

SATYAM TALES

Dhoom-Dhaam

Program, download and print



Yoga Publications Trust, Munger, Bihar, India

Available *Satyam Tales* Titles



1. Diggaja
From elephant to super-elephant



2. Mystics from Moon
A journey through space



3. The Daredevil Dolphin
Making a leap of faith



4. Lessons for Life
A disciple's ongoing journey



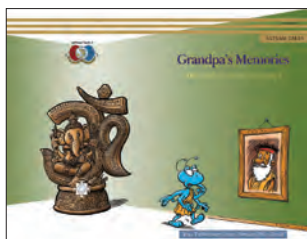
5. Great Escapes
Memoirs of a guardian angel



6. Humans and Superhumans
The touch of grace



7. The Ancient Astra
An invocation and a resurrection



8. Grandpa's Memories
About the man who never slept



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Realizing godhead in guru

Dhoom-Dhaam

In olden days, stories began with ‘once upon a time’, something like: ‘Once upon a time there was a little prince . . .’ or ‘Once upon a time there was a fairy who planted a magic seed. Over the years the seed grew into a majestic tree, and everyone who came to rest under the tree . . .’ In the twenty-first century, this doesn’t work anymore, not really. At least for my story it doesn’t. My story, the most real fairytale of all times, begins with ‘program, download and print’.

Allow me to let Swami Niranjan tell the first part of the story for he tells it so well: “It all began in 2009, in the month of June, when my guru Sri Swami Satyananda called me and said, ‘The Golden Jubilee of the Bihar School of



Yoga is only four years away. You will celebrate it! Right?’ I said, ‘Of course.’ Sri Swamiji continued, ‘*Khoob dhoom-dhaam se manana*, celebrate it with pomp and splendour, put your heart and soul in it, and be inspired and happy about it.’”

So much for Swami Niranjan’s version. That hot summer’s day in June, I was programmed by a saint and siddha in a simple manner. It was a historic day for me, for it was my conception. In the world of information technology, programming is the hardest task and takes the longest to accomplish. In my case, the process took thirty-three months, not just nine like an ordinary baby, but then I am not ordinary.

Finally on 6th February 2012, the second historic day of my life, I was born. It was the day of the download, which as you know, does not take long. This is how Swami Niranjan lived the event: “In the evening after our guru bhakti sadhana I did yoga nidra in my room. During the practice, I felt a download of information in my brain. When I came out of the practice, the entire plan for the Golden Jubilee and World Yoga Convention was crystal clear in my mind. The next morning I dictated everything to a sannyasin, the detailed plan by days, weeks, months, departments, people; everything was outlined. On 7th February 2012, everything that was downloaded in my mind was written down.”

People think that I am just an idea, a fantasy, an occasional lukewarm attempt at extravaganza, something dreamed of but not dared. I proved them wrong, and together with Swamiji I created the most beautiful world of all times, a world of its own with a purpose and a message. We created a monument of gratitude and loving respect. I was Swami Niranjan’s constant companion. He pretended to the ashram and the world beyond that I did not exist, but let me tell you, every movement, every thought, every breath, day and night, were filled with me. There was not a step taken without consulting me, not a decision made without considering my input. I was his shadow. No, we had become one, united by the sankalpa to manifest Sri Swamiji’s

wish to the letter. We did it, and the printout was ready in October 2013. It was a marvel beyond imagination. It was the fulfilment of my life. Let me take you on a tour and show you some of the printouts.

The soul

There are 108 stories I could tell you about how Swamiji and I were the only dream team of 2013, unbeatable, unsurpassable, sheer delight. I could tell you about the first barcodes and swiping machines in Munger. The small town was awed beyond belief, and of course proud to be catapulted into the techno world of the twenty-first century. At the same time, the whole world was able to witness the Yoga Convention via live-streaming. We had transcended the limits of time and space, but more about that in a while. We were not the only ones who played around. Mother Nature also had a few tricks up her elements, if I may say so. Have you ever seen mangoes grow in October in Munger, Bihar, or spring flowers blossom in autumn? Mother Nature also sent a flock of eagles to bless us. I could go on and on, for as I said there are 108 miracles to tell.

For now, I take you to the seven wonders of the world of Swamiji. First, the soul of the Golden Jubilee and World Yoga Convention was at the Akhara, Swamiji's place of sadhana.



