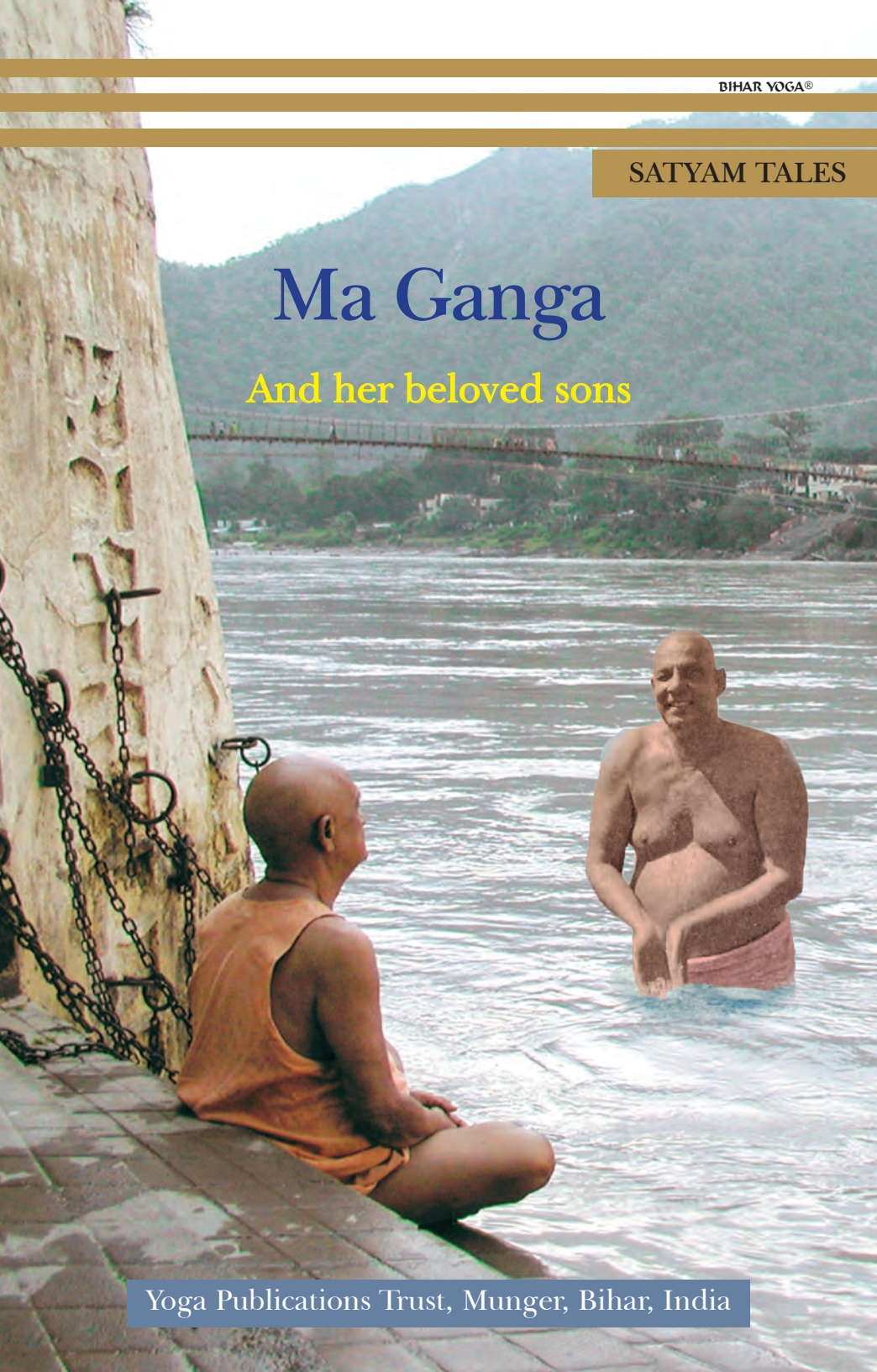


SATYAM TALES

Ma Ganga

And her beloved sons



Yoga Publications Trust, Munger, Bihar, India



Satyam Tales

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

Ma Ganga is the twenty-seventh 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.

