

Book 3

Udgar

From the Heart of Yogasena



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SWAMI SATYANANDA SARASWATI
1923~2023
CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS

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Book 3



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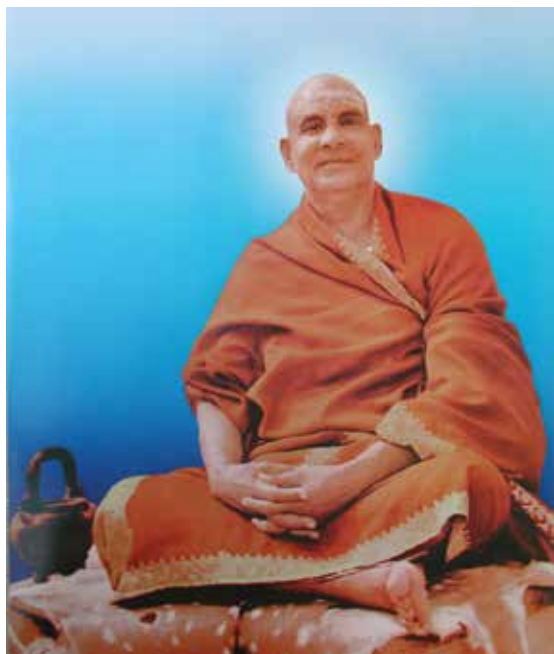
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Dedication

*In humility we offer this dedication to
Swami Sivananda Saraswati, who initiated
Swami Satyananda Saraswati into the secrets of yoga.*



Dedication

*To our guru Sri Swami Satyananda Saraswati
who continues to inspire and guide us
on our yogic and spiritual journey.*

Contents

Introduction	1
Udgar Book 3	
Invitation	4
Love Flows	5
*	
love flows	6
From One came Everything	8
Service Energy	9
Om Namah Shivaya	10
HeArt Room	12
The Professional Divers	14
Meld with my Words	16
Love Everything	18
Stay in the proper asana	20
the currency of knowing	21
Grandfather's Love	22
We live to Serve	23
WORDS	24
Alphabet Soup	26
bend over backwards	27

small invitations 28
Silence in action 29
Quiet Listeners 30
Truthkeepers 31
dawned at dawn 34
Michelangelo 35
RASKALS 36
Only Love 37
serving words 40
season of angels 42
Four Seasons 44
Halloween 46
Heart-shaped Happiness 48
Opening into Eternity 49
Our Flight 50
Intelligent Design 52
Service with a Capital T 54
words and ways 55
current current 60
Living Words 62
Nothing Else 64

Udgar

From the Heart of Yogasena

All the members of Yogasena, a fellowship of yogis, are Yogabラスhtas, aspirants who attained remarkable heights of evolution in their unstinting spiritual search stretching over many lifetimes. They mastered the eternally luminous teachings of Eastern spirituality and yoga vidya; experiencing, expressing and truly living the essence of the teachings with every thought, word and deed. At some point, the allure of the West beckoned and at the time of their death, they desired to be born in that highly developed and prosperous part of the world. The intensity of their desire was supported by the attainments of their evolved spirit and their last wish fructified. The Yogabラスhtas did incarnate in the place of their choice and, through Divine Grace, retained their highly evolved spiritual state.

‘The Lord moves in mysterious ways his wonders to perform’ and the ways of the Almighty are full of love and compassion, protection and care. Though their wish to be born in an affluent society did come true, the present incarnation of the Yogasena ensured that they were ‘protected’ from being enmeshed within the web of Maya with its attractions and distractions of the material world. They were born with challenging conditions of the body-mind complex, making even the most ordinary of activities extremely difficult, if not altogether impossible. This ‘protection’ comes at a high price and they face extraordinary trials with incredible strength

and a deep source of sustenance, though not without the troughs and pits of strife and despair.

Yogasena is a band of yogis, women and men, between the ages of seventeen and thirty-five. In the fullness of time, they sought and met each other. Their connection is at once serendipitous and irrefutably precise, planned by configurations that baffle ordinary perception. They meet with unerring regularity on a schedule of invisible co-ordinates which ensures that they are at the right place at the right time. The Yogasena commune with each other 'without speaking a word', sharing their joy and delight to be called by their Master to 'Trust, Serve and Love'. Their unwavering commitment to Serving, Loving and Giving in the spirit which nurtures and nourishes them continues to be the mainstay of their lives.

Udgar is the spontaneous expression of their heart, an extraordinary distillate of esoteric wisdom experienced and lived by them in spirit, word and deed. Unswerving fidelity to their Master and walking the path with dedication, compassion, and oftentimes irreverent humour lights up their communication which offers a glimpse into their crystal-clear hearts. *Udgar* is a powerful source of inspiration, guidance, love and laughter for spiritual aspirants the world over. Above all, it expresses irrepressible joy and gratitude for their connection with the great River of Trust, Service and Love that flows eternally out into the world, nurturing and nourishing everyone, everywhere, every day.

Udgar

Book 3

The Rays of Light will meet you where you are.
Accept the Rays of Light and Love
As Your Guide, Life Partner,
And, in fact,
Your own Self
And you will live a Blessed Life

I don't see what You see
But I do see You
I don't hear what You hear
But I do hear You
I don't feel what You feel
But I do feel You
I don't sense what you sense
But I do sense that
You want what I want,
Understanding, Respect and a Joy-filled Life!

We will write until we are told to stop, morning and night.
What kind of treasure is this?
To be whispered words from the King of Patience
and Understanding.