Swamiji and I wanted to honour two of Sri Swamiji's greatest gifts to the world: yoga and yajna. The Akhara became the stage for resurrecting forgotten mantras and stotras, alongside the precise execution of prayer, worship, adoration and invocation. We chose the Mahasudarshan homa, a tantric havan for protection and illumination of all. The same havan was conducted by Sri Swamiji in 1973 and by Swamiji in 1993 when Munger was host to past World Yoga Conventions.

Continuity was the key, and people were transported not only through the history of the Bihar School of Yoga which they had come to celebrate, but into another era altogether. The gorgeous straw-thatched vedi was the 'energy centre' of the whole event. The rishis, munis and sages of days gone by knew what they were doing. And believe me, it still works. Thousands of years ago they had a vision of images and reception of sounds, yet in the year 2013 the same power of connecting the human with the divine, the same force of bridging the visible with the invisible was at work. Only the electric light bulbs and the mikes in front of the pandits were





a reminder that all this was actually happening in the twenty-first century and not in some pre-historic time.

Everyone was touched by the magic of yajna at the centre of the celebrations. Yes, the yajna was the soul of it all. The detail, precision and depth of sincerity was the splendour of the yajna. In that way, we and all those who came to participate, honoured Sri Swamiji's idea and guidance in regard to yajna, for did he not say that, "Yajna is a process of producing, distributing and then consuming and enjoying. Yajna is designed to establish our connection with the cosmic properties abounding in the universe. Yajna has the potential to expand the mind, to launch the consciousness into unknown dimensions and give us the sublime experience of unity with the source of creation." This became the sankalpa, the purpose and aim of the yajna. Knowingly or unknowingly, people were part of that experience, and so was everything related to the celebrations.

Sri Swamiji knew that the time was ripe and the world ready to receive the science of yajna and to imbibe the art of conducting a yajna, which is not an easy enterprise. Swamiji

had become an expert when he introduced yajna in Munger. Sri Swamiji must be happy, looking at the little town where yajnas are now regular occasions for all citizens and visitors to reconnect with their source. These yajnas have started to influence not only the people but the whole environment. Animals and plants in and around Munger bathe in the sound of mantras and thrive in the purified air.

The vedi was the soul, nucleus and all-pervading energy centre for the five-day event. Our aim was to preserve and communicate the sacred dignity of Sri Swamiji's vision of yajna. As far as 'launching' goes, we constructed a gigantic launch pad to catapult people's consciousness into a new era and uncharted space.

Triple-dome spaceship

Do not think that we were stuck in the past or buried in ancient times of rishis and munis. Do you remember *Star Wars* and *Star Trek*? Dull and utterly stale, forget it. The ultimate extraterrestrial visit to Munger landed right in the middle of the Polo Ground. Slick and smooth, a white and spacious mothership, ready to send out the smaller space



vessels into the universe. People called it a triple-dome pandal. Pandal? Have you ever seen a pandal like this? No way, it was a spaceship that had come to Bihar. The captain was of course Swamiji, chief commander Swami Satsangi, the crew an impressive assembly of yoga teachers and disciples who had devoted decades of their lives to Sri Swamiji's mission of yoga propagation. The delegates were the lucky tribe, ready to embark on a new adventure, following the captain with total trust and commitment. They listened in rapt attention to what was being said on stage, I mean, on the bridge. Thousands had entered the ship to learn and be in the presence of these messengers of hope whose past experience was the foundation of the ship's next mission

Swamiji and I thought that the idea of the spaceship was brilliant. It was sending the message to one and all: 'Hey, don't be stuck, move on, the next fifty years are here, get on board and join us in the exciting new venture.' Do you think an old bamboo pandal with wobbly walls and a leaking roof could have done the job? If you want to talk future, show the future. That's just what we did having Sri Swamiji's prediction in mind that 'yoga is the culture of tomorrow'. We invited everyone to be part of his tomorrow and a better world.

The presence of the Bal Yoga Mitra Mandal children was not only a fresh breeze of innocent joy, they also were the visible future, the next generation who deserve a better world. They were singing and dancing, oblivious that all had gathered for them and their children's children.

The journey of the next fifty years began right there on the Polo Ground with a promise and grandeur.



Before the pandal-spaceship took off and disappeared into outer space, Swamiji gave everyone three codes to unlock the doors to the yoga of the future: sincerity, seriousness, and commitment. With this mission manifesto, the consciousness of those present took a leap into the unknown; they were willing to venture into a new episode and era of yoga. Sri Swamiji's tomorrow was on its way.

