon, and we want to say good-bye.*

*What's going to happen?*

*"OHHHHHHH!" I'm thinking. "If only I hadn't given away all my Shut Up books, then I could hand one to Guruji to give to this guy!!*

*"I start chuckling to myself and use my favorite "mantra" while I'm looking at this guy hoping it'll do some good. Well, it worked!*

*Things naturally begin to change as Guruji gets up and shifts his attention to the crowd. He waves to everyone moving in the direction of the door.*

*I see him pick up a gorgeous lei of pink roses from his couch. I can barely see because I'm on the other side of the room. I wave good-bye silently as he begins to leave, realizing I won't be able to thank him for everything. Then quite unexpectedly I hear a sweet familiar sound:*

*"Deevvorrah??? Deevorahhh???"*

*"I'm here Guruji" I say loudly. "I'm over here".*

*He turns and moves in my direction putting the lei of flowers around my neck.*

*"Thank you Guruji" I softly whisper. "I love you."*

*Sri Sri begins to make his way out the door. I somehow push myself ahead of him, so I can see him coming out.*

*He looks straight at me and informs me: "Devorah, you'll write about these conversations we've had."*

*"Of course I will Guruji. I'll write about everything. Absolutely everything!"*

*He whisks by me, and I see the crowd trying to follow him. I'm right behind them but by the time I get downstairs, he's already gone.  
I stand on the curb and wave my good-bye's in mid air, wearing a beautiful lei of pink roses. WHAT AN ADVENTURE I've just had.*

*As I go back inside, several woman and children approach me:*

*"Can we have a flower from your lei?"*

*"Of course!" I sing.*

*And one by one the flowers are offered until all of us have a portion of the lei given to US by our darling Guru.*

*We all hug and thank each other, grateful for this GREAT ADVENTURE together and head upstairs to collect our stuff.*

*I walk to my car in a daze. I get inside and take a deep breath. WOW!! What in heaven's name just happened to me???*

*And I realize I just had the experience of a lifetime hangin' with my favorite buddy (and yours) my Darling GURU*

## **CANADA AND THE SHUTUP BOOK - a miraculous STORY!**

*Ahhhhhhhhhh Darlinggggggs - I want to tell you a miraculous little story:  
I had just finished writing The Shut UP BOOK and I hadn't seen Guruji for while and I wanted to show him the book. I remember sitting in front of my computer thinking: "When will I see you? I don't have the funds to come to Cananda". (He was there giving an advanced course). Besides, It "felt" like I'd actually spoken to him telepathically.....and thennnnnn I just let it go.*

*Next day I get a call from an acquaintance, I barely knew: "Dvorah", She said, "Are you going to Canada?" I said, "NO, I don't have any money".  
"Well, She said, "I'm sending you a ticket and I'll pay for all the accomodations!"  
TRIPPPYYYYYYYYYYYYY (I thought)!*

*SOOOOOOOOOO, My daughter is driving me to the airport and we are very very very late. LA traffic is unimaginably crazy. And I see very clearly there is no way (under any conditions) that we are going to make it on time. We have 10 minutes before the plane leaves (and that doesn't include checking in, security etc.) - and we are 40 mintes away. NO WAY, JOSE, NONE!!*

*My daughter says: "Mom we're not going to make it, let's just go back".....I sit quietly and naturally suggest we continue and see what happens.*

*For some reason and I WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND IT....TIME STOOD STILL. I mean time just curved. WE made it to the airport In 8 minutes (a 40 minute drive.) I mean it was IMPOSSIBLE (Even in the best of traffic).*

*I go inside and tell someone my plane is leaving in 2 minutes. She immediately takes me up to security and checks me through.*

*As I'm approaching the gate, ann attendant comes out and says: "Are you Dvorah Adler?" I nod my head. "Ms Adler, we've been waiting for you.".....and I board the plane and we take off.*

*All I can say is: "I have no idea how any of this happened. NONE. I arrived in Canada and I heard that Guruji has told everybody about "this lady" who wrote a funny SHUT*

*UP Book and she was coming on the course. The next day I went on stage and Guruji had me read Everyone chapters from the book. It was greattttttt! The experience of a life time.*

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*Moral of the story??*

*Life, time is NOT what it seems - You just aren't aware of it. Time BENDS/STANDS STILL and WAITS for you-especially if you have a reallllllyyyyyyyyyyy coooooooooool Guruuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu that is innocent and fully relaxedddddd in HIS nature.....and wants to see you! ANYTHING is possible, WHEN IT'S TIME. ANYTHING.*



## ***THE KAMA STURAS - A SEXY story with Sri Sri! hahahahahahaha***

*I'm only shy when it comes to gorgeous guys flirting with me :) OR when I'm with "My Guru".....THENNNN I'm smitten and mute!! UNLESSSSSS.....Something tickles me and then honestly, it's like ALL THE FLOODWATERS let loose and this tickle goes up my spine - and the MOST ridiculous things come out of my "pretty, feminine" BIG mouth!!*

*Once during Satsang at Gurupurnima, someone started singing a RELIGIOUS Christian heavy duty gospel song. Wellllllll, I'm not very religious and suddenly I felt very energized and evangelic, and it struck me as completely HILARIOUS!!*

*So when the Hymn was over, This big TICKLE started coming up my spine and I couldn't stop it as it meandered UP UP UP.....UNTILLLLL.....  
I SUDDENLY shot/stood UP and loudly proclaimed:*

*" OHHH -I was blind and now I can see! I couldn't walk and now I can walk. I couldn't hear and now I can hear. I've been SAVVVEEEDDD! ALLELUIIIIIAAAA!!!  
WELLLLLL, The place BURST into laughter! And I felt like a happy idiot as usual -----  
----It's quiet for a moment Annnnnndddd thennnnnn GURUJI offers:*

*"But Dvora, you could always talk, couldn't you???"  
And ALL 600 PEOPLE start laughing and clapping in unison!!!! The place goes CRAZY!!!*

*And SUDDENLY THAT BIG TICKLE starts coming up my spine AGAIN!!  
AND I just CAN'T hold back that tickle a moment longer and OUT OF MY MOUTH spills:*

*"Yes Guruji, I could ALWAYS TALK! When I was born - I could RECITE the Kama Sutras!"*

*At first the place was dead silent.....And thennnnnnnnn - they began to ROARRRRRRRRR!!!! I saw Guruji bopping up and down in laughter, as Banu couldn't control herself and chimed in laughing. NO ONE could believe what just came out of my mouth - INCLUDING ME!! (The Kama Sutras???? Where the bazzuzzas did that come from?????)*

*The place finally settled down as little titters of laughter kept coming up again and again and finally we started singing another familiar/AOL Bhajan! I chimed in happy as a loon! hahahahahahaha*

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### ***THE JOKE IS:***

*It's a known fact that Guruji could recite the Bhakti sutras when he was 3 or 4 years old....And somehow when he said:*

*"Dvorah, You could always talk", THAT BIG TICKLE CAME UP and the response BLURTED OUT wanting to "one up him" hahahahahhaah!! (NO STOPPING IT: Even when my brain said: "DON'T YOU DO IT, you crazy Meshuganah!!!!!!")*

*So you see THAT TICKLE has a mind of ITS OWN and LIFE is really automatic inspite of all your efforts to be respectable, spiritual, or coooolll! hahahahahahhahahahaha So U BE UUU! :)*

