

SATYAM TALES

Yoga Nidra

Gold for this age



Yoga Publications Trust, Munger, Bihar, India



Satyam Tales

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

Yoga Nidra is the thirty-third 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.

Aramse Deva, a heavenly messenger, visits planet Earth to investigate about yoga nidra, this special sleep unknown to even gods and goddesses. Travelling across time and space, he joins Satyam in Rishikesh and witnesses how the ancient practice of nyasa evolved into the most cherished practice of yoga nidra and became 'the gold for this age'. The highlight of his tour is his meeting with Swami Niranjanananda, the most amazing proof, result and testimony of yoga nidra.

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. Perhaps you may also practise and experience the magical beauty and benefits of yoga nidra and feel the presence of Aramse Deva . . .

— 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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Yoga Nidra

“ . . . and now wiggle your toes, start moving your feet, fingers and hands, roll your head to either side and stretch the whole body. Please keep the eyes closed, and when you’re ready, slowly sit up for *Om* chanting. Don’t rush, do take your time . . . All together: *Om, Om, Om, Om Shanti, Shanti, Shanti. Hari Om Tat Sat.*”

“Wow!” “Amazing!” “Out of this world!” “Really cool!” “Awesome!” “Now what was that?” “Can we have more of this?” Excitement, wonder and questioning resounds all around the world, every day, in every possible language.





If anything has ever conquered the world and the hearts of its people it is yoga nidra and the creator of this golden marvel. Yoga nidra has become the all-time favourite yoga practice, even beating *surya namaskara*, the sun salutation and *simhagarjana*, the roaring lion, which allows you to roar and look really wild, just like a lion. The fame of yoga nidra has spread far and wide, even reaching the heavens.

The tribe of heavenly messengers have the task to report to the devas and devis in heaven about the weird ongoingings of earthlings, their bizarre behaviour and activities. During their travels, some messengers heard these odd exclamations resounding around the globe, and were intrigued indeed. Aramse Deva, a senior messenger, was given the task to investigate, discover cause and source, and then report back to heaven. Aramse travelled here and there, followed the exclamations and ended up in yoga ashrams, yoga centres and yoga studios. He remained always invisible of course. Then after one month, Earth month that is, he returned back to heaven to report. Arriving at the gate, he was asked the department or ministry to which he wanted to submit his finding. He answered without a moment's hesitation, "I need to see *Nidra Devi*, the goddess of sleep. Urgently."

Heaven was an organized place. The request was written on a heavenly chit and then passed on to the authorities concerned along the appropriate channels of communication. In a nanosecond, heavenly of course, he was ushered in to see Nidra Devi, who was actually not too busy and rather pleased to have someone report to her. It surely was not a frequent event in her daily and nightly routine, not like other departments which had many couriers deliver news around the clock. What did she have to deal with? The occasional prayer of an insomniac, the crazy request of an unbalanced earthling who wished to live like Kumbhakarna, or a confused dreamer who wanted explanations. Here it seemed was a more interesting matter, and urgent on top of it. She called some of her attendants to be around, status symbols should not be underestimated, and in a semi-bored voice, not wanting to look too eager, she asked Aramse, “So what do you have to tell me?”

“Nidra Devi, I have been asked to investigate odd shouts and exclamations that echo all around the world.”

“What do I have to do with humans shouting?” Nidra Devi wanted to know, and rightly so.

“Let me explain. As I followed the trail of these strange utterings, I ended up in places of yoga – you know about yoga, don’t you? – big and small, in cities and in the countryside. There people bend their bodies, twist and stretch. You wouldn’t believe it. They huff and puff, maybe sing, and . . . most of all they lie down.”

“So what’s so special about lying down? That’s what earthlings do most of their life.”

A little bit irritated at Nidra Devi’s interruptions and impatience, Aramse continued, “Just wait and listen. So people lie down in what they call *shavasana* or dead man’s pose, but they are not dead at all. They lie there on the floor and after some time, maybe half an hour, they get up and say, ‘Wow!’ ‘Amazing!’ ‘Out of this world!’ ‘Really cool!’ ‘Awesome!’ Very alive they are, not dead in the least. And from every walk of life, every strata of society – men and women, young and



old, executives and workers, doctors and nurses, students and teachers, policemen and army personnel, athletes and addicts – you name it, they are doing it.”