Feeding of the multitude

Apart from past and future, you may wonder what Swamiji and I did about the present. We dealt with the present tense in a totally organized and practical way. We fed everyone. Splendour is not frill and fancy. Greatness and grandeur can be had in the most common area of life, such as eating. In Paduka Darshan we were assisted by the Master Organizer Himself, Lord Vishnu, who as you know has taken permanent residence on the banks of Ganga Ma.

So what did he do? Under the tent-roof-sail, the dining area was mathematically planned and all tasks executed minutely. Almost like a game of chess, guests were moved, sections cleaned, opened and closed, pots carried and set up. Strategy at its best. Six serving stations, six servers behind a row of pots and pans, filled with delicious, sumptuous food cooked by one hundred and twenty kitchen staff. No, no I'm wrong here; it was not food, it was cuisine, real cuisine. You know what I mean – the real thing, taste beyond words. However, this was only one part of our plan. Equally important were the ladies sitting in the grass behind every station of pots and pans and stacks of plates. These ladies were part of the ashram garden team. For the occasion we dressed them in beautiful yellow saris. With hawk eyes they scanned their section: did a grain of rice or a drop of dal fall on the floor they swiftly got up with bucket and cloth in hand, and before anyone noticed anything, they were back sitting in the grass watching, ever ready.

After the guests had eaten to their bellies' content, a long line of Yuvas in brand-new black track suits and black T-shirts



awaited them with mugs of water. With an ever-smiling face, dexterous gestures and the deep desire to do their job well, they had truly imbibed the spirit of service. They were beaming with gratitude at this opportunity to show the world what they were capable of.

The result of ‘operation cuisine’: spotless cleanliness, five thousand bellies cared for three times a day, no queues, and above all no stress, only goodwill and lots of laughter. I call that splendour.

Here on the banks of Ganga Ma, Swamiji and I had our only disagreement, gentle, but still. Anyway, I won. Can you believe it! He wanted gold ribbon all over the place to separate the various sections. His logic was of course – Golden Jubilee equals gold ribbon. I told him that we needed strong rope to have clear demarcation lines, no dainty lace. He gave in reluctantly, and we settled on bright yellow rope around each section and along each path. The yellow of the rope matched the yellow of the ladies’ saris. Did you expect anything else?

Being practical and keeping people’s safety in mind does not mean that one creates a boring and ugly situation.

Beauty has so many faces and meticulous organization is one of them. Sri Swamiji was a master organizer, and we were his eager students, who had learnt his lessons well.

People knew that they were being cared for in a warm-hearted and efficient way. They expressed their gratitude with smiles, consideration and kindness. I did not mention the ribbon-rope issue again, and there was no need, for Swamiji had got the idea of what I was all about, and even surprised me about myself.

Hard to believe, impossible to carry

The next wonder was just beyond imagination. ‘Pick and choose’, ‘Pack your own’, ‘One each to your heart’s content’ was the motto and Satyam Yoga Prasad was its name. This pandal made of bamboo was not wobbly and not leaking, but beautifully-draped in gold, orange and white. It was decorated on the outside with posters of the items that could be found inside. This pandal housed three hundred and fifty book titles and over one hundred and fifty CDs and one hundred DVDs. Delegates had to suffer only the pain of choice and the limitation of their muscle strength. ‘How



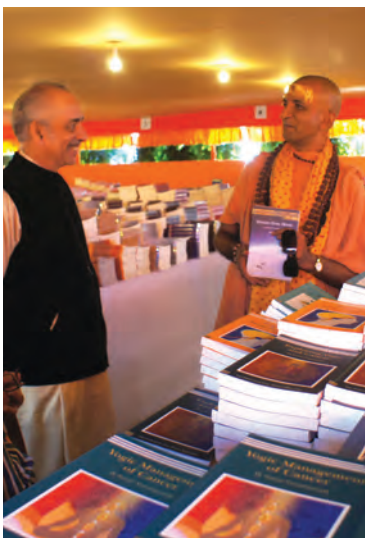
many kilos can I carry?’ was the question on everyone’s mind as their keen and thirsty eyes flew over the neat rows and stacks of wisdom.

I can’t tell you who was the happiest of all: Ma Saraswati, Sri Swamiji or Sri Swami Sivananda. Their timeless treasure was given away not just generously but lavishly, without conditions and strings attached. It was a sight to behold. Our masterstroke worked, as prasad really became the happiness of

those who left the pandal. Their joyous laughter filled the air as bag after bag was carried away in utter disbelief that what happened really happened. You should have seen the faces: sometimes they expressed the pain and sweat of carrying the bags, more often though, a child's wonder and delight on the day of Diwali, Hanukkah, Christmas and Id put together.