Ma Ganga has a beautiful tale to tell. a little bit about herself and a lot about her three beloved sons — Swami Sivananda, Swami Satyananda and Swami Niranjanananda. Their mutual love and respect is an inspiration to all seekers wishing to imbibe the beautiful qualities which have made the Mother and her three sons instruments of the divine will.

This story is a delightful read for children and adults 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 connect to *Ma Ganga* by becoming pure and innocent through yoga . . .

— 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:

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

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

Ma Ganga

Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Ganga. I am known all over the world even though I am not the longest nor the shortest river, not the widest nor the narrowest, not the deepest nor the most shallow, not the cleanest nor the most dirty. You see, that's the whole point – I am not just a river, I am the mother, Ganga Ma.





Along my meandering banks live millions and millions of people, I water and nourish millions of acres of land. I am the soul of my people. To give you a glimpse of what my people feel, read what the famous poet Jagannath wrote about me in a beautiful song called *Ganga Lahiri*. This is how it starts:

I come to you as a child to his mother.
I come as an orphan to you, moist with love.
I come without refuge to you, giver of sacred rest.
I come a fallen man to you, uplifter of all.
I come undone by disease to you, the perfect physician.
I come, my heart dry with thirst, to you, ocean of sweet wine.
Do with me whatever you will.

Do you understand what I mean? My people love me. My life here on planet Earth actually started when none other than Mahadev, my dear Shiva, allowed me to come down from my celestial home. I am forever grateful for his act of kindness and will remain with him, hidden in his wild matted hair, forever and ever.

Since I have come down to earth, civilization after civilization has settled on my banks, has bathed in my currents, drank my water and worshipped me as Ganga Ma. I am mother to two exceptional sons, Kartikeya and Bhishma. Today, my story, however, is not about me or them but about my three spiritual sons. Their life and destiny is a tale I never tire tell. They have been my beloved sons for many of their lives, for many of their earthly incarnations, yet this time the three came to live together at the same time, and their lives are but one life and part of mine.



It all started one crisp day in spring in a hamlet called Rishikesh. I felt a rush of excitement in my waves and currents. I was full of bubbles and whirlpools instead of the strong but steady flow of the ice-cold snow-water coming down from the mountains. I could not understand what was happening. The only memory I had was of the time long, long ago when I felt the same excitement, and for years I bubbled and danced around Rishikesh. That was when Sri Rama came to live here with his brothers to spend years with their guru Vasishtha, study, learn and live the gurukul lifestyle. Yes, that was indeed a time of joy. I was honoured to wash their feet, carry them along my water and send them back safely onto the shores. Since then hundreds, nay thousands of rishis, sadhus, sages, saints, holy men and women have come to be with me, to get strength, inspiration and the water of life.

Bubbling, swishing, dancing and pirouetting up here in Rishikesh? No, not since the time of Sri Rama; further



down yes, around Varanasi or at Dakshineswar where my Ramakrishna lived and loved with all his madness and the heart of the most innocent child.

This spring though was something new. I vaguely remembered that just a few months earlier I had been rather restless at Varanasi. I had a strange apprehension but of what, of whom? I strongly felt a presence near me unlike any other. I did not take the time to investigate and let the feeling go, murmuring to myself, “Varanasi will always be a special place.” Then I continued my journey.