“Is there a point you are coming to?” Nidra Devi snapped.

“The point is that this lying down is called *yoga nidra*, and people say it is the best of the best, the ultimate of the ultimate, and so much better than your sleep.”

“What? Come again! Better than my sleep!”

“Yes, they say that half an hour of *yoga nidra* is like four hours of your sleep, Nidra Devi. No even better than your sleep.”

“Are you making this up? Earthlings love sleep, they adore sleep, they spend half their lives sleeping. And you tell me that they found something better than that. Impossible! It must be a substance, a drug, that’s it, they take a drug and then lie down.”

“No, no, I haven’t seen anyone take anything, and I have now seen thousands of these *yoga nidra* freaks. It can’t be a drug.”

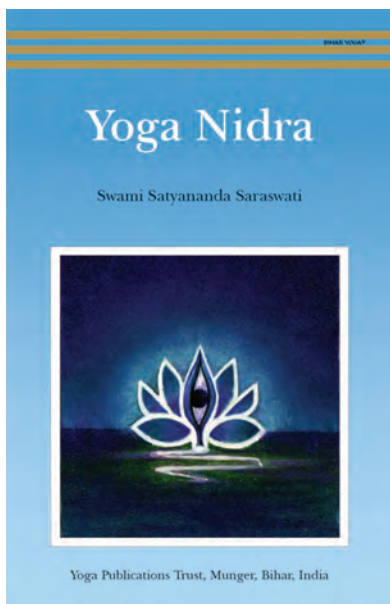
“So what . . .” Nidra Devi was now more than irritated, she was wide awake as never before.

“So what what?” Aramse asked a little brashly. Even though he was a senior messenger he had not had any previous dealings with Nidra Devi.

“So what are you doing here? Go and don’t come back until you know all about this yoga nidra. I will go and inform the Ministry of Health and Family Welfare, heavenly and human, about this supposedly special sleep. Go now.”

Aramse took his leave politely and returned to planet Earth. He was quite pleased to be on this mission. Somehow the people and their yoga nidra practice intrigued him, for definitely, there was a difference on their faces, like a ‘before and after’ effect. His first destination was of course India. Yoga – India, India – Yoga, same-same. He went to a middle-size town, found a decent cyber cafe, waited for it to close, and then, alone in the silence of the night, he chose a computer and started to google: **book on yoga nidra**. Instantly it was there, the beautiful light blue cover, blue like the sky, with a lotus floating on water.

Aramse read the short information and made a mental note: Yoga Publications Trust, Bihar School of Yoga, Munger, Bihar, India. So, that’s where he had to go next – destination Munger. He shut down the computer and left the cyber cafe. As he walked around the streets to get a feel of the town and age, he decided to check out the School the same night. A thought was enough to transport him straight into





the heart of Bihar and to the banks of the river Ganga. There, out of the vast expanse of the plains, perched on top of a hillock, rose a seven-storey building, a strong fortress of yoga, surrounded by gardens, terraces and a few buildings, and he materialized right there in a shower of sparks.

It was past midnight, not a yogi around, all blissfully asleep. Aramse enjoyed the peaceful atmosphere and strolled around the gardens, feeling almost like in heaven. As he looked up the big white building shining in the night sky, he suddenly remembered his mission. So he thought 'yoga nidra book' and within the blink of a human eye he found himself in the library. Rows and rows of almirahs, with hundreds and thousands of books nestling on tidy shelves behind sparkling clean glass doors. Aramse went directly to the book he wanted,

sat down at a long wooden library table and started to read until he was crudely interrupted when keys rattled, mopping sticks and cleaning buckets entered and broke the quiet of the space. The ashram was awake. It didn't really matter for he got the information he wanted: he was in the wrong place.

Aramse thought of Rishikesh in the middle of the twentieth century. Heavenly messengers can travel in time and space without any difficulty, just with the fuel of their thought.

So there he was, at the foothills of the Himalayas, where Ma Ganga leaves the majestic mountains, ready to start her long journey through the plains. He found himself in the small village of Rishikesh on the banks of the crystal clear waters. There were just a few houses, shops, ashrams and dharamshalas, which offered food and shelter to the pilgrims before they set out to climb the rugged mountain peaks and face their own heights.