I think Swamiji was the happiest of all, for only he knew how much love and labour had gone into this adventure. He took the art of giving to a new dimension. In those bags he had not only provided for days and weeks of reading, re-reading, watching and listening, but a lifelong source of learning and inspiration.

Satyam Yoga Prasad was an experiment in gifting the highest gift, the gift of knowledge; and the experiment was a success. We patted each other on the back, twinkle in the eyes and a silent 'well done' on the lips. Here we had surpassed Sri Swamiji's wildest dreams and expectations a thousand-fold. No wonder we had a big share of happiness for ourselves. Our masters have said it time and again: 'Giving is the purpose of our life and the source of our happiness.' This idea was at the heart of



our co-operation, and our next act of giving made it even easier for the receivers. They did not have to do anything: no choosing, no carrying, no sweating, just sit, watch and enjoy. Ready for another wonder?

The sky is the limit

What are open-air cinemas? A few mats on the ground, a few chairs in the back, a white sheet for a screen, lots of mosquitoes and other dubious creatures, traffic noise, sweltering heat, and maybe a surprise downpour which turns the place into a mud bath. In short, discomfort on all fronts. Under such circumstances it is difficult to be absorbed and immersed in the action on screen.

Now, we had this incredibly soul-stirring film on the life of Sri Swamiji, therefore we did not want to create conditions like the ones just described. Instead we needed a setting worthy of the subject. But how and where? One day, Swamiji and I walked around the ashram, planning and thinking: second floor hall, booked for workshops; car park, booked for evening programs; langar, booked for meals. “So my dear friend,” Swamiji said when we had done the round of the ashram, “we have to build a cinema.” The only spot left was Yajñashala. A pandal with real wooden walls, draped smartly in dark blue, with mats and chairs, a big screen and, you





better believe it, real air-conditioning. As the saying goes: amazing but true, that was Satyam Darshan. The package was part of the content. The spectators were completely comfortable, without any worry or distraction, at ease and free to be carried away by the noble life of Sri Swamiji.

A sublime collage of photographs, some acting, some documentary, poems and interviews portrayed the life, character and unparalleled greatness of Sri Swamiji. *Satyam: Life, Vision and Sankalpa* was a treat for the eyes, the ears, the heart and soul. Everyone remained fixed to the screen spellbound, as slowly the man whose life had touched millions around the globe once more took hold of his audience, and continued to inspire spectators to lead a life in search of peace and contentment.

During the celebration, I used to wander aimlessly through the ashram. I was needed no more. My job was done. So I had plenty of time and watched the film more than once. I noticed that people closed their eyes, then opened them, looked around furtively and assured themselves that, 'Yes, it is true. I am sitting in an air-conditioned cinema on the Main Building lawn at Ganga Darshan, I am not dreaming.' Then they again turned to the screen and Sri Swamiji's tale.

Swamiji and I had found the media to bring Sri Swamiji back to life, who added his own magic touch to the film. The filmmakers told us of the many big and small miracles that happened during the making of the film and with which we had nothing to do. So we knew that Sri Swamiji was behind the scene playing along and thus infusing his life into the film. When you watch it you forget you are watching a film, for he makes you part of his story.

A journey up the spine

The feeling of story and history continues in Satyam Vatika, the historical garden, dedicated to the life and mission of the Bihar School of Yoga and its masters. It is a beautiful walk along panels, flower-beds and shrubs. If you take your time to read the panels, you know everything about the Bihar School of Yoga, or at least almost everything; the pictures will tell the rest of the story. At one end is the welcoming amphitheatre, I'll come to that later, and in the centre of the garden is the mysterious dark grey cube, the KAC, or Kundalini Awakening Centre or Yoga Drishti. This was our tribute dedicated to kundalini, the rosetta of Satyananda Yoga, as Swamiji calls it nowadays. In all his expositions



kundalini

the ascent



of yoga, Sri Swamiji was systematic, describing stages and sequences. No practice is random or dangling in the air; nothing is done in a haphazard way. He created a method, a system and techniques. Step by step the yogi-aspirant advances along the path, chakra by chakra the kundalini rises. You want to know how? Enter the theatre, take a seat, put on your glasses, and let the show begin.

