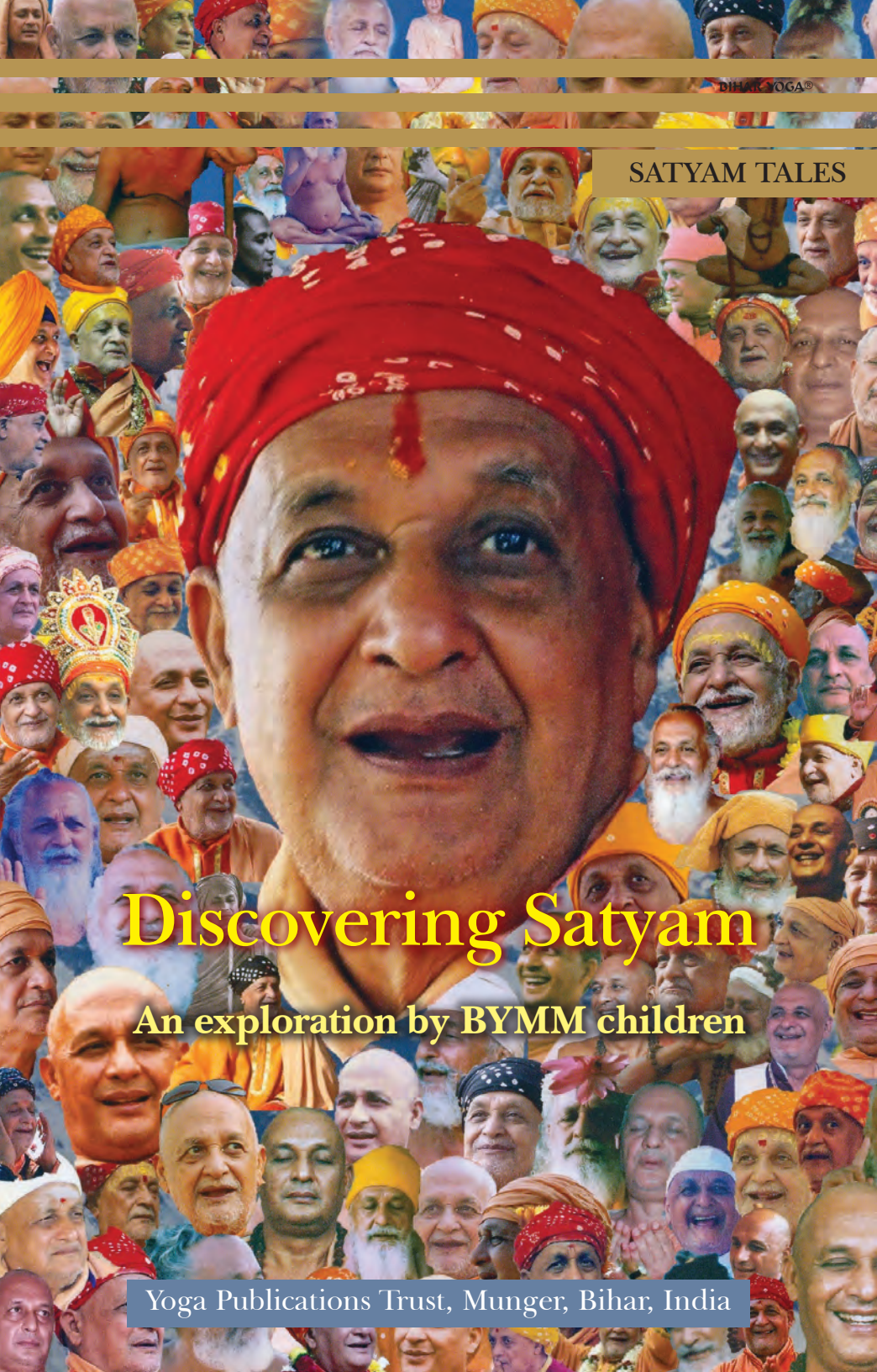




BIHAR YOGA®

SATYAM TALES

# Discovering Satyam

An exploration by BYMM children

Yoga Publications Trust, Munger, Bihar, India



# Satyam Tales

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

*Discovering Satyam* is the sixtieth 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.

On a Sunday morning, a group of Bal Yoga Mitra Mandal children suddenly realized that they had never met Sri Swamiji and had only heard about him from Swamiji and others. What did Sri Swamiji think of himself? How did he see himself? So their search began to discover Sri Swamiji in his own words and feel more connected to him than ever.

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 too may want to read Sri Swamiji's words and feel his inspiration in every sentence . . .

— Editor

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SWAMI SATYANANDA SARASWATI

1923~2023

CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS

# Discovering Satyam

“I have never met Sri Swamiji,” Pooja, the youngest, broke the silence. We had finished our chanting practice and were sitting on the lawn in front of Chhaya Samadhi, too comfortable and maybe too lazy to move.



“Neither have I,” Arvind added.

We looked at each other and everyone was engaged using fingers for higher mathematical calculations.

“Not possible. Sri Swamiji took Mahasamadhi in December 2009. Shanti was one-year old, and the rest of us, we were not even born.” Vivek had it all worked out.

