

Memorial Service for Bharti Sanghavi

Bharti Sanghavi
June 7, 1947 – May 3, 2020

Memorial Service

February 12, 2021

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[Minister Rachel Noble Gamolsky's Introduction]

Dear Friends in Presence and to the Gods around us,

We are gathered here, on this early spring afternoon, to honor and to celebrate the life of Bharti Sanghavi.

How we die is a reflection and a culmination of our being.

In the last months, weeks and days of her life, Bharti embodied a quiet and courageous acceptance of the play the Gods had written for her, a true Hero.

[Reading: Pavamana Mantra From the Upanisad]

(Reader: Christopher King)

Sanskrit:

असतो मा सद्गमय ।

तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय ।

मृत्योर्माऽमृतं गमय ॥

English Translation:

From falsehood lead me to truth,

From darkness lead me to light,

From death lead me to immortality.

[Music: Mini Mini Nihavend Persrev played on Kanun]

(Musician: Moshe Vaturi)

[Eulogy]

(Reader: Andreea Federspiel-Otelea)

Bharti was born on 7th June, 1947 in an orthodox Jain family and the seeds of her spirituality were sewn from early childhood. She completed her education and married Pravin in 1971, when they moved to Rajkot, beginning their spiritual journey with Osho Rajnish. After both became attracted to the ideas of Gurdjieff and Ouspensky, Bharti eventually joined the Fellowship in 2003. Together with her husband and friend in the work, Bharti travelled extensively in India and different centers of the world. Bharti visited Apollo three times. Her presence was comforting and loving everywhere she went. A quiet person, yet with a firm spirit, she was able to communicate with her eyes and smile more than hundreds of words. One did not have to be friends with Bharti to feel embraced by her. She embodied the ideas of the Fourth Way and Robert's teaching, applying them practically in her daily life and just as much in preparing for her death. In the last few months of her play, as she battled cancer, her courage and composure transformed and inspired family and friends worldwide. Even though weak, she used her Will to

Memorial Service for Bharti Sanghavi

attend as many events as she could, up to the end. She did not want to waste time; she used it, soaking up all the energy and turning it into presence.

When asked by me if she was aware of her end being near, she answered in a calm, firm, yet gentle way, "It's OK." The tone of her voice and the firmness of her being in that moment felt like the piercing of several levels of the sky.

She completed her task on the 3rd of May 2020.

Bharti left such a fragrance of love and understanding behind her that students from India and Apollo united to commemorate her soul with this plaque here at the cemetery. Her passing brought students closer, encouraged them to make efforts together, and inspired them to build a bridge of presence, by which we can embrace each other's cultures.

Bharti, we thank Thee for your work. It has brought us all further.

[Music: Bansuri Flute]

(Musician: Rustam Baibikov)

[Reading: Song of the Soul, by Adi Shankaracharya]

(Reader: Geraldine Reid)

I am neither ego nor reason, I am neither mind nor thought,
I cannot be heard nor cast into words, nor by smell nor sight ever caught:
In light and wind I am not found, nor yet in earth and sky –
Consciousness and joy incarnate, Bliss of the Blissful am I.

I have no name, I have no life, I breathe no vital air,
No elements have molded me, no bodily stench is my lair:
I have no speech, no hands and feet, nor means of evolution –
Consciousness and joy am I, and Bliss in dissolution.

I cast aside hatred and passion, I conquered delusion and greed;
No touch of pride caressed me, so envy never did breed:

Memorial Service for Bharti Sanghavi

Beyond all faith, past reach of wealth, past freedom, past desire,
Consciousness and joy am I, and Bliss is my attire.

Virtue and vice, or pleasure and pain are not my heritage,
Nor sacred texts, nor offerings, nor prayer, nor pilgrimage:
I am neither food, nor eating, nor yet the eater am I –
Consciousness and joy incarnate, Bliss of the Blissful am I.

I have no misgiving of death, no chasms of race divide me,
No parent ever called me child, no bond of birth ever tied me:
I am neither disciple nor master, I have no kin, no friend –
Consciousness and joy am I, and merging in Bliss is my end.

Neither knowable, knowledge, nor knower am I, formless is my form,
I dwell within the senses but they are not my home:
Ever serenely balanced, I am neither free nor bound –
Consciousness and joy am I, and Bliss is where I am found.

[Minister's Conclusion]

Wordless presence is the gift we all share, the gift Baharti embodied and shared with all of us, we thank thee”

(Four times ringing of bells, then Rose petals and Milk pouring)