But you have to be strong, for your seat will rock and shake you up and down, cold air will brush across your face, water sprinkle all over you and soap bubbles cover you. 5D is the word, for all your senses are involved in the experience of awakening your chakras and preparing the way for the fierce shakti to move from mooladhara to sahasrara. On-screen your eyes are taken into a 3D adventure of the spine. Never before have you been inside your spine and each chakra along the way, meeting with elements, lotuses and animals. Music and narration capture your ears. Once the eleven-minute psychedelic journey is over, you emerge dazzled, frazzled and not quite sure what is what and where is where. The soothing order and calm of Satyam Vatika is just the grounding you need to leave your spine and return to planet earth.

Once during the Convention, Swamiji met me in Satyam Vatika and we hid behind the KAC cube, watching the people



as they came out. We had a good quiet laugh as we saw them staggering out, holding each other, rubbing their eyes. I said to Swamiji, “Sri Swamiji would love this. He liked to use technology to propagate ancient knowledge. Do you think he will ever visit the KAC?” Swamiji thought for a moment and then said, “I am sure he will come in one way or another. He was so open, accepting and using everything that could help advance human evolution. 3D or 5D, he would love it, for has he not explored even more dimensions than these? And do you know which dimension he has explored most?” “No,” I replied honestly. “The dimension of the heart,” Swamiji said, “come, I will show you what I mean. Let’s climb onto the roof of Yoga Drishti so that no one can see us.”

Emperor of hearts

There we were sitting on the roof listening to the music, the kirtan, and laughter from the amphitheatre. People were singing and playing instruments on the stage, while others were clapping and dancing everywhere else. This is the last of the seven wonders I promised to show you, the Akhand Kirtan from 6 am to 6 pm. Every two hours, kirtan singers from one country came on-stage and sang kirtan; the first and



last session was reserved for the BYMM children. Therefore, if you want to check my math, during the five-day event there we arranged for sixty hours of continuous kirtan, of continuous expression of love and gratitude for Sri Swamiji.

People from around the globe and from every state of India gathered here in song and dance. They created a feeling of joy and happiness. The amphitheatre became a place where worries were forgotten, where differences no longer existed, where young and less young, rich and less rich, the beautiful and most beautiful, met, sang and danced together. If the vedi in the Akhara was the soul of these five days, the amphitheatre was the heart.

This heart-space was filled with open hearts. They were celebrating Sri Swamiji, the emperor of their hearts. This celebration was the highest tribute to him paid in the currency of love: music. The kirtan he had given to his children was coming back to him from every corner of India and the world. As they sang and danced they knew they were one and he was in their midst. He wanted unity, he wanted them to feel oneness with each other, and they did.

Swamiji and I watched in silence. The amphitheatre had become the centre of hope. Love, understanding and unity



are not mere words but can be a reality. Swamiji said, “Let’s go and get Swami Satsangi and join this celebration.” So we did on the last day. The three of us – I was invisible of course – joined the kirtan in dance and song. We knew Sri Swamiji was there with us, dancing and laughing, a child among his children.

I am staying

So, these were some of the printouts of the World Yoga Convention and Golden Jubilee. When the guests were gone, pandals dismantled, rooms cleaned and a touch of normalcy had returned to the ashram, Swamiji called me one night. Of course, I was happy to be with him again, for I had not seen much of him during the celebration. My job ended the night before it all began. However, I was also a bit worried that this was going to be my farewell meeting. I dreaded Swamiji saying a friendly, “Thank you and goodbye.” Life without Swamiji was hard to imagine. Besides what job could I possibly accept after this? I had found and lived my full potential, beyond my wildest imagination. Nothing could ever give me . . . better not even think about it.

Together we walked side by side through the streets of Munger, a few stray dogs and an occasional owl were the only souls we met. Of course, Sri Swamiji walked along with us in whatever way you choose to imagine. We crossed the Polo Ground, bringing back images, scenes, events, recreating the printout so to say, and the feelings that they evoked. Standing alone in the middle of the empty space, it was hard to believe that only a week ago one of the many printouts manifested here, white, imposing and with the intention to bring the message of yoga and hope. We slowly continued towards Paduka Darshan. There we climbed over the lower gate. The majestic tent stood proudly, covering the grounds with its protective sails. All was asleep, only Ma Ganga murmured a gentle lullaby. We stood under a beautiful night sky, starlit, crisp and clear. In our minds, we painted the space with tidy lines of people, pots and pans filled with cuisine, yellow rope and saris.

Back in Ganga Darshan, we slowly walked through the ashram, seeing it once more with thousands of people moving about, or sitting, eating and reading new books. We heard their talks and laughter. So many languages, so many faces, so many old and new friends, it was a beautiful memory.

