

on, she would say that in this material world there is constant change, but in the midst of such changes, we have to remain unchanged in our dedication to Guru and Krishna—they are the only true constants.

An Unheralded Lineage

Photographs from her early childhood paint a colorful and enigmatic portrait of Yamuna's family. In one, her parents, Mary Lee and Sam Campanella, sit on a manicured lawn with infant Joanie, her mother's smiling countenance at odds with her father's stern, almost forbidding glare. Another, taken a year later, shows Yamuna standing between her father and grandfather against the backdrop of their roughhewn log cabin. Although primitive by Western standards, with no running water or electricity, Yamuna remembered it as being solid and cozy, with the ever-present wonderful scent of bread baking in the wood cook stove:

Yamuna: My mother and her sister Agnes were camping in Yellowstone National Park when mom went into labor with me. When both of them figured that mine might be a difficult birth, Agnes drove mother to a hospital in Butte. Within two hours of my mother arriving there, I was born on May 19, 1942, and named Joan Agnes Campanella. Two hours after that all three of us went home to the log cabin my father and grandfather had built the year before.

Many children born during the World War II years experienced a freedom derived from the fact that their parents were in some way engaged in the war effort. At a very young age we took on grown-up responsibilities

and learned to sense the difference between what was safe and what was dangerous. I had the added benefit of living close to nature, my friends, the grand energies—the earth, trees, creeks, sky, meadows, mountains, caves, animals, birds and insects. We had our secret, private “hidey” spots known to no one. I lived the first six years of my life in such an idyllic environment, oblivious to the perilous condition of the world and even within my own family.

My first memory was at age two, sitting on my aunt's lap in a rocking chair by the wood cook stove. Our woodstove served three purposes: heat, cooking our meals, and our livelihood. To support us, almost every evening mother baked batches of Cornish potato pasties. They were then sold to single Welsh and Irish miners who appeared early in the mornings and carried them off in their lunchboxes to the mines.

My father, Sam Campanella, went off to fight in World War II shortly after I was born, returned for a brief period that produced my younger sister Janice Marie, and then came back to divorce my mother when I was seven. There always remained a furtive mystery surrounding their marriage and subsequent separation, one that neither my sister nor I were ever able to elicit from our tight-lipped aunts. We were simply informed that he died and accepted it without question, until he turned up very much alive in our adulthood. But that is another story.

Without electricity in the log cabin, we had no radio for news or entertainment. Television was not around yet and movies beyond our reach. We had few toys and virtually no other childhood friends. In this setting, my sister and I lived in a richly-constructed imaginative world. We played outdoors in the fresh air and were comfortable creating our own amusements and excitements. I confidently pulled my sister in a little red wagon the half-mile to visit our grandmother; we helped her cook and do chores, ate sweet cookies and drank fresh milk. We knew paths hewn in rock that would lead us to spots where mountain goats with curved horns played. We knew where and when the prettiest spring