“Not fair,” Pooja complained, “Everyone has a tale to tell about their meeting with Sri Swamiji, the guidance and inspiration they received, and how life turned around and for the better. We have Swamiji, but that is different because he is always with us and in us. There are so many stories about Sri Swamiji, so which one is true.”

“They are all true for each person.”

“Is there no true Sri Swamiji?”

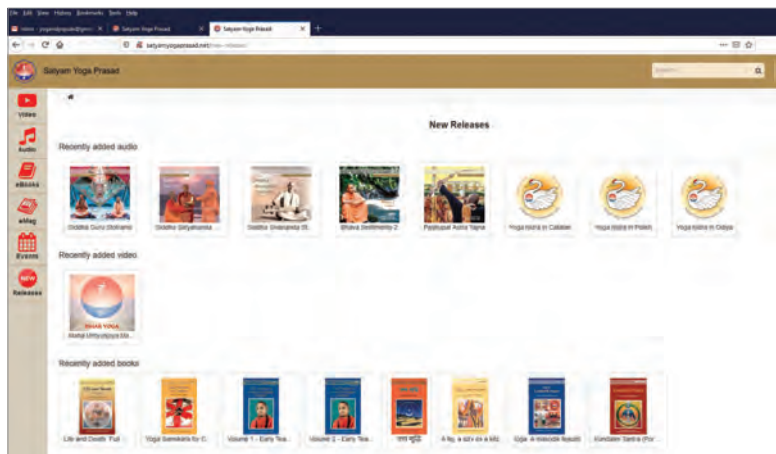
“What do you mean true?” Akash wanted to know.

“Like how did Sri Swamiji see himself? I want to know him through his eyes, not through some other person’s eyes.”

“Why don’t we find out, if he ever said anything about himself,” Vivek suggested.

“How do you want to do that?” Roopa wanted to know.

“Satyam Yoga Prasad, of course,” Shanti had the answer ready.



And right there in front of Chhaya Samadhi, our project started, discovering Sri Swamiji in his own words. Eager to find the ‘true Sri Swamiji’, we gave ourselves one week until our next chanting practice. When we met again we all had sheets and sheets of paper with us. Akash was the first to share his discovery.

“I found something about when Sri Swamiji was living at home and going to school. What a different life he had from us here in Munger. Are you ready?”

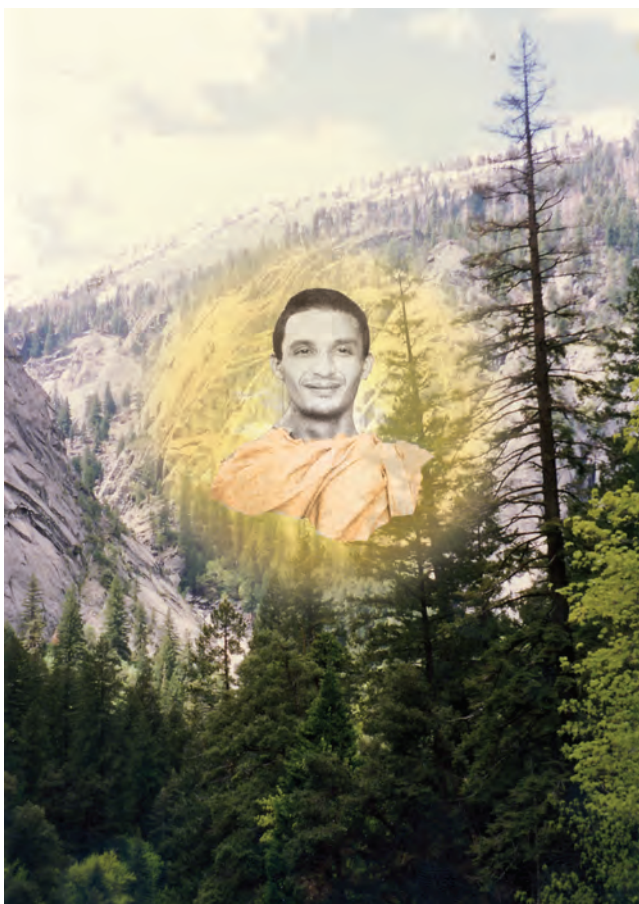
“Go ahead,” we all shouted



### **The farm boy**

I come from a place in Uttar Pradesh called Nainital. There is a beautiful lake near my home town, Almora. My father was posted there with the police. He had been retrenched from the first World War, during which he had been sent to Abyssinia, Mesopotamia and Algeria, as a regular foot soldier. When the war was over, he came back and got a job in the police force, which he liked. His job was in the town, so he completely neglected the family property

I was the son of a zamindar; I farmed, looked after the forests, took care of the land and the estates, looked after the cattle, took care of the staff and the servants. I had to do all the work myself. We possessed one and a half thousand acres of farmland, one and a half thousand acres of forest, forty or fifty horses, twenty or twenty-five mules, two to three hundred sheep, goats and fifty servants. I had to mind them all



myself. Until I was nineteen I lived as a farmer's son in my village home.

I come from a very comfortable home. My family did not even know how much wealth they had; immense wealth, property, resources, revenue. I did not know what poverty was. I did not know how to sleep on the floor. I had never seen one mosquito in my life. I had never seen bugs in my life.