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*THE NEXT day I went to Guruji's coutier to greet him - when he suddenly came out and stares straight at me.*

*I thought: "oh-oh - I really screwed up this time!!"  
BUT HE SMILED at me with that VAST twinkle in his eyes and said:  
"THE KAMA SUTRAS???" and glided away laughing*

*Happiness, My Darlings is being able to recite the Kama Sutras when you were born!  
hahahahahahahahahahaha!*

## **LOVE IS YOUR VERY NATURE**

*I'm one of those optimistic/tortured Moms that still believes in the American dream of energy, happiness and the pursuit of truth and enlightenment, in spite of my busy schedule and tiring kids. I may be exhausted, but my spirit is still intact, longing for the experience of a "light body", balanced emotions and universal love.*

*One day in my usual search for knowledge, I overheard a most unusual, intriguing story. I was sitting in a restaurant, eating my favorite bagel and cream cheese, when I overheard the couple next to me discussing an enlightened teacher I'd always wanted to meet.*

*I'd read the President of India had awarded him the title Yoga Shiromani (Supreme Teacher of Union with the Self) and that many people had experienced great healings and insights by being in his presence. As I listened to the story, I became more enchanted with the idea of seeing him.*

*"One day," the lady in the booth began, "Anandamayji Ma (a world-renowned female saint in India, known as the "Blissful Mother" and Guru of Gurus) was doing her daily prayers, when a great rishi (great seer), walked in holding his shy, young disciple's hand.*

*"Ahh, Baba," Anandamayji Ma said. "You've brought me the river Ganges." (The holiest river in India. It's said that no disease or impurities exist there, in spite of all the garbage and debris deposited there. People come from all over to fill their bottles and bathe in the healing waters.)*

*"The little pundit didn't know what she was talking about. The river Ganges was feminine, and he was a young boy. Maybe she was referring to his long flowing hair and beardless face."*

*"You have brought me the One," Anandamayji Ma continued. "You've brought me the One that will wash away the ignorance of the world."*

*I didn't expect to be so touched by this story, but I found myself glowing inside,*

*as if a jewel had been placed in the middle of my heart. I quickly introduced myself and asked the young couple when I could see this man. "He'll be speaking tomorrow night," the young lady said. "You're welcome to come."*

*All day I prepared. I made arrangements for the kids, cleaned the house, put everything in order, then composed a special note. The note requested my quantum mechanical light body and knowledge of universal love. I put on my best dress, my mother's pearls and headed for a dip in the Ganges.*

*When I walked in, the hall was packed. Everyone was sitting on the floor cross-legged, except for a few chairs in back. The teacher wasn't there yet, so I looked around for a spot. I couldn't find any openings, so I moved along the side toward the front of the room, hoping for anything reasonable. Before I had a chance to sit down, everyone suddenly stood up.*

*I felt something fly by me and realized it was Him. He reached his silk covered chair in front and sat down. As everyone followed suit, I remained standing with nowhere to sit. I felt awkwardly obvious.*

*As I looked up, the Teacher was motioning me to sit right in front of him! I climbed past everyone and landed at his feet. I couldn't believe my good fortune. I was at the feet of the Ganges. I handed him my note and a beautiful white rose I'd chosen for him. He acknowledged the gifts and began to speak as I sat silently waited, naturally closing my eyes.*

*"Divine Love is a natural grace, just like surrender," he began. "You can't force it. It overtakes you. Can you love with your effort? Is it possible? No. A million times you have heard people telling you to love everything, love the flower, love the sun, love the moon. How is it possible? Can you love with your effort or does it just happen? Love is a spontaneous inner happening. You have no control over love...love controls you. When there is love, you are pulled. Even if you don't want to go, you are pulled. Love governs your life. You can't govern love."*

*As he finished his sentence, someone in back of me asked a question. "Sri Sri", she called him endearingly. "When I saw you, I thought I'd fall on my knees and*

*completely surrender, but I don't feel that way now. What should I do? What does it mean?"*

*"Surrender is natural grace, like Divine love," he repeated. "You can't force it. It overtakes you."*

*At that moment a powerful thought filled my mind, as my heart began to melt. "I'm at the feet of someone Divine, someone who knows about love." Then, quite unexpectedly, tears began to flow down my cheeks and soon I was sobbing uncontrollably. My head began to naturally bow down and I couldn't keep my body upright. I felt myself effortlessly melting in love and total surrender. "Thy will, my Lord, thy will."*

*Then something very silly began to happen. I felt a gentle yet vigorous tickle on my face. People started to laugh, and I didn't know why. Were they laughing at me? Again I felt a vigorous tickle. I opened my eyes for an instant, still sobbing, when I realized Sri Sri was tickling my face with the white rose I'd given him.*

*I lifted my head, trying to hold myself up with my hands together in a prayerful salutation. As I opened my eyes again, I saw His face lovingly smiling at me and I began to laugh. I had never seen such loving eyes. They were glowing love straight into me. I couldn't contain my laughter. My whole body bubbled with joy.*

*As I began to settle down, I heard an actual voice deep in my heart say, "You don't have to search for love. It's already in you. It is you! It's your very nature."*

*I don't remember how long I remained there, but when I opened my eyes, everyone was leaving. I saw that Sri Sri was still in his chair in front of me, legs folded, feet covered. I scooted up close to him to thank him for everything and tell him I loved him, but instead I spontaneously blurted out my observation, "Sri Sri where are your feet?"*

*He chuckled and playfully said, "They're hiding." Then he handed me a white rose (the same one I had so carefully picked for him) and softly said, "They're hidden. They're hidden deep in your heart."*

## ***HE REMEMBERED ME***

*I was so enthusiastic about the last time I saw Sri Sri that I couldn't wait to see him again. I heard he was coming in April to give a week-long course. I made sure I was going to be there. It didn't matter what I experienced, I just wanted to be near him. As I was leaving for the course, I noticed my old purple hat. I'd had it for ages, and it looked ridiculous on me. Yet I picked it up on instinct and stuffed it in my suitcase. Now I was ready to go.*

*During the entire course, I made sure I sat in the front row, looking my feminine best. My hair was down and my dresses were long and silky. Nothing unusual happened and I was just happy to be there feeling peaceful.*

*On the day we were leaving, a group of people surrounded Sri Sri. He was answering as many questions as he could, but there were still many more. Seeing it was going to take such a long time, I decided to go up and change into a nice traveling dress.*

*When I got upstairs I noticed my big, floppy, purple hat on the chair. A mischievous idea popped into my head. "I know," I thought. "I'll put on my black motorcycle jacket, black pants and my purple hat and play a joke on Sri Sri. I'll bet he'll never recognize me."*

*I pulled my hair up, put some unusual bright make-up on, and topped it off with big, black sun- glasses. I looked completely different. I went downstairs and headed straight for the hall. Sri Sri was still talking to people. I moved in strategically close and prepared myself. "I'll jump in front of him," I thought. "I'll pull my hat off and jokingly say, "It's me Sri Sri! Do you remember me?"*

*The thought hardly left my mind when I found myself doing just that. I dramatically pulled off my hat, bowed and cheerfully said, "Sri Sri! It's me! Do you recognize me?"*