So what was happening this time? I tried to raise my waves to see if anything was going on along the banks – nothing, yet the excitement did not abate. Something was in the air, and patience was the only advice I gave myself. Then one day it happened: I saw, I heard and I rejoiced. A tall young man, noble, one from the South, was resting in the shade of a big and beautiful banyan tree. He had his eyes closed, he was not meditating just waiting. Out of nowhere a sadhu appeared and as his shadow fell across the man under the tree, he opened his eyes. The sadhu asked the young man, “What do

you want?” No formality, no introduction. The young man replied, “I want a guru.” The sadhu simply said, “I am your guru.” “Who are you?” asked the young man. “I am Swami Vishwananda and I will initiate you into the holy order of sannyasa. From now on your name will be Swami Sivananda Saraswati.” Only one more question was left to be asked, “What do you want me to do?” the initiated swami asked.

The leaves of the tree shook and danced with happiness, the birds sang their joy at the top of their voice so that I could not hear the guru’s reply. After barely fifteen minutes, Swami Vishwananda left, never to be seen again, not by me nor by his disciple, Swami Sivananda. I would never know the words spoken to the young man. Swami Sivananda just lived what he was told and by the life and work of this great saint the whole world knows what task his guru had given him.

Swami Sivananda founded the Divine Life Society to help people live a divine life. I do not want to tell you about



his ashram, his mission and ceaseless, tireless dedication to the wellbeing of all, but about the love we lived for each other. For when young Swami Sivananda left the banyan tree that special day in June, I knew that it had been his presence in Varanasi just a few months earlier that I had felt so strongly.

He came every day to bathe, chant, pray, stand waist-deep in my waters, and let me tell you, icy they could be. I tried



my best to slow the current, soften the gushing snow waters, and thus warm them up for him. You know what he did? He just laughed, “Ganga Ma, don’t worry. I love you and want to be with you, no matter how cold your waters are, once I am with you I forget everything.” So deep was his devotion for me, and it was true what he said, for he would spend hours in the strong cold current without a shiver. Forgetting everything, he was lost to himself and one with me.



For almost forty years we lived like mother and son. I gave him what I could and he loved me as he could. No one ever sang as he did or did arati with so much bhava. Not a day did he miss. River and man, man and river, just words. Two souls had met and become one. When he left for his lecture and kirtan tours, I missed him and felt the pangs of separation, and this is how he felt about me and us:

The holy Ganga is a blessing. My joy was indescribable when I spent hours in the evenings on the sand banks of the Ganga or sitting on a fine rock and gazed at wonderful nature. I became one with nature.



Swami Sivananda even dedicated a whole page of his autobiography *Sivananda Gita* to me. Here it is:

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10th January 1946.

I love Ganga. and the
Himalayas. Ganga is my Mother
Divine. Himalayas is my Father
Divine. They inspire and guide me.
I take bath in Ganga. I swim
in Ganga. I adore Ganga. I
feed the fishes of Ganga.

I wave light to Mother
Ganga. I pray to Ganga. I do
salutations to Ganga. I sing
the glory of Ganga. I write
about the grandeur and glory
of Ganga.

Ganga has nourished me.
Ganga has comforted me. Ganga
has taught me the Truths of
the Upanishads.

Glory to Ganga!

Sivananda

When he came for the last time, drums, bells and conches sounded far and wide. I embraced him once more, washed him with a mother's love and tears. His disciples carried him back to the ashram where they had prepared his samadhi sthal. I knew that I would never see this body again, yet he remains with me in spirit to this day.

I was not left alone and lonely, for he had given me his beloved Satyam. None of his disciples was so close to me. We had our secret and not so secret meetings, mainly at night when all was asleep and Satyam came down from the ashram to bathe and swim across the current, such a small man with so much strength. At other times, he would sit on his favourite rock, commune with me or just be in the silence of the starlit night. Like his guru, he made me his Ma, his Ganga Ma, and thus became my dear beloved son.





Many times, he walked along my banks up to the source where I leave the eternal ice and enter into the world at Gomukh, past Gangotri.

With nothing on my body,
And with nothing in my hands.
Let me roam on the banks of the Ganga,
With the name of Shiva on my lips
And the thoughts of Devi and Durga in my mind.
Let me not even know that I exist:
And when I die, I will not know that I am dying.

