**About Guruji’s journey**

My first impression has been of strangeness, of surprise more than sorrow, almost of doubt, because sometimes we think we can order the Universe the same as we control our knees. Then we gently touch the illusion of reaching a safe place, a good room for certain ideas and certain thoughts, beliefs that caress and warm us, like sail ropes in the middle of a storm where anchors become useless. I had created such a shelter with Guruji, so I thought he would live at least a hundred years. Because a hundred is a magical number and I believed he was magic too, or at least he irradiated that clear and evocative force of my childhood tales.

He was the precious tenacity to live, and did it with the truth and integrity I always lacked myself, proving that order in the universe could certainly exist with the same symmetry and precision that the front feet halves the back feet, with the same determination that shoulder blades want to embrace the breastbone, opening the soul’s windows. But Guruji has left, or at least has left this time and space dimension that we now inhabit and call life, and that is the only one that our mind and body - or at least mine - perceive as true and possible. And I promise I would like to believe otherwise, have another faith, invent another life, but a devastating feeling of coldness and great distances is threatening me tonight. Something dark like this universe opening above us, much higher than heaven, mastering in its chaos and immensity, and I wonder if we have not been defeated yet again.

I started practicing Yoga just a few years ago. I am missing perspective, learning and effort. But one thing I did identify early on, something certain, a very simple fact: that this was not fake. There was truth in the path. I believed it and continue doing so today when I tied myself up to that truth, like Odysseus to the mast, and although the rocking is constant and the water whips my face, the journey continues to unknown horizons.

I do not know how to touch people, but I know how to caress words. I do not know what a soul is, but sometimes I have heard its voice. Guruji wrote beautiful words, with a simple prose loaded with light. And the light was voice, and the voice a torch that illuminates and warms, and burns if you were too close. Guruji had a powerful voice.

I do not know what life is, or what there is beyond, above the stars. But I know that life needs an invisible ribbon to embrace it and hold it tight. I don’t know why Guruji’s voice evocates me of that powerful and safe ribbon, a ribbon that is proud and full of love. And this is how we bind things, each other’s lives, what makes us and what unites us, what separates us and tightens us in a constant chain. A chain forged throughout thousands of years, not because of the weight of our reason, but because of the texture of all love that brought us here.

Guruji’s voice was ribbon and chain but perhaps was only a thread, a soft and extremely resistant thread, flexible but firm just like a yoga asana separating the two hands to open the chest and paving the first step in the way to our soul. Guruji, or what he represented, was all that for me and today I am sad because I don’t believe in reincarnation or return. But I do think of the marvellous thread that Guruji created during his entire life, and I watch with my eyes closed the thousands of people that remember him in this instant with gratitude. And I realize that his thread is not one, but thousands of threads that intertwine in skein, just as lives blend creating worlds, in this time and space that is no longer empty, because the skein created a bright and warm fabric.

That heritage will prevail, because it is not the tapestry of one life, but from all the lives that search, that keep on searching, that have always searched. Guruji did not give us any answer, but in that tapestry, he left written all the questions that deserved to be answered. And that makes me believe in the order and in the light that appears yet again, illuminating and warming this dark and lonesome universe, just like one day the very first star appeared, who barely lived a few millions years before vanishing, but not without having taught the rest the secret of shining.

May we someday all learn it? Until then, Thank You Guruji.

August 20th, 2014