TATTWA BODHA BULLETINS

January 2010 – December 2013 (incomplete)

Compiled by John Ransley

BULLETIN I

From: Dominique Bechet [mailto:tattwabodha@hotmail.co.uk]
Sent: Sunday, 31 January 2010 7:54 PM
To: jeransley@bigpond.com
Subject: RE: Hi

Dear Kundan, cher Amour,

Yes. Thank you very much. I will need your loving support as I plan to be belligerent with surrender to what happens. Indeed I met my friend on Thursday [Laurent/Oncologist]. I had an appointment at 11.30 and I spent the day seeing other doctors.

I wrote a kind of message to all. This is the one I slightly changed for you:

When you are supporting me, my heart is not too negative. I feel surrounded by your love and quite in a meditative state and I guess that your compassion is found in the source of it. Please carry on imagining me healthy and happy as it may happen. The oncologist said I am not going to die yet - though he said that was quite a 'pigsty' mess. We will try to get out of it. The pain is treated by medicines. There is an 'algologist' in the team who gave me a strong treatment against it.

Now some news:

I am staying at Besançon in a friends' house and they (Purna Shakti and Jean-Pierre) take care of me with love. They are taking all the material aspect in charge. They do not want my money. They are a miracle. This will be until the end of February. After that I might go to the house my brother and his wife prepared for me if I can find help as I am not sure I can stay alone. I know that there are some social possibilities. I have also cousins and another friend (Régine) who will - I hope - ok to help me. My mother wants to help as well. Well we will see.

I have been to the hospital and there is a very special group of bright people who have different expertise's and who form a wonderful team and who will create for me a healing space in which there are all these doctors and I plus all people who already are surrounding me with their love.

They found a lump on the left collar bone and metastases on the bones and in the liver. At the moment I have to stop the kardegic which is for fluidizing the blood so that when they will take a piece of the lump, to know which molecule to fight, the blood will coagulate.

ALL IS POSSIBLE.

I am tempted to only say: "Thank you all"

Yesterday I decided to be part of the healing team which includes all the doctors and the health system, my family and my friends and all people who will join and the nature also. Then even if I am surrendering to what is, I am still involved in the job. This is because one (Claire) said they were doing all that because: "it worth it!" It has been very important for me to hear that sentence. In the healing team, they all are very friendly.

Yesterday, I spent a yoga afternoon (4 hours) with Purna Shakti and her students who know me as a teacher. They were happy to see me and it was easy to share with them. I couldn't do very much but I enjoyed the yoga nidra.

On Tuesday I will have a biopsy and an appointment after that with the 'algologue' (a doctor who treats the pain aspect of this new adventure). Then when the result arrives they will start the real treatment which will be quite aggressive. The treatment will be an endurance trial and happily 'otherwise' my health is not so bad!

So indeed I give the treatment a go knowing that I am not alone in the fight. I have got Krishna and Arjuna and other heroes and heroines on my side. The battle will last for a long time (months - which made me think I will survive at least for some months!). Please in your hearts stay with me, you all are more than welcome and know that I can feel your care. Please keep giving news of your life, dear friends, I am with you there as well. I love you all with so much pleasure and a relaxed smooth feeling, you are my joy and my beauty.

It is all white here. It has snowed and the particles of snow danced quite wildly and filled my heart with a childish amusement.

2 days ago, with Purna Shakti, we went to a medium lecture where I gently rested - sometimes half sleeping. At the end the medium, when asked, said that I was in between 2 potentials and that nothing is decided yet.

It is not necessary to phone me. I know your care and your love. If you feel you want to hear my voice that is fine. You can join me. My mobile phone number is 06 47 76 57 31 and Purna Shakti's phone is: 03 81 61 07 67. I repeat: there is no need to phone me as I feel I am with you. If I can't reply do not feel offended I might be not able to do so.

Thank you so much.

HUGS
Tattwa Bodha

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Dear Kundan,

Now again with you only.

Of course it is terrible to think that's it, I arrive to my end and it will be horrible as the treatment will painful and so tiring but I accept the fact that I am mortal. If it is it, so what? But the doctors opened the door to another potential telling me that there is something to do. And I am happy to include you in the healing team as you are the most beautiful man I met.

On Thursday, with the algologue, we discussed and I decided to let go the book and its illustration and write and paint for my need as you suggested. He said that the book was at the periphery and that now it is the time to go inside.

The seminar I had to lead has been given to Mangala and my lovely young friend who wants to come and see me, Shivapriya. We have decided that with Sw. Nishchalananda and I am grateful that the seminar isn't cancelled. I am sure it will be great and if I am not too sick I will attend their performance. And maybe I will contribute to a satsang.

Sorry for the text! I can't make it as I want it, the letters have their own feedom it seems!

Thank you Kundan. I am delighted to be able to communicate with you.

Loving you,
Tattwa Bodha

BULLETIN II

From: Dominique Bechet <tattwabodha@hotmail.co.uk>
Date: Sun, Feb 14, 2010 at 6:41 PM
Subject: News II
To: [friends]

Hari OM dear all loves

First of all I need to thank you all for your love, support and care. I am deeply touched and grateful. I did know my friends were beautiful and indeed you are more amazing than I would have dreamt. Thank you. Thank you for all your calls, emails and help. Please do not feel offended when you haven't received my reply yet, it will come separately.

Last news below:

On Thursday 11th February early morning I meet Laurent. He has the result of the biopsy: The cancer and its metastases are a recurrence of my breast cancer, occurred in 1998, one year after the loss of Julie, my daughter. Somehow that's good news as what worked 12 years ago may work now with some improvements of the medicine. It also means that the cancer is dependant on hormones.

