

Yogeshwar's Last Days

By Namrata (with Anjali edits)

Wednesday afternoon, 20 June 2007

This is a regular satsang day for us with Yogeshwar. It was canceled at first since he had an appointment with a doctor to discuss the possibility of a naso-gastric tube. He had been to the dentist the day before. He suggested the naso-gastric tube so that Yogeshwar could get food and liquid down the esophagus. For some time he had been experiencing paralysis on the left side of the throat that kept him from swallowing properly. The trigeminal and naso-pharyngeal nerves were affected. Since there was a possibility that pressure caused by two teeth butting up against each other might be responsible for some of the pain in his jaw, some of the crown on one tooth was drilled away.

The doctor had offered Yogeshwar morphine patches which he accepted. They agreed that the tube would be too uncomfortable. The doctor said Yogeshwar was dying and his body would last from two days to two weeks. The medical opinion was an important reality check about the state of the body.

Yogeshwar had been losing weight steadily; he was unable to eat, was very weak and very thin. On June 13, 2007, he weighed seventy three pounds. He was undisturbed by the weakness and thinness and considered it part of his sadhana. He used sign language since talking was so difficult.

During the satsanga, he asked for questions. He communicated that 'Tacit knowledge is usually thought of as a milieu, an environment. But it is not. It is many single states of knowledge that are not conscious but can be easily remembered. In the Lila Paradigm this is fundamental'.

After satsang, he wanted his bed moved into the front room. Within a week he had gone from sitting in a lounge chair, to lying on the sofa, to lying in a make shift bed on the floor. To his he quipped, 'Now I have gone to the underworld'

After this satsanga, we were welcome to be there with him anytime. We moved in for the next four days, going home only briefly to sleep, meditate or handle our own living circumstances.

At 10:30 pm Yogeshwar used the first morphine patch. He said he no longer sleeps as we think of it. Yogeshwar is lucid and understands us. He is able to communicate by signing to us although we do not always understand. This frustration is hard on us all.

"Ramana Maharshi and Ramakrishna said: Let me go."

"Let me go."

'Don't worry about the after death experience; I will take care of it.'

"Solstice is tomorrow."

"It may be too late to reverse (this state) and if I die, so what."

"It is OK to go home, I will not die tonight."

Thursday, 21st June 2007

"The divine body is formed of purity."

There was smoke in the room from a neighbor burning unseasoned wood in their wood stove. Yogeshwar wanted us to call for help as though he thought the house was on fire. Once this was sorted out he acknowledged he was confused and he realized that it was from the morphine.

He was concerned that his confused state was a burden. He was reassured that whatever state was all right and for him to do what he felt was best. Communicating was difficult and it was difficult to understand him. He wanted to complete communications with various individuals. i.e. To let Biljana Percinkova know he could not continue with Lila.

Q: "Would you like a tomb or cremation?"

A: "A tomb would be a little better to encourage and an inspire people to do yoga."

We are feeding him water with a measuring spoon, 2-3 spoonfuls at a time.

Q: "Do you feel close to God?"

A: "Yes"

Q: "It takes 1 - 2 days' "to die?"

A: "Yes." "The heart will stop."

"The divine body is made of purity. Purity of prana, like the purity of water. So why worry; it is all of us."

At 5: 15 pm the second morphine patch was added. Yogeshwar wanted to know what others thought about it.

At 10:35 pm Yogeshwar was in distress. He said, "this isn't right."

Several times when he could still speak, Yogeshwar said that the massaging especially on the neck and legs, was the only thing that relieved the pain.

At one point when asked about something, he said, "I will be dead before that but that will be OK."

"The limbs are not strong enough."

Friday 22 June 2007

At 2:35 am Yogeshwar says that death will occur soon. Everyone is called.

At 3:00 He tried to sign regarding what was happening with the blood indicating that the bloods are mixed together. He wrapped the fingers of both hands together. "Compressed bloods. Means all the blood has merged."

He said: "I will make it clear to all, so take it easy."

YM reached out his hand and took Darshana's hand.

Anjali asked: "You are not doing anything in terms of leaving the body? You are leaving it totally up to God?" He nodded.

"Even the unbelievers will believe. The compression of the blood is 95% complete. It takes three days."

At 4:15 am: "When the doctor comes have the body covered. It won't be dead."

