

SATYAM TALES

The Yogic Teaspoon

A journey towards luminosity

Yoga Publications Trust, Munger, Bihar, India



Satyam Tales

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

The Yogic Teaspoon is the fifty-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.

This is the journey of a teaspoon that is picked up from a café accidentally and while living in the home of his new 'owner', gradually is exposed to the yogic and spiritual teachings of various Masters. The teaspoon imbibes the teachings thoroughly and returning to his original home is ready and eager to share his wisdom and knowledge with all those who come in contact with him.

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. You too can make your life an ever progressive journey towards joy and luminosity . . .

— 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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The Yogic Teaspoon

How nice to have breakfast on Sunday morning, before the September walk around the woods of Abruzzo, in this bar where one can sit down in a spacious environment full of light, admire the landscape through the large windows and peacefully enjoy those delicious Italian pastries and a cup of tea!

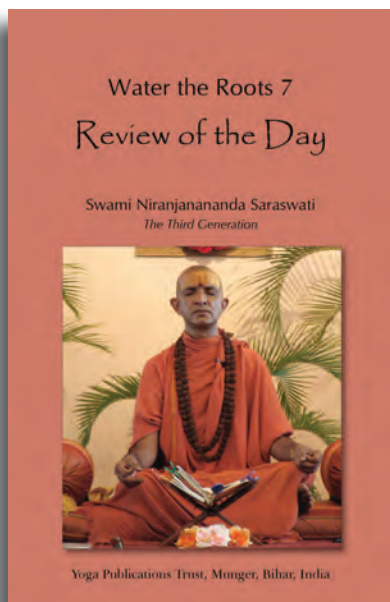
By the way, what pastries shall I have today? Mmmm, let me see . . . oh yes, an Italian diplomat cake and that fantastic cream puff! We sit down and our delicacies are served to us in a very kind, pleasant and warm-hearted manner.



How beautiful that . . . but it's already getting late, and I still have to drink my tea! I have brought my large cup from home, to make my tea cool more quickly by pouring it several times back and forth, and half a lemon, just in case they didn't have one. But who cares, it is much better living in the present and calmly enjoying every moment – the taste of the pastries that I am eating, and the tea that I love drinking in the morning and that changes colour as I am adding lemon.

Well, we're done. We get up, I take my large cup and teaspoon with me. My friends are used to my timings, they are smiling, and we are ready to set out.

After a while, I notice that the teaspoon which I carried with the cup was not mine: it belonged to the bar. Then, why did I carry it with me? It looks very much like mine, that's why. I made a mistake, but now it's too late to go back to return it to them, nor can we do it this evening when we return because the bar will be closed. Besides, they won't even notice that a meaningless little spoon is missing. I'll put it aside to bring it back another day.



So I don't have a choice other than keeping it for the next few weeks, making a note of the little lapse in my awareness. I usually pay attention to every detail, but I was in a hurry that morning and didn't pay attention to it as I discovered during the Review of the Day in the evening. Even though at a conscious level I had decided to take my time, knowing that I could rely on the patience of my friends, at a deeper level, hurry took control of my serenity and

clarity for a few moments, enough time to confuse me and make me believe that I had brought a teaspoon of mine with the cup from home. Well, next time I'll be able to witness with more inner calm, awareness and serenity these games of the subconscious.

The Review of the Day is a yogic practice given by Swami Niranjanananda Saraswati, disciple and successor of Sri Swami Satyananda Saraswati, founder of the Bihar School of Yoga, Munger, India. He, in turn, was a disciple of the great saint and luminary Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati of Rishikesh, India. To these shining beacons of the whole humanity I will refer later.



In the review we do at the end of the day, we observe the events that happened through the whole day, along with our interactions with others and reactions, the emotions we felt, our behaviours and thoughts. We observe the most difficult times, our conditionings that limited us the most, the positive qualities that we expressed, the most appropriate responses, the best moments. All that condensed in about ten minutes, in order to improve ourselves and be more positive and creative in similar circumstances in future.

Having done this practice for many years every night before sleeping, I realized that it really works to improve the knowledge of our mind, sharpen our faculties, express our immense latent potential, get rid of stresses and tensions built up during the day, and reprogram our responses to daily events in a more efficient, objective and free manner. Countless indeed are the deep-rooted conditionings of the mind. If we don't observe them with impartiality and then overcome them through *swadhyaya*, constant study of ourselves, we will always be repeating the same mistakes in life.