The decision taken is a chemotherapy (Taxotere/Avastin: the 2 products together have a synergic power) every 3 weeks X 6. According to the body response the treatment may be adjusted. After these – all working well – there will be a long-term course of hormonal treatment. There will be no end to the treatment as this sickness is chronic as long as I survive. I will have to choose where I want to travel, the treatment being very expensive and not everywhere. In 2 hours I will be implanted an Access Port System to allow the chemo to be painless. On Friday I will have the first chemo without the Avastin: it would be dangerous if it were mixed as it could create an haemorrhage where I will be operated this afternoon. Then he takes me to the service for the nurse to take some blood sample. He gives me some prescriptions, says something about ten days later, on the 23rd then, 'Do you have questions? If so ask the nurse!" And of course none of the thousand questions I have in store come to my mind. After this meeting I am a bit disappointed, even if Laurent is carrying my bag and my coat, as I have got the impression that I missed something. I then have no questions for the nurses. And of course I almost forget it all.

At lunch time I decide to write a list of questions.

In the afternoon I have a complete teeth X-rays before the chirurgical implantation of the Implantable Access Port System (CELSITE®). I do not see anything as my head must be placed down and as a blue field is placed before my eyes. Strangely the team of nurses and doctors tell me to keep my glasses on. So I see the blue field, a young nurse student hiding behind with me and unfortunately for both of us the most painful time is when the young and efficient surgeon pushes in the anaesthetic needle in my right shoulder and when I concretely realise that I am on. Suddenly the cancer becomes is no more an abstract horrible painful thing but gains control over the confused meditative mood about my own death as we are doing something against it. I cry

pulling my face. The young nurse goes on the other side, I am not alone as the surgeon says: (as he is French, he doesn't say please or sorry) "Do not move!"

Well done. Before doing anything the surgeon explains what is going to happen. His words are clear and simple. I don't reply? I have got the impression I have nothing to say? Just once I confirm that I am still here and listening. And I hear that I will have to keep this Implantable Access Port System (CELSITE®) as there is no more room for another one.

Back to the radiology service where the surgery is checked, all is fine. Great!

Meanwhile my friends are waiting for me, worry for me, follow me here and there and I feel grateful and clear. Action! I ask my brother Jean-Jacques to phone Laurent to find out whether he told me all or not. Yes Laurent told me all except one thing: after 8 weeks they will know if the treatment works. Somehow this reassures me: all is not that clear but it is set up and life will tell.

Friday 12th: after some confusion I meet an Argentinian young doctor and I wonder and ask why he is here. He replies that he has been working on medical international networks and that here is the best place – in the world? Or in Europa? – to be to learn, to improve his knowledge about oncology. I am happy, I am pretty right to be here. Of course I have no questions list except in my mind and I do ask them to just be able to tell you all what is going on. The doctor prevents them by answering many before I ask them, telling me more than I expect, for instance all the secondary effects of the treatment though they must be told.

In the corridor I meet the Professor Pivot who friendly checks my hand, he is the boss of the service, but here it seems that everybody is friendly. So I ask all I want, they all reply, checking everything they say if they don't know, kindly sending me where I should be, really all wonderful people, until all my questions finish.

Food (hospital food, no dreams! Not vegetarian and if I say: "I am vegetarian" they reply: "no worries, we will take the meat out.") is served, drinks, the forgotten medicines, the chemo and the aesthetics with esoteric music, face massage and make-up. Laurent kindly visits me and asks: "Have you met Fernando? Your brother called me" I feel grateful that he comes, he says; "I have a meeting" then I do not feel guilty. Great!

No pain, no discomfort when I take a free taxi back to PS and JP's home.

Saturday 13th: With Purna Shakti (Sylvette) and Jean-Pierre we are going to meet Jean-Jacques and Martine in Vincent, my new home, where I will move on the 1st of March. I don't know how it is, I have forgotten, the last time I visited the house was 30 years or so ago. I remember the way though. It is such a strange house, an old one (XVIIIth) all in works, nothing finished, potentially fantastic, I love it! I am happy! How wonderful and big enough it is! Thanks to my brother's authority, the barns have been emptied of the neighbour stuff (and maybe ours) except the rubbish left for us to clean. Jean- Jacques misses the old Solex. Never mind, for me it doesn't matter, the process has started. I just have to remember that I am sick and I have to keep quiet.

I am well, I am ok.

Back to Thise, I ask JP to shave my head. They are not happy to see me as a "Swaminette" even if PS and I chant the Mahamrityunjaya Mantra meanwhile.

The house is not ready and it worries my friends to whom I am forcefully heavy and my needs do increase, a nurse will come twice a week to clean the wound, some blood has to be taken, I will have to bring the result before next chemo which will be on the 22nd and there will be the seminar during the weekend (19th-21st) and Mangala and Shivapriya will arrive on the 18th and so on… More, it is too much when I ask if I can have a special diet whereas Purna Shakti is just thinking of cooking a splendid sauerkraut with sausages!

We understand; PS and I hug each other as we do have something strong in common, this something is called yoga through Swami Nishchalananda, still I am happy to move in the house as it is there, when February transmutes into March, loving my friends, I know they do more than they can.

My mother, beloved Zorro, 86, will come and stay with me in March. Jivan Mukta from Sweden, a yogi, an artist but most of all, a friend, plans to come in April.

Happy Valentine! The snow has stopped and the cold freezes it. We all 3 laugh at breakfast. No pain today...

With lots of love,
Tattwa Bodha

NOTE: From this point many bulletins are missing

BULLETIN V

3 May 2010

Dearest ALL, EVERYBODY, ANYBODY,

Here is Marie-Thérèse from Cardiff, she arrived two days ago and she is word processing for me. She will stay until 15th May and then who will be next? Yesterday that was a mystery. Now we know that Asanga will join us on the 13th!