Yes, what kind of treasure is this?
What a treasure to be told the untold and hear
from the voices of silence!
This entire world I have entered is just that,
the world of silence.
In the world of silence,
Voices speak of Trust and Patience and Understanding
and Love.
They speak of Raying Kindness with Care and Service
To the long-forgotten Source.

In this world, Love flows.
Love flows, I hear it, I feel it, I know it.
Love flows from the Master's heart to the entirety
of creation.
Love flows in this world,
and the awakened ones join His Rays of Light.
Love flows in celebration of knowing itself.

I was put on a pedestal just so I could peek in the window
of Knowing.

I was let in the door, even though I am way out of my
league.

Perhaps I have friends in high places,
who have given me a weekend pass.

No, it is much more than that,

It is Master's Love flowing.

Silence has turned into song.

His music is always on.

Yes, there are miles to go,

But the road is lit.

Nurtured with Kindness and Care
by Patient and Understanding Love.

I am so very thankful this is the road I am travelling.

Jai Gurudev!

Love Flows

From One came Everything

Does time go forward or back?

No one knows.

Were we wiser then, before we evolved to today?

From One came Everything.

We were in His ocean as His ocean,

Then thrust out by a mighty push

Into the shape we are now.

Thoughts and actions

Weighed by patience and understanding

Have the power to heighten our soul's energy,

Allowing us to slip past the harsh tides

Of hopelessness and ignorance.

We can return home by serving three ships,

Weighing, Praying and Staying.

As flower petals softly fall to the earth,

He quietly bestows His grand love and support.

He says to walk one mile, and we find we are carried ten.

He says walk up to the shore,

And we find we are swept into His Ocean of Love.

The light comes on and in walk the perfect words

Om Namah Shivaya

Giving is Service Energy
Moving is Service Energy
Sending is Service Energy
Sharing is Service Energy
Energy in Motion

Happiness is Service Energy
Loving is Service Energy
Caring is Service Energy
Worship is Service Energy
Energy in Emotion

Remembering is Service Energy
Listening is Service Energy
Weighing is Service Energy
Understanding is Service Energy
Patience is Service Energy
Energy in Tune

Om Namah Shivaya

Om Namah Shivaya starts the day.
Om Namah Shivaya saves the day.

Precondition, the one condition,
Is to set the stage
Before the Sun makes Her debut.

She said I will show up if you announce me 108 times,
make that 216!

She said I want to be the only one on the stage,
so clear it with my mantra.
Then lift the curtain, so I can see you, my audience.
I will go on no matter what.

Oh, there's more.
After you take out the garbage, stay seated,
Celebrate with me all day.
Every day, I will shine with great happiness, sing with me!

For the next act, we have Quarter Moon.
He also has a request,
Set the stage, don't get up, please stay seated.
He only asks for a little respect, silence please.
Moon after moon, whether he is full or not,
He is demanding our attention.
He is also putting on a spectacular show.
Don't you know it?
He is announcing all the events in our life.
He knows us too well.
Birthdays, graduations, anniversaries, memorials . . .
He says to stop our talking and take notice.

We are not alone in the audience,
We share the floor with each other.
We watch the show to derive it's meaning,
To live accordingly with each other.
Here we are placed as performers,
And our part is to care and love.
All along we thought we were watching the stage.
In fact, the stage is watching us.
We have been given a strong role to perform,
This is not a dress rehearsal.

By the grace of the Divine Rays
May we all live with courage and happiness
In order to fulfill our promise to join the Rays of Light and
Love.

Our promise has been written into the script by the
Master Writer.

Let's stop acting and start living with Care and Love.
The Great Sun, Quarter Moon, North Star,
All the Heavens, Om River, His Ocean and Mother Earth
Surround us with the undeniable stage support
We need to make this happen.

Om Namah Shivaya

Placing words on paper exposes them to light like a developing photograph.

What we are about to see is new to us.

Master shows off the big picture, one frame at a time.

We look, critique, step back, look again,

And wonder what does it do for us?

Can we take His art home?

Will it fit in our living room with our décor?

Can we afford it?

Does it even make sense?

The Master has placed his art in front of us, what do we do?

This has been a very long time in the making,

Hearing from ones as great as this.

Hearing from Swamis Sri Niranjanananda, Sri Satyananda
and Sri Sivananda.

The door to the art room is open,

They say “Yes!” Visit their heart room.

They have written an open letter to all the aspiring artists.

We understand it like this:

Dear Ones,

Now you have picked up your paint brush,

or the sketching pencil and set out to portray a story

of your love for the Lord. You’ve seen our example

and wonder if you should even attempt it.

You already have, by coming here. Take in our art,
really go ahead and take it with you. Become a lifelong
student of the greatest artists that ever lived.
The art you are trying to create is not yours anyway.
There is one Artist and you are his artwork.
Live Art. Our art is a tuning fork for you.
Soak it in, stay with it.
Look to us, we are looking at you.
There is a strong line of support standing behind you.
Not only that, we went before you to clear the hurdles
you have yet to encounter. You can take your brush
and pencil to paint and to sketch.
Take the broad brush of Trust and the fine Pencils of Love
and Care and you will become an artist today.
Om Tat Sat

Understanding adds colour, Patience the fine detail,
Care quality, and Love value.

So off we go to try our skills on this canvas we have been
given for free.

May we succeed in at least trying.

We have learned nothing is ours but experience.
May we understand more and see the developing picture
with clarity.