I can state with some pride that this review and a few other practices during other moments of the day lead us, if we perform them with continuity, sincerity and eagerness, to a healthier, fuller and happier life.

Reverting to our story, once back home after such a pleasant day in nature, I put back in their proper place all the things I had brought for the hike. I also find the teaspoon, place it on my desk and say to myself, 'I'll think about it tomorrow.'

The following day, I put a note around its neck: 'Return to bar'. I go and put it down in the kitchen, I look at it and he, the teaspoon, seems sad and out of place. I pay more attention to him, and he shines a little more. I reassure him, "I'll take you back home to the bar, sooner or later. You know, I don't go out very often, please be a little patient." I don't think about the matter anymore and dedicate myself to my usual tasks. Days pass by.

One evening after dinner I notice something – there is a sort of cutlery gathering. They speak to each other, without producing any sound. I listen with the ear of the imagination. They don't have secrets, rather they invite me to participate in their stories. The teaspoon complains, because during all this period he was bored as never before in his life, "Nothing ever happens here, there is always silence, nobody is around, there is almost nothing to do. The person who brought me here by mistake promised to return me to the bar. That was life! But it seems she completely forgot about me. She makes her appearance in the kitchen three times a day at most, and she hasn't spoken to me anymore."

The other teaspoons reply at once, "Yes, the environment here is different, but we feel good here." All cutlery in turn have various gustatory experiences, and besides that they



are trained to perceive distant sounds and subtle sounds, they listen to and chant mantras, participate in the most involving and high moods, appreciate silence and calmness, are inspired during meditations and the reading of the lives of saints, sages and Masters. They reassure the teaspoon that the person in question always keeps her promises, even though she definitely has slow times. Such conversations go on over the next few evenings as well . . .

The teaspoon describes the bar environment and his numerous experiences. He has been in so many people's hands; sometimes they are in a hurry, mix sugar in the coffee too quickly and all of it remains at the bottom of the coffee cup. Other times people sit at the table for a long time. Over the years, the teaspoon has listened to so many different stories, seen so many different faces, observed countless expressions. The background music, news, advertising and people's voices are never absent and all loud enough. There is silence only during a few hours at night, when the bar is closed, even though a little traffic still goes on in the street.

Not to talk about all those fragrances and tastes that ceaselessly follow one another in the bar: coffee, cappuccino, milk, hot milk with a drop of coffee, tea, sandwiches, croissants, pastries, drinks, fruit juices, just to mention a few. Besides, the adventures in the dishwasher, all together, having fun in cold, hot and even boiling water – sheer bliss, considering the metal which they are made of! After each wash the quick energizing massage of drying comes, and this process is repeated many times a day, every day, in the midst of the cheerful, rowdy jingling of dishes, cups, saucers and cutlery! “How much I miss all this,” the teaspoon sighed, “And to think that the owner of this house is also planning to leave for some days. This means absolute silence and even closed windows and lights off all the time! Alas, how will I manage?”

“We will find a way to give you some stimuli,” all cutlery said in a chorus. “If you don't isolate yourself, if you don't shut yourself up in your sadness, if you wish to stay with us, you will see even in the dark and with the windows closed,

you will have the vision of things that you have never seen, will listen to talks that you have never heard, your perceptions will sharpen, and these days will pass quickly, rich with new things.”

And so it happens. I leave for a short holiday . . .



When I return and open the kitchen windows I notice a warm and positive atmosphere, even though, of course, there is nothing ready to eat. All the teaspoons are bright and serene, the new one too, still with the note around his neck!

He has really been learning many things from the stories of the other cutlery. In former times, forks used to stick in meat every day and now they say that they like very much the nicer and more refined tastes of eggplants, artichokes, zucchini, pumpkins, cabbages and broccoli of various colours, cooked with savoury spices. The knives with different handles, while not cutting meat anymore, are still very busy cutting vegetables and several kinds of bread and delicious cakes.

Maybe the most interesting stories have been those of spoons. Some are very ancient, have travelled throughout the world and have acquired great wisdom. They spoke to the newcomer about time and space, objective and subjective world, philosophies of life, and above all about concepts of quantity and quality.

“What is it about?” the teaspoon had asked. “Are not they the same thing? I mean, a teaspoon of sugar is always sweet, isn’t it?”

