



The Newsletter Loses Our Best Friend

~ from Shobi

For the last 12 years Muktabai Geiger has been the copy editor of this newsletter. On March 13th Muktabai passed. She had a recurrence of her breast cancer which was in remission for 17 years. I knew it was coming when I went to England and Denmark. She waited until I came home on

March 12th.

Besides catching all my typos, she was the one who encouraged me to write from my heart - to express my passion for compassion and the caring clown. She was not only my best friend, she was the newsletters greatest cheerleader.

I trusted her advise completely. Not being a clown (until this year read on) she would not only tell me when my writing was not grammatically correct, but when it was vague, false, unintelligible, extreme, over the side, above board and beyond the bound. I trusted her completely. How will the newsletter survive without her. Time will tell.

Muktabai taught me not only how to write, but how to go about writing. So many times I would be working on something for weeks and call her saying "I just can't do this any more" or "If I look at this article one more time I'll scream" In her calm voice she would say "Bring it over, I'll read it" There I would sit and she would look back up at me and say "I like it!" Then she would tell me what it needed or didn't need. Very often she would say "Just leave it as it is." So that is how "Swimming in the Zone" came about and so many other articles.

Muktabai refused any monetary compensation for her help. I would bring her gifts any time I traveled (her closet is full of vest from Japan, Scarfs from India, Jackets from China etc.), but she would not take any payment for her work on the newsletter. She'd say "I don't want any money, I want to do this as my part of world service."



Muktabai becomes Mukti the Clown. (Mukti in sandscript means freedom her new book is entitle "A Free Woman"

One day I said "You've been editing this newsletter for so many years, haven't you ever wondered what it would be like to be a clown?" Getting no hint of rejection, I continued "How about dressing up as a clown!" We were in my little house, so she could not easily get out of it. So there we were two kids playing "dress up" out of my clown closet. Then I got out my makeup kit. I made up her face and I did my own. She just loved it.

We went into my garden to take photos and then we went shopping in clown to our large super markets - 2 of them. What fun!. She kept walking around saying "Smile be happy!" I said "Mukti you don't have to say anything, people will just look at you and smile." Indeed they all did! *She was a natural.*

I miss her cheer, her patience, encouragement and loyalty and the sound of glee in her voice when she said "I like it!"