Aramse knew where to go. He enjoyed the clean air and briskly walked towards Swami Sivananda's ashram, a few miles away from the village. Swami Sivananda had established the Divine Life Society in 1936, and slowly but steadily the ashram grew thanks to the tireless hard work, devotion and commitment of his disciples. One of the foremost instruments of his mission was Swami Satyananda.





He had come to his guru in 1943 and never stopped serving him with love, skills too many to name, and total surrender. Satyam, as he was called at the time, worked, worked and worked, day and almost all night. There was nothing he did not do in the ashram, never a moment's hesitation, never a 'no' in his mind. He was always ready for more.

Aramse immediately fell for Satyam and decided to spend some time in the ashram and find out about this yoga nidra thing. For that's what the book said, it all began here in Rishikesh. One day, Swami Sivananda called Satyam to his kutir, knowing that Satyam was his best choice for a special duty. "Satyam, from tonight you have to spend the nights in the neighbouring Sanskrit Ashram. Their night guard is on leave and the principal requested me to send a swami to replace him for a month. So you leave here at six in the evening, and be the night watchman until seven



in the morning. After that you come back to the ashram and resume your duties here.” Without much ado Satyam got ready. It took him half an hour to walk in the gathering dark through forests, full of big wild animals and small wild animals such as scorpions and snakes. Aramse did not join Satyam on this arduous trek but transported himself directly to the destination. When Satyam reached there he was greeted by the principal and shown around the place. About two dozen young boys were running around, in neat white dhotis and kurtas, using up the last moments of the day before they were told to go the dormitory and go to sleep.

Once Satyam had finished the tour of the small ashram, he started his duty: he checked if all the boys were in, calling their names one by one, then he checked that all had taken their bath and tidied their trunk in which they kept their few belongings. The boys were of course excited to have a new night watchman. They asked Satyam trick questions, they tried to confuse him by giving wrong names or answering twice to the same name. It was not an easy task this first night, but Satyam, good humoured and endlessly patient played along with the boys. Finally, he blew out the last candle, and went on his first round around the ashram

grounds. The principal and teachers had retired for the night and he was alone with the boys.

Satyam spent the whole night, checking on the boys. If they were fine, he went to the hall and sat quietly doing his japa or did another round through the ashram. If a small boy was crying or had an upset tummy he went to the dormitory and comforted the child until he went to sleep again. That is how he spent the night and Aramse followed closely, observing everything and storing the information in his own messenger way.

At half past three in the morning, the chanting teacher and his assistant came and woke the boys, who went outside quietly, had a quick wash in the garden pouring a few mugs of water from the tank on their still sleepy faces, got dressed and marched to the hall where their first class began. The teacher did not have to do much, the boys knew their routine and sat down on the floor, ready for the class which began at four o'clock sharp. Once they were all settled, the assistant closed the door and the chanting of vedic mantras began. Satyam (and Aramse) were left outside. Satyam found a comfortable corner where to lie down and rest. At six o'clock sharp, the door opened and the boys stormed out, ready for the day and breakfast. Those who saw Satyam lying in the corner, gave him a gentle push, pulled at his dhoti, pinched his nose and experimented with other methods of tease. Satyam pretended to be asleep though he never ever slept (see Satyam Tales 8, *Grandpa's Memories* – Ed).

His duty over, he started to walk back to his guru's ashram. His day was spent in seva, working in this department or that department, or just simply managing the whole ashram. At six in the evening, he set out again for the night duty at the Sanskrit Ashram. This was his routine for one month until the night guard returned from his leave and resumed his employment. Aramse had been following the same routine, enjoying thoroughly the company of Satyam and the presence of Swami Sivananda to the point that he had forgotten his mission.



One day, a grand function was held at Sivananda Ashram and the boys from the Sanskrit school were invited to chant the sacred vedic hymns. Satyam made sure all was in order: guests seated, swamis on duty in their respective places, beautiful decoration and havan set up, boys ready and Swami Sivananda, the towering inspiration of all, seated majestically on a raised asana. It was a wonderful occasion and everything went like clockwork. After singing a kirtan himself, Satyam went to the back of the hall where he had a good view of the proceedings. The boys had started their chanting and he joined in. For one full hour he chanted Sanskrit hymns along with them, quietly, alone at the back of the hall. When the havan, chanting and Swami Sivananda's satsang were over and everyone moved towards the dining hall for lunch, Satyam organized the wind-up of the program. Only when all was back to normal: the decoration packed away, the havan items taken for cleaning, mats folded and stored neatly, the hall swept and mopped, did he go for his meal. Alone in the kitchen, he sat down with his plate and had maybe the biggest shock so far in his life. Aramse saw how he dropped his food back on the plate, mouth wide open, hands trembling, whole body frozen . . .