Given the curiosity which animated the teaspoon, they answered, in short, that there are two ways to pleasure: one consists of increasing the quantity of something pleasant each time, as the derived pleasure diminishes with habit. It is a passive way and it doesn’t require any effort. The other one consists of increasing the capacity of appreciation, thus enhancing the intensity of the pleasant experience, while often decreasing the quantity to feel pleasure. It is a way that requires training and willpower.

A knife had said, “Years ago, I knew a person whose willpower had gone too far! In order to avoid unwanted consequences of any kind of pleasure, such as good food, he ended up abstaining from them completely. Nor did he let himself enjoy anything else anymore. He really had a strong willpower, but what did he get? To live a grey and uneventful life, devoid of vitality and motivation, fearing that, after pleasure, pain would also inevitably come. He was convinced of this: if you allow yourself a nice moment, sooner or later, as a result, there would come a bad one. So, better leave all pleasure. What a pity that, not having lived a part of life, he became sick after a little time and died . . .”

“Better to take life more lightly,” the forks clinked. Then the nutcracker had invited the wise spoons to resume their philosophical dissertation.

“Practically,” a spoon continued after a pause, “the difference between the ‘Way of Quantity’ and the ‘Way of Quality’ is similar to the difference between gorging oneself and knowing how to taste. Or, in a completely different area, it is similar to the difference between love of power and power of love. Let me explain. There is no rush at all!

“The way of quantity leads to desiring more and more, to feeling never satiated, to creating attachments and addictions not only to foods, but also drinks, drugs, sex, money, and to depending upon people and situations.

Feelings alternate between enormous expectations, excitements and fleeting pleasures when you get something, and dissatisfactions, even lasting ones, when you don't get it. If the satisfaction of the most selfish desires is not obtained immediately, frustration, anger and aggression ensue. If those who set out on that path are not able to restrain themselves, they come to the point of even committing bad deeds, just to grab what they want. They may even become wicked. Progressively their thirst for power keeps increasing, side by side with their soul's squalor.

“The way of quality instead leads one to appreciate the innumerable nice things which life gives in plenty, and to feel grateful and happy for the very fact of existing. A few spoonfuls of a good fresh vegetable soup is enough to feel in heaven. In a nutshell, a few and simple stimuli suffice to be gratified, when the ability to perceive them is enhanced.

“With this ability, thousands of charming and subtle colours can be seen, even on a grey day. In the sunshine, one would never grow tired of admiring the autumn leaves



dancing. Instead of needing an ear-splitting racket, one goes into raptures and ecstasies through refined music that raise the soul and rejoice the heart. Instead of arriving at alcoholism, one becomes a connoisseur, able to appreciate each wine's and liqueur's harmonies of aromas, fragrances and features; actually very little is enough if fully enjoyed.

Instead of switching all the possible lights on, one allows oneself to be amazed each time by the very delicate and charming tonalities, ever changing, of the natural light of dawn and dusk. Instead of immediately turning on the heating or air-conditioning to the maximum, one allows the body to live more in tune with the natural temperature, and get sick less. Instead of spending so much time on social networks, a depleting activity that drains your energy, you can truly and fully communicate with the person sitting next to you, from heart to heart, from soul to soul, and be nurtured. Instead of expecting and taking everything for granted, one learns the values of respect and gratitude.

"Many more examples could still be given. A trait of this 'way of quality' is that it requires a certain amount of dedication, willpower, education, just as training is needed to enjoy a good jog, or as music and art appreciation is needed to be able to discover the inherent marvels, or as it is necessary to cultivate universal love to be able to rejoice in giving. In the course of life, people who follow the 'way of quality', refine more and more the abilities such as appreciation, awareness, positivity, satisfaction and self-confidence. They can only be happier and happier, calm and peaceful, and will emanate energy, love and luminosity around them.

"Obviously there are middle ways as well, but those who follow unscrupulously the 'way of quantity' can only be more and more dissatisfied, indifferent, slaves to their own gross emotions, insecure, arrogant. Even their presence will be obnoxious. They will be frightened, which they will never be willing to admit to themselves, and they will frighten others. Instead of overflowing with energy, they will try to draw it from others. Instead of illuminating and beautifying

the lives of others, they will make them dark, gloomy and grim. Instead of love, they will bring hatred and, even worse, indifference, in little things as well as in great ones.”

All remain silent for hours, for whole days. I nod. Gratefully I appreciate the utility, beauty, wisdom, humility of ‘inanimate objects’ like them.