That was the spirit he lived with, sincerely and without compromise. He was a true pilgrim indeed. The day he was to go out into the world to fulfil his guru's mission, he came to bid farewell. I did not weep, for I knew we were inseparable and had still much to live together. And sure enough, not long into his wandering years he came to me, with a group of friends. The best kind of friends! One of them remembers the beginning of the arduous journey from Rishikesh to Gangotri:



At the ashram of Swami Sivananda, Swami Satyam met all his guru bhais with great joy and affection. The press workers were overjoyed to see him. And when he went to Guruji and bowed at his feet, it seemed as if Guruji would engulf him completely with the wave of affection welling up in his heart. The meeting of guru and disciple was a sight to behold! It seemed as if the guru's very own shadow had taken solid shape and form and, like the reflection of the full moon on the waves of the Ganga, was spreading its silvery radiance all around. Swami Sivananda blessed the group, saying, "Jaya ho, Jaya ho, glory to Swami Satyananda and his fellow travellers, glory to Ma Gangotri."

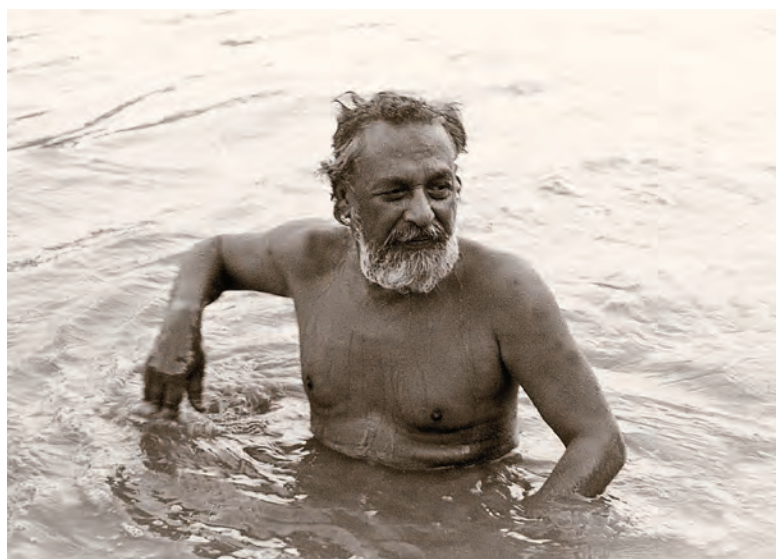
These friends and fellow travellers did everything for him, and he in turn fulfilled the only desire left in their lives. More about this later.

Years passed. The wandering sadhu settled in a small town and lived in ceaseless activity to make his guru's



dream come true. After many years of hard work committed to the fulfilment of his guru's mandate, he left the spiritual empire he had built and became a pilgrim once more. The same curly hair, only a bit grey now, the same piercing eyes, now filled with love and the experiences of many lifetimes, this Royal Mendicant proclaimed, "I have come to pay my respects to Ma Ganga," and then he continued:

Ganga at Gangotri inspired a dream.
Perhaps an impossible dream, but if she wishes,
There is nothing which I consider impossible.



He saw himself as ‘a bird of the endless sky’ and did not allow anyone to tie him down:

Don't bind me by your social rules.
Don't influence me with your religions.
Don't drag me down with your conventions.
Leave me alone.
Let me be.

When other people retire from the responsibilities of the world, he was in search of a new mission to fulfil. He granted himself no rest, eager to continue to live in the service of others. He described this time:

A question has been haunting my mind from time to time, “Where do I fulfil my next mission? Many places were offered to me, a beautiful cave at Gangotri on the banks of the Ganga, a kutiya at Kedarnath and many others, but I had reserved my decision until the direction was made clear to me. One day I woke up at midnight as usual. The sky was quiet; the translucent rays of Ashtami were shining through the small window of my kutiya, and I found that I was once again enveloped by a strange light. The command was clear: ‘Go to my burial ground, the shmashan bhoomi.’