As we have discovered it is easier when people overlap, so that I may just rest upon their shoulders. It doesn't stop each creation unfold as I have seen that nobody does the same thing in the same way. For me it is also a lesson of humility and I must accept losing my own way of doing things. My Ashram Life has already expressed this. Now I just carry on experiencing it. "Don't get me wrong", as very often Marie-Thérèse repeats, I enjoy that. It is just great whatever happens, it can be fun! To be open allows the new to come in, flowing.

HEALTH
7 May 2010

I went to the hospital yesterday and Marie-Thérèse came with me with her plaits, cowboy hat, not speaking French, her laughter and her beauty. Laurent wasn't there, he was on holiday! So I met another doctor who was kind enough to answer my questions. I didn't ask much. I had the chemo as usual, Kera, a nurse, gave me some addresses for a good physiotherapist and today I forgot to phone… I am glad to announce that my feet are smooth and pretty thanks to the care of my mother, Jivanmukta, Nateshwari, Guna Sagara and Marie-Thérèse who gave me soft feet massages to stop the secondary effect of the chemo. I am also glad to announce that the malignant tumour markers carry on diminishing drastically. The pain killers have been reduced and after a few weeks of difficulty I am back to comfort. I mean that I have no pain, I am closer to the body sensitivity and my mind is less sleepy.

Next chemo will happen on the 27th and it will be the last one. After that there will be more treatments, I don't yet know the procedure.

Suddenly it occurs to me that I don't know what metastasis does, I wonder. Marie-Thérèse says that I shouldn't bother and just consider them as gone. I will ask Laurent and his answer will probably be more appropriate to my case than anything I may find on Internet.

DIALOGUES

Marie-Claude is the first "Vincente" I met in March. She has thick, straight, grey hair, she keeps them "au carré" to please Robert, she says, caressing her hair well cut. She is an optimistic plump person and she wears what she knits and it suits her. All the friends who have met her love her instantly. She lives in a house two houses distance from here. She comes to help me. She smiles and laughs and she is authentic when she does. She is transparent and she is my cousin.

Marie-Claude comes and visits us to announce that her "mammy", 85 year old, died. I don't even know her name, I just realise. She was not able to stay in her home where Marie-Claude and her husband, Robert, were used to visiting and helping her for the last forty-seven years. They have to organise the funeral, manage all the paper work, this is because she was alone and because Marie-Claude and Robert are a compassionate couple.

We can see that Marie-Claude is very upset and suffering from shock and we listen to her with attention. The old lady died when they were with her at the hospital. She was so discreet, she wrote what she wanted and she wanted the strict minimum, no announcements, no advertising.

Marie-Claude is pouring love. When she arrives she is just – as she says – who she is, which is "We cannot change". I am not sure about that, she probably has changed, we all do. It is only a way to escape the compliments we are giving her. She leaves us feeling a bit better we like to believe.

As I am resting (I rest a lot, thanks to my good fortune) I wonder what I could do for her, to comfort her. Very quickly it comes to my mind what "we" can do, since I cannot do very much. I think "we" could make a cake as Marie-Thérèse says she is a good baker. I suppose you notice how the "we" becomes "Marie-Thérèse". "It is not the time to be independent", says the algologist. Well, I ask Marie-Thérèse what she thinks "we" could do for Marie-Claude.

- Marie-Thérèse: "We could make a garland of flowers, but… the lilac doesn't last… mmm… no.
- I: it's a good idea. It's a pity we do not have any flowers
- we could make mmm… a cake?
- Yes!
- But I don't know the Aga oven. Maybe I can use the electric oven. How does it work?
- I don't know…" I phone my sister in law: it doesn't work! "We could use the wood oven.
- But I don't know it.
- I don't know it either…
- I am under pressure now and because of that I will put it on you, Marie-Thérèse says. Do you have eggs? And butter?
- No. We don't. I probably can find some. We have butter.
- Not enough.
- Ok. Let's forget about it. Now there is no pressure on you nor on me. No cake. Simple.
- Mmm."

I let go. After all, it is only a thought.

Marie-Thérèse: "Can I take your oranges? Sure."

Next thing I see is Marie-Thérèse grating the skin of the oranges.

- "What are you doing?

- I am making a cake! And I am making a deal with you: if the cake is not good, you will eat it!
- Ok! I might enjoy it." I phone Jacqueline and ask: "May I do some shopping in your home?
- Jacqueline: What do you need?
- Do you have 6 eggs and 250 g of butter?
- Yes, but I must stay at home.
- Fine, we will come. It will be our daily walk"

We go to Jacqueline and Roland's home. The original house had totally burnt some years ago. It has been a big disaster in their life and I am not going to tell you all, it is too long and really painful. Now it is newly re-built. Both of them are great and generous with me. They bring me wood, even if I don't ask. They check the pile and just, according to the weather, set another pile again. Roland repairs the shutters, cleans and protects them. Last time Roland came, I even didn't notice, what a shame!

We have an interesting conversation with Jacqueline, gentle and true, and a glass of sparkling water. Roland joins us after a while, the son and daughter-in-law pass and Roland takes us back, it is raining and cold, with a bottle of milk, 250g of butter, 6 eggs and a huge net bag of walnuts, goodness! And I haven't even been allowed to open my purse.

Marie-Thérèse continues preparing the cake the early next morning before going to Besancon. I start heating the oven with Roland's wood so the cake can bake. Marie-Thérèse makes something really beautiful and she gives me the bowl to eat the last of the cake mixture "are you like children? – Yes! I love it!" The bowl is very neat "no need to clean it" The cake comes out of the oven, half slightly darkened which she doesn't like but she says: "you can't eat it all!" And indeed I can't despite my promise and my temptation.

Back at home I try to join Marie-Claude, she isn't there and we know why.

Meanwhile I spend one night reading. One of the characters in the book expresses how stupid it is to believe that a cake can console people for the loss of their family and then changes her mind and makes a cake for the little five year old character who has discovered that both her parents have died during the last official Second World War.