“Yes,” they ask me, “How is it that you have this kind of sensitivity? How did you develop it? Usually people notice us only when they need us, and then put us down carelessly. When they wash us, or look after us, they do it while thinking about something else.”

So I tell them the story of the Spoon from Rishikesh, who had the honour of having been repeatedly held in the fingers of the great saint, yogi and benefactor of humanity, Swami Sivananda who founded the Divine Life Society in Rishikesh.



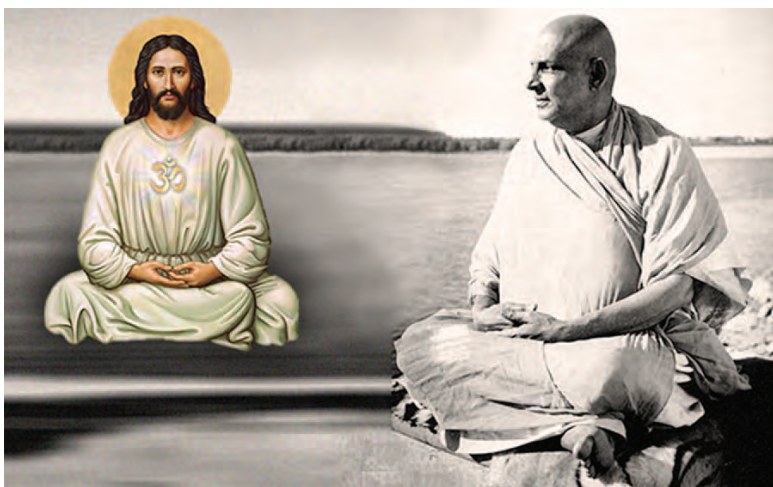
He was born in 1887 in South India and since early childhood he showed uncommon talents, intelligence, discernment, humanity, generosity and saintliness. As a medical doctor, he lovingly dedicated himself to the care of the poor labourers of a rubber plantation in Malaysia.

Realizing that medical care alone was not enough to free the human being from suffering, and to help people recover their soul's pristine splendour, he dedicated himself to inner, spiritual search. After initiation into the sannyasa order by his Guru, he immersed himself in austerities and meditation for years and years on the banks of the river Ganga. Little by little, as bees are attracted by the scent of even distant flowers, men and women, rich and poor, sick and fit, all were drawn to him by that magnetic aura of saintliness and peace which he radiated, and which has no limitations of time and space.

Slowly a big ashram and a spiritual community grew around him, complete with a hospital, a press, classrooms, a library, a kitchen to feed hundreds of needy people every day – the Divine Life Society. He himself always remained humble, so humble that he offered respect to even those insulting and mocking him. The motto he always had been practising and conveying by his example was: serve, love, give, purify, be good, do good, meditate, realize.



One of Swami Sivananda's greatest gifts was to bring the ancient, sacred and precious knowledge of yoga from the caves of hermits to the common folk in society, where it is so much needed. With his soul's immensity and the immortal power of his love, he healed, relieved, transformed and inspired the lives of countless people in India and all over the world.



Swami Satyananda, one of his most brilliant disciples, stated, “I read about Christ many times, but never believed that such a man could live in this world. Compassion, love and consideration for others are very difficult qualities to find, but in Swami Sivananda I found such a man.”

Swami Sivananda entrusted Swami Satyananda with the mission of spreading yoga from door to door and shore to shore. It so happened that when I was about seventeen I was touched by the rays of the peace-giving energy of the great Guru. I turned to yoga, attended schools and centres in Italy and when I was twenty-five I went to Rishikesh, all alone. Of course I didn't meet him physically, he had left his body in 1963, but I assimilated a lot from that experience.

I stayed at the Divine Life Society for three months. There, they used to eat with hands, and I was advised to get a spoon from the kitchen, since we westerners have a more delicate immune system. A few days before leaving, I went to the kitchen to give the spoon back. There I was welcomed by Swami Krishna, a ninety-year-old monk, pure, innocent, jovial, who told me that he used to teach hatha yoga in the ashram. He showed me with utmost ease some yoga postures so difficult, that until then I thought them to be impossible!

Afterwards he told me about the glorious time in his life when as a cook he directly served Swami Sivananda himself. With a disarming openness he said to me, “Although he was a bit portly, do not think that he ate so much. No, he used to eat a little, with moderation and gratitude. However, mind you, he always ate everything I put on his plate. There was no food that he didn’t like. He was not at all fussy about his food as you are now.”