*He glanced at me blankly. He seemed preoccupied with someone else. My timing was completely off. I felt silly. It wasn't very funny anyway. Another one of my stupid ideas.*

*I stood there holding my purple hat, feeling like an idiot, when I felt a deep emotion well up in my throat. I began to cry. The humiliation. My deepest fear began to surface. As I closed my eyes, I heard my frightened self say, "All my life, I've been afraid God would forget me. The trumpets would blow, the chariot would come, and*



*somehow I would miss the boat. I'd fail again, only this time irreparably."*

*I don't remember how long I stood there, but when I opened my eyes, I noticed that Sri Sri was just leaving with someone. As he moved away from me, he unexpectedly turned his head and looked straight in my direction, projecting softly. "I would recognize you in any form!" he confirmed. "You are my very Self." Then he quickly turned and left.*

*I closed my eyes again, feeling completely loved and taken care of. A deep wound had been healed, and I felt whole again. I pulled on my magical purple hat, put on my big, black sunglasses and skipped away joyously, like a child. "God remembered me. And He always would."*

## **CALL ME ADORABLE**

*In my unquenchable thirst for Knowledge, I decided to follow Sri Sri around for awhile. I wanted to become whatever he was. I went wherever he went, laughed whenever he laughed, sat wherever he sat, and just plain hung around him. Maybe, I just might get IT! (Whatever "it" was.)*

*I followed him to a retreat in Canada. It was beautiful, and about 200 people showed up. Some of the regulars had spent a lot of time with him. I decided to be one of the in-crowd and began to follow him around.*

*Wherever he ended up, I made it my business to be there. If he stuck his head out, even for an instant, I was there; smiling, making chit-chat and waving. When the evening meetings were held, I made sure I sat in the front row, so he would see me with all the others that longed to be just like him.*

*One day, as I was waiting for him to come out of his cottage, I felt an acute attack of boredom. Here I was, waiting to see one of the greatest sages I'd ever met, and I was just plain bored. "What am I doing?" I thought. "Haven't I learned anything yet? My knowledge isn't inside of Him. It's inside of me. If I want to gain love, it's going to have to come from inside of me, not from following around the 'form' of love." I felt a voice say, "The kingdom of heaven is within you. Look there."*

*I quickly ran back to my cabin and sat down to meditate. When I finished, I naturally went into silence. I'd talked quite a bit on this course. Now, it was time to listen.*

*When I went to the evening meeting, I moved my backrest to the back of the hall. "Let someone else enjoy sitting near him," I thought. I didn't need the proximity anymore. After all, it was all inside of me.*

*During the evening, people began to sing bhajans (devotional songs) and dance. I sat in silence, enjoying them quietly. As I looked around the room everyone seemed so unbearably beautiful, I could hardly breathe. A tender wave of compassion and love washed over me.*

*"Dear Lord," I prayed, "I can't stand the beauty and I can't stand the pain. What am I going to do? It's all so unendurable." With that thought, tears of compassion, relieving my predicament, began to flow.*

*When I calmed down, I saw Sri Sri sitting in meditation. He looked so royal and elegant, I could barely endure his radiance. What good was he anyway? Just an image of the Divine. All my staring wasn't going to rub off and bring me closer to God. I'd have to do it myself - and go inside.*

*After the meeting (it was more like a celebration), I felt empty. I didn't know what to do. Usually I went back to his cottage, to see if he'd come out. Tonight it seemed foolish, so I went back to my cabin. After awhile, I realized I wasn't tired and couldn't fall asleep, so I decided to go for a walk in the direction of his cottage.*

*As I walked by, I saw a group of people sitting on a bench just outside his door. There was room for one more, so I sat down in silence. Someone noticed how quiet I was and asked incredulously, "Are you in silence?" I felt a little foolish since most of the time I can't stop talking.*

*"Yes," I nodded as they playfully continued to chide me. "Dvorah's in silence." They laughed. "This must be a special night."*

*I closed my eyes and continued my silence. I felt very peaceful, not caring what happened. Suddenly the door opened. There was Sri Sri holding a box of sweets. "Prasad?" (a sweet offering), he asked. "Oh, yes," everyone gleefully answered, "Yes."*

*I opened my eyes just as he began putting sweets in everyone's waiting hands. As he walked by, he would occasionally call people by name.*

*"Oh, my God," I innocently thought. "He's actually going to give me a sweet. How wonderful!"*

*I held my hands open, cupped near my forehead, and sat patiently. When he approached where I was sitting, he stopped. I heard someone on the sidelines jokingly say, "Dvorah's in silence. She's not talking today."*

*His eyes opened in a feigned expression of surprise. "Really?" he asked curiously. "How amazing!"*

*I began to feel very light as he continued to stand there. I felt completely rested, waiting for my precious Prasad. Then, I heard the most endearing voice. It sounded like a bell praising my name, "D-vor-ah," it lovingly sang. "A-dor-a-ble D-vor-ah." I swooned in loving ecstasy, still conscious of his presence.*

*A piece of sweet halvah touched my palms, as I slowly slid from the bench, down on my knees. I instinctively lowered my head, touching his feet. The Divine had called my name.*

\*\*\*\*

*Isn't it amazing that when you stop searching, you have a chance to be found. The moral of this story is very simple. If you're looking for God - Stop! Be still. Sit down on a bench, fully at rest, with open palms. Then listen. God will find you and, in adoration, praise your name.*

## **YOU ARE SERVICE**

*I've always struggled with the concept of service. Whatever I did was never enough and left me feeling a little guilty. "If only I didn't take all that time to read that book, watch that show or take a shower," I thought. "Then I'd have more time for Jan or Stan or the laundry man. Why can't I give more and indulge less?"*

*Maybe I can get up earlier, or better yet, maybe I won't go to sleep at all! Then for sure I'd have more time to feed the hungry, collect cancer donations and serve the elderly. I could even go to the animal rights rally; and if I practice, maybe they'd let me sing in the mission choir.*

*As you can see, with every moment that ticked by, I wanted to serve. There was only one problem. I always ended up going to sleep, watching a video, or taking a shower instead. I just couldn't seem to give every bit of myself to serving others, because I still couldn't help serving myself.*

*One day I contemplated, "How can I do the most with the least amount of time? What can I do that would make me feel truly effective in the world?"*

*A week later my answer arrived. My friend called to tell me about an impromptu meditation course that was going to be given at a retreat in Canada. This was going to be a very special course, because they were going to train meditation teachers.*

*"A teacher of meditation," I pondered. "What a great ultimate way to serve! What could be better than to give people the experience of their true Self." I immediately*

*put in my application and got ready to become a great teacher of truth!*

*As we all began to learn the knowledge, I felt deeply inferior. "Oh God, I'll never get this. Besides, it's too much responsibility. How could I be given such an awesome task? I'll never make it." Nevertheless, I continued.*

*As the course progressed, we had study partners. One sunny day, as my partner and I were practicing our knowledge, I began to cry. "I can't do it. I just can't do it. I am too confused to become a teacher. Why did I even try?"*

*My friend looked at me compassionately and began reassuring me in a soothing voice, "I always knew that I was born to find my Teacher. It's been my greatest desire, to be here at the same time as my Master and greet him again. I'm fortunate to have had my greatest wish come true. It's given my life meaning. What's given your life meaning?"*

