

SATYAM TALES

Destiny's Child

When guru becomes the guide



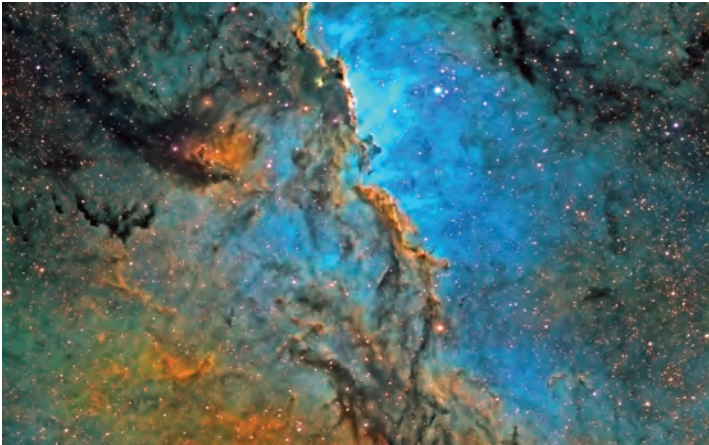
Yoga Publications Trust, Munger, Bihar, India



Destiny's Child

Gazing out the tall windows of Café Andromeda, I admired the sight that greeted my eyes. The luminous vista of stars, nebulae and supernovae that stretched out in all directions within the vast expanse of the Andromeda galaxy was a sight that always inspired a sense of awe and wonder. This is one of the reasons this café situated on the fringes of the Milky Way galaxy is my favourite hangout.

Then there is the crowd, an eclectic mix of blue-collar celestials, always willing to share their knowledge and lend a helping hand. That day when my vimana developed engine trouble, I was glad it happened in the vicinity of this café. I



got myself a vacant table, ordered a shabda-sherbet and sat there enjoying the beautiful view, waiting for a mechanic to arrive from the nearest vishwakarma planet.

Oh wait, I haven't introduced myself yet. I am Vidhatri, a vidyadhari, one of the many celestial classes in this creation. A recent graduate from the Vidyadhara Vishwa Vidyalyaya (triple-V as we fondly call it), I'm still learning the tricks of my trade, including my duties as a guardian angel. The latter is something I take quite seriously, especially since I realized the meaning of my name – the maker of destinies. I like to think of myself as the catalyst who leads people on to the paths and goals destined for them.

Glancing up from my sherbet, I noticed two new entrants in the café, whom I instantly identified. But then who wouldn't recognize these two legendary vidyadharis, Amartyaa and Aniketaa? They were visiting faculty members at my alma-mater, greatly respected for their vast knowledge, innate wisdom and unswerving commitment towards the many cosmic responsibilities they shouldered. They were role models indeed. I still remember the incident when Amartyaa excused herself right in the middle of a lecture she was giving us, to attend to a young ward in distress. When she returned a few minutes later she had us in splits with her ward's (if I remember correctly, his name was Dharmendra) hilarious encounter with a tiger (see Satyam Tale 5, *Great Escapes*; Satyam Tale 7, *The Ancient Astra* and Satyam Tale 11, *The Yogi and the Maya* – Ed).

The café was quite packed at this hour and the entrants were having a hard time finding an empty table. I got up and waved at them. They waved back and walked over to my table.

"Jai ho Amartyaaji, Jai ho Aniketaaji," I greeted them in typical vidyadhara fashion, "I don't know if you remember me, but I was one of your recent students at the triple-V."

"Of course I remember you Vidhatri," replied Amartyaa, "To even suggest otherwise is a blot on the legendary memories that we vidyadharas pride ourselves on." She hadn't lost a bit of her no-nonsense style.

“I didn’t say . . . I mean, didn’t . . . mean to say that,” I stammered by way of apology, and then noticing her mischievous smile, realized she was just pulling my leg. We all sat down and ordered a course of triple-prana-light-blobs.

Over appetizers I related the unfortunate circumstance that had left me stranded here. “Which sector of the universe were you headed towards? If it is in the direction of our travel, we could give you a ride part way,” offered Amartyaa.

“I’m headed towards a tiny bluish-green planet in a little solar system within this galaxy. Earth, that’s what they call it. I’ll be visiting a young ward for the first time.”

“What a coincidence! That is exactly where we are headed as well!” exclaimed Aniketaa.

