

# Yoga Gone Bad

## Chapter Two

[excerpt]

By now, about 10am, she'd finished editing and already submitted the day's article for 'Around the Island', the column she writes for *The St. Emilianan Gazette-Observer*, the local daily – still available in print, but also online. The job-offer for an on-going column plus other assorted journalistic duties had clinched her decision to move here from Virginia, on the United States' east coast. The offer had surprised her because she assumed they'd hire a native, if not at least a local. But *The Gazette's* chief editor, Fred (Frederick) Bakker, had called her one cold, grey, Mid-Atlantic afternoon. She'd immediately delighted at his Caribbean accent, as he sounded the more familiarly silent "H" at the beginning of words. "Honestly, I'm thinking that we could use some fresh eyes on the place; someone who didn't grow-up around here. Hopefully, the couple of changes I'm making here at the paper will increase – well, revive – our readership. It's crucial. Take a few days to decide. Let me know by next week. You've got first dibs on the position."

"Thanks," she'd said, "I'll let you know."

"Ok." And Fred had hung-up, just like that, no fanfare.

Andie had almost said she'll be on the next plane down to the island right then, but her caution instinct – which had actually caused her to lose out on a few pretty fabulous opportunities in her past – had kicked-in once again. A split-second clench of anxiety in the belly. A huge life

decision. Risk! Yet, another glance out her window at the January drizzle now forming slippery spots of ice on the hard, frozen ground outside made up her mind for her. She could go to the West Indies, to the island of her father's birth – half her roots – her ancestors – and find out more about all that too. By that next morning she'd called Fred back, and three weeks later had landed where the sun almost always shines.

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Elsewhere that same morning on St. Emiliana, the fourth United States Virgin Island, Rebba Swan stood staring into the bathroom mirror, preparing for her day teaching yoga classes and giving master teacher lectures. “Oh, stop it!” she scolded, wiping away intermittent tears, oscillating between sadness, frustration, and anger at herself. “Just stop feeling sorry for yourself, woman. Really?” Despite many years in the self-care industry, studying spiritual arts and the essential nature of love and compassion, she hadn't put all that into practice for herself. No, her upbringing, her family, her parents' ways and words still held sway – all she'd learned from them about triumph in the world. And she knew this too, and so it was yet another layer of frustration and anguish. How can one *know* that something different is the right thing, and still not do it?

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