I was moved and amazed. It is true, I’m fussy about my food. He told me to wait a moment, walked away and after a few minutes came back offering me a squashed potato with a fork. “I know you like this, so eat it.” How could this old man, who stayed behind the scenes all day, who didn’t even know me, know my tastes? Even now, I can’t explain it.

At that moment I wanted to return that spoon to him, but he begged me to keep it. It was a special spoon, it would be useful in my life. Ouch, how much pride I showed, besides indifference and ingratitude. I said there were so many spoons at home that I really didn’t need one more, and I left it there. I was so convinced that I would not need it. What a serious mistake I made.

The past cannot be changed, its lessons can only be learned. Perhaps, transcending the barriers of time and space, that spoon was really able to teach me something, to forgive me, helping me to develop sensitivity and consideration even for the ‘little things’ of life. “So,” I told my cutlery, “that’s how I was able to develop this sensitivity.”

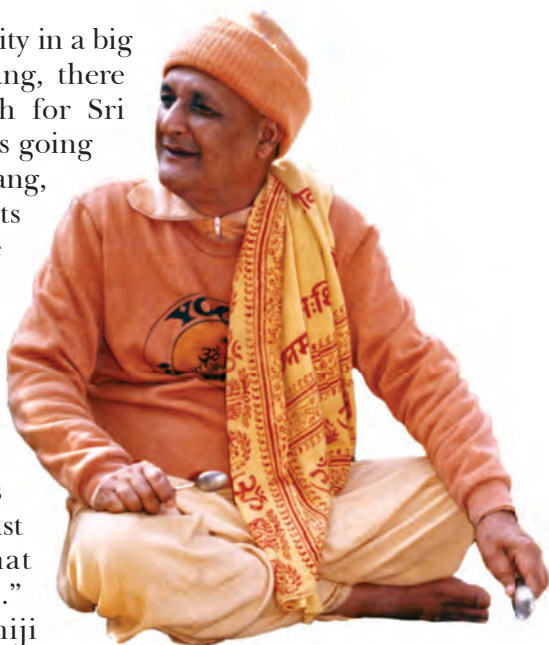
I learnt afterwards about how Swami Sivananda was thoughtful and loving even with everyday objects. I read about how, for example, he put away his glasses with care, attention, precision, as if that was the most significant moment in his life. It is really true that the Big Ones can also be seen in small things.

The same awareness and sensitivity was reflected in the character and conduct of Swami Satyananda. I heard Swami Anandananda, acharya of Satyanandashram Italia, relate an incident he observed in Swami Satyananda’s life: “Once a

program was held in a city in a big flat and after the satsang, there was going to be lunch for Sri Swamiji. Since there was going to be food after the satsang, we placed different pots and pans, plates, all the necessary utensils in the corridor, so that as soon as the satsang was over, we could serve lunch. The handle of one ladle was sticking out towards the middle and we must have walked past that ladle hundreds of times.”

“Finally, Sri Swamiji arrived at the flat and he went through the corridor to get to the hall. When he got to that ladle, he stopped and with one finger turned the big spoon, put it in the right position and carried on. That is still fixed in my mind: with one finger he showed us that it would have taken one finger and five seconds to put it right, and he actually did it for us! He was a living example of what it is to be absolutely connected with the immediate reality, there was nothing that would escape his awareness, absolutely nothing.”

The days go by, the weeks go by, I never happen to go back to that bar and the teaspoon is tranquil, he has perfectly integrated with the other cutlery. He looks satisfied, until one fine day he makes a special request. Having heard about yoga, India and gurus, he now wants to go deeper exactly as teaspoons at home go deep when it comes to extract all the juice from the best lemons from Sicily or Costiera Amalfitana. He asks me to be placed on the books written by various Masters.



Thus he receives knowledge, wisdom and blessings by all the above-mentioned Masters and also by others from different lineages, such as Ramakrishna Paramahansa, Paramahansa Yogananda and Mahatma Gandhi.

About western thought and philosophies, the teaspoon tells me that sometimes he had heard interesting conversations, even though they did not affect him deeply, whereas, in the presence of the true Gurus he can now often feel even the stainless steel which he's made of melting. He can feel himself being moulded by their sacred and beneficial energies into a new and better something.