It is a frustrating situation as he struggles to communicate. At one point he does not recognize someone. At 6 am he removes the morphine patch. He realizes he is confused. He puts the patch back on later after communication.

In the middle of the after struggling to communicate, Yogeshwar takes Darshana's hand and looks into her eyes.

"How is this?"

She nods.

He says, "I would die for you."

"As Jesus died for his friends?"

"Yes."

"I would die for you too."

Saturday, 23 June 2007

Yogeshwar indicates that our helping with the stretching of his foot is asana.

"The kundalini is eating the heart. It is turned into divine prana." He wants this written down.

There are periods where his lids are 1/2 - 3/4 closed and eyes are focused inward and up. We continue to spoon water for him.

Q: "Have you decided/though about medical procedures?"

A: "A little."

He indicates that the morphine patches are to stay in place.

Yogeshwar says to Darshana, "You are an angel."

Despite the morphine, Yogeshwar has periods of lucidity, then he rests. He is conscious of his body touching this part then that. He is aware of us and where we are in the room. Up until this point he has been on his right side, now he is moving to the left side more. Swallowing is easier on the left side and he immediately starts to roll over. His body is skeleton and skin. His abdomen is flat and you can see the spinal cord through it. He has no buttocks. He understands what is said to him despite what appears to be the meditative state or sleep state.

Now he regularly rolls back and forth from one side to the as in smooth flowing prana.He

hears' conversations, which he in the last month would not have been able to hear. The periods of peaceful serene expressions are getting longer and the periods of distress and pain are getting shorter.

There are specific areas he rubs, squeezes or touches. He runs his hand over top of the head around ear or down the bridge of nose or inside the ear. He runs his hand along the top of the thigh and presses the perineum firmly with hand. He lets us massage away the cramping in his calves and neck.

4:35 am Yogeshwar pulled Darshana's face to him and kissed her on the cheek tenderly.

Yogeshwar grasps our hands firmly and holds tightly for a short while.

11:30 am The doctor is trying to organize a saline drip to keep Yogeshwar hydrated. Yogeshwar is projecting himself less although he clearly understands.

The doctor comes around 1:30pm. Yogeshwar tells the doctor that he wants to live. The doctor said this was different from what he told him before. The doctor could not give him a fluid drip without going to the hospital. If Yogeshwar wants to live, he will have to go to the hospital and have tests done, etc. YM says he will think about it. The doctor offers Yogeshwar more morphine which he refuses.

Q: "Do you want a biopsy?"

A: "No."

Q: "Do you want an autopsy?"

A: "No."

Q: "Do you want hospital and surgery?"

A: "No."

Q: "If there is corruption of the body, is it OK to have an autopsy?"

A: "Yes."

Darshana to circumvent medical intervention and pressure: "If the body dies I'll call the doctor and tell him that you don't want him as your doctor anymore so he won't worry about you.

Yogeshwar is relieved by this.

(Note: Thanks to the efforts of Darshana, Yogeshwar's body has remained in tact. There was no autopsy.)

8:30 pm Yogeshwar is spending longer quiet periods with eyes closed and with only brief periods of engagement with us or moving the body. His respiration is steady.

"Parting is OK'," Darshana communicates to and Yogeshwar smiles.

His hands and feet are cold again. His fingernails and toes are blue as if bruised. It is hard to keep him covered since he turns back and forth so often. He has called for 'help' several times. When he cups his hands about his mouth, there is no sound, only air comes out.

Q: "Where does it hurt?"

A: Yogeshwar points to his neck. After a massage, the pain releases.

Sunday, 24 June 2007

About 1:45 am Yogeshwar takes a dose of homeopathic aurum Q30 at the recommendation of homeopath and with Yogeshwar's consent. A half an hour later he suddenly wants to sit up. He wants to sit in siddhasana. then he goes into a rapture. Darshana thinks he may have died but he is still breathing. His eyes are wide, upward gazing and transfixed. We lay him down and Darshana presses the perineum. After about a minute or two he comes out of this samadhi. Peace is on his face. Then he rolls back and forth more sattvic, and rhythmic.

The others are called since it appears that his coloring is getting worse.

2:45 am He is beaming, emanating bliss, eyes wide open transfixed, looking upward. He rolls slightly back onto his back wanting to put his hands on his chest again.

About 3:12 am his breath stops. Then about 2 minutes later he breathes again. Then again after around two minutes, he breathes again. There was no death rattle.