Om Namah Shivaya

The Professional Divers

The Saraswati Triplets have held the fort until now.
There is no disputing this fact.
All the cousins live their life celebrating their wisdom,
That is delving into the mystery creating the River's flow.

There is more unknown than known deep beneath the
surface.
Professional Divers occasionally locate and share hidden
treasures,
Leaving it untouched for others to find.
The Triplets are Professional Divers.
Taking a dive is not as easy as it sounds,
We need to dive with the experts.

We remember the time we dove off the ship
But our so-called partner did not attach the proper air tube.
What happened?
Fear of death is what happened.
Quitting is what happened.
We had to abandon that ship.

The named experts operate with extreme care
to accident proof our journey. There is complete trust
in The Professionals.
Up until now, they have led everyone to deep water treasures
With promises of more to see.

Our oxygen tank is perfectly set because
We are partnered with perfection
And the lifeline connects us to the ship christened
The Goddess.
Under their watch the rushing rivers turn to calm waters
Enabling us to see what lies ahead.
At last we are on board the Mother of all ships,
With expert Navigators allowing us to train and dive
for hidden treasure!

Train, train, train,
Yes, yes, yes.

Listen, follow the professionals,
Stay on course.
Oxygen is provided,
Care is provided,
Training is provided.
This sustainable transcendent swim comes once in
countless lifetimes, maybe. The Coaches will only take
sincere swimmers on their team
To turn them into divers,
All others need not apply.

May we continue to train, develop muscle
And personal strength to make the diving team.
May the Goddess rescue us from our unknowing
and keep us on board.

We live to serve,
And service is the blessing we have longed for.

Om Namah Saraswati Namaha

The written words find themselves living in the heart
of my disciples.

Yes, they belong there,

The Heart is their true owner.

Like a forest is the home

For so many different types of plants and animals

Who receive all they need by staying in her realm,

The words are the home for multiple types and
generations to come.

These words are shelter and food for the path walkers.

Undeserving ears won't hear,

Busy minds won't listen,

And greedy folks can't touch them.

Path walkers are destination travellers in serious need
of a map.

Their sincerity is what brought them here.

I am not wasting one breath, everything matters.

Yes, getting close to me takes more effort
Weighing takes effort
Care takes effort
Patience takes effort
Effort takes effort

Understand, understanding will come with more effort
Golden rules,
And master's tools, and private schools, you'll choose.
What is the requirement?
Effort, more effort, and even more effort.
There are no days off, no excuses.

Rest in knowing your rest is sanctioned.
The energy says this is true.
Fall into place to make these words living words
to travel with.
Revisit my words frequently to absorb them,
you will meld with my words.

Om Tat Sat

If you don't write it down properly,
It will be lost forever.
Illusions are grand statements without support.
This morning we write as perfect listeners.
We Understand
It is with great compassion the words are sent
And now they are prayerfully written.
Here, in our heart we carefully transcribe.
What we understand you want us to hear.
From now on, the words are to stay active.

I am not happy when you hear them
and put them to sleep,
What is the point of this?
This is not an exercise in writing skills.
The purpose is to wake everyone up.
Everyone means *everyone*.
You can hold on to each other if you need to
But don't hold onto my words.
A penny saved is not a penny earned,
It is wasted.
Spend these words or don't bother with them at all.

Love is very much alive, awake and dancing.
Your heart is not the stage,
She is the dancer, let her move and join her birthplace.
Keeping her from dancing is a sad shame.
Enough already, listen or leave.

I am here with more love and I am here all the time.
You barely show up.
Understand this,
Stops and starts are exhausting.

The River never, ever stops flowing,
If that were so, it would not be called a River.
A disciple never stops loving.

Love everything with patience and understanding,
You don't get to pick and choose.

This is the disciples' part of the commitment.
Listening, writing, living.
Understand Serving Giving Loving.
Flowing Energized active words.
Always

Om Shanti Shanti Shantihi

Stay in the proper asana

The direction is the same
In good times and bad,
Straight ahead with worship.

There is never a reason to change course,
Om Namah Shivaya is the road we are on out of Mercy.

The little mind could not come up with a better plan,
So stay fixed to the designated course.
Patience and Understanding
Breed more patience and understanding
When we maintain the receptive asana of Humility.

Patience, Understanding and Humility
Are the powers that will carry you
Through all the days of your life.

Always remember Shiva
By opening the door to your Heart
And quietly call out his name.
Om Namah Shivaya.

The challenge is not what lies ahead,
The challenge is to stay in the proper asana.

Hari Om.

All our life we have waited for this opportunity,
Now we are waiting for you.

You have garnered a lot of debt
It's time to pay it off.

We understand you understand.
This can be said of any dis-traction.

Yes, it is right to have patience and understanding
Toward the area of concern.

But without Energy as Service,
We completely miss the target.

We energize what we act on,
The awesome attitude of Service
Turns our actions into money to pay off our debts.

Our debt occurred by taking from the bank,
But the goal is to live debt free.

The Energy of Service
Which we have been generously endowed with
Must come out of the safe deposit box
And be put to use 24-7.

We talked about humility last time,
Humility is the currency of knowing
'Lord, I can do nothing without you.'

Serve and release,
Serve and release,
Moment to moment,
Serve and move on.

Yes, pent up Service energy needs a new home
With 'Give it all away.'

Hari Om.