My father gave me eighteen rupees a month, which is not even a dollar! At the age of eight, I started

working for that amount. I went to a boarding school in Nainital where I stayed from Monday to Friday. I had become a monitor of the class, so that I could keep my text books in the almirah there over the weekend. Every Saturday I would go straight from school to my village. I had to walk very far, up and down in the Himalayas, to reach my home. At school I would only study in class, I would never study at home. When did I have the time to study?

I used to be hard with the servants, but ultimately I realized that everyone has his own self-respect. When I was able to recognize and respect this quality in each individual, I could take everyone into my confidence and get their maximum contribution, whether in the form of work or anything else required.

“I don’t think I could live like that,” Shanti interrupted. “Can you imagine walking through the mountains to go to school? We take our bicycles and in fifteen minutes we are there.”

“And Sri Swamiji did not only do all this and study, he also learnt lessons of life – like the change of attitude towards the servants,” added Akash.

“I found something where Sri Swamiji speaks about his anger,” Roopa wanted to present her discovery.

“All right, tell us,” Shanti invited.

### **Me and my anger**

Anger was a part of my life from childhood. I still remember the day when my father told me something. I went inside the room, loaded the rifle and said, “Don’t tell me again what I have to do! Just keep quiet, otherwise I will shoot you!” He was a very intelligent man and said, “Yes, thy will be done.” That was my father. I respect him even to this day, but during the moments of anger . . .

I was not a calm, quiet man. I only became quiet in 1964 or 1965. Even in Rishikesh, they remember that I

was a terror. Anger was one of the weakest points in my life. I did not like anyone to tell me what I should do.

I had a lot of anger, even with my guru I got angry. I said, 'Look after your ashram, I don't care!' I can tell you about so many incidents, but I never felt anything wrong about it. Once my guru said to me, 'Swami Satyananda do you practise asanas or something?' I don't know why but I said, 'You have told me to do it once, don't ask me anymore. If I do it, I will do it by myself and if I don't, that's it. I don't need to be reminded.'

I only thought about one thing, 'What is anger, what is passion, what is jealousy?' I have my own theories. I think that all this is the expression of energy. The only thing therefore is to channelize the energy properly. Before you channelize the energy you should have a channel. Which way are you going to channelize it? I used to work in Rishikesh ashram very much or too



much; I hardly slept two or three hours, but still I could not channelize it.

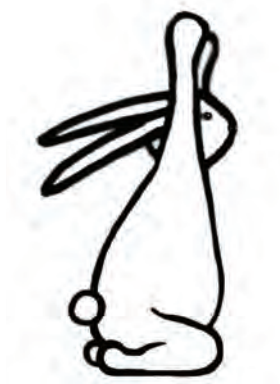
Today I can say I have never had any animosity with my anger. I have never felt guilt about it. I have never repented for it. I have never sought a solution for it. I have never sought a solution to my negative traits, whatever they were, because I do not believe in 'good' and 'evil'; they are social distinctions and classifications. There are 'good' people and 'bad' people, but talking about spirituality there is just one – shakti, energy. That's all.

“That's great, he never felt bad about his anger.”

“Instead he thought of helping others. You know how?”

“Shashankasana for anger management!” Vivek shouted.

“I've tried it many times and it works,” Shanti added from personal experience, smiling at the thought of her favourite cartoon rabbit.



“Sri Swamiji not only had anger but so much courage; he always followed his own conviction and understanding.”

“He was also the most obedient disciple. Listen as he describes his life with Swami Sivananda,” it was Pooja’s turn now.

We all sat in eager silence.

### **My Guru**

My life has been very exceptional. I have never had any difficulties, therefore, when I went to my guru, I didn’t go with any desires in my mind. Many times I thought I should try to pray for something, but I didn’t know what to pray for. He has given me everything and what he has not given me I think I should not have. In my interaction and my life with Swami Sivananda, the discovery of Self was the primary goal of our relationship. The period of twelve years that I lived with him was a time for me to polish my inner mirror. The ego had to be erased, the passions settled, the desires properly fixed and ignorance removed. How can one do this unless one serves one’s guru?

When I went to Swami Sivananda and said, “I have come here to live with you,” he said, “Okay, live here but first of all clean your mirror. Whatever you want



to achieve is within you, it is not within me. The guru doesn't give anything. The soul, the atma, is the truth within us. Consciousness is within us; the light is within us. Brahma is within us. Everything is within us."

Sometimes I was asked to clean the library and while dusting I would see the *Rig Veda*, the *Yajur Veda* and the *Sama Veda*. This was a great temptation. The Upanishads and other texts used to tempt me. I said



to Swamiji, "There are so many books. Can I take a few?" He replied, "Satyananda, you are talking of infection, you should talk of education. Infection is when knowledge comes in from outside. When inner knowledge is revealed outside, that is called education. All knowledge is within you. The knowledge of the four Vedas is within you. The human being is all knowledgeable. Atma, your spirit, is omniscient."

Self-surrender is not just the thought that you want to surrender; it is an inborn quality. For surrender you require innocence, but everybody has lost their innocence. The heart, mind, buddhi, have become tough and rigid. In order to soften your heart, mind and intellect, satsang is necessary for a sustained period of time. Satsang is a very powerful tool. It took me so many years to emulate my guru and practise his principles. He used to say, “Serve, love, give. Whatever you have, give it to others. It does not belong to you.” Nothing belongs to me, nothing is mine. I am just a medium.