‘What are the chances of that?’ I thought. This seemed too good to be true. Perhaps it was a divine sign, to seek the advice I had been meaning to ask the senior vidyadharas all these years.

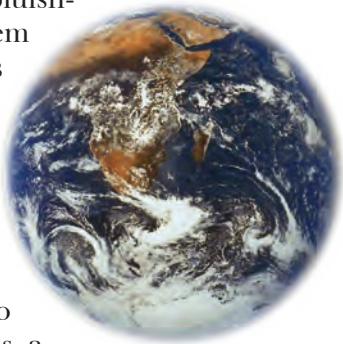
“There’s one thing I’d like to know in regard to these earthlings. Ever since I graduated from triple-V, I’ve been a guardian angel to quite a few of them, yet I can’t honestly say I have been true to my name as far as guiding their destinies is concerned.”

“And why is that?”

“All my wards have been born with very promising destinies, yet they have not been able to realize their fullest potential. Somewhere down the line their life-train gets derailed from its prescribed path. Working behind the scenes, I’ve tried all the tricks of my trade, providing wealth, status, power, connections, opportunities, yet to no avail. Rather it has had the opposite effect many a time.”

“Of course it would,” said Amartyaa matter-of-factly, “You have been putting the cart before the horse.”

“Excuse me.” I didn’t understand what she was implying.



“The things you’ve mentioned are the outcomes of a fulfilled destiny, not the causative factors. All that a child really needs to succeed is the right samskaras, the right guidance, and if that is there, then her self-effort will see her through.”

“But who can give the right guidance?” I persisted.

“None but a guru.”

Her simple statement pushed me into a state of introspective silence. A few minutes later Amartyaa continued, “I know it sounds too simple to be true, Vidhatri,



but this is the reality.”

Turning to Aniketaa, she added, “Look at Aniketaa. Isn’t she a smart cookie? Or should I say, smart koel. She put her ward, Niranjana in the care of my star ward, Satyam, at the age of four, and hasn’t had to move a finger ever since. The guru’s guidance and grace have transformed Niranjana into such a grand and glorious being . . .”

I looked at Aniketaa. She had a smug smile on her

laidback face. So that was the secret of these ace angels’ success – bring their wards to a genuine guru and let him handle the ward’s destiny from then on. Nice and simple.

“The proper upbringing of children is one of Satyam’s main concerns on Earth right now,” continued Amartyaa, “He always tells people, *“The destiny of the whole world depends on the little children. If you want to see the silver lining on the horizon, it is not you and me, but the children who have to be spiritualized.”*”

“His disciple and successor, Niranjana,” Aniketaa chipped in with an unmistakable tone of pride in her voice, “has



taken his guru's sentiment to heart, and started working with children on a grand scale. He started *Bal Yoga Mitra Mandal*, or BYMM, the children's yoga fellowship in Munger in the latter half of earth year 1995, and since then it has grown by leaps and bounds. In fact, that is the place where we are headed right now. And from there to Rikhia, Satyam's current abode."

"Munger! Really!!" I shouted aloud. Many annoyed faces turned to look at me. Sheepishly I lowered my voice and continued, "That is the same place where my new ward is. What a wonderful coincidence!" Perhaps it wasn't a coincidence. After all, wasn't there a greater Vidhata who controlled my destiny as well?

On the ride to Earth, I got a few more tips from Amartyaa and Aniketaa. When I finally alighted in Munger, my plan of action vis-à-vis my new ward was crystal clear.

Her name was Aishwarya and she had been born here in Munger just over a year ago. As luck would have it, her family was already associated with Ganga Darshan, Swami Niranjan's yoga ashram. Aishwarya's elder sister, Kshitija, had joined BYMM earlier that year, and a big Bal Yoga Parichaya Satra had been organized at the Polo Ground in Munger that summer. It didn't take much behind-the-scenes work to 'inspire' Aishwarya's father to take her along



for that event. That is where she had her first darshan of her guru, Swami Niranjana. My job was half-done.

Later that day, the family had lunch with Swami Niranjana on the lawn at Ganga Darshan. Aishwarya was a bit intimidated by his persona and the last thing she wanted was to be there in his presence.

Now little Aishwarya had a special quality. At two years of age, she would make gestures like a music director and sing kirtans at every available opportunity, using plates, spoons and whatever other items she could lay her little hands upon to provide musical accompaniment.