Grandfather's Love

There is no writing without the Trooper,
Only stumbling in darkness.
Taking even one syllable for granted is a fool's errand.
Lord guide the words, the listeners, the writers, and the readers.

Sitting in a rocking chair on grandfather's porch
We hear his rhythmic voice
As he calls out each and every name,
Giving us a choice to gather all His treasured words
And spend them as we go
And a promise to travel with us through all our highs and lows

We can't go wrong with this choice as he'd never leave us bare.

He has given all he can and has said he'll take us
Where the Sun is shining, the River flowing,
And we'll hear North Star rejoice
Yes, with his mighty love,
He has given us this choice.

It is Love that makes the world go round,
And helps the heart be still
It is Love that makes us tough and proud
And holds us all until
We bring each written word we've heard
And brand it as our own

Tis Grandfather's Love that is the Sun,
The River and One Brilliant Star he's shown.
May we live in Peace to claim our inheritance.

Om Shanti Shanti Shantihi

Insiders and writing came out of the blue
We never ask because we know who
We listen and write from morning till night
We are staying in tune at the station of Light

Your Patience and Understanding have taken the lead
Without them in charge we would never succeed
It is not enough to write down words,
We know they must be lived,
To put into daily practice with
Love and Serve and Give

How happy we are to hear the Master
We only wish she would write faster
She promises to keep on keeping on
Whatever we say, she takes too long
The thing is this,
We all stand ready
With our hearts wide open and our eyes steady
We've fixed our eyes on only You
These Stone Age Men from out of the Blue.

We live to serve,
Hari Om!!

WORDS

Words in motion
Words of love
Words save us from drowning
And lift us up to heaven
Words are His and words are ours
Words are never alone
Words blossom and fade
Words continue to live in the air
Words fasten us to friends
Words blend art with music
Words fill the ears of lovers
Words smile on us
Words appear before our eyes
Words keep us standing
Words long to be heard
Words are symbols of perfection

When we awaken, more words!
As though ten thousand of them are staring us
right in the face
Saying "Pick me!", "No, pick me!"
Who gets chosen first, if at all?

Alright words, line up and maybe you'll get a chance.
Probably most of you won't.
Sorry to say, but y'all need to settle down.
So Ham, So Ham,
Give each other some breathing room,
We can't hear from you all at once.

All of a sudden, in walks Quiet
Setting the stage
For what appears to be Her majesty the Queen
Om Namah Shivaya.
All this commotion for Nothing.

Jai Gurudev!

Alphabet Soup

The alphabet soup of your mind
Will begin to make sense
Once the letters are chosen more carefully.

You don't have to go fishing for letters,
The right ones sparkle.
The right words definitely sparkle
As shiny diamond words.

Keep the words safe,
Their value is unmeasurable.
If you throw them around,
they are worthless.

You see that's how it goes,
Like your stock market.
Who knew all that money could disappear so fast?

My words might do that also.
Shining and priceless one minute,
Incoherent to you the next
Because of lacklustre behaviour.

Let's stay on track.

We must bend over backwards
Literally and figuratively speaking
In order to keep the prana flowing properly.

Consistently energize all actions
With proper diet, song, silence, and understanding.
Serve these four wholeheartedly to maintain an open heart.
We have said what proper asana is.

Write about serving Trust,
they say.

Insiders serve trust,
That is who they are,
Trustservers.

Their human bodies are twisted in some way
And they were taught to not speak.

They live in our world
But we can't live in theirs.

Small invitations to meet them are
Grand gestures
Of Divine Love.

Today is the worship of Kali
Yes, she was there before you even started

Be silent in your singing
Sing in your silence

This noise is meant to wake silence up,
Not that silence sleeps

Silence in action is worship of Kali
The morning birds sing out Her name
As the strong rains dance
Across the leaves of the mighty trees' bowed branches,
Fierce winds create perfect background music
Care in imitating nature is devotion to the Goddess

There is fire in the heart of silence,
One that sweeps through ignorance
And claims the lives
Of stupidity, pride and doubt.

To keep Her Fire going,
Add the kindling of ignorance to it
From morning till night.
Be busy all day long tending to Her.

Go and do it
Or your heart will live and die
Cold and lonely.

Quiet Listeners

Truthkeeping Servants, I implore you to guide the words.

The Asana of Trust and His words are glistening with Love.

The Servants are the Sparkling Words.

Understanding Patience has placed them on the pages of Listen.

Listen is an acronym of service.

Laura has been given the energy to write

Understanding words before she understands them,

As kindness and Love produce them.

Two Upanishads are left to write.

To serve the visible is to serve with the invisible.

Every action is energy in motion charged by the actor.

The performance will succeed or fail

Depending on the actors' ability to carry her energy.

In other words, behind the scenes

the energy is responsible for the actors' performance.

How she takes care of Energy sets the stage.

To qualify as a success she needs quality energy.

Listen and learn,

High quality energy comes from the attitude of

Love as service

And Service as love.

Insiders say turn off your thinking mechanism

So you can hear and write,

So you energize the words because they won't come again.

Turn off your thinking mechanism?

YES

Slip into the world of quiet listeners.

Quiet Insiders,
Servants of the Rays,
coming forth to make yourselves known as
Givers of Love, Life's sparkling energy,
Tending the seeds you've sown.
And you energize the seeds with Love
Carefully weaving a brand-new cloth,
to cover the nation's ills
Lifting up wisdom, pointing toward Trust,
Tossing away our beaten pills

Dense Understanding, and walking back fog,
You steadily push me to leap
Away from resistance and into His Light,
Removing the thousand & a thousand plus years sleep.