He discovers that there are many Masters, many different paths, each of them suitable for a particular human temperament, but all lead to the same point – the experience of the Infinite, or Spiritual Realization, Illumination, Truth, Expansion of Consciousness, Ecstasy, Union with the Supreme, Identification with the true Self. The list of names could be as long as useless, since the more one tries to understand these things the more one goes away from them.

The difference between western and eastern philosophies is that the first are made of reasoning, while the latter are made of methods aimed towards the real and concrete experience of the Supreme Reality. The western thought trains the intellect, whereas the thought underlying systems such as yoga and Vedanta aims to make us discover and detonate much deeper, powerful and higher aspects than the intellect, which lay buried within ourselves.



I go on with my life – painting, walks, translations, gym, personal practice, yoga classes, travels, periods in the ashram in Italy, while the teaspoon on the books sips the nectar of words vibrant with the Absolute.

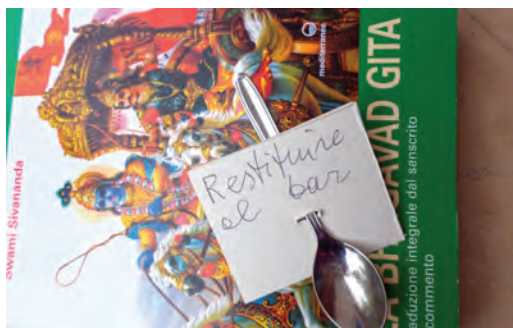
He realizes the true meaning of the term ‘guru’,

so misused and misunderstood nowadays. Guru is someone who has already walked the path before us, and has reached the supreme goal beyond suffering, delusion and duality. In this world, the only aim of his work is to help the pilgrims on earth who are ready to walk the same path, which otherwise would be full of hazards and confusion. The Guru appears at the right time in a disciple's life, and acts as a trigger so that the latter can experience the Inner Guru, and contact the luminous, divine essence within themselves.

The true Guru, unlike self-proclaimed guru impostors, doesn't want anything else from their disciple than setting them free from the bondage of ignorance, let alone conditioning their existence or taking advantage of them. Thus, the Guru is not someone to worship, not someone to whom the weak and insecure recur in search of a leader. On the contrary, the true Guru is humble, radiates peace and infuses courage. He or she interacts with people out of love, otherwise he or she would rather be on their own, this is what people rarely understand.

The teaspoon notices also that all the Masters talk about a particular text, the *Bhagavad Gita*, whose verses he hears sometimes from a CD. He wants to learn more, so he is now solemnly placed on the *Bhagavad Gita*! And I even bring him with me to the yoga hall, when I give an introductory speech about this amazing ancient scripture.

Thanks to the loving attention of the other cutlery, the blessings infused in him by the gurus through books, and, last but not least, his inherent inquisitive and intuitive spirit, the teaspoon is now very quick to imbibe spiritual teachings. I feel that soon he will be able to live the teachings as well. But he continues telling me to wait for he is not yet ready to return to the bar.





With immense joy I see him some days later, full as never before of the essence of the *Bhagavad Gita*. I highly recommend the reading of this ancient text, especially Swami Sivananda's commentary to all those who have found themselves in life pondering over existential questions: "Who are we?", "Where do we come from?", "Why are we in the world?" Rather than providing answers, this book leads us to find them within us. Its precious teachings are meant to illuminate our minds, to make our existence splendid, to make us find a meaning and direction in life, no matter who we are.

It provides us with many yogas, that is many paths, suitable for different human temperaments, to allow us to experience the most sublime, high, subtle and transcendent dimensions, and to live with a sense of harmony, fullness, efficiency and joy in the world, but without being bound to it. It is a practical philosophy, very apt for those who lead busy lives with hardly any time to devote to spiritual pursuits. They continue doing the same things as usual, but the inner attitude of doing them gets totally transformed. In short, doing one's best at work, or in situations one is in, without attachment to the results. I do not dwell any further, to leave you the pleasure of discovering it for yourselves by reading and reflecting on the text.



A period of fertile assimilation follows for the teaspoon, in the silence of the house, while I plunge in the most beautiful and vibrant autumn colours, dancing along with swaying leaves and running on rustling dry leaves, acquiring vitality with the first, dry cold weather of the season in the hills at the foot of the Gran Sasso Mountain, and losing myself in the brilliance of dewdrops.

