



*Bon Voyage to our dear
yoga teacher*

To Caite, love Cynthia

Poem continues on the next pages→

*Bon Voyage to our dear yoga teacher
To Caite, Love your Yoga Class*

By Katharine McLennan
(Note: my name and branding footer
would NOT appear on your poem)

We write to express our gratitude to Caite
A teacher of kindness, of simplicity, a mate
A friend, a daughter, a mother, a wife
A woman, an artist, a teacher so full of life

Thank you for meeting me, just where I am
Accepting me each day whether supple or jammed
Loving me for all of me, body and mind
Knowing my body reflects the thoughts I do bind.

“Stop reading so much,” Caite does exhort
“Get on the mat,” she does retort,
Only beginning to understand the wisdom of this phrase,
The grounding of the mat, the undoing of the mind’s maze

Yoga at Folly’s Beach was sunny and bright
Practising in Caite’s house was homey and light
Moving to the Woden market the foundation of a shala
A place I will miss, its peace and its power

I so would have loved to practise daily at five
Alas! I’m still journeying towards the discipline inside
Perhaps not discipline but just knowing where there is seeing
Not in books, not in seminar, but simply in being.

Yoga—the union of each of us to our Source
Thank you to Caite for living this course
For teaching me how to be in the moment in my soul
For seeing me where I am each day in each role.

Thank you for living the meaning of yoga through your life
The clarity of your eyes reflects this meaning inside
The kindness you give to your students is love
To bask in it is exquisite, reminding that all we are is enough

What I have learned can't be captured in a simple little phrase
It is found in the asanas, in the breath, in the gaze
In the mula, the uddiyana and the jhalandara bhandas
In the Presence, the mantra, the savasana, the pranyama.

What I have learned is acceptance and living in grace,
Kindness to myself, curiosity about my place
Generosity to anyone who crosses my path
Letting go of toxicity, of fear, of pain, of wrath

So a new phase for Caite, for Matthew and Mike
Off to France to teach yoga, a new life to strike
Life is change, a metamorphosis of experience
We honour this stage we live on and send you with reverence

We will miss you deeply as our teacher, our North Star
You've cared for us and nurtured us, being met where we are
But we bless you for your new life, an adventure anew
We bless you in your teaching, a new school to pursue

A culture to explore, a land and a sea
New neighbours, new friends, and new ways to be
We know you will practise every day as your essence
As we continue our practice without your physical presence

Your legacy to me is my yoga and my ease
Which is new concept to me – wasn't one of my keys
Your legacy to me is constant presence of a guide
I shall have you in my heart and hear your words inside

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**“Get on the mat” will stay with me forever
Not punishing, nor fearful—it means loving myself together
Through yoga, you’ve taught me to connect to our Source
To our wisdom, to our kindness, to our ease without force.**

**May you know each step forward, or back or to the side
Is the right one, regardless of fear or of pride
May your trust in your stride, believe in your path
Revel in your life, with humility but without wrath**

**May you know there are reasons for all that we do
For all whom we meet, and all that we rue
All that we ponder, all that we run from
All that we rush to and all that we come from**

**So, lift your glass, and toast the moment
That’s all that there is, no need for torment.
About pasts that can't change, about futures that don't exist
About flaws, about jealousies, about pain that persists.**

**Thank God for our humanness, and thank God for this life.
Thank God for this music which seems so rife.
It teaches us of love, of tenderness, and care,
Of friendship, of honour, of giving beyond compare.**

**God grant us the serenity, God grant us the love
And steer us towards Heaven, which need not exist above.
Show us the way to Heaven here on Earth,
I trust Your guidance, and I honour Our worth.**

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