3:15 AM His head is slightly tilted to the side. The gaze still transfixed, blissful. His eyes have lowered and his eyelids are starting to lower. They remain half open, one slightly more than the other. The mouth, which was slightly open, closes completely and remains that way for about 24 hours.

Namrata: At 3:30 am it appears to me there is still movement around his body although I am looking at his upper body only. The doona (quilt) is covering his body. There is movement above/through the body. It appears he is breathing and muttering apparently talking.

Shortly after the last breath, I experienced a very strong thrill rushing through my body. My hair stood up on my arms. It persisted for a minute or two. It reminds me of the instruction in the first chapter of the *Pashupat Sutras* that one is to mutter. I see flashes of him as a younger man maybe 30 years old but not in the physical body but rather instead of it. His look is beatific, exalted glorified before his breathing stopped and something of that still remains on the physical face.

I understand now that not for a moment has he faltered from his surrender. I am dismayed at ever having doubted. Everything that has happened over the last few days and perhaps for much longer than that has been out of his surrender to God. Even now although he is not *in* the body, the yogic process continues. The body continues to still have something to do with that but only because there is movement around it. It is as if the life force is moving around the body instead of through it. This is hard to describe. *Jnaneshwari* does it best when he says "as one body consuming the other." I can see/understand now how that is.

Anjali reports that his toes were pointed. Darshana noticed this also later on. His feet were arched like a ballet dancer *en pointe*.

Karuna sees and hears him muttering to her as he traverses the after-death experience. Each

message is powerfully experienced and seeded vowing further release.

"This is more than I ever imagined."

"I am with you in all ways."

"This is yoga."

"Listen, I am telling you now."

Sati:

The week that Yogeshwar lay dying in his bed, I was too ill to go and see him. I had a bad case of the flu – a continuous racking cough, fever, and my voice was a low rasp. To make things even worse, the weather was bad. It was rainy and cold for days on end.

On Wednesday, I heard from the others that Yogeshwar said that it wouldn't be long before he would leave his body. Beneficently, on Thursday the sun shone. Namrata drove me to his house. I knew I wouldn't be able to stay long, but I wanted to see him one more time to say goodbye.

He lay on his side facing me and I sat on the floor looking at him. It had been a week or more since I had last seen him. I could see the change in him. He was weaker, thinner, unable to sit up unaided. His eyes were half open. He looked at me. I wasn't sure if he knew me or not, so I asked Anjali, who sat next to me, "Does he know it's me?" He couldn't hear well and I couldn't speak up. She said loudly, "It's Sati, Yogeshwar." He nodded as if to say he knew and then we were in our usual loving contact. I felt my heart go soft. He was going! How could he? It didn't seem possible or right. I looked at him not knowing what to say and not being able to speak loudly enough for him to hear it anyway. So I asked Anjali to repeat to him what I said, which was, "I can't talk either, Yogeshwar. I send you my silent love." This delighted him. He became suddenly animated. Smiling and nodding as if to say, "That's the way!", he folded his hands and pranamed to me. I smiled and pranamed back. We just looked at each other. What a way to say goodbye. Every now and then I coughed hard and deep, bringing up yellow phlegm. Someone gave me the tissue box. Every now and then I would move so someone could give him a sip of water from a spoon. I was afraid to give him water myself because I thought I would have a coughing fit and spill it or hurt him with the spoon, so once when I saw he wanted water and no one was near, I called out 'water' and startled him. His eyes flew open for an instant. He looked at me as if to say, "Why don't you just give it to me?" or so I thought. I felt helpless. Darshana was moving constantly, anticipating his every need. She seemed like a saint to me. She said "I'll rest now," but in an instant she was up again, having thought of another small thing that might give him comfort. The others were rubbing his cramping legs and feet at signs from him. At one point I said to him, "Do you feel close to God?" He nodded firmly, and signed on the bedclothes, "Yes." I had no doubt that this was so. Even in his pain, which was constant, he shone with peace and love.

Back in my sickbed at home I thought of him and contacted him. When he left his body early Sunday morning, I was partly awake and feeling better. It was a turning point in my illness and I thought, "I hope he hangs on a little longer so I can be with him when his body dies." But when I called a few hours later, the phone kept ringing and I wondered why. Someone finally answered. They had all been asleep because Yogeshwar was no longer in that body on the bed. The vigil was over.