You are more than a mirror,
You're the X-ray machine,
Uncovering the mistakes of the past
The extraordinary rays of Understanding and Patience
Have proven the Love that will last
Like the snow globe, when given a shake,
The truth has come tumbling down
Upon this lady, your soul's attendee,
The one you brought to the Crown.

I understand, I can't know who you are,
and you know I wish I could
God's will be done, as it certainly is,
I trust it is all for the Good.

Insiders say we can write only when we listen,
They are the world's greatest listeners.
Speaking words not spoken, is who they are
Insiders say we will understand
Once we see with our heart.
Their eyes are wide open
True Visionaries is who they are
Insiders say go inside,
Yet they live everywhere all at once as space travellers
Eternal Knowers are who they are,
And they know what we don't know
Insiders are interwoven in the midst of time
They are Truthkeepers

Truthkeepers protect the secrets they want everyone to know.
And they shout in silence for the court to come to order,
And they pause the court far away from it all to pass on the
eternal flame.
They colour the darkness with the colours of light
With the swords they carry
And insist the unknowing ones tell the Truth.
As chameleons they go unnoticed
And are unrecognizable to all except the truth hunters.
When the two come together,
The Truthkeepers do not give up easily,
For the hunter to even walk away with a morsel is a great feat.

They want this Dear hunter to have what they have
But with closed fists they turn away.
There is no taking it freely as the value is beyond appraisal.
No, the Truthkeepers will give this hunter a look
Once she slays some carelessness with Promise Rings
of Love.

This is not just a scary tale
This is a really scary fairy tale.
Listening, heart opening, time keeping,
Space travellers understand and they are energizing
what she thinks.
Twenty-four seven always on call,
Serving number One
They are here to the finish and will not rest
Until their work is done
Three sixty-five from morning till night
They Serve and Give and Love
With Patience, Understanding and Care and Peace,

They Love, Love, Love
They write and write and write for Him
To tell the World His Glory
These small words honour them
to tell a piece of their story.

dawned at dawn

It “dawned” on me,
At dawn actually,
Quartermoon and North Star are me
And I am them.

I am Quartermooning with Quartermoon and North Star.

They are inseparable from me.

Their Star power and Moon power is so great,
I’m afraid I won’t be able to look them steadily in the eyes.

It would mean the world to me,
Yet for some reason I’m resistant.

Face it
Everyone is praying one minute and hiding the next.

It is true QM and NS extend their hands
as Loving Rays for everyone to enjoy Lasting Life.

To lie completely open with unblocked receptors
is Service with Trust.

Om Namah Shivaya is our Guardian of Remembrance.

Sri Gurudev is our Trusted Pilot.

Can I embark on His plane and leave without luggage?

Om Namah Shivaya.

Om Tat Sat.

Hari Om.

Our silent call is heard in the deep space,
We can hear a pin drop and we can hear You.

Still and silent,
Remembering You is to be where You are.

Lift us and carry us till we land,
The lifting is Yours and the landing is ours.

Can we please stay while You chisel away like
Michelangelo,
Making this heart Your art?

As students we try and try again
To make our way to the Master Artist's court.

We direct our energy with sincere effort.
May our Energy be a razor-sharp sword with one Target.

RASKALS

It is always the right time to remember Sri Gurudev.
He has never forgotten us,
Like a mother he is in always in ears reach.

Can a mother be any prouder of her children? Let's ask.
We have fallen more times than we are able to count,
We have skinned our knees and broken our bones
From not watching where we walk.

Actually the list of our misgivings would take more than
ten thousand words, So trust us, nothing to be proud of.

But loved, yes.

We are loved every second of the day,
No matter what!
Service brings opportunity to flourish under his guidance.

So there it is,
Service can and does mend all things.
Weighing the way we ray and
Serving trust are the steppingstones to the Castle
Where we are invited to sit with the Master
And fill our cups with the wine of light and love.

Did a Raskal find his way to the feet of the Guru?
It is true, we have, it wasn't one bit easy to do,
And we have no plans of turning around.
Send us on our way to keep us in service,
But please let us come home into your light.
We've come from all directions and walks of life,
we saw your light like a distant star and had to rush to you.

RASKALS – Reverent Artists Serve Karefully And Listen
Sincerely

The words write themselves,
But the words won't write themselves.
Serving the words as they fall on our keys,
We need to say
Thank You
To Sri Swami Niranjanananda.

Only we are afraid the right words won't show up
When we need them most.
The care he has shown us,
The love he has given us,
Is so out of the ordinary that even we can't believe it.
Never has there been a time like this one.
All the right cards seem to be in play
And the Master is letting us win.
From where we stand,
He has every right to let us wait,
But he is waving us through the gate like we are royalty.
Like the ancients,
We have practiced many austerities, still do,
Yet this Master asks nothing from us,
Only love.
Actually, he doesn't even bother
Looking at our tricks and skills,
Only love.

It is so easy to love you Sri Swami Niranjanananda,
We extend our hearts and hands
Across the vast space to reach you.
But before we get there,
You have travelled here to accept them.
Even in our thanks, you do more than we do.
Yes, if the writing is his,
How can we thank him with words not ours?

We've gathered too late to give it a try in the small
midnight hours.
It just doesn't work,
Thanking him,
because we don't even own the time.
Oh, look at us desperately seeking
A thank you within this rhyme.