Suddenly Satyam jumped up, and ran straight to Swami Sivananda's kutir. There he sat motionless, waiting until evening. When Swami Sivananda came out for his evening walk and favourite activity – kirtan, Satyam almost jumped on him. "Swamiji, you know what happened? I must tell you. You must explain to me."

"O ji, maybe one thing at a time?" Swami Sivananda replied smiling.

"Okay, okay, Swamiji. So there I was at the program, and for one hour I was chanting along with the boys."

"Wonderful!" Swami Sivananda remarked.

"No, not wonderful Swamiji. I did not know these chants, I still don't know these chants. I never heard them before. They are not our ashram chants, but difficult, intricate vedic hymns. How could I chant with the boys, make no mistakes, have tune, rhythm and pronunciation absolutely correct, be totally one with the chanting of the boys without knowing anything? Help Swamiji, please explain!"

"Satyam, sit down for a moment. Remember, for one month you were night watchman at the Sanskrit school.



When the boys were chanting in the morning, you were outside their classroom. You were resting, right? You were not asleep, but not fully awake either. You were in an in-between state. The chanting reached your subconscious, penetrated it, impregnated it without you knowing anything about it. Today, the chanting of the boys triggered those subconscious memories and you recalled something you did not know you had. That's what happened."

"Unbelievable," ('wow' did not yet exist at that time) is all Satyam could say. This was the birth of yoga nidra and there was no stopping him from then on. Aramse followed Satyam in his frenzied search for answers, explanations, ideas and a method. The few moments Satyam could spare from his duties, he was in the ashram library, digging into obscure scriptures on the science of tantra. Reading, translating, taking notes, making comments, putting question marks here and there, he was unstoppable, one-pointed for he had only one aim: to understand what happened, how it happened, recreate this in-between state at will and use it.

Thus he discovered the ancient practice of nyasa which rishis and yogis had developed to expand all dimensions of consciousness. The totality of consciousness was touched by this practice. Different stages led the practitioner to more and more subtle states of awareness. Each stage had a purpose, a goal, a system. Nothing was done in a haphazard way. No, he came across a science in its truest sense. Satyam was thrilled beyond measure. He knew he had discovered a gem, a treasure trove, gold for the troubled minds of this age.

The only problem was that ancient rishis and yogis did not have the same minds as people of the twentieth century. They had a quality of mind incomparably superior to today's minds which are scattered, dissipated and ignorant of their own ignorance. What to do? He could not possibly ignore what he had discovered. He had to share this treasure, make it accessible for his contemporaries, adjust and adapt to their needs and abilities, no matter how limited. So as he

was immersing himself completely in the language of the time of rishis and yogis, its hidden and encoded meaning, images and suggestive hints interspersed with crystal clear instructions, part of his mind was already translating the science of nyasa for the people of his time and for future generations.

Satyam, the visionary that he was, knew instinctively that nyasa would conquer the world. The only question was: how, in which shape and form? For the practice of rotation of awareness through the body, there were dozens of mantras to be learnt by heart. Each body part had its own mantra. Just for the thumbs there was such a long mantra *om angushthabhyam namah*. Who could possibly remember that? There were intricate practices for the breath, techniques to visualize and dive deep into the storehouse of samskaras. Who could possibly memorize eighty stages, one evolving out of the other. Impossible! For weeks Satyam pondered over these questions.

One night when the ashram was asleep, he went down to the Ganga for a midnight swim, with Aramse at his heels.