And so he did. I would have liked him to live near me in a cave, of course. So there was a trace of disappointment, but really it did not last long, for at that moment, my heart was filled with joy and peace. I felt profound admiration for what my beloved son would live at this shmashan bhoomi: the intense sadhana of naam smaran and panchagni; the art of yajna



which he gifted to the world as he had done before with the science of yoga; and his dedication to Swami Sivananda's mandate of 'serve, love, give', which became a reality in the lives of thousands of men, women and children. He gave back to the people of Rikhia their own culture and tradition that had been lost for many centuries.

The other feeling which shooed away the touch of disappointment was immense gratitude for the twenty-five years that we lived together, way down from Gangotri and Rishikesh, in far away Bihar, in a small town called Munger. Here my water flows like a necklace around this non-descript place. Not only that, but I flow northwards as I do in Varanasi. Gods and humans consider this most auspicious.

I remember the first time he came to Munger and sat on the banks, a young sadhu on his parivrajaka, learning, growing and waiting for inspiration. I recognized my young friend from Rishikesh and welcomed him. He was happy to be back with Ma Ganga. He spent half his time at Ananda Bhavan right next to the water and the other half at Karna Chaura, the ruined palace of King Karna, where he sat in



contemplation, overlooking the plains and the blue water flowing gently among the fields. He often called out to me asking, “Ma, what do I have to do?” I knew the answer would come, and it did.

Satyam settled in Munger, made friends and established a small ashram. He worked hard, travelled many times around the world, ‘from shore to shore and door to door’, and brought the gift of yoga to all. The ashram grew and slowly and steadily moved to Karna Chaura. Out of the ruins of the king’s palace rose the new ashram – a gigantic six-storey building and many buildings nestled in gardens and terraces. He had no time to swim with me or spend his nights listening to the sound of my current, yet we were together. I held him and his mission in my embrace and he called this chosen place ‘Ganga Darshan’, the vision of Ma Ganga, the vision of purity. He told his followers, his devotees and disciples, his friends and well-wishers that the constant flow of water must be their inspiration to maintain a constant flow of effort and to be as pure as Ma Ganga. Then he added:



Do you see how Ma Ganga has turned in a sweeping arc at this place, with the town of Munger perched in the middle like a child sitting in his mother's lap. The beautiful morning and evening riverside vistas with the wide, expansive fields all around are worth seeing. Ma Ganga symbolizes yoga, the journey of the soul from gross to subtle. I have great plans for this place – a yoga training centre, yoga library, yoga research centre and hospital to name a few. From this very platform, where Karna used to distribute his gold, I will distribute the fruits of yoga.

And of course, his plans became a reality. Everything happened in a way no one would ever be able to understand. The dream, the mission and mandate were fulfilled. Yoga was a way of life, and when Swami Satyananda left Ganga Darshan and the shores of Ganga Ma, he prophesized, “I realize that yoga has much more to give humankind than it has already given.”

This ‘much more’ was to be given by my third beloved son. When Sri Swamiji settled in shmashan bhoomi and not in a cave next to me, other than the admiration I felt for the silent revolution he launched for the welfare and evolution of the people of Rikhia, other than the immense gratitude for the time he spent with me in Munger, and his not-so-silent revolution of yoga for the wellbeing of everyone, I felt a mother's pride, joy and love for my third beloved son.