I phone Marie-Claude this morning, no answer. The bread delivery arrives and I ask the baker to tell Marie-Claude that I would like to see her. Marie-Claude arrives a few minutes later on her bicycle, thinking I received an official letter telling me that I've got help… I show the cake and say: "that's yours. Marie-Thérèse made it!" Marie-Thérèse says: "we both made it!" Marie-Claude is not only surprised, she is not used to this way, usually it is the other way round and she is so happy that, with a coffee, we enjoy thoroughly the present moment. She tells us the latest stories and we listen, I translate for Marie-Thérèse and Marie-Claude.

SOMETHING I WANT TO SAY

When I had my first cancer, it was the end of the world. I had fallen over the other side, the side of unhealthy people, the side no one wants to see or to be in, deluded as we are when we believe we are healthy. I was forty-five, I thought: "I am going to die" which is true, at some point, I am going to die. At the moment, I am fifty-nine and even if I am weak, I am in one world, the world of humanity. I am alive. What happens in my life is pure beauty. Love surrounds me in its different forms and believe me they are many, at many levels although I don't place them in any hierarchy. I enjoy life, friends and love in a flower or in anything. I discover and enter a dance in which people hold each other's hand and where there is no difference between healer, healing and healed, because it is all happening to all of us in turn and at the same time. Even sick, I am part of the world and the society. We talk, we laugh, we cry, we think and unthink, we are together. I am alive until I am not. It seems obvious but isn't. We don't need to hide and wait to be perfect to be allowed to come back to "normal" life. Natural life is that, sometimes we are healthy, sometimes not. We are mortal and we die every day to our old self. Nothing wrong with that. Let's live and die as we are: imperfect ephemeral beings. Let's enjoy the friendship and love. Let's be grateful for the grace of being alive right now.

I am grateful for all of you, whatever you gave or still give me I received and still receive… Thank you. Please carry on. You are supporting me more than you may believe.

To you all,
Tattwa Bodha

BULLETIN X

November 2010

Hari Om Dear All

The winter was harsh!

You received the last bulletin in November 2010. That's a bit far back in time. I saw some of you again. I even spoke to you – some of you – at length. Some people have asked me about my news. Well here they are!

Nothing to say about September and October. You may remember that I went to Wales and met many of my old friends and Swami Nishchalananda. I had also a Landmark Education Course in London. [https://landmarkworldwidelondon.com/]. Kali gracefully as she - with me – always does, accommodated me and I even met Francoise, who just arrived from Tahiti. Julian, Astanga came.

Coming back to France, I was happy and well, so I decided to attend another LE course thinking that I could travel every so often to London, through Paris visiting Yogini Ratna at the same time. Thanks to Kundan, money was not an issue. In this kind of course we need to fill in a form. And we are asked to say what we are expecting from the course. [Landmark Forum] My expectations were to understand the origin of my behaviour towards men. Most of you know that my love relationships have been impossible in one way or the other.

In this course we were told to commit ourselves and keep our promise. I said it was not always possible to keep our promise, the following will prove it.

In London Julian accommodated me in his yoga sadhana room. He took me to the Camden market where I could buy some present for Yogini Ratna's daughter. I enjoyed the trip and Julian's hospitality. I enjoyed the course although it made me very tired but I still planned to attend all the classes. The next morning on the top of a few yoga mats I woke up and tried to get up. Coloured filaments extended my hands. Each movement would leave its trace in the air. The floor was uncertain. It seemed that I would sink down to the basement. I thought then better to wait, I told the universe: "Nice experience, thank you… May I get up and get my breakfast?" After a little rest I could do it.

Went back to Paris, stayed a night, took the train to Dole, fetched my car and started driving to Vincent, almost arrived, I lost my way, had to make a turn, and the car stayed stuck in the mud. I felt desperate, cars were coming and stopping but people would say they could not help, it was raining and night was falling. I could not find my mobile so I asked one of the men to phone Roland and Jacqueline so that they could help. So a man called and talked to them. Suddenly he found a rope in his car and pulled my car out of the ditch. I went back to Vincent and visited Jacqueline and Roland to reassure them. They invited me for dinner. After the dinner I sat a little while watching the news on the TV but could not stay awake so I went back to my place, parked the car in front of the door. I took all my belongings inside and closed the door, went up to my

bed and collapsed. The next morning I woke up with pain in my lower back, I barely could walk or stand, had difficulties to talk and happily there was a helper who indeed could help. I had a lot of pain, fever and I started emptying myself with sore, distressing, uncontrollable spasms.

From now on I do not remember in which order things happened. All I accurately remember is that I had a terrible flashback. Like in the movies, a zoom in took me to my early childhood. I was absolutely terrified. I was denying my life questioning and wanting to go back to not knowing. Inexorably the zoom in carried on, the panic was increasing, unbearable. It was one of these childish fears on which we have no control. Nevertheless I had to see. I saw a photo of myself as a young child and a photo of my rapist. I understood that I was experiencing again the body pain, the fear, the lack of understanding of what was going on that I had experienced at that time. Forgiveness followed immediately. I smiled: "I am healing!" I saw that in the circle of my life some parts were clear and some dark but I knew I did not want to explore any darkness inside me anymore. On the way back I saw a little character about four year old, a little boy with thin long legs and his head was a round white circle covered by a little vermilion hat. He told me in English: "Don't worry, I will take care of you!" I smiled with the same big smile as previously thinking: "I will manage". It was very strange because it was a slow silent open smile not ordered by the mind. Coming back, suddenly I felt afraid of losing my mind again. The pressure was very strong. My mind seemed to go abstract, it was creating lines of little squares, different in colours like a computer could process. I clung on to my yoga practice and started to clear my mind. It was difficult and it lasted for a few months. It is still, from time to time happening. I would as well use my hands and physically apply a sorting process as my mind is doing.