*I closed my eyes in tearful resignation. "What has given my life meaning?" I questioned. "My kids haven't been enough. What's been my greatest desire in life, my purpose? What was I born for?"*

*The answer came immediately, as soon as I finished my question. It glided across my inner vision.*

*"Your greatest desire has always been to serve. It doesn't matter what you do. Your very existence is service. Every time you move about in the environment, with your loving heart, you serve. You can give aid wherever you want, but your true service is your bliss - your loving heart in action."*



*I didn't become a meditation teacher on that course.  
I became Service instead.*

## **"GIRLS JUST WANA HAVE FU-UN"**

*One morning, I was feeling a little needy. I wanted some clear, untainted advice. My friends were wonderful, but in this case they were useless. Their suggestions were usually based on their own needs and desires. I couldn't really trust their good intentions. Who could I call that would completely empathize with my situation and still be able to give me accurate advice?*

*I let the thought go, when the phone rang. "Hi, there!" The voice jingled. "Guess who's in Washington?" It was my good meditation buddy Denise. "Who?" I asked half-depressed. "Who do you think?" she shrieked.*

*"Oh, my God!" I cried. "Don't tell me. He's here, isn't he? That high guy, our good buddy Sri Sri is in Washington, isn't he?" She cackled with glee, "Yes. He's here, and I have his phone number."*

*I couldn't believe it. Sri Sri was only a couple of states away from me. What perfect timing! I wondered if I could call him? After all, I'm one of his favorite buddies. Of course he'd speak to me. So what if hundreds of people are calling him, I bet I can get through. (True Chutzpah, or is it True Grit?) I'd hardly finished my thoughts, when she was giving me the phone number. "Go ahead. Call him," she challenged. "You're pretty gutsy!" Then she abruptly hung up.*

*Well, that was a good sign. Wonder if I should? I could use a little boost. I'd been feeling stagnant, sitting all alone in the same place for awhile. Well, what could it hurt? I picked up the phone and began to dial, feeling my throat immediately tighten. "What if he answered," I cringed. "What will I do then?"*

*The phone began to ring - once, twice, three times. I got ready to hang up, when a funny cheerful voice answered, "Jai Guru Dev". (A salutation meaning victory to the highest. Many people with him use it as a greeting.) "I want to talk to Sri Sri," I squeaked, trying to control my voice.*

*"Jai Guru Dev," the voice repeated. "No, I want to speak to Sri Sri," I insisted. "Jai Guru Dev," the voice said again. "This is Sri Sri."*

*That was it. I wasn't going to make it. I was sure to faint dead away. I heard an automatic brave voice take over and apologize. "I'm sorry Sri Sri, I didn't realize it was you. I called because I don't know what to do with my self. Maybe I should come see you on the next course?" "Come," he invited. "Come to me."*

*With that affirmation, I felt unstoppable. I could ask him anything. What did I really want? I sensed he was going to hang up, if I didn't speak soon. "Sri Sri," I chirped, "I know God's my one and only, but couldn't you send me a consort? Girls just wanna have fun," I sang.*

*I heard him chuckle over the phone, visualizing a raised eyebrow in amusement. "Ahh," he said. "You want to have fun?" "Yes, yes." I confirmed. "Well, Dvorah," he teased slowly, "You Are Fun!" And with that, he said, "Jai Guru Dev," and hung up.*

*I was in a mild stupor all day. When bedtime came, I was still in blissful shock. My God, I'd called him, and he answered. What a good buddy! What a miracle!*

*When I finally fell asleep, I had a most unusual experience. I was conscious all night, yet I was dreaming. I felt huge, tender, sensuous waves moving all through my body and circulating all around me. It was as if pure love was playing me, like an instrument. I felt orgasmic, as if my whole body was tingling in little bursts of bliss - disappearing, then reappearing again. It was unbelievable, yet totally natural. I remember opening my eyes in the middle of the night, fully conscious, questioning if this was real. And it was. I still felt this incredible love overtaking me. I'd close my eyes letting the visions continue.*

*I saw myself sitting in a large room crossed-legged, as someone played the flute. Ancient beings in robes, carrying large wooden canes, would come and go. I sat in blissful observation, enjoying the scene, as intermittent orgasmic bursts of light would appear and disappear in me. This ecstasy went on all night.*

*When I awoke, my body was still tingling. What an experience! My consort (which felt like myself) had been sent to immerse me in cosmic orgasms. Incredible! What a trip!*

*I energetically got dressed, humming my favorite Cindy Lauper tune. As I picked up the car keys, ready to walk out the door, my eyes noticed a picture of Sri Sri. He was smiling mischievously, staring straight at me.*

*"Pretty clever, aren't you," I twinkled back at him. "Thought you could fool me, didn't you?" I chided. "That was a great experience. However, NOW send me the real thing. Someone I can really pinch. You know," I sang in my most titillating voice, "girls just wanna have fu-un!"*

## **MY LITTLE GURU**

*One day I was feeling lost and confused. I couldn't understand why. After all these years of meditation, asanas, breathing, jogging, jumping, praying, begging, demanding and just plain whining, I still felt confused and unenlightened.*

*Could it be something I ate? Maybe I picked up a negative thought somewhere? It seemed I just couldn't win in this game called life. Whatever I did to get higher, wiser and more centered, eventually failed, and I felt confused again! I decided to call a good friend in Fairfield, Iowa, city of the Immortals. (Only the flowers die there.)*

*Hi Lila, it's me Dvorah, your long lost buddy out here in Los Angeles. How's it going over there? It's probably so mellow that everyone's in bliss. I'm over here feeling miserable and lost. I can't seem to get it together. What am I going to do? I really need some help – big help!”*

*Lila listened lovingly, then with sure conviction of success, gave me her suggestion. “I know just the person for you to call. I know an Avatar! And I have “Her” phone number. Isn't it amazing that we can have a direct connection to someone like that? Let me give you the number, and you'll finally get some answers!”*

*I was flabbergasted. An Avatar! At last, someone who would catapult me out of this mundane relative misery, and into the heavenly light. What a lucky break!*

*As I rejoiced in my good fortune, I felt an intuitive tug at my heart-strings. “You've already got it all, Dvorah,” it said. “Everything you've ever needed, your ‘lucky break’, is already seated in your heart.”*

*I curiously closed my eyes, searching for the source of the impulse. “Of course”, I chuckled. “How could I forget you?” All I need to do is write my most adorable Sri Sri a letter, or maybe venture a call. He's always been there for me, when I needed him.*

*I heard Lila's voice pierce through my thoughts, as my attention quickly returned. “Lila, I just had a powerful realization. I think I'll just write Sri Sri, a letter. That's always worked for me.”*

*“Sri Sri”, Lila shrieked in my ear, “he’s just a guru! You have a chance to be blessed by an Avatar! Wake up Dvorah!”*

*Her voice jolted a deep wave of loyalty and gratitude. This “little Guru”, had offered me life many times by giving me the strength, love and security to go on. I’d watched him heal life-long shadows and traumas, by the wave of his flower, as he silently graced the environment with his loving Presence. I’ve observed as hundreds of people dropped years of Misery and guilt, by remembering how dearly and unconditionally the Divine loved them.*

*This “little” Guru carried the forces of forgiveness and salvation in his very glance and embodied the spirit of One who knew the truth. Here was an ‘Avatar’ worth following, a pure manifestation of Divine light and love.*