Her father was quite keen to exhibit her musical talent to Swami Niranjana, but Aishwarya didn't even want to face him, let alone sing before him. No matter how much her parents coaxed and prodded her, she stayed mum like a mummy. Ah, how stubborn a two-year old child can be!

It was a crucial juncture, and I had to step in with another little trick. Lo and behold! Aishwarya spontaneously burst into song. It was the '*Agad bam agad bam baje damaru, nache sadasiva jagatguru*' kirtan, a favourite of Swami Sivananda's and by the time-honoured principles of discipleship, a dear

one of Swami Satyam's and Swami Niranjan's as well. By chance (or design), she had started on just the right note . . .

From that moment there was no looking back. Swami Niranjan would ask her to sing at practically every ashram gathering. Later that year, just a few days after her second birthday, she went to Rikhia with her parents to attend the Sat Chandi Mahayajna. At some point during the event, Swami Niranjan carried her to his guru to introduce her.

Swami Satyam cast one cursory glance at her and said, "*Niranjan, yeh kisko uthakar le aaye?*"

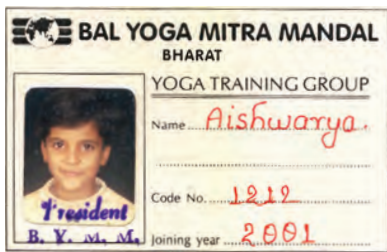
"Meet Aishwarya, Swamiji," replied Swami Niranjan spiritedly, "She is a very good singer."

"Very good singer, huh," remarked his guru, clearly unimpressed by the tiny tot brought for his introduction, "*Tum to kisi ko bhi uthakar le aate ho.*"

But Niranjan persisted in her defence, "Please hear her once, Swamiji. She is a very good singer."

A few minutes later, Swami Satyam nodded, "Oh yes, I agree with you, she is a very good singer." And then looking at the audience, he added with a twinkle in his eye, "*Ma-baap to gadhe hain, lekin bachcha readymade paida kiya hai.*" The thousands gathered there burst into merry laughter and in the backdrop of that gaiety, Aishwarya's relationship with her grandpa guru was also irrevocably and irreversibly forged. My job was now fully done.

The next year she joined BYMM as its youngest member, and from then on her life became inextricably linked with this wonderful children's organization that Swami Niranjan had founded. Her BYMM membership number was 1212, another of my little handiworks. The number twelve is a symbol of the guru, twelve years being the period of revolution of the planet Jupiter. And I intended that number to forever remind her of her





two gurus, who would guide and mould her life from now on . . .

She soon became the leader of the Blue Brigade, the youngest wing of BYMM. They would learn to sing kirtan, practise simple yogasanas and above all run and play and have great fun in the leafy, green environs of Ganga Darshan. What more could a kid wish for!

In the summer of 2000, when the next edition of the Bal Yoga Parichaya Satra was conducted at the Polo Ground, Aishwarya accompanied Swami Niranjan on stage for the first time. How happy and excited she was to be with him and sing along as he rendered a soulful bhajan. As the program reached its culmination, he asked her to lead the concluding Shanti Path! As she was too short for the microphone, she sat on his knee and he prompted her to begin. She hesitated for a moment, but then all her fears and doubts melted in the loving, protective embrace of her guru. She would never forget the high that she experienced



from leading Shanti Path for thousands of children.

Later that year, when she visited Rikhia for Sita Kalyanam, she got an opportunity to sing there as well. As she was singing the kirtan '*Jagadambike jaya jaya jagajanani ma*', I heard Satyam's unmistakable voice in the background, "*Niranjan, yeh mungerwali ga rahi hai na, kya naam bataya*



tha? Aishwarya!" She had finally arrived as a singer. From then on she became a regular feature at not only BYMM events but also at many of Swami Niranjan's local programs in Munger.

Besides singing, there was another thing that attracted her to the ashram: the samskaras and lifestyle of sannyasa. Even as a little girl she would love to dress herself up in





ochre robes and rudraksha malas just like the swamis around her. But more on her sannyasa samskaras later.

Another unforgettable experience from those days was of being honoured as a kanya. This was during Sita Kalyanam 2002. Both Aishwarya and her sister, Kshitija were chosen as kanyas that year. Everything was going on smoothly until Aishwarya discovered she had lost her nose-ring! How

upset she was! No matter what her sister said, she was inconsolable. Finally her sister took her to the nearest mature adult she could find . . . Sri Swamiji.