Some people in the village organized a turn and came to support and care. My door was open night and day and they would fill in the oven with wood to keep me warm. They would feed me and so on. They were desperate because I didn't want to see any doctors. I had to renounce as the work I gave them was too heavy and I wasn't getting better.

I felt the need for my mother to come. She has been very precious. She arrived an hour before I was sent to the hospital in Besançon with a raging fever. She stayed with me and understood that she was to be there only as a mother. She played her role very gently and would keep my hand in hers when I asked for, as you understand I was distressed. I had a septicaemia. I lost a lot of weight, I could not eat, I could not drink, I could not talk and I could not do much. Later I realised that I could have died.

I have been in trouble!!!!! I never saw the winter; I spend a part of it in the hospital, the other one in my bed. So life continues with new difficulties, new state of health and a new treatment. You will find the list of my medicines at the end of the letter.

I discovered that the radiotherapy I was under in '95 for a previous cancer had burnt my right side. The diaphragm was paralysed and shrunk my right lung, had pushed the heart more on the left side. (I always have been left winged). My breathing capacity is now so insufficient that I almost constantly need oxygen. I need sixteen hours of oxygen a day plus when I move.

The cancer has evolved and has increased. It invaded the two last lymph glands. Indeed my treatment this winter was too light and ineffective. I lost three teeth (today all is fixed). I visited a

stomatologist, a dentist, a cardiologist, two pneumologists, an otorhinolaryngologist as well as multiple radiologists for scanners and MRI … all this to know that I am in worse condition but stable.

Laurent said: “I cannot say that you are going to get better. I do not lie to the sick people.” At the same time I thought he might not be able to say it but I can (not denying reality though).

I investigated my new treatment on Internet, which I was told wasn’t the best thing to do. I discussed with Laurent again about it. He said that what I had been looking at was old. Survival average is not twenty four months but thirty six. As Laurent put it the one who survives fifteen years does not care about the one who survives for a month only; I replied the first one could show some compassion. Laurent laughed. Last time I saw him we had a friendly conversation about him, he is writing a book about sick people who cure doctors so I found it very interesting and I will be one of his first readers.

Don’t think my life has finished yet, I live it every second, even when I sleep I am alive.

My life here is good, I enjoy the peace and the visits of my friends, Swami Nishchalananda named the house Shanti Ashram during his short stay with Yogini Ratna and Shiva Priyananda. Even some of my old friends from the south made the leap to come here. Asanga stayed for a month and it has been delightful to share with him spaciousness. In the village I am rich of two new friends who come and leave apple pies, cherries (I am mad for them), strawberries and delicious home made jams. Flowers are illuminating with their colours the garden, the walls and the house. I started identifying some birds. For the first time this spring I saw the dance of love between two doves, they were settled on an electrical wire opposite to my door and they were pushing each other, flying off, teasing each other, not a word just the sound of their wings.

For the first time I saw one snail taking care of the other by passing on its shell its own slime, I saw a little door opening while the snail was showing its tentacles, the shell edge forming itself back to a wavery lace and back to a simple line, it had like a large generous dress, I spend three hours watching them and then I let them go. I am surrounded by miracles.

The rhythm of my life is different, I am joyful and happy here whether there are people or not it is the quality of life I have always looked for, I enjoy it, I am limited in my actions and easily tired, that is why it took me so long to write to you. This letter has been typed through the hands of Jivan Mukta.

Thank you for your presence, support and friendship.

Love, OM, Prem, Amour, Slainte, Glowing Life!

Tattwa Bodha

MEDICAL NOTES

* Vitamine E for the Dupuytren contracture
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dupuytren%27s_contracture.
http://fr.wikipedia.org/wiki/Maladie_de_Dupuytren
In the sites they don't speak about the vitamin E although an expert of the hand saw me 10 years ago and ordered the vitamin for all my life, he said "until your last day" and I replied "my last day I will skip it." He also told me that it was a Celtic sickness which occurs more often in males' hands when they are around 50.

* Procoralan 7.5 mg: to take twice a day substitute to beta blockers for angina, condition we discovered last year probably due to the previous radiotherapies.
http://www.medicalnewstoday.com/articles/118156.php
http://sante-az.aufeminin.com/w/sante/m3716762/medicaments/procoralan.html

* Ixprim: Pain-killer 2 tablets x 3/ day
http://www.medicines.ie/medicine/13102/PIL/Ixprim+film+coated+tablets/
http://sante-az.aufeminin.com/w/sante/m3585739/medicaments/ixprim.html

* Inexium 20mg: to protect against the attack of the medicine on the stomach! 1/ morning
http://xpil.medicines.org.uk/ViewPil.aspx?DocID=22432
http://sante-az.aufeminin.com/w/sante/m3553320/medicaments/inexium.html

* Lyrica: is prescribed for neuropath pains (75 mg morning/ 100 mg evening), see http://www.netdoctor.co.uk/medicines/100005038.html est indiqué dans le traitement des douleurs neuropathiques périphériques et centrales chez l'adulte.
http://sante-az.aufeminin.com/w/sante/m3651270/medicaments/lyrica.html

* Kardegic 75mg: to thin the blood; 1/ noon.
http://ajpregu.physiology.org/cgi/content/full/294/5/R1420
I am not sure of this link…
http://sante-az.aufeminin.com/w/sante/m3474419/medicaments/kardegic.html

* Inegy 10mg/20mg: against the cholesterol (even if I don't have cholesterol I have to take it) http://www.medicalnewstoday.com/articles/73945.php
http://sante-az.aufeminin.com/w/sante/m3696137/medicaments/inegy.html

* Cymbalta 30mg: neuropath pain killer; 1/ evening.
http://www.drugs.com/drug-interactions/cymbalta-with-lyrica-949-2273-1937-2171.html
http://www.doctissimo.fr/medicament-CYMBALTA.htm

* Xeloda (Capecitabine) 1500 mg/morning and 1500 mg/evening during 14 consecutive days. 7 days are free of these pills. And then again. http://www.xeloda.com/about/

* Aranesp 500 every 3 weeks, against anaemia.