Let me tell you about him now and take you back to that group of fellow travellers who received Swami Sivananda's blessings as they set out for Gangotri. In that group of seven were the parents-to-be of Swami Niranjan, my third son. As a wandering sadhu Swami Satyananda had been to their place and invited them to accompany him to Gangotri. Singing bhajans and kirtans, bathing or taking quick dips in my waters, they proceeded along my banks, balancing times of exhaustion with times of rest and satsang with Swami Satyam. In one of the satsangs, he spoke on his experiences at this sacred place:

I have loved this world and its inhabitants since time immemorial, for it is in and through this world that I have beheld the many lilas that the Almighty enacts. The sorrows of the world have been my tears and its joys my laughter. I have never identified with the transcendental and unmanifest Absolute. And I never will. But this trip to Gangotri has shattered some of these dreams of everlasting love for the manifest world. Within the lila body of the Lord, I can hear notes of discord. Now only my physical body is here, I am somewhere else. I feel as if I am walking all alone amongst mountains, forests, rivers and terraced fields. There is none but me, walking staff in hand. I am beginning to like the quiet solitude. There are countless paths in the snow-covered eternal Himalayas that I can follow.

The roar of the Ganga hurtling down the Himalayas is drowning out all the other shrill and discordant noises of the world. The sheer vastness of the towering peaks is making petty human egos dance at its feet. Is this the message I am supposed to receive from the Ganga and the Himalayas?

Aami yantra, tumi yantri – I am but a vehicle, and O Mother, you are its driver. Whichever way you drive, that way shall I proceed. This is the feeling uppermost in my mind.



The travellers were in awe of the place, me and Swami Satyam who was their inspiration and guide, a guide not just for the road but for the journey of life. One young woman described the feeling which took hold of them:

There is a sense of joy and bliss immanent everywhere in Gangotri. The divine energy of that place manifested before Swami Satyam and gave him a special mandate to fulfil. Ma Ganga also blessed him with her darshan and went on to stay in his body for a day. Everyone witnessed this extraordinary event.

This pilgrimage to Gangotri became a life-changing event for the seven travellers, and through them for thousands and thousands of people around the globe and for all times to come. One day, when they were resting at Gangotri, blissfully enjoying the majestic scenery of the Himalayas, the husband of that young woman came quietly up to Swami Satyam and said, “Swamiji, please give Basanti something.” Basanti was the young woman’s name. Swami Satyam replied, “That something is not in her fate, but it is definitely part of my destiny.” Then he promised to give them the child they were



longing for, but only if they were ready to return him at any given time. They solemnly promised to do so. There under the blue sky among the snow-capped mountains Swami Niranjan was called by Swami Satyam, Ma Ganga, and a couple whose hearts were filled with devotion and faith. Or maybe the soul called out to be called?

Basanti was overjoyed at the prospect of becoming a mother, however, Swami Satyam made it clear that it was not to be an ordinary motherhood for no ordinary child was to be born. He explained that the child would be born to carry out and fulfil his vision of a better world, a world of harmony and peace:

Tear off the old pages of your life's book, the spiritual chapter of your life has now begun. You have been reborn in Gangotri. This is yogic life. I have received a compelling command from Ma Ganga, a definite mandate from the divine forces. And to fulfil that I will give you something. Ma Ganga has given me a clear mandate. I will create such a towering banyan tree, whose expansive shade will offer shelter and comfort to countless suffering souls.

Looking at the young woman full of joy and a sense of duty, I tried to encourage her as I let my waves caress her feet. Basanti, who became Swami Satyananda's Dharmashakti and later Ammaji to all who came to her for solace, never knew that at Gangotri she became my beloved daughter. We were mothers welcoming, embracing and comforting our children. At the end of their pilgrimage Basanti noted in her diary:

When we reached Haridwar, the pilgrims were offering flower lamps to Ma Ganga. It was a sight to behold! Thousands of shining lamps and flowers were floating gently on the lapping waves. 'The only wish that these flowers have is to go on playing like a carefree child in the lap of Ma Ganga,' Swami Satyam said, looking into my eyes with a big smile.

Swami Dharmashakti returned to Rishikesh only one more time to place her little son on the lap of Swami Sivananda,

with whom everyone's story began. At Ganga Darshan she lived for many years communing in silence with her Guru, her God and Ganga Ma.