I did not analyze my guru even for one second. It was as if whatever he was speaking and doing was totally acceptable to me. That is the relationship between guru and chela. When one becomes a disciple, either a lay disciple or a sannyasin disciple, and one has accepted a mantra from one’s guru, it becomes very important that he lives in one’s heart like a constant light. By maintaining constant awareness of



the guru, one will be able to develop the *satguru*, the guru who dwells within.

The influence of his love and my devotion to him were so great that I worked around the clock without allowing time for sleep and often missing meals. I was working to build the ashram like one possessed, but he never wanted it. Every time I finished a room and called him to bless it, he said, “You have created one more maya, one more subtle bondage.” And like this, for years and years, I worked for Swami Sivananda with a different type of devotion. It was not emotional devotion, nor was it intellectual or mental devotion. It was actual devotion; devotion in action.

What is the use of having devotion for your guru and constantly repeating his name while you are seated in the dirt? If his ashram is desolate and his garden has no flowers, is that devotion? A disciple’s devotion should become actual. When my guru’s birthday was being celebrated, all the disciples used to go to worship him, but I never did, I went to the kitchen and worked there instead. The other disciples used to ask me, “Hey, why don’t you show any devotion for Swamiji?” I used to say, “Your devotion is emotional, my devotion is actual.”

I found it far better to work for him and to dedicate all my physical, mental and emotional energy to him. Even now, in dedicating every action to him I feel I have done much more than just meditating on him. I feel I have almost accomplished the act of union with him. This has always been my practical approach to guru and to spiritual life. Thus the relationship between my guru and myself has been one of spiritual communion. It is a spiritual connection, not a physical connection.

“Do you think we can have a relationship like this with Swamiji?” Shanti asked.

“But we do. We always think of him and are ready when he needs us,” Pooja answered with full conviction. We all nodded in agreement, and Pooja continued.

During the years in Rishikesh with Swami Sivananda, I did not learn hatha yoga, raja yoga, bhakti yoga, tantra, Upanishads or the *Bhagavad Gita*. I worked and worked like a donkey right from dawn to dusk and sometimes during the night as well, because he gave me just one command, “Work hard and you will be purified. You don’t have to fetch the light; the light is in you.”

I never cared whether Swamiji taught me yoga or pranayama or Vedanta or tantra. Nothing mattered; nothing even came into my mind. I just plunged into karma yoga, which is an expression of jnana yoga and bhakti yoga anyway. Without the combination of jnana



yoga and bhakti yoga, that is to say, without higher awareness and perfected devotion, you can never serve your guru.

When I worked for my guru in various capacities, it was not important for me to be with him either. Of course, I saw him when I needed guidance concerning the work. And when I typed his manuscripts, I used to go every day to get them from him. But when I was administrator of the ashram, it was not even necessary for me to meet him once in a month because I had my own area of operation which did not really concern him. That was how I lived in the ashram for all those years, hardly ever thinking about my guru, but constantly working for him.

Now I think I must have been working much more for my own inner peace and awakening than for seva. Because at the time I was very young, highly energetic



and extremely turbulent, and it was necessary for me to channel my energies in the right direction. Otherwise my mind would have gone astray. Even with all the work that I did, I still found enough time to get into all types of mischief. In fact, even though I was totally engrossed in service, I was still one of the chief terrorists of the ashram.

The result of all this hard work and sadhana was that gradually I came to meet with the *atman anubhuti*; the spiritual awareness took birth in me. Then, quite naturally, I was able to forge a greater, deeper and more truthful link with my guru.

“But he also says that he was a lazy man,” Akash interrupted.

“Lazy? Sri Swamiji! Never! You just heard how he worked hard his whole life as a boy, then for his guru and then here in Munger. In Rikhia too he worked so hard only in a different way,” Vivek corrected that statement.

“If you don’t believe me, then at least believe Sri Swamiji’s own words,” Akash defended himself. “So listen to what he says.”

### **A lazy man?**

When I was in Gangotri, I practised pranayama. I not only practised pranayama, I ignored things like constipation. I used to go to the toilet only once in three days. It was very cold in Gangotri, and of course there was no bathroom. If I had to go somewhere out in the bushes, it was out of the question, because there used to be 5 to 10 feet of snow. I used to open my window and . . . I was so lazy about it. I used to just remain in the room, windows and doors closed.

It was so cold and I had my fireplace. The whole day I used to put the fuel wood and the room was full of smoke. I was not only doing pranayama; I was inhaling smoke. I was doing smoking pranayama. That was wrong. If I had been with my guru, he would have said,

“If you cannot manage to endure that cold, then do not do it. Why do you waste your health?” In addition to that I became a non-stop chain ganja smoker. Nine months I smoked, morning until night and night until morning. The whole day I was having chillum. It was so pleasant. The world did not exist. The agonies did not exist, moksha did not exist. I was all alone in the whole cosmos, smoking, doing pranayama and boiling potatoes, adding salt and making tea with jaggery. That was what I used to do all day.