*“Thanks, Lila”, I said, thanking her for my blessed memory. “Don’t worry about me, I’m in good hands, I just had brain-glitch for a minute.*

*I hung up the phone feeling great, touched by my good fortune. From that moment on, I pledged to tell the whole world about my dearest friend and very adorable Self, “My Little Guru”, Sri Sri Ravi Shankar – the light of the Avatars!*

## ***RIDICULOUS "LIMPING" LETTERS SENT TO GURUJI***

***May 2008-May 2015***

*My Sweet Darling - here are some new videos and I'm making about 10 more. They're short 3- 4 min. max. If you want me to stop with this nonsense you can let me know.*

*I don't even know what I'm talking about, but I certainly do it with confidence and conviction - you gottaloveme cause I'm so nuts!!!!...As it is I keep chugging and yapping along spending all my time editing and uploading. love you darling, your darling madly in love dvorah*

*p.s all I do is sit at this computer editing and uploading videos - It would be so wonderful to get a glimpse of you again, a moment is all it takes...*

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*Darling Darling Gurudev - Our relationship is not working!! Why? Because you never call, you never come home for dinner and of course the big one - I NEVER SEE YOU!*

*Now what is wrong with this picture? Fortunately for US, I LOVE YOU MADLY and you are absolutely impossible to forget, so what am I going to do? I only have a few more miserable years on this ever-changing ridiculous earth or whatever you call it, and I would like to spend it seeing you a little more often!! Whatdoyasay?? Can you make that happened?*

*So Call me and I'll sing my shut up song to you???? Love you Adorable Darling, sweet as a watermelon Guru...your devoted adorable Dvorah*

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*Look darling - I just love you - very plain and simple, I love and adore you and it becomes more obvious every day how I just honestly don't need anyone or anything else...All this desire for more knowledge, more gurus, more attention ,more and more and more and then what??? what then???? So stupid, but so blissful...always wanting, feeling, crying, loving, the Himalayas, meditation, truth, more and more and more and no matter how much is shown, how much is given what do you have?????????*

***ONLY BIG OPEN BEAUTIFUL NOTHING SELF!!! EVERYTHING BIG NOTHING!!!!!!!!!!!! I Watch my friends, teaching, learning, serving, giving, counting the more and more's - having more and more FUN!!!! AND I WANT TO SCREAM!!!! WHAT ABOUT MEEEEEEEEEEEE! How come I'm so happy sitting here making stupid videos, telling people to shut up and be happy!***

*I WANT TO WANT AND WANT AND WANT AND FEEL AND FEEL AND FEEL AND CARE! BUT NOOOOOO! Dvorah unfortunately doesn't CARE - and that means no desires, no exiting promises and no nothing! AND OF COURSE NO HIMALAYAS OR ANY OF THOSE OTHER EXCITING SPIRITUAL QUEST PLACE! TV IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR DVORAH!*

*DARLING, how about an e-mail telling me about how I'm your favorite fool and how much you love me???? Think you can have one of your swamiis write me a love letter????*

*love you darling, your darling Dvorah.....*

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*My most precious darling - your swamii sent me a love letter, perfect...more than perfect deliciously perfect - He asked me if I was close to enlightenment - I said: "my Guru's enlightened and I am part of my Guru, so I am enlightened????"*

*And of course that enlightenment is MY VERY Nature as it is everyone's! Darling, do you like that answer?? The first one came from you of course! Oh DARLING, I JUST LOVE everyone thinking I'm enlightened, makes me very very special, special special A TRUE SPECIAL IDOIT!!!!!!!!!! I just love it!*

*Susan Raleigh's in Ojai, I will see her tomorrow, her sister is moving here, gosh maybe I'll finally have a friend I can help! Darling thank you for sending that adorable swamii, so sweet of you, he told me he meditated with you, can anything be better! Hanging out with my darling Guru all alone meditating---which reminds me darling, I meant to ask you - I DON'T MEDITATE ANYMORE formally that is - do you want me to?*

*Love you darling, I Kvell when I think of you! (that's another jewish word for you to learn, it means ecstatic with happiness and pride... And by the way I'm thinking instead of calling myself Dvorahji, I'll call myself Dvorahju.....whatdoyathink, funny huh????????? and you can call Michael Michaelju tooooooooooo.*

---

*Now I'm making 1/2 hour shows that I'll take to public access channels and I'll have a regular show on TV entitled, "Ask Dvorahji: Final Guide for the Spiritually Challenged & Confused". It will have the Shut Up song, 2 vinettes of a spiritual topic or funny skit, and then we'll end with the "Life is Awesomely Meaningless"song. I'm going to take it to many stations in Los Angeles, maybe Colorado and Fairfield. Fun & funny HUH????*

*Personally my darling - why don't you just give me a white bathing suit with a begging bowl and send me to the Himalayas or something...life goes on and on and on,*



*Amazing - what a long dream, no end to it huh??????.....constantly changing scenes - thank God for YOU...love you darling, yours in deep love, Dvorah...*

---

*DARLING, Shut Up and Be Happy Song won the Santa Barbara International Student Film Festival Award! Guess voting for myself a million times worked! Darling, what would I do without YOU! Did I tell you life is STUPID! love you darling, your Dvorah*

---

*I wonder sometimes if I know what I'm yapping about! I just keep yapping! But I always go back to the same THING!...ALL the teaching all the the infinite amazing subtle knowLedge and teachings of the body, mind, etheric body, chakras, process of death, details knowledge and on and on and on...are all illustrious, amazing, fascinatingly interesting, wonderful concepts and in the end they fade, change and disappear and all you are left with EVERRRRRR - IS SPACE, YOU YOU YOU!.....My VERY SELF!...*

*NOW I think I'm crazy because, I don't get that people, great people and teachers don't get that - THAT natural flow, only flow, that flow that leaves you unconcerned with anything you do, or say or anything....Now darling YOU are my GURU, my only GURU of my heart - my only verification of anything of everything....IS THIS IT THE ONLY IT THAT'S HAPPENING WITHOUT A SECOND- IT???? Even as I ask the question, it cannot be denIed.....THIS IS IT!? OR TRULY AM I JUST CRAZY????????????????*

*I Love you darling.....tell me, hug me, signal me, send a bird or plane or monkey or of course one of your adorable swamiis OR????????????????Darling, darling....*

---

*What am I going to do? I wake up and there you are, I go to bed and there you are, I'm at my computer and there you are, I'm driving and there you are, I'm in the bathtub and there you are -everywhere there is "My Little Guru" What is a crazy lady like me to do????? Darling, I completely adore you...and again there you are that feeling...or whatever that is there you are...I'm bringing you a rough sample of a new book called:*

*IF IT COULD BE DIFFERENT - IT WOULD BE DIFFERENT!  
Karma, Dharma, Schmarma & ENLIGHTENMENT  
(More Questions & Answers - The Nonsense That Keeps You UN-Happy)*

*What do you think darling...  
Gosh I'm full with you always, that's all I do, is write you, think you, and blab, blab, blab (on the computer)...I'm putting all my skits on tv now - honestly I look ridiculous, so I guess you've taught me well....love you Darling, your darling in love, Dvorah-gee!*