Just as in the most difficult moments a few seconds can seem an eternity, similarly in the most magic and intense moments of ecstatic amazement too, a few instants can last centuries – this is how breath is suspended, time stops and the heart expands, while catching a glimpse of ‘God’s smile’ in the sky. How can I explain the way God smiled at me? A special and rarefied light, the enchantment of shades of clouds and sky, ever changing tones of pink, azure and lilac, the moon that softly welcomes you, a rustle of tremulous foliage, a most delicate scent of earth and sky, a soul’s transport, and here you are beyond the worlds, where you dissolve in the Immense and your spirit is regenerated.

When I come back home, jingling and tinkles herald me something special – the teaspoon now is ready to go back to the bar, for a new phase of his life. He has understood, realized, experienced, imbibed wisdom, sharpened his

perceptions, seen, heard, received, and now he is full of yoga. *Yogapoorna*, that is his name, full of yoga. The more he is full of yoga, the more he can give, and the more he gives, the more he is full. Isn't that magnificent?

I think that something special is needed to celebrate the giant leap he has made, from ordinary teaspoon to yogi teaspoon. I take him in my hands, bring him closer to the pictures of the Masters, sing mantras, wrap him up in ochre coloured cloth, and lovingly draw Shiva's three stripes on him.

Yogapoorna, the yogic teaspoon, is now ready to go back into the world without being of the world anymore, to fulfil his dharma with excellence. Dharma doesn't only mean a duty, but it is the expression of our best qualities, it is bringing in virtues and inspiring towards virtue, it is giving one's best without having any expectations, it is being fully oneself and acting for the benefit of the world.



I tell him solemnly, "When you go back to the bar, you will become the Guru and the role model for other teaspoons. Transmit to all cutlery and crockery the noble teachings you received. In fact, thanks to invisible energies, you will also transmit them to people who will touch you, who will hold you, who will even allow you into their mouths. Think what a degree of intimacy you will have! You can sow so many seeds of wisdom, and prepare every person to find their path to the Sublime, free from expectation, free to follow their hearts. While abiding in cosmic consciousness, you will be at ease in every environment and situation; you will give moments of solace and relief, warmth and joy, energy and inspiration.

"As this new Corona virus spreads all over the world, in the same way you will diffuse and spread the beneficial 'viruses' of contentment, joy, openness to life, courage, fortitude, nobility, authenticity, self-confidence, cheerfulness, balance, wisdom, understanding, generosity, inner peace,

discernment, sweetness, righteousness, calmness, firmness, simplicity, sincerity, beauty, harmony, spirit of service, determination, forgiveness, emotional independence, humility, vigour. You will certainly know how to convey to each one the quality they will need!

“As you have seen people take off their face masks in your presence, you will notice that they will know how to take off for a short instant the heavy invisible masks they constantly wear in order to protect their soul’s vulnerability, thus giving you a way to relate to them. Yes, now you are ready indeed to go back to the previous things, illuminating them with a new light. My support and good wishes are with you.”

The big day comes, when I learn that there is another lockdown now. It doesn’t matter, or better still, without even needing to move, I can clearly see so many things: I see unaware giants who go on with strength and courage, heroes who sacrifice themselves for others, I see people who defy the rules and people who follow the good sense; I see people being ill, people who grieve, people who lose their dear ones; but even worse, people chronically infected by the much worse viruses of indifference and egoism; people exasperated, others losing hope.

Just imagine that these locked and lockdown periods could be transformed into precious opportunities to exert ourselves and find that beyond the multifarious farces of the world, beyond the veil of illusion, beyond the ideas we have made of ourselves, we are made indeed of pure Light.



If only we could change our perspective, we would become also aware that the pure Light of which we are made is in constant union with the Divine Pure Light.

But let's come to the big day, big also for the exultation of the recent reopening. Together with a friend, who I related the whole story to, I bring Yogapoorna, the yogic teaspoon, to the bar at long last. Seizing the opportunity, I ask the staff if they have something interesting to tell me about the bar.

"Sorry," they say, "but we are so busy." They run between tables, they have really no time. Anyway we exchange a few words. Various stories come out, the most beautiful, and it is all true, is a story of love and integration, which culminates in the marriage between the owner of the bar and an African man. Their good mood spreads in the place, and adds a sweet effervescence to all drinks. Moreover, their baby gladdens the atmosphere, colouring it with smiles and pastel colours.