He loved to swim against the strong current, use every muscle in the body and feel totally alive. In the middle of the stream, diving in the darkness of the water under the poornima night sky, the light of inspiration shone forth. He got it! Simplicity was the key and its name was 'yoga nidra' – the eternal state of Lord Narayana. The symbol of yoga nidra is Lord Narayana reposing on the ocean of milk on a very large serpent with many hoods. His beautiful consort,



Goddess Lakshmi is massaging his feet. From his navel a lotus flower emanates, and seated in the centre is Lord Brahma, symbol of the unconscious. This signifies that in yoga nidra the unconscious manifests. Now Satyam thought, 'I will tell people who practise this technique that your blanket is the serpent and the floor is the ocean. Like Lord Narayana just relax and allow your unconscious to blossom forth like a lotus flower.'

Back in his room, Satyam went to work and wrote and wrote. Instead of chants of invocation, make a personal sankalpa; instead of mantras, name the body parts; instead of complicated pathways of the breath, focus on the three most obvious ones; instead of enquiry into the unknown, call the past through images. Aramse was excited to be witness to the birth of yoga nidra, and only regretted that he could not ask Satyam to practise on him. For that was the next step: application, testing, refining, experimenting. Satyam was the first practitioner of yoga nidra. Occasionally he had a volunteer among the resident swamis or a guest keen to participate in ashram activities, no matter what.

The real testing ground was found once he left his guru's ashram and embarked on his parivrajaka years, wandering

around the Indian subcontinent for eight years. Yoga nidra was the one practice he taught to all in need, and there were many who were. The possibilities were so vast, almost innumerable. It helped to relax, it helped to sleep, to learn, to be awake, to have more energy, to have more clarity, to understand oneself, to reduce stress and high blood pressure, counter anxiety, phobias and weird behaviour patterns. It was a fine tool indeed.

Aramse left Rishikesh at the same time as Satyam. He had become extremely fond of Satyam and Swami Sivananda, but he knew he was a ‘man on a mission’, as earthlings would say, and had to complete what he had come for: report to Nidra Devi on the “Wows!” and “Amazings!” echoing around the world. He felt there was still something missing to the puzzle. He bid farewell to the small village of Rishikesh, to Ma Ganga and to the mountains around. With the thought of Bihar School of Yoga he transported himself back to Munger and the fantastic palace on top of the hill into the year 2014.

This time he wandered around the beautiful grounds still full of flowers, shrubs and trees. Each plot and flower



bed had its own symmetry and pattern, like a yantra. Nothing was random, all was thought through, planned and put in place according to a master plan of a master mind. In the distance Aramse heard the evening chanting of the ashram residents. He thoroughly enjoyed every minute of his stroll which finally led him to Satyam Vatika. From the panels in the garden he learnt about Satyam’s story after he left

Rishikesh. This place was his creation, this school was his, the teaching was his.

Aramse waited for the ashram to switch off all lights and then went to the library. He did not know what he was looking for other than the missing link. So he just made himself comfortable, took out a whole pile of books published by the school. He just flicked through some of them. Every time he came across yoga nidra he read word by word and between the lines. It was just too interesting. Satyam, now Sri Swami Satyananda, waved the magic wand of yoga nidra wherever he went, and he truly went 'from shore to shore and door to door' with the gift of yoga and yoga nidra, the cherry on the yoga cake, so to say. There was the dog trained by Swami Satyananda, the girl who stopped bed wetting, the lady who cured her headaches, another chap his asthma; one person learned the whole *Bhagavad Gita* by heart; there was a judge in Russia who lost the fear of snakes and prisoners in New York who stopped smoking; patients who could live without medication, addicts without their substance, and orphans learnt to laugh. Nothing seemed impossible and beyond the power of yoga nidra, and Swami Satyananda was truly a swami with a mission.





Just as Aramse felt he had enough information to take back to Nidra Devi, he stumbled across the biggest wonder of all, the ultimate guinea pig, the supreme success story. Swami Niranjanananda, spiritual grandson of Swami Sivananda and spiritual son of Swami Satyananda. He was truly the crowning glory of yoga nidra and of much more. For years, night by night, Swami Satyananda filled him with knowledge through the practice of yoga nidra.