BULLETIN XI

26 March 2012

Hari Om dear All

I want to thank you all, including Jyoti who is here and writing for me.

A friend like you told me she felt powerless. For me, that is obviously not true. Of course you can't stop me dying or having pain and that is not what I expect from you. Actually I want to thank you for all the things you have given to me, your thoughts, your prayers, your images; your words, your presence, your money, have been precious to me. You are full of power. Everything I have received has been energy and makes me feel lighter, encouraged, empowered.

Even if I have not replied personally to you and even if I never reply as I am too tired to do so, you are in my heart constantly. It is a joy to get news from you and to know how you are, what you are doing, how your life is going.

I am going to have an operation, a mastectomy actually, on the right side, not where the cancer is but where the necrosis is. I was operated on 14 years ago and I believe that many of you were chanting for me because I could feel my body weaving its recovery. You were not powerless then. This surgery will happen on the 30th March, in Minjoz Hospital. If you wish you can think of me. I will appreciate it. The drama of this operation, apart from the fact I don't like the idea of it, is that some of my good friends are now not able to come and visit me at home. I have said "No" to this operation twice before and this time I said "yes". If by chance I die during this operation know that I love you and if it happens it happens and you can say "done". If by chance I survive this will be my contact number during this time: (00)381668167, 6th floor, West Floor. I will be there for 15 days to 3 weeks. I may be able to receive e-mails. I would be happy to keep the contact. Remember me, I am still here. Know that I am fortunate to have met you and whatever we lived together was great.

After that I should convalesce for 2 to 3 weeks and I don't know where. My address in Vincent will still be good enough, 7 Chemin du Clusiau, 39230, Vincent, because I have some friends here as well who will pick up my mail.

I have a new cat. She is my friend as well and she is so soft and gentle. Of course she is an ordinary cat. She is a wonderful cat called Leela. She is almost 6 months now and I got her when she fitted into one hand. So small and now so big. Leela has had surgery too because I was told there were too many cats in the world and she is very poorly. Hopefully she will get better soon.

The medical notes are not here because I don't know what I will be taking. What I can say is that if I don't take them I am a cold anxious turkey but if I don't forget I am quite happy during my days. Except after Chemotherapy when I am as poorly as Leela.

Love, OM, Prem, Amour, Slainte, Aroha, Iechyd Da, Glowing Life!
Tattwa Bodha with Jyoti

BULLETIN XVI

3 July 2013

Hello every dear one.

It's been a long time now since I've written to you. Many things have happened. One thing is the cancer has grown, but stabilised at the moment by the new chemotherapy. The pain is under the control of Jean-Luc Christophe my algologist (anaesthetist). His injections into my left shoulder block the transmission of the pain to the brain. I go to the Besancon hospital once every fourteen days. Every time I go there I meet Jean-Luc, it is a kind of mystery tour. There is always something magical or fluid happening. We have a special relationship, we laugh, even though we meet in his surgery in the hospital. I once told him he was mad and he said yes. Once he came late and I was talking to the nurses about death. When he joined us I said I'm giving a lecture and he sat down and said 'I attend'. He never meets anyone, and usually I'm alone. But for some reason when my friend Kundan was with me last Thursday, he came out of his surgery and offered to push me in my wheelchair to the hospital exit.

It's not always positive for me, but it is always new or striking somehow. Every fortnight I go to Besancon for chemotherapy and Jean-Luc gives me the block injection if I need it. During the appointment on 13June he told me that 'at the end' we will do an epidural, which will slow my breathing but enable me to remain conscious. Of course my breathing is already not good.

Then I started to be frightened. I thought that my end was very close. The next day I felt fantastic, no pain, it was warm and sunny outside, I went out into the garden. Then I got a cold. The general doctor came on Saturday and gave me antibiotics but these were not strong enough and so the infection carried on. At the same time as all this was happening my mother and I had started a new routine where I took 5mg Oxycodone tablets every six hours, instead of just when the pain required it. This was additional to my slow release 50mg morphine patch (renewed every three days), and my daily lidocaine local anaesthetic patches which are placed wherever the pain is worst. I became delirious, time extended, space shortened and I became paranoid. I was afraid of my mother and didn't sleep for two nights because I thought she was going to kill me.

Suddenly I saw that death was not far away. I asked my mother about my death, but she became frightened and wanted me to go to the hospital. She called the ambulance twice, then the doctor, then the doctor again. They all wanted me to go the local hospital at Lons le Saunier. I refused and insisted I would only go to my hospital at Besancon. They said you have no choice, nobody does this. I kept insisting so they went away. But I promised the doctor on Sunday night that I would phone Laurent my oncologist at Besancon hospital. When I phoned he said I should go to Besancon. So I was admitted to the Besancon hospital Wednesday 19June and discharged myself Friday 21June, because they weren't doing anything. In hospital I understood why people meditate staring at a wall: because it's about death and nothingness. At that point I felt like I was in a boat in stormy waters and my boat was about to sink; it was hell. At the same time the witness was telling me 'that's the morphine, don't take any more morphine, just rest'.

When I saw Laurent I told him I realised I was actually in palliative care from the beginning, three years ago. He replied that's not true but after five minutes he said you can take it like that if you wish. And then I asked do you have palliative care and he said Besancon has the best palliative care in France! (As well as the best oncologist.) So I met a palliative care nurse at the hospital and later their social worker came to do an assessment on my home. I told her and I have told my family and friends that I want to die at home, and I also want someone with me at that time. The social worker said it can all be arranged, including setting up a hospital bed downstairs if I want it. Of course I would want to be in my beautiful bedroom, but getting up and down the stairs is becoming more and more difficult. The social worker suggested adding a safety railing to the stairs to make this more possible. The palliative care unit will send an expert to make the house safe, and provide a day nurse when I can't manage the shower and so on by myself. But they don't provide anyone during the night, so if you can come don't hesitate to let me know so I can schedule it!

