

The Journals from INDIA



By James Kozlik
With DI

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If I Were An Alien

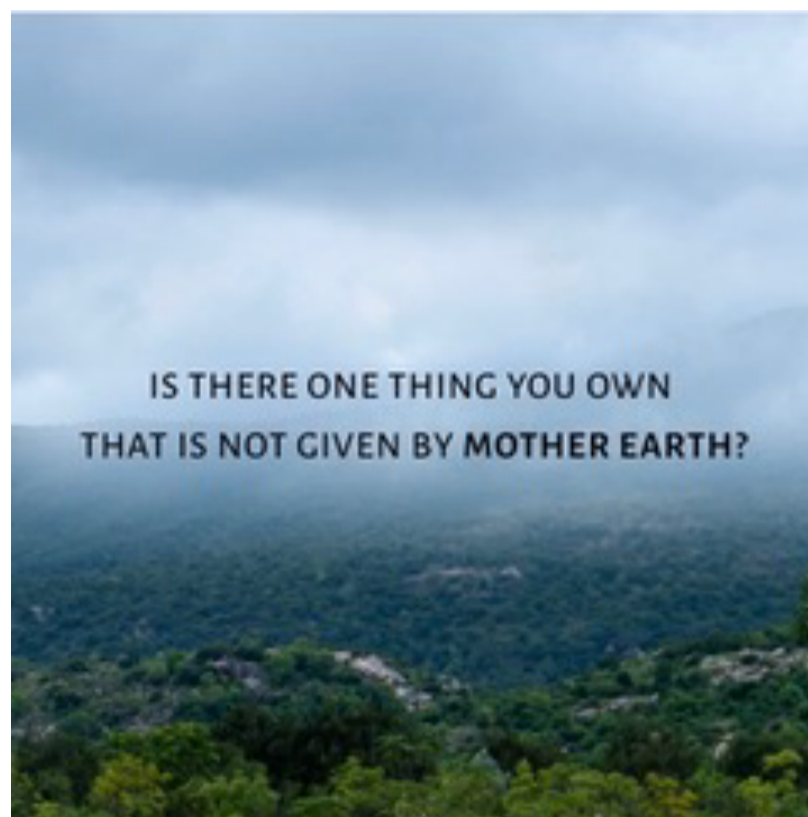
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As I sit still in the shadows of the towering bamboo stems at Sattva, contemplating the many ways in which we, humans, can preserve the beauty of our precious Mother Earth, my attention is drawn to the gentle rustling of bamboo stems brushing against one another. Strangely, as the breeze strengthens, the rustling subsides, and all I hear is the sound of fluttering leaves. When the wind calms and the trees become still, I begin to hear the melodies of excited birds. Amidst this blissful chaos, I begin to notice the interplay of light as the sun's rays filter through the layered branches of the trees, and all of a sudden, I am left wondering how I managed to miss this spectacular dance of light and shadow all this while. Suddenly, everything becomes clear. I see a long line of giant red ants marching in perfect rhythm in the V of the garden bench. I see the in-sync patterns of scattered



dry leaves that have fallen to the ground, their arrangement strikingly similar to the imagination of an expert craftsman who tediously works to create fine pieces of bridal jewelry. And there is so much more, flooding my senses as I glance around. There is no doubt in my mind that a supremely imaginative Maestro is behind this perfectly orchestrated audio-visual symphony.

I momentarily flirted with the thought, 'What if I were an alien visiting planet Earth for the first time and experienced what I just did. What impressions would I return with?'. I refocus my attention on the question of how I can enhance the Earth's beauty. I realize that the best way is to pay attention to and appreciate the extraordinary beauty that already exists and be mesmerized by it.



And yes, if I were an alien visiting Earth, I would fall head over heels in love with this magnificent planet called Earth. I would carry back my life-altering experiences and memories of Earth and narrate tales of Earth's beauty to my alien friends. I would inspire my fellow aliens to contemplate on what we can as a species do to replicate Earth's splendour in our own alien world. But what if the alien took the time to truly understand Earth's essence and the spirit of its culture—What if they saw more than just Earth's physical beauty and abundant resources?

If only one could perceive the heart of our Earth, they would find in her every quality they sought in a friend, lover, or parent. Earth is a soul worth falling in love with. Perhaps we can draw inspiration from the romantic poets of the late 18th century who were undoubtedly intoxicated by the richness of her being. They

cherished the rocks, trees, rivers, flowers, bees, birds, butterflies, wild scents, and the ever-changing colors of the seasons. They felt her sublime spirit.

I understand that this may sound extreme. You don't have to switch careers to become a romanticist. But as you delve deeper into the essence of Earth, you catch a glimpse of her heart, and that alone is enough to transform your actions into ones of inclusiveness.

Now, if you were an alien visiting Earth for the first time, what would you do to preserve its rich, strong, and courageous spirit?

Many of us can relate to the feeling of losing our courage or strength after a short period of illness. We can't help but stare into the mirror, concerned about our fading appearance, and feel a desperate need to do something to regain our vitality. Mother Earth deserves the same kind of attention. I'm not suggesting that you should brood over the harm that has already been done to her, but rather that you should commit yourself to inclusive actions that will restore her lost vitality and strength.

Before we can repay Earth's kindness with our sustainable actions, let's take a moment to reflect on her immense beauty. Ask yourself, "What can I do to conserve this beautiful being?"