Swami Satyam talked her out of her misery and had her smiling in less than a minute. But her woes weren't over. After kanya-poojan, all the kanyas received a suitcase filled with goodies as prasad. The other kanyas were delighted,



but Aishwarya kept looking at it in dismay. It was about the same size as her! 'How on earth am I supposed to carry it?' she kept asking herself.

Just when she was about to burst into a fresh bout of tears, Swami Niranjan arrived as her knight-saviour. He carried her and her precious prasad in his arms. "Sitting with him together with my prasad-suitcase is one of my most enduring

memories from Rikhia,” she confided to me once.

In case you’re wondering about our conversations, I often appear in her dreams and that’s where we talk. The first time I came, she asked me who I was. When I replied, “A paree,” she seemed to understand straightaway. “You must have come from *paraloka*, the other world, that’s why you are called a paree, isn’t it?” I can’t resist a smile whenever I remember that innocent definition of a paree.

In May 2003 the then President of India, HE Dr A.P.J. Abdul Kalam visited Ganga Darshan. Aishwarya was one of the children designated to receive the distinguished guest. What an honour and privilege that was for Aishwarya, welcoming the President of the nation in the august presence of Swami Niranjan and Swami Satsangi!

At the ashram, the President addressed a big gathering which included many of the BYMM children as well. Dr Kalam always had a soft corner for children and he had made child-welfare a personal credo. As a despondent young man who had failed in his attempt to be a pilot with the Air Force, he had encountered Swami Sivananda in Rishikesh in the 1950s. Swami Sivananda



had given him one mantra, “Defeat the defeatist attitude,” and this had changed the entire course of his life. And he was in Ganga Darshan to pay his respects to the memory and lineage of Swami Sivananda.

Dr Kalam gave the BYMM children the very same mantra he had received, and exhorted them to strive for the best and the highest in life. All the children were so inspired by the President’s inspirational words that they decided to invite him to next year’s *Bal Yoga Diwas*, the Children’s Yoga Day. This they celebrate every year on 14th February, the birthday of their dear Swamiji. While the world celebrates this day as Valentine’s day, the BYMM children dedicate this day to their very own Valentine, and the three goals he has entrusted them with: *samskara*, *swavalamban* and *rashtra-samskriti-prem*.

To the children’s great delight, the President graciously accepted their invitation. From that moment on, all BYMM children began working hard to realize this grand dream. To cut a long story short, the entire event of hosting the President of the nation along with a gathering of more than 30,000 Munger citizens in the midst of the vast Polo Ground was entirely planned, organized and executed by the BYMM children. What a proud day it was for all of them and their parents! And Aishwarya was right there on main stage, alert



and active, yet relaxed and carefree enough to be making faces at the cameramen!

Talking of samskaras, this is something Swami Niranjana is very vigilant and vocal about. He says that an education devoid of samskaras is no education at all. A person may be very well-educated, but without samskaras he is no better than an uncultured brute. Swami Niranjana has taken great pains to ensure that the BYMM children receive the best possible samskaras through their association with the ashram and its multifarious activities. And my ward Aishwarya is a prime example of programming with the right samskaras. Right samskara is the software that becomes active in the course of time to guide our interactions in life appropriately.

While Ganga Darshan gave Aishwarya her yogic samskaras, it was with Sri Swami Satyananda at Rikhiapeth that she imbibed the samskaras of *seva*, *prem* and *daan*. Besides Sat Chandi Mahayajna, the annual Christmas celebration there had also become an annual pilgrimage for her and her family. Every Christmas, her father would order a huge custom-made cake and pile the entire family in a car and off they'd go to Rikhia. What a grand celebration of grace, giving and gaiety it used to be! In the morning the local villagers would receive prasada to the accompaniment of elevating kirtans and in





the evening, everyone would gather at Christ Kutir for the Christmas celebration. The cake would be cut and distributed amongst the kanyas and batuks first. How happy they would all be on that day! And after the cake would come the carols and singing and dancing.

At the age of eight, with the full support of her parents, Aishwarya started travelling with Swami Niranjan to outstation

programs. The first one was the Guru Poornima celebration in Bhuvaneshwar and this would be followed by many others.