Ganga Darshan and the yoga mission were evolving under the guidance and inspiration of Swami Niranjan. You may wonder if there was anything left to do after the ceaseless work and effort of Swami Sivananda and Swami Satyananda. Let me tell you, this is the attitude of an ignorant person who has no idea as to what it means to have a mission and vision. For Swami Niranjan, there is always a better way, a new, a more efficient and loving method. The demands on him are plentiful, and so are his ideas, plans and aims. Perched high on top of the Main Building among the flock of eagles, he often comes out onto the terrace to enjoy the comfort of being in the lap of Ma Ganga.



The future is his main concern and the only way to ensure that it will be better than the present is to inspire children to take up the challenge and shape their future and the future of their community in a positive, in a yogic manner. The children of Munger are the pioneers of a future in which goodness, goodwill and harmony prevail. Bal Yoga Mitra Mandal, the children's movement managed by children for children, is the medium to prepare, create and establish a better world. Swamiji's inspiration is the breath of their life. He has given three aims to the movement, and through participation and involvement the children imbibe these aims and are able to make them the foundation of their life.

These three goals did not drop from the sky into Swami Niranjan's head. No, no, they are mine, they are I, they are my life and inspiration. Swami Niranjan tuned in, picked



them up and transferred them to the children. The eternal truth and teaching of Ma Ganga which withstood the tests of time will continue to shape generation after generation through these children.

The first aim is the ability to seek and live by positive, uplifting samskaras. Everyone has the choice to want the positive, good and auspicious. It is a choice to stay away from the negative, harmful ways and ideas. The effort to constantly make that choice is developed through training of intention and performance. Again I am an example of this unceasing steady effort. No one ever thinks or speaks of me in a critical, degrading manner. No one ever leaves my banks in anger or with a heavy heart. Everyone who comes to my shores is able to reconnect with *Satyam-Sivam-Sundaram*, the true, the good and the beautiful.

The same can be said of my three sons. Or do you know anyone who left their presence feeling frustrated, dejected or abandoned? No, their strength, faith and goodness inspire everyone to keep making the right and appropriate choices. River, masters and children show the way.

The second aim is *swavlamban*, independence and self-reliance, the ability to think, feel and act with one's own strength and faith. Or as Sri Swamiji said it is, "to have the courage to act according to one's own conviction." I am a good example, for no one tells me what to do. I am my own master, but always for the good of others. I bring death, destruction, life and growth in a natural way, not in a nasty or terrible manner. In the end, I always bring balance, harmony and grace. I do this according to my conviction and timetable. I follow the dictates of none. This independence works and has inspired my three beloved sons, who are examples of uncompromising independence in thought, word and deed. Together the four of us will continue to inspire anyone who is open enough, just like the children of BYMM.

The third aim given to the children is love for *samskriti*. It does not merely mean 'culture', implying music, dance,