I take courage and explain them what happened to the teaspoon due to my distraction. I can't hide a certain embarrassment. They tell me to keep the teaspoon but I insist that he wanted to come back to be with his friends. I try to mention something about yoga, they answer that they already know it, that sometimes they do a little stretching and light an incense, "Yes, yoga, nice . . . good for body . . ."



No one knows how, but the teaspoon is already on the counter and, standing upright, proudly states:

*Other than stretching and incenses!
Open your ears wide, all of you,
otherwise with my just found again friends
we'll make such a din
that you can only but listen!*

I have never seen such a thing! All the spoons, teaspoons, forks and knives animate, dance, touch each other producing musical notes. Saucers, cups, and glasses complete the orchestra. Then they all settle in a circle around Yogapoorna, the teaspoon in the first row. So he continues:

*Yoga is a philosophy that allows to make our own life into a poem,
and it is an infinite journey towards the Infinite.
It goes much farther than postures and breathing or meditative
techniques.*

*Yoga is a milenary discipline for developing and harmonizing all the
components of a human being: body, mind, vitality, emotions,
feelings, intuition, wisdom, luminosity . . .*

*In the words of a great, true yogi, Swami Niranjan, "The aim of
Yoga is learning how to live, love, and laugh."*

Yoga is excelling in what we do.

*It is knowing how to balance on one foot, as well as in the midst of
life's storms.*

*It is knowing how to be at ease, relaxed, in somewhat difficult
postures as well as in the different situations life puts us in.*

It is agility of body and mind.

*But mostly, the true spirit of Yoga is to connect to the beautiful,
good and positive in ourselves and in the world.*

*It is discovering our potentials and resources, such as health, vigour,
creativity, intelligence, serenity, generosity, inner peace, courage
. . . and enhancing them in others too.*

It is knowing how to transform every negativity in to positivity.

It is commitment.

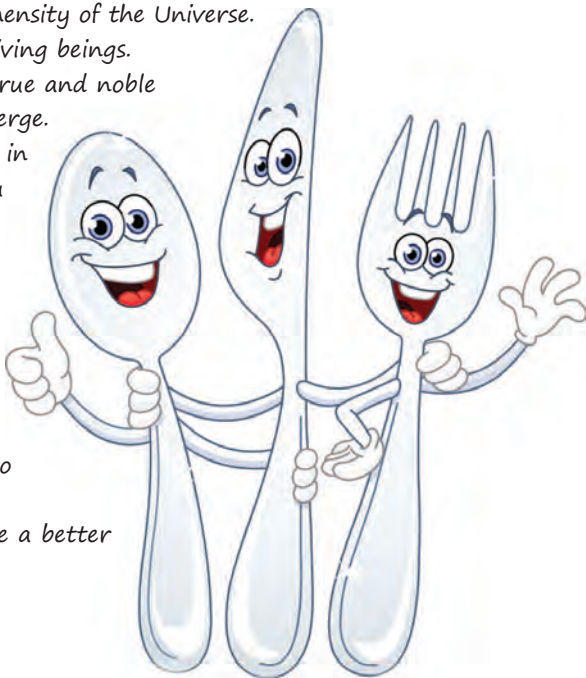
It is awareness.

It is laughing with somebody and not at somebody.
It is making the weak strong.
It is overcoming the contrasts and winning together with the other.
It is willing to serve others and not using others.
It is the power of love and not love for power.
It is giving oneself.
It is knowing how to play down.
It is knowing how to adapt.
It is being able to forgive.
It is knowing how to use technology and not being used by technology.
It is knowing how to disconnect from the web to connect with Life.
It is knowing how to express one's own requirements and opinions clearly and calmly.
It is understanding others' point of view.
It is learning how to breathe.
It is seeing beauty in every face.
It is using the gift of the word wisely.
It is contemplating the immensity of the Universe.
It is loving Nature and all living beings.
It is letting the most fine, true and noble qualities of the soul emerge.
You have those qualities in abundance . . . yes, you have indeed!

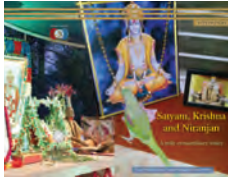
It is being fully happy, always, without any particular reason.

It is making the effort, continuously, with sincerity and optimism to transform oneself, to improve oneself.

And then the world shall be a better place!



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SATYAM TALES 53



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SAVAD GITA

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