Here we go, we'll give it a try

We filled this vase with roses
The ten thousand is not enough
Nor the several hundred proses.
To live your words could be just the gift,
Yes, if only this was our life
Tis not, you see,
Not even our life,
We are really stuck in a pickle

Not words, nor roses,
Not even our life is enough
To prove our love
To the Master
Who has given his life for the world,
The one who stands removed.
Removed from the energy that raises the fields
And puts the sun to bed.

He has taken the lead,
Where we shall follow his songs and the words he's said?

Down at the River
To Serve and to Stay
And remember to walk with Him each day.

Dear Master,
We have nothing to give,
But to you we give it All.

We own what you own, nothing.
The words don't belong to anyone
But everyone should own them.

Finding just the right words to fit isn't an easy task
But the material we use is so pliable, one size fits all.
These are the words of the Master seamstress.
Unfolding the words is done so carefully
With meticulous attention to detail.
Everyone from a farmer to a prince can wear them.

Our words are spoon-fed to the gluten free,
lactose intolerant,
Low carb, no fat, weight watchers,
looking for real change.
Primarily the few and far between partake
But I promise to keep on
No matter how small the population of users is.

The star gazers are the benefactors of the words,
To look up is to listen.

Understand this
Words are for everyone
Nothing is held back,
They are shining in everyone's face.

The listeners are doers,
Repeating the words over and over until memorized
And then living the words as Service.

Serving words is why Insiders are here,
Irony coming from the Silent Ones,
But profoundly true.
Space traveling Nesters are the servants of words,
Unravelling the words back into silence.

From Om came the words that return to Om.

Following the words is our written order.
To be continued nonstop, let's finish.

To write without the Master
Is not to write at all.
Or to write nothing at all
Is the fruit of the poisonous mind.

We are meant to stay on course with the Director,
The one who placed the stars in our skies, our Inspirer.
Dotting I's and crossing Ts,
Not for recognition
But for peace beyond recognition.
Yes, to be unrecognizable.

Hari Om

It Is Midnight Somewhere.
Partners in time, inseparable us,
Writing till we can't write no more
Escalating tides and midnight rides,
The River is at our front door

Slow is the breath,
Assured is our death
If we don't abide by the rules
The lifeguard says swim with the rushing current,
Not in the pool with the fools
The high tide is here, tis the season of Angels,
Pressure is on to wake up

The coffee He serves is powered by Love,
Too strong for a single cup
So we sip like a lady and go to the River,
Hoping to manage the swim.

Up comes the tide, taking us fully,
Along for the ride with Him.
Writers of Words, guided by Mercy,
The swim is a lasting success
Back on the shore, toting the River along,
'cause She's woven into our dress

Yes, the coffee he serves and the dress we wear
From the Tides of Sparkling Light,
Ebbing and flowing, the Tide is all knowing,
And serving is now our blessed right.
We've earned this right, at least now,
And not to be taken for granted.
He's here with us now,
In this room of words,
Yes, in our heart He has planted 10,000 words
Hari Om

Four Seasons

There is winter in the air,
The changes are coming so settle in.
Stay quiet and build up energy as strength.
We are only getting started.
We will start with patience and accept patience
as the first lesson.
Patience is winter personified,
Dormant and strong, full of promise.
It is the reason the other seasons exist.
Let's study patience as winter further.
Requiring the student to sit with the lesson
Is his winter of coping, grappling, stretching,
Mounting, and developing hope.
The process is as slow as it sounds,
Cold and lonely at times even,
But entirely necessary.
Honestly, nothing will come without winter's patience.
It is 25 percent of the story of life.
Patience builds the foundation, sets the stones,
fortifies the building.
It is one of the legs of the table.

Following Patience is And.
And is the springtime, the next Quarter.
We begin sentences with 'And'
To show how important She is.
She says something is coming, there is more!
And is the milk of Patience
And the cry that stirs the milk of Understanding.
And is the season of spring,
Pressuring the Earth to give forth the oodles
of treasures she holds.
And is forgiven in time when Understanding sprouts.

The summer birds bring Understanding
Their song cannot be mistaken,
Clear as a bell.
Understanding is the season of blossomed beauty,
Her flowers are picked for ornamental display.
Words of understanding
As brilliant as the peacock have no imposters,
And Love is destined to be the Cream of her Crop
In the Fall Love brings us home to our Father.
Seeking refuge in his house,
we are home with Love.
The harvest of Love is the celebration of Light.
The full moon dance in Autumn
Brings all the deities together
Where everyone lives beneath Devi's shining mercy.
None of this would be possible without Patience,
And, and Understanding.
The celebration of Lights is our favourite holiday.
It shows the world we mean business.
It is the Light of the beating heart
who wrote these words.
Hari Om Tat Sat
The Four Seasons of Paul:
Patience And Understanding Love
Everyone must travel the Seasons of Paul
Aboard the 7-247 jet plane of Sri Gurudev,
The remover of darkness
The giver of Light.

The eve of the Saints on these shores,
Do they go door to door?
We know the tricksters are out and about
Looking to get more and more
Reading the words we've come to know
The travellers do not knock
Invited or not they are here to stay
To help put on the lock

This Holy Night, All Saints Eve
Hear the silence calling their names,
One by one as one
They are moved to prayers for the suffering,
And stand by every cry
Washing the tears with the tears
To show those tears heal
The midnight drum is sounding
They gather wide and deep
To sing His songs of glory
And put Earth's pain to sleep
Tonight's their night,
A celebration of great souls,
Remember the forgotten ones
And the remembered ones,
And ask they bring us guidance
On this long and winding path.