A naughty young boy, who had never gone to school, who had no care for spiritual scriptures and without any interest in anything but mischief, had the good fortune to spend his nights with Swami Satyananda. So after a day of being a troublemaker at the ashram, he would come to the room and fall asleep instantly. He had the soundest sleep ever, and must have been the pride of Nidra Devi, a prime example of her powers. Swami Satyananda would watch over him, wait for

the right moment and then the knowledge, the information of Spirituality, with a big S, for it embraced traditions, teachings, philosophies and scriptures from around the world entered the naughty little head. Sri Swamiji played verses from the *Bhagavad Gita* and other texts on a recorder which was kept near the sleeping boy. Other nights he lectured him in good English. Besides, he gave him information about the latest scientific research, that few were aware of at the time. And all this without Niranjana knowing anything about it, blissfully asleep, maybe even planning new pranks and tricks to play on the ashram residents the next day.

Years later, in the far away land of England and the big city of London, the eleven-year old boy was asked to give a lecture to a group of doctors. Aramse is glued to the book now as he reads Swami Niranjana's recollection of that moment in his life when he realized the power of yoga nidra:

What can an eleven-year-old child lecture about to a group of professional medical practitioners? The night before the lecture when I went to sleep, I had a dream in which I was giving the lecture, and when I woke up everything that I had said was clear to me. I noted it all down, word by word, sentence by sentence, all the points. After I gave the lecture to the group of medical professionals, they said, "Where have you studied?" I said, "I have not studied." "Who has taught you all these things that you spoke about?" I said, "Nobody." They said, "Do you know what you have spoken about? You have spoken about biofeedback, a science which we in the seventies, are

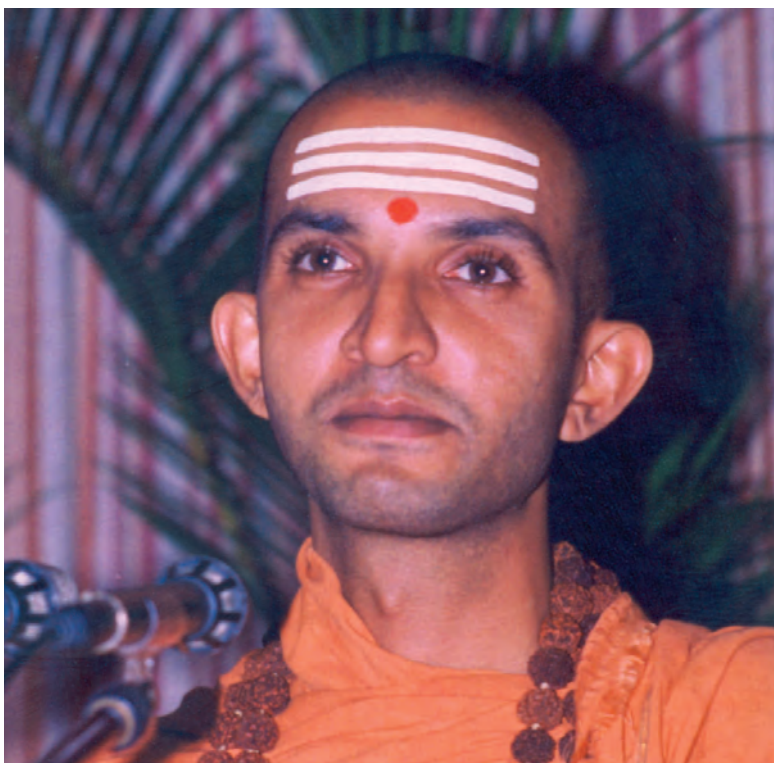


still developing and thinking about.” I had spoken about GSR, Galvanic Skin Resistance. I had spoken about the effect of asana and pranayama on the heart which could be observed through an electrocardiogram, the effect of meditation on the brain which could be monitored through an EEG, electroencephalograph and also by monitoring the alpha, beta, theta and delta waves. In other words, it was a purely scientific lecture that I had given.

The next day, I started to think, ‘From where did that knowledge come which, until yesterday I did not have! Until yesterday, I did not know about it, then in the dream I spoke about it and now I am talking about it.’ I asked Sri Swamiji at the next opportunity I got to see him, and he just gave me a smile and said, ‘This is only one thing. Many more things will come to the surface of your mind.’ He left it at that, but as I grew up, I understood that he had planted seeds. When I used to sleep, he would speak on the *Bhagavad Gita*, he would speak on history, mathematics, he would read books on geography, physics, chemistry, literature, the Upanishads and the Vedas. The next day he would give me the book to read, and after opening the page, I used to think, ‘I have read this some place, I know this subject.’ Where or when I had read it, I had no recollection of that. In this manner, it was easy for me to grasp the subject, practically instantaneously. It used to come alive. This was the result, the effect of yoga nidra.