---

*The only desire I've ever had is to serve you -everything else is really pail in comparison...and this Navaratri, I couldn't even find a desire..I looked and honestly there are no desires (not even for liberation or whatever)... my most precious adorable darling - ONLY YOU, what else could there possible be but YOU....I'm so excited about seeing you in Houston...*

*I wanted to see you this year before my birthday and here I am rushing off to be with you...and you know darling, I'm so cheap and I hate spending money except on myself...I'm such a joke (they should make a puppet called Dvorah and she laughs every time you pull her nose! ) and I love you sooooooooo my sweet Darling....Gurudev*

*Your big devoted puppet, completely at your service - Dvorah-gee.....*

---

*Hi my Darling Guru, I hope you get these letters, because I'm going to write you more often. Darling, you're my best friend, who else understands me? They all think I'm CRAZZZZZZY or Worse Enlightened - what a joke and what a funny word, enlightenment, is that like "I am the light but everyone else is the bulb?" Stupid HUH????*

*Now darling, you know I don't have any great feelings about anything I do or write, However I just enjoy reading my stuff! It's really MAHHHHVELOUS! I FINALLY GOT THE TITLE OF THE NEW BOOK, you're going to love it!*

***"Get Over It!  
If It Could Be Different-It Would Be Different!".....***

*Do you like it???? it's perfect don't you think?  
This guy wants to be my friend on facebook...he tells me he's a Prophet - You know darling, that's not what to say if you want to be my buddie - I'm much more interested if someone tells me they're a coroner (being a scorpio and all).....*

*I just can't stand Prophets, yoga teachers, Masters, New Age Guru's , the Secret (OH MY GOD THAT'S REALLY a pile of JUNK) the healers or Ascended Masters and especially that Ramtha Guy speaking from a famous woman's body, he's been doing it for 20, 30 years now. Have you heard of him? He's the 30,000 year old prophet that many people have been following, his group made the famous spiritual movie "What the Bleep".*

*They should call it "What a DUMMY!"(you'd think he would have found the light in 30,000 years instead still hanging around giving advice to his miserable devotees).*

*These people drive me crazy! The Maya, the variety, the concepts blows my mind every time...Unbelievable, amazing, unfathomable, crazy magnificent, beautiful stuff, HOW IS IT POSSIBLE? HOW IS IT POSSIBLE, all this stuff never-ending stuff....AMAZING...JUST AMAZING....*

*You know darling, I love you, so open and empty and so YUMMY, OPEN AND COMPLETELY YUMMY....and you know, you're funnier than me....Do you remember the time I sang DISSOLVE, DISSOLVE DISSOLVE INTO INFINITY and you almost choked in laughter....and John was there...and when I was done singing you said to John: "Feeling romantic?"*

*I still roll on the floor laughing...which reminds me, I don't get it, why aren't I with John? Why didn't you hook us up? Why did you make him a Brahman? Doesn't he have anything better to do? Verna thinks you're Jesus, evreybody wants you to be Jesus, or Krshna . Why? I don't get it! What difference does it make, does it make you any greater? God all this NONSENSE! Amazing..*

*I told her you were EVERYTHING AND THAT INCLUDES JESUS AND KRSHNA (but she wasn't happy with that, they want to you be that body, risen from dead, YUCK! COMPLETELY DISGUSTING) Hey, maybe you'd like to play Dvorah for a day and just sit, watch tv and eat chocolate? My body is always available...*

*By the way Darling..I told you I'm completely NOT interested in ANYTHING??? I don't have a clue how I'm going to come and see you...I don't like crowds or hotel rooms or Canadian beds, or THOSE closed doors to your room, when I want to just sit next to you like a dummy and say something funny...I forget that all you do is look at me and LAUGH.*

*OK my dear Gurudev, darling of my heart...love you...sending you my deep love and affection and can you please tell the Elephant at the Ashram I want to marry him or her, doesn't make any difference which to me, I'm open! love you dear ONE....your Dvorah*

---

*My Most Precious One...I love Ashtavakra and you my darling are my Ashtavakra...not that twisted ugly old guy - but this beautiful flowing Guru! I really lucked out...I could have had a big fat bald Guru to look at and instead I got YOU....Sometimes I look at Mickey, but honestly he's too Jewish. Amazing to see him president...everyone is giving him so many Tzuris (problems in yiddish)..., I have great compassion for Mickey, and I LOVE HIM, but you know sometimes he's kinda TWIKED (at least that's what I hear!) Did you know that Michael tried to sell me advertising in the Whole Life Times magazine, when he was working for them, and that's when he told me about YOU.*

*At the time I told him to leave me alone, because I was with Maharishi and I didn't*

*need another Guru...I finally met him years later when you took me. Thank God he didn't try to sell me a toilet seat! (he used to sell those too really very funny!).*

*You know darling, I'm compiling a bunch of sayings: Here's are the latest four I posted on facebook. Darling...I'm a little celebrity. It's fabulous being a celebrity behind a computer...just perfect!*

*I'm afraid if they saw me, they'd see what a 2 year old I am, cause I love saying NO, leave me alone, don't bother me....you know Guruji, I'm really rude and obnoxious - but then*

*I'm so in love with you, it doesn't make much difference, cause I'm obnoxiously in LOVE...*

---

*Darling - I think it's time for you to send me a friend!!! I'm alone all the time...and SO WHAT IF I'M HAPPY??? Who Cares! I want a friend! And make that a Mute - someone who sits there like a dummmmy adoring me! can you do that? I want to do all the talking, because you know I hate listening to other's opinions...I'm surprised you do!*

*I want a Human dog...Is that possible. Someone I can go out to lunch with, watch a movie with and talk about it later AND someone who's funny and highly creative and someone who doesn't disagree with me. Because I want to be the only one that can argue! Can you do that? And I want someone who thinks I'm beautiful! on the outside not just on the inside! Darling can you do that for me?*

*Seems to me if you can change the weather and change forms and all that other Nonsense - you should be able to bring me a human "man's best friend". Ok, I'm going to do a puja now and am waiting for my present any day now - If you make it happen before Guru Purnima, I'll bring him/her with me and then you'll have another devotee!!! Whatdoyouthink?*

*Ok, I'm taking lilly for a walk now and then I'm going to the eye doctor, Dvorah has a catarac in her left eye, so he's going to check it and then eventually take it out! Maybe I'll get glasses, because they make me look younger and thinner, I think?*

*Ok, Darling, My darling Guruji---When will I see you again? Sending my best sweetness, in all adoration, your Dvorah-gee!*

---

*I just spoke with KiKi and OMG we love you ...we squeal like pigs everytime we talk about you...no wonder you adore her, she's a complete delight and she **LIKES ME!** OMG DARLING, life is still completely stupid, but still I'm happy, it's a strange*

combination to be completely amazed by it all, incomprehensible AWESOME and then think OMG "NOT this dung heap AGAIN"! What a combo! All I can say is thank God for Facebook...at least I can do some good in the world, that seems to get me up in the morning....and still I DON'T CARE!

Everybody still wants to get enlightened and they still think if they get enlightened life will go THEIR WAY!! What a joke! My job is to keep telling everyone that MOTHER IS AT HOME and to just keep on keeping on.

You know at one time I thought I wanted your job. Now you know I was completely crazy! First of all I'm not capable of doing your job and second of all I WOULDN'T WANT IT IF they blessed me with Adonis and gave me a golden calf and elephant to ride. From my perspective...your job is impossible...THANK GOD YOU'RE NOT HOME!