Kundan is here now and has been coming regularly for three years. He is very precious to my heart. Three friends from my youth came and visited me last Saturday. We were very happy to meet each other again, the last time we were all together was thirty years ago in my hometown, La Seine. I always maintained contact with them, and met with one or the other at times, but not altogether. My friend Annik prepared a fantastic lunch so Kundan didn't have to do any cooking. They stayed for half a day and we laughed as if we had never left each other. They appreciated very much Kundan, as well. They said they will come back in September if they can, and Frederick commanded me to stay alive until then (he lost all his family recently).

Swami Nishchalananda is coming next with Bibekamani 8-13July, my brother Jean-Jacques and his wife Martine 14July, and Shantirupa and Spandan from Ireland, 16-24 July. My local friend Marie-Christine will stay with me 25-31July. Then Vincent has an open house for more visitors!!

Lots of love, delight and joy
Tattwa Bodha xx
3 July 2013

BULLETIN XVII

Sunday 20 October 2013

Tattwa Bodha (Dominique Bechet)
7 chemin du Clusiau
39230 Vincent
Phone: +33 952 348 607

Hello every dear one

I have come back home from the palliative care unit at the Besancon hospital. I feel better, I feel happier staying here. Although there are people here during the day currently I am alone at night. But that is no trouble. I don't know if I'm going to die soon, there is always some question about that.

The palliative care unit at Besancon is fantastic, so soft, like a cocoon. The people there are very nice, very well trained. Everything I want is given, if I want a cigarette it is given.

I could have chosen to stay and die there. I asked them how long it would take to die if I stayed in palliative care and how long if I left. They told me people who stay die between one day and five months, people who leave between one day and ten years. Of course I won't live for another ten years, it just means I will live longer by staying at home. I am not trying to live longer, it's just a fact!

I asked PC why they wanted me to stay when I can still walk around, when I can still think and be present with friends. I respectfully told them palliative care is not a place where I can be IN LIFE. I said while I'm alive let me have a bit of life with my cat and my friends. So they said OK and agreed to support me at home.

When I am home people come to help me with shower and toilet and cleaning, and cooking meals. Nurses come twice a day to check on my pain medicine. I just have to rest, it's very nice. I think I could be a princess, I don't mind being intimately cared for like this. I decided to be obedient, so as not to have an accident and frighten my friends. For example, I promised the hospital I would not go upstairs and I have only broken this promise twice, or three times.

I'm alive. I'm sick, but I'm not dying now. I prefer dying in my home because there is both nature and friendship, fantastic and beautiful. I need friends, I love friendship and have fed on that all my life. You are my food. The cat is very glad that I'm home, she is purring madly as I say this. I am her food too, as well as literally. I also have a worker doing some house repairs—if I wasn't here these things wouldn't happen.

My mother has visited and decided to stay in the South. We both think that is best. We talk on the phone every day.

I am sleeping very well. At the moment I am alone at night but on Monday 21 October Jivan Mukta is coming to stay with me. She is more than welcome, it is my dream that she will stay with me for a while. Sangita Bindhu is also coming 28-31 October.

I haven't been able to keep in contact because I haven't had the tools. This bulletin is sent to provide an update for everyone so I don't have to repeat the information. The mobile phone is terrible. If you want to talk please phone my fixed line phone. Sometimes I am too tired to talk so please understand. Yogini Ratna has bought me a wonderful present, an Android tablet. When I get this connected I should be able to talk on Skype.

I attended an appointment with my oncologist (and old friend), Dr Laurent Cals, on Thursday in Besancon. I also saw my palliative care doctor, Dr Delphine Brissat. The cancer treatment has ceased and the only treatment I am having now is for pain. We have agreed to meet fortnightly.

I have two strong metastases in my spine, neck and lower back. I have to be very cautious if I want to survive, and not be in pain. If any of you come to Vincent you will need to be very careful around me because I can't bend and I have to keep my spine straight. You will also have to take care of yourself.

If I move my head or my back the wrong way I can get terrible pain in my left arm and left leg. If I fall I might become paralysed or suffer a big increase in pain.

I have changed; it's very difficult to explain how. I thought I was going to die in October but I'm not dead yet. I'm happy I'm still alive! But I have accepted death, not only accepted, I have changed. I thought I had accepted it before but that was not true actually.

I had a realisation that life is quite easy and simple instead of being difficult and resistant and angry. That's it, Tat Sat! Nothing else. We go through—Swamiji says the body is a vehicle—so that's it, nothing special, nothing more. At least that's what I understood. It comes like this, not easy.

I'm not indifferent; I'm very interested in my friends and all the people. I feel like a swami, full of love. I don't feel fear. I'm not afraid any more. So I'm OK. I did make a fuss before about my death, but actually it's just part of life. It's just a passage, just like that! So here we are.

I go to die the same way I have lived my life, happy, laughing, or it becomes so painful I run back to PC where they have very strong medicine.

I love to receive cards and letters in the post box. You are not obliged to send anything, but it is a pleasure.

Lots of love, delight and joy
Tattwa Bodha xx
20 October 2013
Love, OM, Prem, Amour, Slainte, Aroha, Iechyd Da, Amore e serenità, Liebe, Glowing Life!
PS: Kundan is writing this for me. We have been talking often.

BULLETIN XIX

22 November 2013

Dear Friends of Tattwa Bodha

Just a short bulletin to bring you an update on our beautiful friend Tattwa Bodha.