“That does not count,” Vivek interrupted. “That is not lazy the way we are lazy. He did such intense sadhana and in such extreme conditions. That surely cannot be called lazy.”

“But he says it himself,” Akash insisted.

“Listen to what I found,” Shanti intervened. “It will show you how Sri Swamiji worked so hard and in many different ways and always with one aim – to become perfect.”

### **Let Me Roam**

After twelve years Swamiji told me that now I should leave the ashram and that my sadhana was almost complete. “So far, you have been learning the divine life in the ashram with your spiritual brothers, you have been testing yourself. Now live in the world and see how you fare.”





I left the ashram and for eight years I was moving throughout India from village to village, from state to state, on foot, by bullock cart, on elephant back, by train, any way. Sometimes people would criticize me and say, “Look how this young boy is wasting his time.” Then I used to analyze myself, “What am I feeling?” Often I went without food because I had to live on alms. Sometimes, when I asked alms from a householder’s place, the occupants who were educated people would say, “Get out from here,” and they would insult me. Sometimes I used to get onto a train, a good friend having purchased a ticket for me for an air-conditioned compartment, and some sophisticated man would say, “Look here Swamiji, this is air-conditioned!” How very insulted I would feel, for I had as much right to the air-conditioned compartment as this man who was insulting me so much.

I am telling you I was a very lean and thin person up to 1967. So lean and so thin that people used to

pass remarks about me. They said, “Swamiji you are a yogi and you should be radiant, but you look so sickly.” I was never a sick person; I was a very strong man. I could carry the whole bag of salt, one bag of salt from down and up. Physically I am very strong and I could fight with four or five people and just put them to the dust. Ah! Even now I can do it. We used to have a lot of wrestlers; I threw them all around, many people. You could put one lemon or apple on my belly and I could carry it for kilometres, it would not fall out. There was a ditch there. I did not have to practise uddiyana because it was always uddiyana!

“So skinny and so strong, so wise and so humble,” Vivek was impressed. “To carry an apple in uddiyana bandha, that is awesome. Sri Swamiji had not only strength of body and mind, but such clarity and courage. He lived freely yet fully committed to his beliefs and never compromised for and with anything.” Vivek was now sharing his tale as told by Sri Swamiji.

### **Losing does not matter**

I had no intention at all of having ashrams and disciples and I never had any ambition to be promoted to guruhood. Even to this day I am not sure if I am a guru. Many times I try to find out, but I don't find any guru in myself. I find discipleship, of course. I never had any intention of being a preacher or a teacher. I just wanted to live as free as a bird, to move with the breeze and be tossed like the waves of the ocean. My ideal was to have nothing to do and nothing to accomplish; nothing to gain and nothing to lose; to be, that is all.

I never stayed at any place or associated myself with anyone. I lived like an ordinary beggar, like one of the thousands you find in India. And if you would have seen me, you would have pitied my lot. I used to spend

my nights in the alleys and lanes, and drink water from any place. I slept anywhere, amongst all types of people. I liked this life because there was a total and unspecified freedom.

I had a very good friend. She was the mother of the prince of a great and large state in India, and she liked me very much and I liked her very much. Of course, the liking was not from the point of view of men and women because she was thirty years older, but we liked each other. At that time, she thought that my ashram would be made there, at the cost of five or six crore rupees. She was prepared to give away a palace. I fought just one issue with her.

She believed in this untouchability – the brahmins, kshatriyas, vaishyas and shudras, high caste and low caste. I do not believe in it. I can eat with a sweeper, I can eat with a shudra, I can eat with a Muslim, I can eat from your plate, I can just share your bread, but she did not believe in it. We fought on just that one point. I have lost many bright opportunities. Losing chances in this world does not matter to me.



“But it was all different when he came to Munger,” Roopa interrupted.

“How do you know?” Pooja wanted to know.

“Because he says so, just listen.”

### **Munger – the place of experiences**

I spent the best period of my life with Swami Sivananda Saraswati learning more about life and spiritual life. The time I lived with him is still unforgettable. When I received his blessing in 1956, I travelled through the Indian subcontinent, Afghanistan, Burma, Nepal, the whole of India, Ceylon and finally I went to Bihar, the place where Lord Buddha spent his life, where Mahavir, the great tirthankara of Jainism, was born, and the place where the great Karna, the eldest son of Kunti, ruled. There I found a land of inspiration, experience and promise. That place gave me not only shelter, respect and honour; it gave me spiritual experiences. In Munger, on the hillock from where Karna ruled his kingdom, I had such experiences and it is in that particular place that I realized the efficacy of yoga. I sat down at one place and had experiences which I did not believe in. I had never thought that without any effort one could have non-physical experiences.

Without any practice, without any padmasana or siddhasana, I began to have frightening, dreadful, yet self-consuming experiences, and I did not understand what was happening to me. I knew that it could happen and that the mind was not a static object but subject to the laws of evolution. The state of mind we have in this century cannot be the same as in the thirtieth or fortieth century. Man will have different perceptions, values, other religions – everything will be different.

The question of meditation in padmasana with pranayama did not occur to me at all. I happen to

be one of those swamis who still exist in this country today, who think that truth can be realized by thinking, who think that truth can be realized through the Upanishads and shastras. I was one among those.