OH Kiki is engaged to a darling Mexican...you know Mexicans love fat woman, so I think you should fix me up with a Mexican. What do you think? Love you deeply darling...your Dvorah and yes I'll see you at Guru Purnima, I must come! it's the Law of the Universe.

---

Most adorable Darling...you know people/especially your devotees drive me NUTS! If you say to them: "OK, If God is everything, If God knows Everything, If God is Omnipotent - then that includes you, right? Now you can be happy, because he's always taking care of you, you are in God's plan right?" and they answer: "But what about my Ego?" And of course I want to smack them! Always a But, Always ONE BIG BEHIND, BUTT!...

I love you Gurudev, adore you to no end, ONLY YOU and only YOU can do what you do!!! Maybe you'll smack them for me? love you darling, can't wait to see you.  
Darling you think maybe, I could read you a note or two from my new book?

Maybe as a bed time story when you're falling asleep with all those other bozo's in the room? Gosh, I can't imagine doing that. Next Time, I'm coming in as Michael Fishman (only taller, so the girls like me) and then I'll be able to come to your room, massage your toes and read you a story...WHAT DO YOU THINK? Love you darling, Always, only you.... your adorable Dvorahji....

---

My Dearest Gurudev, you're my Gurudev aren't you? The one who brought my father down to be initiated, when I was meditating one day, you told me to call him. My God I did my TM program for a long time - I was a wonderful TM teacher - I just didn't teach!!! but I think I did it more for the status then a desire to teach...no wonder you

*didn't make me a Sahaj teacher, I might have worked for AOL and driven them all crazy with my non-negotiable OPINIONS! I don't play well with others, unless I'm doing all the playing and talking.*

*Gurudev, I wanted to ask you something when you stopped to talk to me, but good god, you're so overwhelming, all I can do is tell you how adorable you are when I see you! But this is what I wanted to say:*

*1. I'm going to let AOL publish "Get Over It!" because I'm lazy, have no ambition and this way I can do seva and give money to AOL without thinking about it.*

*2. I'm thinking about doing some Shut Up talks with some points here and there and your dynamite pancha kosha meditation or one of your meditation tapes...again, cause I'm too lazy to do it my self and you are so COOOOOOOOOL!*

*3. I'm going to make another music video with an American cast of Vasudeva Kutumbakam (I also thought it was bakubakam, whatever that means!) But It will be fun and more energetic and funny, not so serious as the Indian one (which is perfect for the Indians).*

*4. Gurudev, you still want a show of some kind - but I really don't know what you want!!!! So if you want me to, I'll call you in Canada and tell me what you want. I never really had a very clear idea of the kind of TV show you're talking about. Maybe we could have some kind of conference call with Marci, because she told me about it tooo.. So por favor, tell me about it. Dvorahji is a film maker! Maybe Dvorahji could be the character, because she serious/wise and ridiculous at the same time. phone*

*5. You told me that getting prasad from you was an excuse to get into your room. Well this WHOLE MISERABLE LIFE, has been an excuse to get into your room. WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO DO HERE when you're around?*

*And of course If you would find a teepee somewhere for me, or a suitable hole in the wall Ashram where I could live - I would gladly stop doing all this nonsense and just hang out and wait for you to come visit.*

*Find me an Ashram and put me away for life. I can bring my computer anywhere and shine a little light on the internet. Ok, as usual, I love you, the world is stupid and I love everybody, especially when I can't see them...My favorite big open yummy SPACE! THE BEST!*

*BTW - I just saw Dvorah the pig - and she's growing just like a pig! She's disgusting but I love her (maybe I should change my name or you can give me one - no animal names please)....your darling, adorable Dvorah, the devotee not the.....! Love you darling, my Gurudev, your, Dvorah (which by the way means Honey Bee, one who moves towards more sweetness, and that's YOU!)*

*I am Blissful but I don't care. I spoke to an Osho follower on Facebook yesterday...A joyous Tantra king...always that gorgeous SEX/SENSUALITY EDGE to them all...It's beautiful, alluring and honestly completely HILARIOUS...*

*ALWAYS with that Shiva Ligum crap...amazing....Shiva and Kali seducing each other on facebook...facebook foreplay....I couldn't stop laughing with Joy...so completely FUNNY....*

*Who cares about all this stuffffff as it fades into the bliss of complete emptiness, nothing to hold...open sensual bliss.....don't even bother to make anything of it, what a waste. He says he wants to make love to me - what a JOKE AS soma and sensuality are my NATURE.....AMAZING....REALLY quite beautiful....*

*Osho's people, always wanting to create a "juicy Zorba the Budddha" Have them fornicating in the street with joy and awarenesss.....Osho, good old Osho, always licking the Divine.....Truly Hilarious..... Love you my sweet most adorable Gurudev.....Amazing it all is, isn't it? Darling.....your devotee and good buddie, Dvorah.*

---

*How can anybody even talk about enlightenment? Is there some kind of universal code among known saints as to what enlightenment is? Outer manifestations that someone can actually talk about?*

*The only common denominator I SEE IS "the cessation of search, a kind of inner-referral of THIS IS IT, a kind of vastness in your face peace, sometimes accompanied with bliss, or knowledge of how karma, chakras or whatever ethereal experiences work in time & space.*

*SO EACH person who has found "peace" can only talk about their experience. HOWEVER, even experiences of peace, or the swirling ocean of thoughts, or seeing how time & space & karma work and how AWARENESS IS aware of being a human being....are still experienced in very particular ways and still part of the illusory/lila fabric. It's knowledge and any knowledge is still threads coming out of Being. SO THERE IS THIS and then there is everything else PERIOD.*

*And Screw them all - right now I sit here and there is nothing but THIS even tho Dvorah is so apparent and her dog - it's all a scene in THIS...and I will never say anything else except Enlightenment is my Nature...and I don't have a clue what that Nature is.*

*So the answer to THAT BIG ADVAITA STUPID QUESTION OF WHO AM I IS: WHO THE FUDGE KNOWS. And if anybody asks - maybe I can convince them that THEY WILL NEVER KNOW, SO if they want any peace they should just SHUT UP AND BE*

*HAPPY - cause that's all they're going to end up with anyway!!*

*Love you Darling Darling Darling forever Darling Gurudev...who still hasn't been able to shut me UP!*

---

*My Darling Gurudev...honestly you are just toooooo much for me...I can't bear to see you and I can't bear not to see you!!! Now that's a dilemma.....I'm not coming to Gurupurnima and I always miss you terrible when I don't come...You know it's crazy having a guru - what would I do without one? I've cut everybody else's head off, you're next!!!!!! hahahahahahahhahahah.....I laughed about you last night when I went to bed, what a tickle you are and what a crazy meshuganah I am.....*

*My favorite joke still is: Why do we have so many thoughts? Because there's NO ONE there to stop them!!!! Hahahahah - I find that hilarious!!! I'm laughing about it right now...You know darling, my girlfriend had a dream about you & me (she doesn't even like us!) and you were standing next to me and I was this older Indian Lady, sari & all, head covered and you called me Ma....*

*She said she couldn't wait for you or who ever it was to leave her alone, she just wanted to go to sleep...she said someone wanted me to get the message.....So was I a good mother? I hope I didn't spank you for not eating your oatmeal!.....I love you darling, my sweet most precious Guru darling....*