Thus yoga nidra prepared little Niranjana for his mission which would take shape in the century to come. He would talk and write with gratitude and awe about his guru's involvement in the practice of yoga nidra, his continuous exploration of the unlimited potential of this one practice. Swami Niranjana knew what his guru and yoga nidra had done to make him who he is. Aramse was equally awed and felt a tinge of regret when he read that Swami Niranjana had spoken just a few weeks ago in Mumbai on this topic to a spellbound audience. If he had known about yoga nidra the way he did now, he would certainly have adjusted his space-time travel to be there himself. Now he just read on, more and more engrossed in the magic of yoga nidra and the little boy's experience:



Sri Swamiji must have given something in yoga nidra which is flowering in form of a samskara, which is flowering in form of a character, which is flowering in form of a karma, and which can even decide the path that is destined for me to walk. I don't know, but only future will tell. This is a transfer of shaktipat. When it happens, guru and disciple become one.

Maybe for this reason I never felt the absence of my guru, even as a child, when I was far away from him and independent. A child cannot live without parent or guardian, but I lived without parent, without guardian, without guru, but with guru's memory in my heart and in my soul. Shaktipat happens, also in yoga nidra, at a much deeper level where the spirits become connected. Then you don't feel the absence, and the transmission is continuous, and the transmission flows.



A cold shiver went down his invisible spine as Aramse read those lines. Here was a person, maybe just a few minutes away from him, who not only continued to teach and spread the practice of yoga nidra, and of course others as well, but was proof, fruit and epitome of yoga nidra.

This Swami Niranjan said in one of his books, “On the hill of Ganga Darshan, known as Karna Chaura, Karna, the legendary sixth Pandava, friend of Duryodhan and king of Anga, distributed gold to his subjects for he was the most generous of men ever to live on earth. Until Sri Swami Satyananda came and distributed the gold of yoga nidra in his infinite generosity and compassion for humankind.” Aramse decided, come what may, he was going to meet Swami Niranjan.

He was lucky. The next day was Sunday satsang at Ganga Darshan. Aramse sat, invisibly of course, between a row of geru-clad residents and listened in awe to the words of wisdom spoken with such ease, words full of satyam, sivam, sundaram. Suddenly he felt his head buzzing. A voice in his



head beckoned to him, sweetly and reassuringly, “Tell Nidra Devi not to worry. She is not out of a job, yet. Both her sleep and our sleep are required here on Earth. And Aramse, do give her my regards.”

Aramse looked around and right in front of him was Swami Niranjan with a mischievous little smile on his face. Aramse went up to him, prostrated and received a gentle pat on his head. This was to be the moment in his heavenly life to cherish forever.

What more could he want here on Earth? He had known joy, awe, excitement, contentment and total fulfilment. Earth wasn’t such a bad place after all if you hang out with the right people. However, his place was not here. The thought of Nidra Devi and his forthcoming report took him immediately to the doors of heaven. He was greeted with a gruff, “What do you want?”

“I want to see Nidra Devi?”

“Indra! are you crazy?” The gateman had good eyes, a short temper, and bad hearing.

“No, not Indra. Nidra Devi,” Aramse repeated kindly.

“All right, go ahead, you know the way.”

Nidra Devi, informed of his return, greeted Aramse rather coldly. “What took you so long? You were gone for more than two seconds.”

Aramse ignored the curt welcome and opted for a pleasant approach, “I bring you kindest regards from Swami Niranjanananda. He says you should not worry, your sleep is needed as much as his sleep. So to say, you still got a job.”

“Who says I’m worried? Me jobless, what nonsense!” she remarked brusquely.

“Just listen to my report, Nidra Devi, and you will understand,” and I began telling the story of yoga nidra to Nidra Devi . . .



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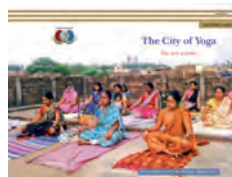
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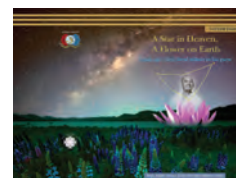
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