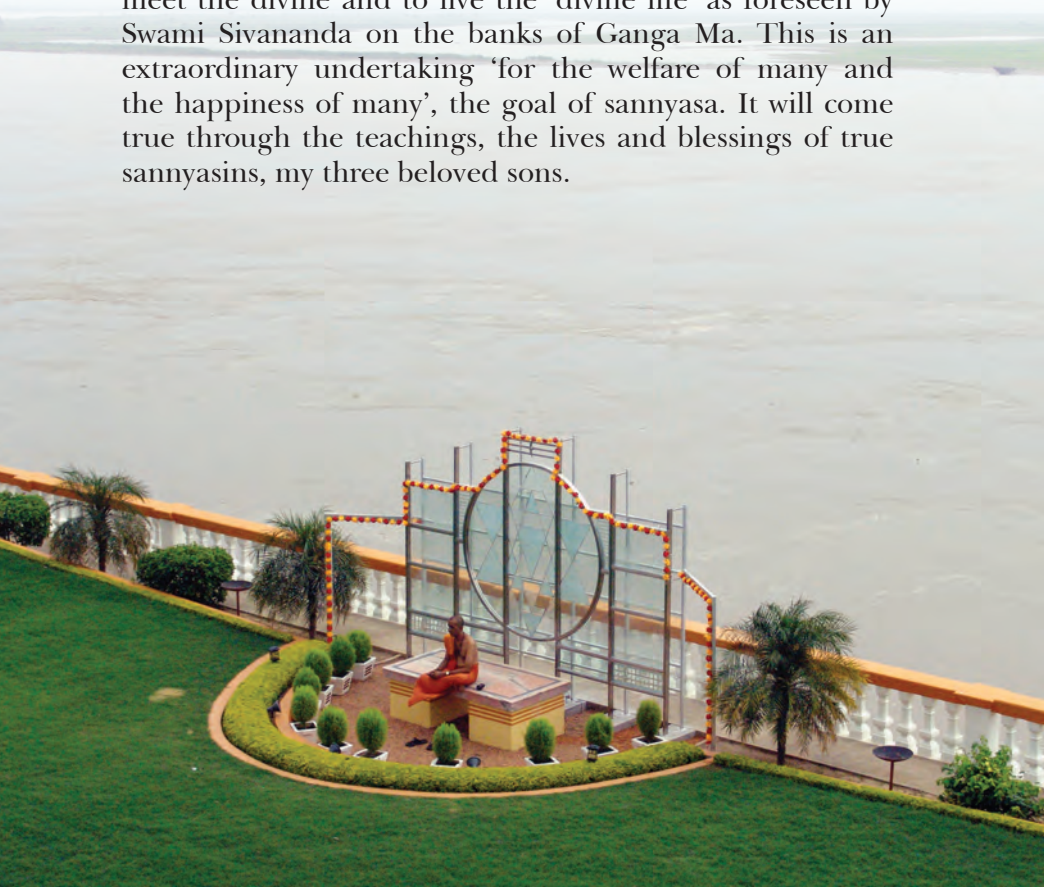
drama, literature, poetry, paintings and sculpture. It is much more than that. These artistic or cultural activities are only one expression of samskriti. In reality it is: *Samyak kritena iti samskriti*, which Swami Niranjana explains like this, “When the karmas of one’s life can be discharged in the most harmonious and balanced way then that expression of karmas is called samskriti.” Art and culture seek harmony, but the aim is to make one’s whole life a work of art expressing peace, contentment and balance.

The children are learning and they follow in the footsteps of my sons. They do not know that I am at the origin of their aims, but it does not matter. One day, as they may sit on the banks of their beloved Ganga, just outside Munger town, they may suddenly realize that “Yes, Ganga too lives her life according to samskara, swavlamban and samskriti, with great positivity, independence and for the wellbeing of others.” To be honest, I think they are already having such flashes of insight. In the recently concluded Munger Yoga Symposium, I along with thousands of delegates were witness to the remarkable sensitivity and creativity exhibited by these children, but that is a story for another day.



Yoga and Ganga will always flow together. They are one and the same. Swami Niranjana makes sure that those who come to Ganga Darshan connect and live accordingly. He lives and propagates Swami Satyananda's vision and understanding without compromise. He is now embarking on fulfilling the last mandate given to him by his guru. It is another darshan, this time not of me, but of the divine Sita and Rama. Paduka Darshan, Sannyasa Peeth on my banks is the home of a tradition as old as humankind, sannyasa. You can imagine how thrilled I am, flowing gracefully not just between towns, villages and fields but between godly men and gods in human form. Sometimes I am bubbling and dancing along with the dolphins who have come down from Rishikesh to be once more in the company of their dear friends. Everything good, true and beautiful seems to meet right here at Sannyasa Peeth, whose sturdy walls I can touch, and at times climb.

Invocation, worship and sadhana are the means to meet the divine and to live the 'divine life' as foreseen by Swami Sivananda on the banks of Ganga Ma. This is an extraordinary undertaking 'for the welfare of many and the happiness of many', the goal of sannyasa. It will come true through the teachings, the lives and blessings of true sannyasins, my three beloved sons.



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