*.I'll be your mama anyday...but honestly I'm very strict and a 2 year old myself...actually I think I'm a terrible mother...probably best if you get someone else next time...In deep love your, Dvorah*

---

*What the hell am I going to do??????? Tell me.....? Being so in love with you? It's completely crazy!!!! Better send me someone to adore so I can EAT HIM UP AND PRETEND IT'S YOUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!!.....*

*Good lord, if you could find someone to take care of Rajree, (and we all know she's a handfull!!) you can certainly find someone for meeeeeeeee. Tall, big, gorgeous, good teeth (a must) and love to play with me - I WANT TO HAVE MORE FUN! love you madly.....my Darling, your Dvorah-gee*

---

*My most precious Guru....I was just watching Guru Purnima 2002...honestly you are AMAZING...sooo completely gracious. The "nonsense" you put up with blows my mind. So this is what a Guru does? So completely gracious at all times.*

*I just don't know how you don't crack up laughing as everyone and their grandmother*



wants to give you some "chatchka" from their backyard!!

Crazy really how you can stand it ALL! Being the maniac I am, as soon as they brought out another feather, or stone, or old hair from their dead ancestors, I'd throw them out!!!.....I love you Gurudev.....I just love you.....who else have I got but YOU.

Too bad patience isn't one of my better traits.....but I did wait for you, at least that's to my credit.....in your service, Dvorah

---

Guruji Darling.....Now I'm on AOL matrimony.....and of course I lied about my age. I told them I was 59.....but the men on there are so old and kinda "religious" looking.....really strange. I said I just wanted to have fun.....but they apparently want a wife to help them evolve and BOY THAT IS NOT ME! .....

Good lord, I'll have to find a 40 year old!.....And my dearest darling Guruji, I gave YOU as my reference. If anyone can give me a recommendation it's just got to be you. and please don't tell them I'm crazy, because that will ruin everything!! And don't tell them my neighbor named a pig after me, because then they'll think I'm fat with a tail.

Ok dear, I'm telling you, I'm serious about this, I want a big man with strong arms and gorgeous silver hair that thinks I look like a movie star! and of course this is the picture I put up.....

Ok Dear...wish me luck! in your loving service your, Dvorah  
ps. Make sure his name is not Mickey, or Daren, or John.....in deep love with all your gorgeous Swami's, (maybe you can give one of them up???) Dvorah-gee!

---

Well dear dear Guruji...I may have overstepped my bounds again....but honestly these stupid stupid Maharishi old friends of mine are RIDICULOUS.....love you....

.I'm still OLD instead of being enlightened but the good thing is - both have similar qualities, and I'll take what I can get!@ hahahahahahhahahahah.....

Maybe I'll structure an AOL course for Old people who have been with you for a long time, who THINK they're enlightened, but are just OLD! hahahahahahah  
Jai Guru Dev, in your service, your dvorah-gee!

---

Darling, guess what???? I've started a new group on Facebook....you're going to love it. It's ONLY for women and it's called:

*NAMASTE DVITCHES!! .....hahahahahahahaha hilarious don't you think???*

*Totally cracks me up everytime I say it! I'm still laughing just thinking about it! love you dear, in your service, your Devotee Dvitch, Dvorah-gee! hahahahahahaahha*

---

*Darling Gurudev...*

*I want to go to Navaratri for my 70th birthday - next year.....with my daughter - wouldn't that be just wonderful!! Is that a good idea???*

*I want to see Indrani, I'm madly in love with her....I'll HELP take care of her for a month- LIKE wash her, or feed her or something???? I think you'd be excited seeing me silent for 9 days??? hahahahahahahahah love you, in your service dvorah*

---

*My most precious GURU....My darling, It's true, I don't have a clue as to your vast/adorable/SELF...only little peaks here and there, but mainly I'm at a loss for words when I'm with U or even think of U...it's Here U always are. I'm going to turn 70 in November. Unbelievable. Crazy really.*

*I feel like a baby, brainless and silly. All I seem to be capable of is writing and sitting; mainly sitting! hahahahahaha I always thought you'd find an ashram for me and some friends to hang with in my "old age" as I spent my days thinking of U & telling U jokes (in my head of course! hahahaha). Maybe I should come to the ashram for my 70th birthday? You know I love Indrani, just adore her, my most precious darling darling friend, I think of her often.*

*I'm still in my little hut (gorgeous thank you with my three little dogs for company), So when you asked if I wanted to meet a 75 year old wealthy man - really I was taken aback - All I could do was make a joke. What would I do with a man? Just tooooo wierd! I was shocked and IN SPACE like I always am when I'm with U.....*

*I'm pretty useless except for writing and being silly, and it would be nice to change my environment and have someone take care of me....although U know that I always feel so lucky and so taken care of and so unbelievable grateful for having U, what else is there? i've been given everything.*

*So I DO want to meet him. I'm getting tired of being here with nothing to do (cause my interests are NIL except for U). I'm so used to/comfortable being alone but I'm WILLING to see. Besides U always want the best for me, and if it was UR suggestion, it must have been in my interests as UR vision is beyond "me". My deepest adoration and love, in your service, your dvorah*

---

*This morning I'm really happy - must BE UUUUUU! Remember when I came in and said: "Hey Gurudev, what did I miss?" and you said: "Enlightenment!"  
hahahahahahha...and I thought: "AGAIN!!!" hahahahahha.....*

*SO I guess you found a rich little old guy for me? hahahahhaha.....hilarious. I love you....am I getting married or getting an online boyfriend??  
hahahahahhahahahahahaha ....I will nevaaaaa figure out who u are....what a funnnn unbelievable enigma you are.....*

*You are everything to me....it's a song in space! my precious precious darling dear of my heart! :)*

---

*We both know I'm beyond lucky- beyond the beyond..... is it possible, really possible to have absolutely everything...I have everything, absolutely everything....thanks my darling Gurudev...I'd love to write something funny and complain but I can't.....what I can tell you is that I'm full, have 3 fat dogs and NOT an INTERESTING THOUGHT IN MY HEAD..... I'm even more boring then you!  
hahahahahhahahahahahaha I can't wait to see you and promise me you won't be doing those exercises on the floor....Geeshhhhh....that was awful! Here I am almost 70, wearing a new skirt and I weigh more than anyone should or is legal - and you want me to roll around on the floor with my big tush in the air! Now is that friendly???? I don't think so! hahahahahahhaha Bring those continents together so I can lose 35 pounds and I'll gladly glide on the floor, with my legs in the air with the BEST OF THEM!!*

*My dearest darling... life is so stupid and so magnificent at the same time....what a trip! You know I'm a hermit, don't you? Unimaginable isn't it? A mouth that can't stop talking and yet doesn't ever talk! Another unfathomable ENIGMA!  
hahahahahahhahaha In your service your Dvorah-gee jaigurudev*

*PS. as you can see, I've decided to join a gang!! Problem is I'm NOT sure they'll want me! □ hahahahahahhahaha*

*PS.S. I've been thinking about making a little book for you with all my ridiculous EMAILS TO YOU....Absurd idea??? I BET YOU'd just want to forget them!!  
hahahahahahaha*

*Always "hangin" with you... your dvorah-geeeee!*



