

May 2015

## REMEMBERING WHITE LOTUS DAY

Can you identify the nineteenth-century author who wrote these words? Here's a hint: the author was not a man.

Such is the heart of many a woman. The first gracious word, the first affectionate caress, falling on her aching heart, takes root there deeply.

Was it Jane Austen? Charlotte Brontë? Elizabeth Browning? None of the above. Instead, this romantic passage is from a little known story called "Legend of the Night Flower" and was penned by the same author that brought you *Isis Unveiled*, *The Secret Doctrine*, and *The Voice of the Silence*. So why mention this obscure work? Simply to illustrate the varied literary skill of The Theosophical Society's Founder, H. P. Blavatsky.

Madame Blavatsky passed away on May 8, 1891. Since then Theosophists around the world celebrate May 8 as WHITE LOTUS DAY in order to commemorate the life and work of our beloved Founder. Anybody who has been moved and inspired by her writings certainly owes her a debt of gratitude. One of her teachers once made a wonderfully self-deprecating statement: "Ingratitude is not among our vices." Shall it then be one of ours?

Despite her human failings, how can our hearts not go out to the heroic warrior whom Geoffrey Barborka affectionately referred to as the "light-bringer"? HPB endured much physical and mental suffering for the cause of Theosophy, while "ever and ever bringing secrets forth." She was subjected to a torrent of ridicule, slander, and withering invective, but she courageously battled the forces of Darkness to bring us the Light. For all that she withstood and accomplished, the heart responds with undying gratitude and love. Such is the heart of a true Theosophist.

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