Meanwhile the BYMM movement had been making rapid strides, especially after the successful hosting of the President's visit in 2004. Established with six members, it now had a strength of over 40,000 children in Munger, and about 200,000 members all over India. In January



2006, Swamiji entrusted the BYMM children with the responsibility of managing the entire Bhagavat Saptah program, conducted in the newly acquired Yoga Vidya property. All the children rose to the occasion, managing every aspect of the program, from singing and chanting to welcoming and seating the guests, from crowd control to kitchen serving. And guess what, the next year they did an encore!

Aishwarya was mostly involved with the singing and chanting group. Their performance was appreciated not only by the audience but by the speaker, Swami Govinda Giri himself, who blessed all of them. Later, Swami Niranjan himself called and congratulated her. To her, it meant more than all the accolades and awards she had ever received.



The Bhagavat Saptah had set the tone for the entire year. 2006 turned out to be a succession of hectic programs. There was a yoga mahotsava in Mumbai in March followed by another one in Nasik. Then in July, a yoga mahotsava was held in Raipur, after which Guru Poornima was celebrated in Rajnandgaon. It was a special year, for it marked the golden jubilee of Swami Satyananda's yoga movement started in 1956. To visit the place where it all started and offer one's tribute to him on Guru Poornima was an exceptional privilege indeed. The kirtans that Aishwarya sang there came straight from the heart, and they must have struck a chord with all present, for everyone joined in wholeheartedly.

Later that year there were yoga mahotsavas in Satna and Katni as well. After returning from these





programs, she told me, “*What I noticed most about Swamiji throughout this year’s ceaseless programs was his indefatigable energy and enthusiasm, his unrelenting desire to take his guru’s message of yoga to each and every person, so that a smile may appear on their otherwise world-weary faces. Swamiji is truly my ideal and my hero. If I can imbibe even a fraction of his magnanimity, energy, empathy, compassion and dedication, I shall consider myself blessed indeed.*” I was happy that she had found her path and purpose in life.

The next year she travelled with her guru for the Guru Poornima program organized in Bengaluru. On the way they stopped over in Chennai and conducted a small program



there. This was her first visit to South India and she savoured every second of it!

In the year 2008, Aishwarya had a very interesting experience which I'll relate in her own words: "I attended the Sat Chandi Mahayajna in Rikhia with my parents that year and helped out with prasad distribution to the villagers. After the yajna, we returned to Munger. That was the



first ever year of the Yoga Poornima program, but since I wasn't feeling well, I stayed at home with my mother, and only my father embarked for the program.

"While he was waiting at Kiul station to catch the train to Jasidih, he got a phonecall from Swamiji. He first enquired about my father's whereabouts and then about me. To the former, my father replied 'Kiul' and to the latter, 'She is somewhat tired after the hectic activities of the yajna. Some rest back home in Munger would do her good.'

"Man proposes, guru disposes. Swamiji got straight to the point, 'Return to Munger now and bring Aishwarya along to Rikhia. Sri Swamiji wants her in the ashram by 6:00 am tomorrow.' And that's exactly where I was the next morning.

"It was 8th December, the first day of the Yoga Poornima program, a worship dedicated to the cosmic father, Lord Shiva. There was a special vibe in the crisp and chilly air that morning, yet I never suspected it would turn out to be a red-letter day in my life.

"As soon as we entered Akhara early in the morning, Swamiji beckoned me. I hurried towards him, and he took me to Sri Swamiji, saying '*Aa gayi Mungerwali.*' Swami Satsangiji was also there and to be honest, I felt a little intimidated and stupefied in this august company. The



fact that I was the centre of attention didn't help matters either. But Sri Swamiji quickly put me at ease. He gave rapid-fire orders for bhasma, rudraksha mala and other assorted articles. The said items quickly materialized.

"He then nodded to Swamiji who applied the *tripundra*, three stripes of holy ash on my forehead. Then with a gesture of his hands he laughingly demonstrated how he wanted my hair done. Swami Satsangiji did the needful, tying my hair in a top knot like rishi kanyas of yore. Finally Swamiji put the mala on my neck and tied an ochre coloured dhoti around me. My transfiguration was complete.

"I never asked what all this meant, nor was I ever told, but in my heart I knew I had received a precious blessing from Sri Swamiji, a subtle initiation into a life more subtle, sublime and divine. When Swamiji finally presented me before Sri Swamiji, he beamed at me and said just one thing, something which rings in



my ears to this day, *'Sheron ke saath rahne ke liye sher banana padta hai. Ab tum sher ho, jaao.* One has to become a lion in order to live with lions. Go, you are a lion now.' With that remark he sent me to the stage where for the next five days I sang kirtan after kirtan. It was a magical time; the notes, the words, the songs seemed to be coming from another realm altogether . . ."

