

Dear APL,

This is Shishy, writing to you from my little house in Northern NSW.

**I realise you may not want to hear from me, and I don't want to insult you in any way by contacting you. Mostly I do not want to re-open old wounds for you. If what I say is imperfect or not enough in any way, I apologise here and now. I have written about 50 letters over the years and never sent any of them and I have composed maybe 1,000 more in my head. I am not assuming I have any right to contact you.
I don't need any reply or anything to this.**

I have recently been going through a horrible family court case involving my ex husband stepping over the line with my 2 daughters.

Ghastly....

I don't think my diabolical first relationship with Akhandananda set me up very well to choose good men. I still have the knife scars, amongst other things.

This horrible scenario has resurfaced a lot of things for me. My mind has gone to some dark places over it all.

**I have never ever forgotten what happened to you and my part in it. It has travelled with me every moment, even though life has gone on, as it does. Time has indeed marched irrevocably forward, even when I have wanted to yell at it to stop while I make amends somehow for all wrongs. And I know I can probably never make adequate amends to you; how can I when you have so much to despise me for? But here I am writing yet another letter and I think I will actually send this one in the hope that it finds you and that you do read it.
If not, I hope that what I am saying somehow reaches out anyway.**

APL **I am so very sorry for everything that happened in the Ashram. I am so sorry for not protecting you. I am so sorry for betraying your *incredible* love and trust. I am sorry for not looking after you in the way that you deserved. I am sorry for not escaping sooner. I am sorry for believing I had to be a "good" disciple. I am sorry for not following my guts sooner. I am sorry for not speaking up sooner. I am sorry that I didn't yell at Satyananda more when I went to India after meeting you all up the road that night. I am sorry for hurting you in every way I did. I am so sorry for all the things I did do that hurt you, I am so sorry for all the things I didn't do that hurt you. None of it was your fault or responsibility – not one thing.**

I am truly sorry for it all and I am truly sorry it happened to you. I am sorry for being the person that got it all so wrong for you and your life. You never deserved any of it.

I can only hope that your incredibly resilient spirit has triumphed and that you have managed to find joy in spite of my horrible impact on your life.

I'm so sorry.

S

**Shishy
Feb '10**