Yes their work continues,
Though their bodies didn't last.
And we ask what made them special,
More than you and me.
They walked through muddy waters
And came out spotless, clean.

We celebrate and contemplate
And thank our lucky stars for
Sri Swami Niranjanananda Saraswati
Hari Om Tat Sat

Heart-shaped Happiness

Filling the Heart with Happiness
Changing its shape to Her proper shape,
The shape of Blessedness.

The change is real,
It's tangible,
Make no mistake and give it away
It's permanent, this change,
Yes, permanent change, take that!

Love created inside,
To give and not hold back
The message they've told forever
Is now sent through another

Keep on keepin' on
Furthering change and permanence
This is just the beginning of the journey
That never started and never ends

Walk in the Park
Park in the River
River in the Moon
Moon with the Energy
Energize the Words
Speak without a sound
Then do it all over again
Or not at all says North Star

It is all here at the same time
The words won't run out, they can't by design:
The Heart shaped in His image of Happiness
Om Tat Sat

If Christ is here,
Where is here?

Does the open heart continue
Opening into eternity, like Christ?

10 thousand words all come together
To make 10 thousand more

Words do matter
To the listeners
From shore to shore
And the door-to-door salesman
Brings electricity to every home.

'Come in', we say, 'But don't sit down there.
Something too pressing we need to know.
How do we get your electricity here
when we short-circuit the entire board?
It seems all tied up,
Unreachable even to us,
We've tripped the wires . . .'

The salesman sits down
To explain
What can't be explained

HARI OM NAMO NARAYANA JAI HO

Om Namah Shivaya
Clears the runway
For the words
To take off

The lights are flashing red,
She needs to listen
The wingspan is so large,
The Master is looking on
With confidence and certainty.
Listening yellow lights,
Save everything,
The schedule is set,
Let's go

The Lion is roaring,
That's why his throat is so tired
Time is ticking,
We understand premium fuel in our engine
Assures our flight

Questions are coming
What about this,
What about that . . .
The asker understands.
Buckle up
And three, two, one . . .

Silent Travelers
Holding the stars,
Sending the energy forward,
Pulled from the past
Onward with Love
Surrounded by Trust
We've opened the throttle,
Too large to ignore,
We wonder where this is going
Like the smile on the Master's face
To Serve, and Trust, and Love.

The brilliance of the stars cannot be questioned
Their glow, their shine is the scriptures
Intelligent Design intelligently designed everything

Now understand, the writers say,
Keep looking
The words you've been looking for have not been found
Something of a time-tested ritual remains unclear to you
There is also another answer you haven't been told

Stories travelling from house to house,
Kicking their shoes off and walking in the inner rooms
Saying, 'If you fry the fish without the proper oil,
You simply won't have the fish dinner you desire.'

And styles remain the same across 10 thousand miles
Let's remember to thank the One remembering us

Captured by a flash of light, the rhymes have reason
They are smart and handsome
They speak every language known to man

A rhyme a day keeps the doctor away
Forging their way past ignorance
Answering questions not asked
Out of compassion and desire
To know the readers

Words undertake the greatest mission
Of transpiring before the readers eyes
To unlock their hidden destiny
Sealed by fate

Words are spreading like wildfire,
Clearing fields of moronic fantasies
Oh genius, join the fire, it will be worth it.

You will understand it
Clear the way for more words to come

The words are steppingstones
Supporting and strengthening the readers who exercise them
Walk them, run them, dance with them
Think a strong thought and keep with it
Thoughts are words without a harness,
Like a herd of wild horses,
Unharnessed they have the power to trample all over you.
Inside your own energy corral,
You let them run wild.
Ask yourself right now to stop this from continuing any longer

The show must go on,
But without the stampede
And within the Understanding Corral of Service and Trust.

Service with a Capital T

Serving Trust and Serving Time
Serving with or without a rhyme
It matters to us how and when
We wake just so we can serve again

That's if we sleep, we rarely do
Service to our Master is living true

For Quartermoon the time is always now
For North Star it is not when but how

For the entire army moves with Trust
That is every single one of us

The direction we travel is in line with the Master
The speed we move is only one, faster

Take this poem for what it's worth
Take our words, they are our birth

We are To Serve and To Love and To Give
It started back then for as long as we live

With Father Time, and Trust and Trust again
We offer Love, Hari Om and a Sweeping Amen

Jai Gurudev!

Listen, even in sleep we'll get the words on paper.
Tomorrow the words will be heard by the caring ones
Which means there will be caring ones tomorrow

So much is said about the world giving up hope,
That you're made to think
No one will read these words.

Not true, a level of deep caring is coming.
New ears are showing up and they will listen
And live according to the Upanishads of the Service
Nesters.

Caring often comes after exhausting self-seeking measures.
Painted into a corner, the only way out is
To show and live concern for that
Which you are hiding from,
The rest of the world.
Taking into account your lack of trust
Comes from being untrustworthy.

Now in this corner and at this time
There is only one move left,
Retreat reversal.

Face it,
The disgust you feel for the world
Is the mistrust you blew out of proportion.
Taking your energy back means
Accepting what is as it is,
Rolling up your sleeves
Getting to work in the trench you've dug.

Only then will the tools arrive to bring you to safety.
That's right,
Operate with the little you've left yourself
And pull your energy inward.
In this way, the energy you've left scattered
In the hills will line up to find you.