The next year, in 2009, Aishwarya accompanied Swami Niranjana on what would be his last tour, at least for a while. This was the yoga mahotsava in Mumbai, which was a great success. Later that year Swami Satyananda took mahasamadhi, the wilful departure of a siddha yogi. Before his mahasamadhi, he had given Swami Niranjana the mandate to stay back in Munger and work towards the establishment of Sannyasa Peeth, a place dedicated to the re-integration of India's spiritual heritage, culture and samskaras into the fabric of present-day society, while continuing to develop and propagate yogic culture.

Over the next few years, besides working on the development of Sannyasa Peeth, Swami Niranjana began giving enlightening discourses on different aspects of yoga as well. These wonderful satsangs came to be known as the



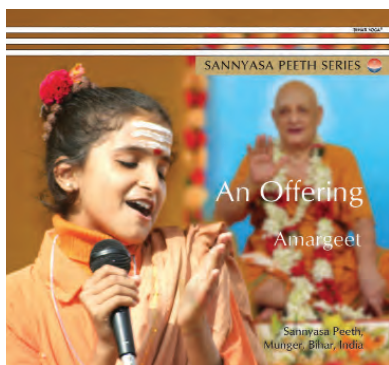
Yogadrishti series, events in which Aishwarya and other BYMM children were fully involved as well.

In 2011 Swami Niranjana began the Sri Lakshmi-Narayana Mahayajna as an annual tradition of Sannyasa Peeth. Commencing on 8th September, the birthday of Swami Sivananda, the yajna spanned five days and concluded on 12th September, the sannyasa birthday of Sri Swamiji. Once again, all the BYMM children participated fully and wholeheartedly in the event.

After the poornahuti of the yajna, everyone gathered in Paduka Darshan in the afternoon to celebrate the sannyasa birthday of Swami Satyananda. After various stotras, kirtans and bhajans, Aishwarya was called upon to sing a song, 'Another you', in memory of Swami Satyananda.

Mind you, this was an adaption of a hippies song from the 1960s which Aishwarya didn't have much of a clue about, but she put her heart and soul into the song. She must have been transported to a totally different dimension, for when the song ended, she felt Satyam's hand on her shoulder. She quickly got off the stage and disappeared, but it was obvious that the entire gathering had been tearfully moved by her soulful singing. Through her everyone was able to feel the presence of Swami Satyananda, strongly and genuinely.

The next year, on the auspicious occasion of Basant Panchami, Swami Niranjan gave Aishwarya her spiritual name: *Amargeet*. The word means ‘eternal song’, and besides indicating her gift and love for music and song, I think her guru intends it to serve as a perpetual reminder of the direction and the purpose of her life.



The same year she recorded her first album titled ‘An Offering’, a collection of English songs and kirtans in humble dedication to Swami Satyananda. The album was released the next year as part of the Golden Jubilee celebrations of the Bihar School of Yoga and was very well-received.

Talking of the Golden Jubilee, I must mention the audio-visual presentations that were created as a loving offering to the masters of this tradition. Amargeet had the privilege of performing in the tributes dedicated to Swami Satyananda and Swami Niranjan. She has never had any formal training in dance, but since early childhood she has picked up all kinds of dance moves just by watching television. Her natural flair for dancing found a creative outlet through these presentations. Especially the one on Swami Satyananda presented during the World Yoga Convention left almost everyone in tears.

The icing on the cake was the workshop that she presented during the Convention. The topic of the workshop was ‘Research in Effects of Yoga on



Children – An Experience.’ This research was conducted by BYMM under the guidance of the Yoga Research Foundation at the Bihar School of Yoga.

The origins of this research go back to 2007, when a group of BYMM children expressed their wish to do research on yoga. Swami Niranjan was very pleased and with a smile all decks were cleared to write a glorious chapter in the history of the BYMM movement.

All the children got together for this research. They planned and re-planned. They organized a mega yoga shivir for the children of Munger in the summer of 2008 to generate a research population, subjects without any yoga experience. About 4,000 children attended the yoga camp from which over 600 willing children were registered as members of BYMM.

The entire group was divided into two; the control group with over 300 children and the yoga group with 300 children. The children studied the effects of simple, weekly yoga practices over a five-month period on parameters like physical growth, memory, logical intelligence and creativity.