Karna used to offer his body to sixty-four yoginis. I thought that Karna must be cutting his body into sixty-four pieces and some ugly looking women must be coming and taking them away. It was only after those experiences that I could understand what the sacrifice really means and what transcendence means. Therefore, I stayed in Munger, and today I have my ashram exactly on the same spot where King Karna had his palace and his *gaddi* or seat at the end of Dwapara Yuga.

It is from there that I began to think about yoga sincerely and diligently. What is yoga? Is it meditation? Yes, it is. But if a person's mind is distracted and restless, if he cannot concentrate even for a split second, how is yoga going to help him? Should we fight with our mind? Should we kill our mind? Or is there a technique, a trick through which we can tranquillize the mind?



“And all these experiences happened right here at Ganga Darshan,” Akash observed. “I will look at our ashram quite differently now.”

“Yes, but he did not stop with his own experiences. No, he wanted everyone to have a better life with the help of yoga. I found how he went about. You want to know?” Vivek began to read.

### **Discovering yoga**

It became necessary for me to rethink the whole process of my learning. I thought, before giving *jnana*, before giving knowledge, let me first of all reconstruct, restructure and reform the mind and body. As I was travelling through the country, I did teach people a few asanas, pranayama, here and there, and on the next visit I found that they were hale and hearty.

Then I knew that the yoga I was teaching to the people was definitely helping them. How was it helping them? What was it in yoga that helped them? Was it the exercise that helped them? Was it faith in yoga that helped them? Or was it my own power that I gave to them through yogasana that helped them?

That had to be decided. For that purpose, in 1964, I established a very small institution to continue more experiments on yoga. People came from every walk of life, seeking therapy, concentration and meditation, mental rest and spiritual solace. I found that yoga did work with them. I read scientific manuals which told me how yoga worked, but it was not clear to me.

Then, in 1968 I left India in search of the possibilities of more researches in yoga. I left India, not as a king, an ambassador, an industrialist, I left with one jhola. I went to all the countries and wanted to discover possibilities and I did discover them. Throughout the world, I have been responsible in initiating researches in yoga in hundreds of laboratories where scientists and doctors are sitting

with the subjects, investigating, studying and trying to find out the change that takes place in the physical body during the practice of asana, pranayama, yoga nidra and the various techniques of dhyana yoga.

There are thousands of forms of yoga, but whatever you do, it is important that you have the experience. You should be able to awaken your prana shakti to such an extent that it will elevate the quality of your mind, and when the mind is elevated it will influence the quality of your life. When your life is influenced, it will influence the quality of your achievement. You may be a student, businessman, tailor or housewife, but your whole life must be influenced.

. . . I do not know what has happened! Not a day do I get rest; not a day can I think of anything other than yoga. I had built a small cottage costing a few thousand rupees to see if the people would come or not. I thought I should maybe not waste my time and effort. I thought if I get a good catch, then I know people will come. In the beginning, I would have fifteen-day courses in which I was the teacher, the cook, the



administrator and the guru. I also established a yoga research library and became the librarian. My plan was correct, as I really understood human psychology. Almost immediately, I had hundreds of students. People came and slept on the lawn if they did not have a place in the yoga hall. They came from any distance, at any cost, with any inconvenience. They knew that the yoga I had to offer was for their benefit.

When I was leaving my guru's ashram, he asked me to give yoga a distinguished place. That has been done by the Bihar School of Yoga, so I have accomplished the task given by my guru. I have given yoga a place of respect.

"You see, Sri Swamiji was not lazy at all. He worked day and night to fulfil the mandate given to him by Swami Sivananda." Vivek really wanted this point to be clear.

"Now I want to tell you something totally unbelievable," Pooja was also keen to have her turn.

"Can you believe that Sri Swamiji did not like kirtan?"

"Never," we all exclaimed.

"Just listen and you will believe me, or if you do not believe me you have to believe Sri Swamiji himself."

### **The magic of music**

The first daily duty that I was given in the ashram in Rishikesh was something which I didn't like. In 1943, a year before my arrival, Swami Sivananda had made a resolution that in the ashram an unbroken kirtan of God's name would be chanted for all time to come. Therefore, in one corner of the hall one swami or one person used to sit and chant *Hare Rama Hare Krishna Hare Hare*. After one hour, another person used to replace him. Thus the chanting used to continue for all the twenty-four hours.