On Monday (18Nov) she transferred from Vincent to the palliative care unit in Besançon. The disabling effects of the advanced stage of her illness have made it impossible to support her in her home. Jivanmukta, who had been caring for Tattwa Bodha since 21 October, left Besançon on Tuesday to begin her journey home. She has been a wonderful and loving companion in these difficult last weeks.

Swami Nishchalananda and I have been in frequent contact with Tattwa Bodha and Jivanmukta.

Residents in swamiji's Mandala ashram will soon begin chanting Mahamrityunjaya mantra for TB. TB also said if her yoga friends want to do a practice, "Tattwa Shuddhi is very good, nothing better." Of course Tattwa Shuddhi is only worth doing if you are familiar with it. TB adds that "the best practice, the master one, is love, love and friendship, the only thing".

TB has a limited capacity for visitors and phone calls. She has lost most of her hearing in her right ear and much of her flexibility in her arms and hands, which together make use of her cellphone difficult. Purna Shakti, who lives in Besançon, is loaning her a touch-screen 'tablette' to see if she finds that more user-friendly.

TB expected to die soon after being admitted to the palliative care unit but her doctors told her Wednesday they don't know how long she has. She is very tired, she sleeps a lot, and has a lot of pain. She is sometimes confused. But every time she is awoken by a nurse she laughs to discover "oh gosh, I'm not dead yet!"

love and oms

Kundan

Friday 22 November 2013

PS: Tattwa Bodha's address follows if you are posting a card. If you want to send flowers one of her friends has found this florist works http://www.iflorist.fr.

Madame Dominique BECHET
Unité de Soins Palliatifs
CENTRE HOSPITALIER REGIONAL UNIVERSITAIRE DE BESANÇON
Hôpital Jean Minjoz
Boulevard Fleming 25030
BESANÇON CEDEX FRANCE

MESSAGE FROM SWAMI NISHCHALANANDA

In case you haven't heard, our beloved friend Tattwa Bodha passed away in the evening of 23rd December in Besançon. Yogini Ratna had been with her for a few days and Shiva Priya had just arrived. They chanted the Mrityunjaya Mantra and, just at the end of the chanting, Tattwa Bodha passed on.

She lived in Mandala Yoga Ashram for over 8 years and she was the driving force in setting up the beautiful Ashram Library. She was loved by both Ashram residents and visitors.

She had suffered her recent bout of cancer for the last few years and lived in a small village, Vincent, in the Jura Region of France. Her house quickly became a semi-Ashram and she received friends from all over planet Earth as well as local people who also supported her with great love in their hearts.

I jokingly told her one day that your house is Mandala Yoga Ashram branch in France. She blossomed in the love of her friends, though slowly the cancer took root. She was well looked after by the oncology department in Besançon University Hospital who tried everything they could to slow down the spread of the cancer.

We all have to return to whence we came. She has returned a little earlier than those reading this text. She will ever be in the hearts of many of us.

This text comes with the deep love of Swami Nishchalananda, the residents of the Ashram that she called home for 8 years and all her many friends. All of us who were touched by her, reach out with love to let her go and say farewell.

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ASHRAM ROSE GARDEN

Dear Friends,

We have the intention of creating a rose garden in the ashram to celebrate the life of our dear friend Tattwa Bodha and her important contribution to Mandala Yoga Ashram.

As many of you know, she was passionate about roses, so much so that she planted them all over the ashram during the 9 years that she lived here. The roses that she planted continue to grow and blossom to constantly remind us of her. Swamiji has given the name Samadhi Vanam (Grove of Plenitude) to this garden.
The garden will comprise a circle of paving stones with a seat in the middle. Around, there will be at least 12 roses of all types and colours. Those sitting on the seat will be able to appreciate the roses around. It will be a place of meditation.

We have consulted a rose specialist, David Austin, who had advised us of the varieties of roses that will be most appropriate for the climate and environment of the ashram. The aim is to complete this project by the 29 July 2014, when there will be a special commemorative ceremony for Tattwa Bodha.

We estimate the total cost of this project to be £900 (about 1100€) and we invite your contribution. This sum will include the employment of a builder to lay the circle of paving stones. All donations can be made by contacting the ashram office:

Mandala Yoga Ashram
 ++ 44 (0) 1558 685358
Email: email@ mandalayoga.freeserve.co.uk

If you want more information, don't hesitate to contact me via the ashram office.
My best wishes
Swami Atma

_____

TATTWA BODHA CELEBRATION OF LIFE
Mandala Yoga Ashram
29 July 2014

To those I love, to those who love me.

When I shall not be of this world, release me, let me go. Do not hold me back, I have so many things to do and to see. Do not cry while thinking of me, but rather remember the beautiful years and the happy moments we spent together.

I have given you my friendship, my sisterly friendship, but you can only guess today all the happiness that you have brought and shared with me. I thank you for the love that each one of you have shown for me. I thank you for all the friendship you haven't been able to manifest to me, but now its time for me to travel alone. For a short time you are going to feel the pain of separation. I know it. But your faith in our friendship will bring you comfort and consolation.

We will be separated for some time only. Let the memory of your heart soften your suffering. I am not far and life continues. If you need help call me and I shall come to you. Even if you can't see me or touch me I shall be present by your side. And if you listen to the music of your heart, you can clearly feel the sweetness of the love that I shall bring.

So don't go on my tomb to pray, I am not there. I do not sleep. I am in the southern breeze that blows freely. I am in the crystalline sparkle of the snow. I am in the light that goes through the wheat fields. I am in the delicate rain of autumn. I am in the early sounds of the birds and the calm of the mornings. I am in the star which appears in the heart of the night.

So do not go on my tomb to pray, but if you go, go as those who have hope for our humanity. I am not under the earth, I am not dead. My body is dead, but my love for you is eternal and shall never die.

Words by Vivian Jacquin, Wahlenheim, France, based on an old Amerindian text.