

## Bhanté and my parents

In 1983 when Rebecca and I affirmed our relationship, Bhanté met my parents, Sam and Marlene.

While he said little, his body language and nuance communicated much. My understanding is that he was pleased that I was resilient and humanistic given the childhood and upbringing my parents provided.

While born in Albany, NY, my parents moved to a suburb of Utica known as New Hartford so that Dad's travel would keep him away from home less. Where we lived was ideal for a youngster. Being severely near sighted, the texture of the land and hills was lost to him in a fog.

In second grade, Miss Church seated children alphabetically and I was in the first row. She was enchanting, smelled of fragrant powder and smiled in ways that opened the heavens to a second grader.

In the third grade, Mrs. Garbus also arranged children alphabetically. Now I was assigned was in the back of the room. Since I only saw a blur moving in the front, it was challenging to think that she was in charge. My adaptation was to make jokes that sometimes made my classmates chuckle.

Eventually Mrs. Garbus realized that maybe I was near sighted. My parents brought me to a family friend who agreed after examination that I and my Dad had the same near sighted eyes.

With glasses, a whole new world opened to me. My Mom asked the optometrist if he would check her eyes. He asked her to read to the lowest line on the chart she could and she said "copyright 1927"

Mom was far sighted. She could read what others might not.

To this day I am grateful to both my parents for my challenges and for my opportunities.

Later Bhanté mentioned that my parents are young souls who deserve nurturance from older souls such as myself.