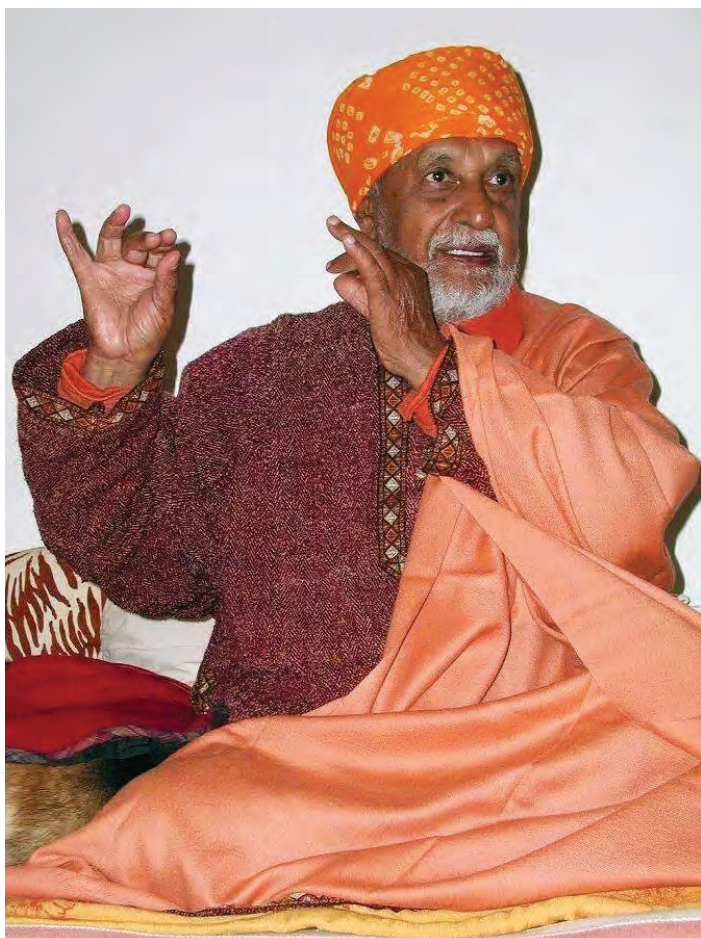
It was a very difficult resolution, but it was that unbroken kirtan which became the nucleus of Swamiji's

mission. I was given the duty to sing one hour in the night. I had to sleep in the hall, wake up at any time, and sing that name which was too dry, too tasteless and too funny for me. Yet I used to do it. After some time, I had some experiences. I cannot say why those experiences came to me. While I was singing the name in the night, I was just chanting, without any life, without any prana in it.

I did practise pranayama, but that didn't really work. Perhaps my brain, my constitution, my nature, my samskaras were very hard. What I could not achieve in so many years, I achieved by a sadhana in which I didn't even have faith. Even though I did not like to do that kirtan job, I did it because it was giving me experiences after experiences and all that was fantastic and beautiful.

Music is a natural expression of human beings. It is a natural expression of the universe. The birds sing, the trees sing and sometimes the wind sings so much that it

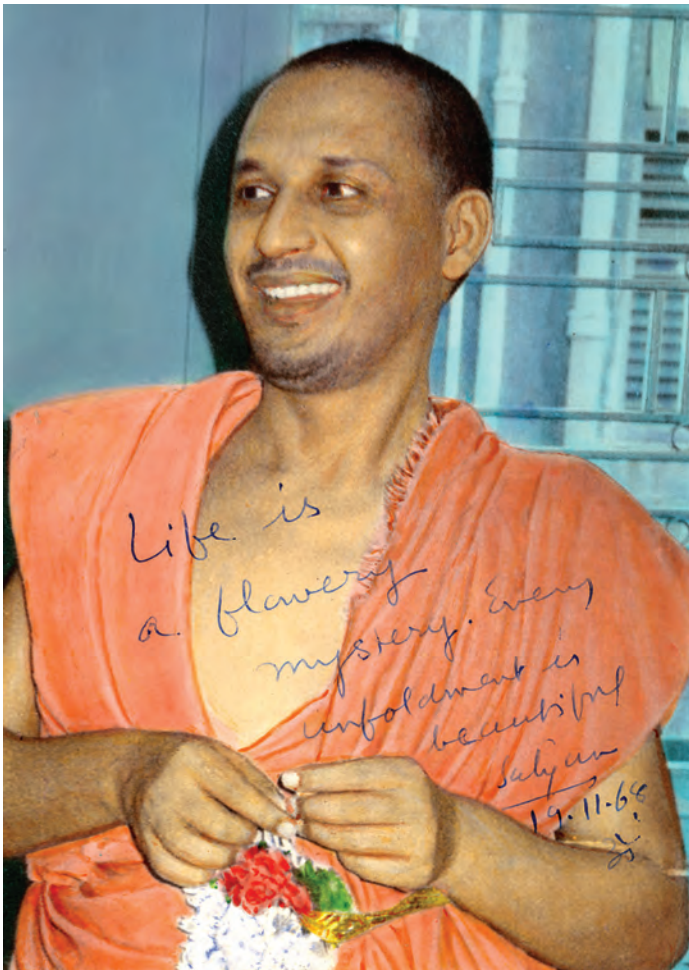




becomes a cyclone! When simple people sing it touches the heart. When a person's heart is innocent and childlike, whatever he sings is blessed. When Sri Krishna played his flute it disturbed the milkmaids' meditation. When the village women in Rikhia sing at night I listen and my meditation is disturbed. The village music is melodious and meaningful. When they bid farewell to their daughter or welcome her back home or when somebody dies or is born – oh, the music!

“That is quite something from not liking music to letting yourself be carried away by the magic of music. We don’t have to change this bit, because we all love our kirtans,” Shanti was deeply moved by Sri Swamiji’s transformation.

“You know, Sri Swamiji was everything in life because he was open to everything. He had no head-trips and hang-ups or silly useless opinions. He allowed every experience to unfold. I love that about him, and yet or maybe because



of that he was the most humble. Listen to this,” and Shanti picked up her papers.