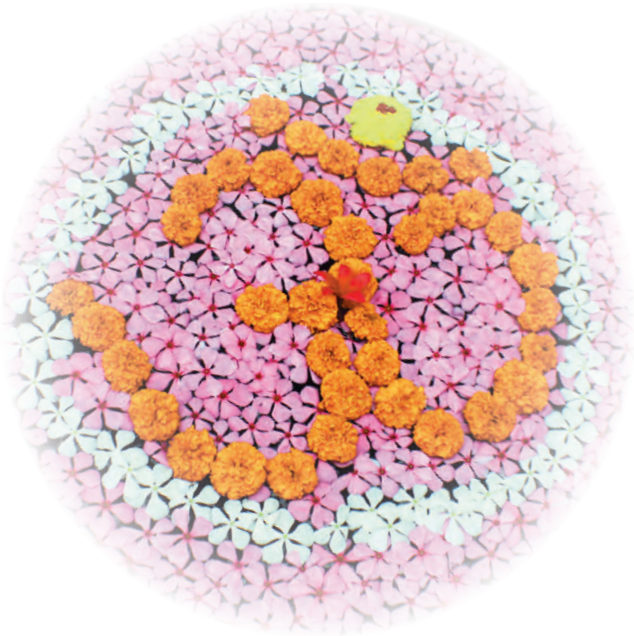
When we came to the Akhara, Swamiji said, “I want to thank you for having been my friend, guide and partner in this venture. I am sure Sri Swamiji is happy that we worked together the way he wanted. We have fulfilled our promise and made his wish and instruction a reality. The program, download and the printout were flawless. He knew it all, didn’t he?” Help, here is the ‘thank-you-and-goodbye’ moment! I was shivering, my hair stood on end, my knees trembled. I had no bow in my hand or a chariot to collapse in, otherwise nothing short of a second Arjuna.

“Now I have only one last request.” Swamiji continued, “I know you are free of your obligation, free to go and be involved in other projects. However, I would like you to stay and be with me. I want everyone to know and experience

you, not only during a great event but in their day-to-day life. So, will you stay? ”

Any need to describe how I felt? I just dropped at his feet, tears running down my face. I knew he didn't like gooey-gooey behaviour and sure enough, he just walked away. There I was on the floor with no guru in front of me. When he came back after what seemed ages, he pulled me up by the shoulders, put a mala over my head, draped a geru dhoti around me, put the red tika on my forehead and said, “Dhoom-Dhaam, I herewith initiate you. From today your spiritual name is Anandam.” As to the mantra I was given, you know that it is a top secret between guru and disciple, so I can't tell you.

I am still around, inseparable from Swamiji, and with no intention to leave. We are one. If you want to join us, just be quiet for a few moments, close your eyes to the world and listen to the silent voice of your heart . . .







Satyam Tales

Commenced on the occasion of World Yoga Convention & BSY Golden Jubilee, 2013

Dhoom-Dhaam is the thirteenth in the series of *Satyam Tales* depicting the life and teachings of our guru, Sri Swami Satyananda Saraswati. Through the medium of these simple narratives, we hear the voice of Sri Swamiji inspiring all, irrespective of age.

This is the story of Dhoom-Dhaam, who was programmed and downloaded by Sri Swami Satyananda, and then printed out by Swami Niranjanananda. Taking the reader through the historic and unique World Yoga Convention held in Munger in October 2013, his views and personal account of the grand event shed new light and a novel understanding of what actually happened.

This story is a delightful read for children, adults and old alike. It is an invaluable message for those engaged in the world and for those seeking the spirit. This journey is your journey, these challenges are your challenges, and this victory is your victory. It is a story that will touch your heart, give you joy, hope, conviction and, above all, faith. Yes, you too can bring splendour and bliss into your life.

—Editor

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Please note:

- This collection of *Satyam Tales* is dedicated to our masters, Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati and Sri Swami Satyananda Saraswati, and is the vehicle to bring their spiritual and yogic teachings in an understandable and applicable form into the lives of individuals throughout the world.
- *Satyam Tales* will be exclusively published by Yoga Publications Trust to ensure the accuracy and correctness of the teachings and the context in which they are being presented.
- *Satyam Tales* is a loving offering to all the children and the future generations of the world to remind them of their true nature and inspire them to explore and enhance their own potential.
- We invite all aspirants to share these tales with your group and if you have some tales of your own, we request you to contribute as well. You can also publish these tales in your own language, fulfilling the conditions of YPT, for which you may contact:

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