At the end of the research period they tested and scored the yoga and control groups once again. They found that the yoga practices and exposure to the ashram environment had a significant, beneficial effect on various dimensions of the children’s personality. Both the research team and the children on whom the research was conducted improved physically, mentally, creatively, verbally and, most importantly, emotionally. For the researchers the maximum benefits were in the areas of planning and management: people management, event management, time management and self-management. One of the direct outcomes was the flawless conduct of the Convention where BYMM children were everywhere, dancing, singing and managing the people.

This is what Amargeet had to say at the conclusion of her presentation, *“This research provided manifold benefits and influenced multiple dimensions of the children’s and the researchers’ personality. The children totally changed. Their thoughts totally*

changed. For this, I would like to say a big 'Thank you' to our beloved Swamiji, who gave us this opportunity and his precious time. Throughout the research, the Yoga Research Foundation and Swamiji were behind us, encouraging us, saying, 'You can do it. You can complete this research successfully,' and we children did it!"

Amargeet's presentation was greatly appreciated by the convention delegates. To see such grace, poise and self-confidence in a sixteen-year-old was a revelation in itself. I can go on and on about the many positive things that the delegates said about my ward, but I'll just quote what the moderator said at the end of her talk: "Amargeet is a shining example of how, being exposed to Satyananda Yoga from a young age, she is on the path to becoming the superhuman that yoga can allow one to become." An understatement, I would say, yet sufficient to convey my point.

In 2014, after the successful completion of the Golden Jubilee celebrations of BSY and the World Yoga Convention, Swami Niranjan decided to resume travelling. He wanted to take the prasad of the Convention to the doorsteps of the masses, be they in cities, towns or villages. He started this new chapter of yoga-yatras with the same destination he had closed his previous chapter with: Mumbai, and Amargeet had the privilege of accompanying him once again. The response of the public was overwhelming, and this was repeated in Kolkata, the other place she accompanied him.

This is what she wrote in her diary after those programs: *"On my way back from Kolkata, my mind went over the different journeys I had been on, the different places I had visited with Swamiji. The trips had involved something more than just the travelling and the singing. Be it visiting the ancient temple of*



Lord Jagannatha in Puri or a huge chemical factory in Mumbai, it was all a part of my training, my subtle samskara programming, something I would never receive at school or college, and yet which Swamiji had so painstakingly arranged for me. An overwhelming wave of gratitude flooded my entire being as I realized how generous a guru can be in dispensing his grace . . .”

In March 2015, Amargeet’s high school organized a graduation ceremony for all the class XII students. She had only one thought and one person in her mind: Swamiji. As soon as the ceremony ended, she rushed straight to the ashram. There she ran to Swamiji and offered him all the certificates and trophies she had received that day with the sentiment of ‘*Tera tujhko arpan, kya laage mera.*’

With this a chapter of her life ends and a new one is about to begin. She looks forward to it with hope, optimism and above all, confidence. As she confides to me in her dreams, “*It is Swamiji who has brought me to this point and it is he who will lead me from here. All I need to do is to empty myself and become the flute through which the cadence of my guru’s grace shall play . . .”*

My ward’s life-journey has been a revelation to me as well. I’ve seen with my own eyes how a tiny bud can blossom into a beautiful, vibrant flower when given the right opportunities, the right guidance, and above all, the right samskaras. The unfolding of Amargeet’s multi-talented personality serves as a shining example and reminder to all guardians and parents as to how children should be brought up that they may become responsible and creative citizens of tomorrow . . .



SATYAM TALES 18





Satyam Tales

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

Destiny's Child is the eighteenth 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.

Vidhatri, a guardian angel, is having trouble guiding the destinies of her wards. She learns from her peers that children only need the right opportunities and guidance in life. From then on it is their self-effort that carries them through. Vidhatri puts her lesson into practice with her new ward, a little girl named Aishwarya, and watches with great satisfaction her destiny unfold in a marvellous manner.

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 realize your destiny like Vidhatri's child.

—Editor

© Bihar School of Yoga 2015

Published by Yoga Publications Trust

First edition 2015

Printed at Aegean Offset Printers, Greater Noida

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:

Yoga Publications Trust, Ganga Darshan, Fort, Munger, Bihar, India 811201

Tel: +91-6344 222430, Fax: +91-6344 220169