### **Mission of a servant**

I have definitely gone through the different stages of spiritual life, there is no doubt about it, but at the same time, I have not chosen a mission of my own. I have been given a duty by my guru who had a realization of his own, and he found that I was a very efficient channel for the fulfilment of his awareness and his knowledge. I exist as an instrument or a tool. I do not do very much thinking or planning myself. I have never led a life of ambition. Things come and I participate. As they come, I attend to them.

In 1963, on 13th July, when I was staying in Munger, I received a very clear instruction, and since then I have been receiving instructions. It is as clear as I am talking to you; it is not a hallucination, a dream, vision or whispering. I do not know when it happens to me. I do not know how to get in touch with it, it just happens.

Then, after that I said, ‘Okay.’ I stayed in Munger. I did not even know that the work would grow so much and that yoga awareness would become worldwide. I found myself a very little and very inadequate place, because it was for me and not for a mission. Within a year or so, it was such a tremendous thing that people came from about seventy countries without invitation. Someone said, ‘We received your instructions,’ ‘We received your call,’ ‘You called us in a dream.’ I was surprised because I did not know them. They came from different countries and they lived with me for nine months or a year.

Then they invited me all over the world. And to that at first I said, ‘I am not going anywhere, abroad or elsewhere. As a mendicant I can go only with a jhola.’ When I went for the first time, there was no organization; there was no planning; there was no

secretary. You understand, I was a man of very limited resources and with very limited goals. I went to Singapore, that is all. I went to Hong Kong, Australia, America, South America and to different places. And everywhere it seemed those people had received the news already. I do not know how.

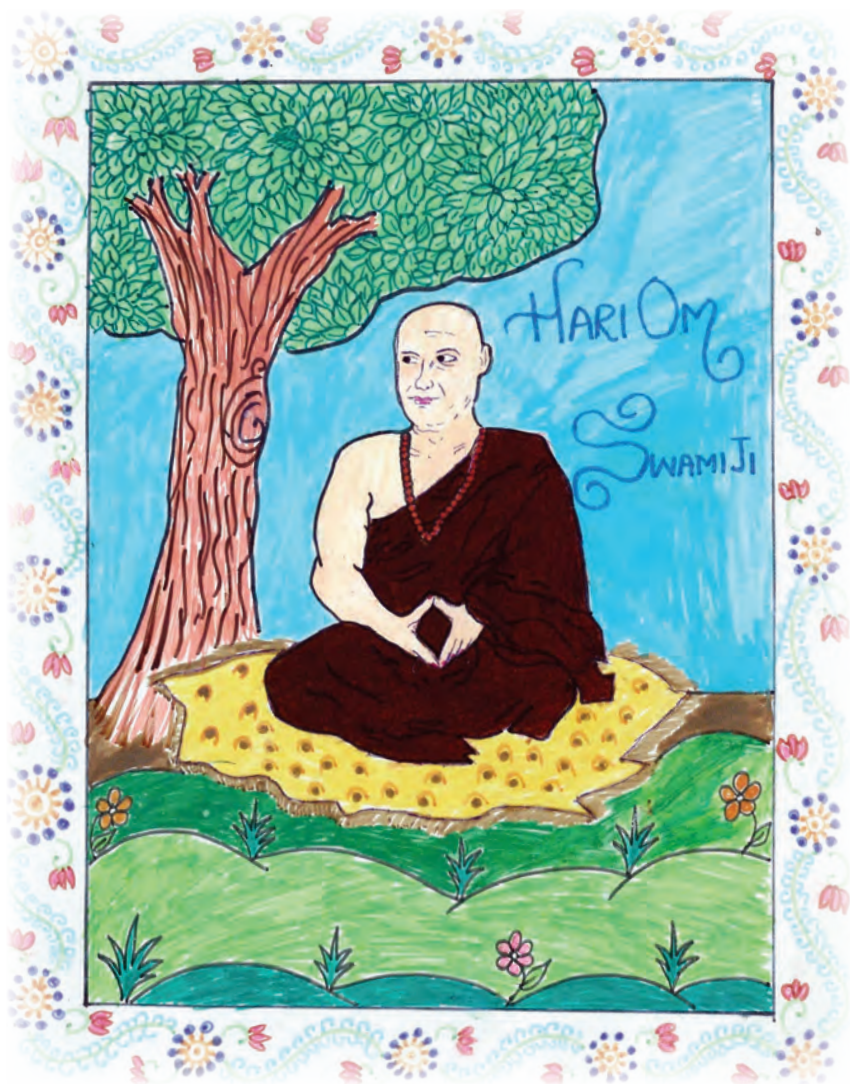
This confirmed me in the conviction that there is something which has to be done and I am only a participant, just a servant. I have the mission of a servant, not the mission of a great man, you see, the mission belongs to saints.

“But that’s not true,” Pooja shouted. “Sri Swamiji was a saint.”

“That’s the whole point,” Vivek explained. “A true saint will never say that he is a saint, because he knows . . .”

Filled with inspiration and good intentions we got up and as we slowly walked down the hill we were aware that Sri Swamiji had made these roads, had walked upon them many times and was still here with us . . .





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