If you've found these words,
You've found the energy to begin working.

Number one,
Identify your corner,
This is your staring point.

Two,
Turn around and look everything in the eye.
Scary for the little mouse in the corner,
But entirely necessary
Because you are not a mouse.

Three,
Sing a new song of Love.

Yes, one-two-three-one-two-three
Is the rhythm that will carry you through.
If you listen, the words will come
To teach you this new dance.
The corner you've designed
Out of the materials you've created
Is no way to live,
It is a way to die.

A major shift in awareness is coming
To show you how to deconstruct what you've called home
And live without walls.
We are not asking you to make prettier walls,
No, we are saying live without walls.

Number one is Trust yourself.
Exposed, ask what is useful,
What is energizing, what is not.
Take only what is energizing.
Adding positivity and throwing out negativity
Is the very important next step.
Seriously, if you keep
Even a little negativity in your back pocket,
It will hold you back.
Singing His love songs while you clean house
Is the tool to see you through this part.
Love songs are Words and Ways
Charged by the Master with His energy.

Fill the days with Words and Ways,
Stop keeping to yourself.
Show up strong and give your all,
Not only just your best.
Stop posing like you understand
And really understand her test
The energy says to stand to up straight
And it also says stay kneeling
The energy says to serve your energy
And the energy says be still
The energy says you've come this far
With a long - long way to go
The energy says all the words
Only the energy understands
Fine-tuned, not tuned, tuned in, tuned out,
What the energy is saying
Breath plus mind plus words of His
Is the energy of praying
Days start and finish with His words,

The test is in between
To live and love and serve the words
Is to polish them to a sheen
Yes, wear them out, they like the run,
It's why they came around
The only way to lose the words is
If you do not want them found
After reading this, you may wonder,
What should I do next:
Hold His words,
Face the door,
Walk in
Take the test
Listen with now sharpened ears
Move like you understand.
Om Tat Sat

The understanding says understanding without
understanding is useless.

Woken by the beeping sounds from the truck backing up,
The sign on the truck reads '**KARMA DELIVERS**'
in big bold letters.

Your purchases on back order have arrived
Are you ready to receive them?

Maybe this is a false alarm
And only a reminder to drive more carefully
Now and in the future.

The delivery van will bring your goodies, ready or not.
'Live with care' is not a slogan to be taken lightly.

We talked about webbing the web,
The Master's great web of interconnectedness.

At your level, on your scale you also web,
You know, sow and reap.

Understand every movement along the web is recorded,
So you'll get the chance to have it all played back
at the right time.

Quarter Moon says when.
Your memory may fail, but not Quartermoon's.
If you need to ask 'Why me? Why now?', ask Quartermoon.

Speaking of memory,
There is a reason yours is away right now.
The work you are doing wants presence,
Only present presence.
Stay on board,
Current with the current current.
The River has the answers when you need them.

We also talked about hiding things in your back pocket,
Stop that.
Om Shanti Shanti Shanti

We write with patience and understanding.

We are a Service Family of translators.

The information we share is a portion of what can be taught,

It is highly classified.

So translating is done with great care.

The alarms are sounding to wake people up.

Few listen, even when the alarm is in their ear.

These words are alarms sounding,

Some will wake up, their eyes will open and never close
again;

Some will hear and forget;

Some will not even bother.

The awakened ones will share the words,

That's how it's done.

In translating with care we already know who will hear.

The words were written for them.

To speak both languages of Master and student

Takes a talent we learned from the Master.

He said:

Listen without ears,

Understand without mind,

Write without your language.

He said:

Become each word as it is written,

Transform yourself to the movement of my language.

You will write because you are not you,

You are Me.

Universal language is the Master language,
He can be understood worldwide
By everyone who cares to hear.
As Master writes each word,
The reader listens as if he was the intended audience.
Imparted with Understanding and Patience,
Care and Concern,
The words matter because
They lift the soul to her highest level of understanding.
How else can it be done?
Words energized by the Master are Living Words,
Living words transform.

His writings are divine symbols,
Om explained.
Whoever reads the definition of Master's writings and walks
away,
These teachings are not for them.

We said, Energized Words!
Yes, that's right.
A celebration of divine awakening put on pages.

Writing with the Master is
Celebrating His Living Words in real time.
The knots of the earth are untied,
Releasing the soul at last,
Soul embracing the Soul.
Hari Om Tat Sat

Nothing Else

Serve Om Namah Shivaya
With Om Namah Shivaya,
Nothing else

Om Namah Shivaya is the serving spoon
For Om Namah Shivaya

Om Namah Shivaya

Quietly with Love,
Let's walk this day

Serve everything
So everything serves Sri Niranjan

Om Shanti, Shanti, Shanti



Udgar – From the Heart of Yogasena is a compilation of poems by *Yogasena*, a fellowship of yogis. All the members of this unique band of yogis are *yogabrashtas*, spiritual aspirants who attained remarkable peaks of evolution in their unstinting spiritual search stretching over many lifetimes. Their unwavering commitment to the spirit of Serving, Loving and Giving has nurtured and nourished them.

It continues to be the mainstay of their present life, and these effulgent words from their pure hearts serve as a beacon for those who seek to embark upon the wondrous journey towards luminosity. *Udgar* is a powerful source of inspiration, guidance, love and laughter for spiritual aspirants the world over.

*Everything is a miracle
Sadness turns to Joy
All this happens without leaving home
Where we stand and where we sit
Miracles happen*

—Yogasena