No one will monitor you or judge you for the measures you take or don't take. Be your own judge, use discretion, and find suitable alternatives. Engage in inclusive actions so that you may reflect the culture that our Earth has instilled. If you wish, document your progress and post it on your groups to inspire like-minded individuals. And whenever you get a chance, don't forget to ask yourself, "What if I were an alien visiting earth for the first time, what would be my impressions?"

Practice sustainability at home and be a One Earth citizen, for Mama Earth blissfully holds us all in her bosom. 🙌



*«The earth does not belong to man; man belongs to the earth.»
— Chief Seattle*

Introduction

I made it to India, again. A six month sojourn that included sava as a Sangramitra, lessons with Dasas, chanting classes, blessings from Guru Sri Krishnaji, Maha Tapas an intense awakening and process, and the will to live in a non suffering state. Then there was India of the material realm...a crushing population in the towns and urban cities, caste systems still in existence, spiritual worship, ancient temples, a mix of religious beliefs and Buddhism. The women dressed in beautiful, colorful saris, men in a mixture of western wear and traditional Indian clothing. Bare feet with jewelry wrapped around ankles and rings on toes, wild dogs and free roaming cows and roosters. Japas blaring in the morning from small locale temples. Street markets with everything from cooked foods to silk clothing. The venders crammed together in shanty style booths and storefronts. I was lucky to find small enclaves of quite green oasis tucked in parts of the city away from traffic. The “Helter Skelter” in the cities easing into sprawling agriculture lands gave me a sense of a slowed down, meaningful life of... poverty. Sandwiched in between all of my observations and witnessing of this ancient land is a connection with the universe as depicted in the Bhagavad Gita.



I wanted liberation from all the thoughts that keep surfacing. My mind, was stilled when it drifted into meditation, that a focused on higher forms of energy. Striving for calm, looking outside of self to achieve bliss amongst the “Helter Skelter”. Yet despite all of the buzz words and concepts I cling too, I constantly seek for something that seems to elude each me - Enlightenment. And so I searched to be guided by a source that has the secret “Key to the Kingdom”.

This is the continued story of Harry and Saashini a young American man and a young Indian woman with a child born out of wedlock. It became the final book of A Journey of Love series that includes Circumstance and Consequences, The Essence of Existence, Tapas, The Sawtooth Community, The Ski Journals, and The Lost City.

The village that I referenced in the story “When They Leave” had a building where the back wall of it was painted white with hand prints. We were shown our bed to sleep on while visiting our daughter and the wall had hand prints. And a page from a journal that I created several years ago, had hand prints. Somehow the



photo popped up as I was searching for the wall from the village. I am not needing to say anymore about these coincidences. It is pleasantly peculiar as I reminisce as to why I decided to become a

I depart on a journey to rise above
and enter a new dimension of who I am
whs I want to become and who I
will be.



We Are the Ancestors of the Future

We revere and honour our Ancestors, the trustees of the Earth, and our offerings enable us to feel their presence and connect us to our place of origin. Those who have gone before have established the traditions that guide us, and their hard work and love have created us. There is no greater continuity to our collective knowledge and oral tradition, both individually and collectively, than communing with the ancient wisdom of our *Ancestral Spirits*. With gratitude we call upon them to teach us and show us the way, and we understand that in the greater continuum of time we are the Ancestors of the future.

It may be hard work to remember and practice ancient ways of knowing, or to reclaim earth-rooted identity after being told that life in urban or suburban America is the only way to go, or that we cannot exist without the benefits and amenities of the dominant society. But we owe it to ourselves and our kinship groups to join the worldwide circle of *Cooperative Culture*, and move through great change and turmoil to a time of "unity in diversity" as we align ourselves and our communities with a holistic paradigm once again. The love, respect, and care we feel means that we are incapable of using or abusing nature past the carrying capacity of the land, and in the end, these are the mindful qualities that will translate into sustainable societies and well-being for all. Regaining our humanity as whole human beings dwelling in an animistic universe once again might be challenging, but the outcome is clear that by *Rejecting Empire* in principle, thought, and deed, we will protect and sustain the sacred ground of our collective for the generations yet to come.



I age with grace. I age knowing
there's more to desire, more to wish
for and much more to know.

writer. But there is something that I connect with when I am in a certain state of conscious awareness. I like the term Divine Intelligence, when it all just flows. And I like the term Universal Intelligence better than Artificial Intelligence.

I like feeling a connection with light energy. If you read the books *Circumstance and Consequences* and *The Essence of Existence* I touch on an experience with death when I was put into a coma. I have a reference point of being in a band of light energy. In total bliss, I was mindful of floating above the clouds (bodiless), looking at the sun and in my peripheral vision was a single bright white form just outside of this band of formless white light.

Seems like my mind in this body has always oscillated between being pragmatic and considering the theoretical side of existence.

I wake up every morning very early in this bed below the hands, that my daughter has provided us. Every morning there are remnants of a dream state with me interacting with Dasas (monks) in a class setting. I don't recall the vivid dreams. This morning I awoke thinking about the separation between the mind and brain. When I woke early I turned on my phone and googled - Are the mind and brain separate? And what about the heart? The mind thinks, the body reacts and the heart is in control of the flow.

There is a story to be written now. I'll create it with the assistance of the Divine Intelligence and share it with you when it just flows.

November 26th in the year of 2024. HA HA.

The Journals from India

Preface

Harry - I never did answer Karan's question, "will you watch sunrises with me Harry?" It was Saashini that said, "I will watch the sunrise with you." The moment was one to relish, and yet I was in fear of relationship. I had embraced Karan as a dear young friend, and I was enthralled with his mother Saashini. My fear

was how the future might be if I were to pursue a deeper relationship with Saashini that included romance. I froze as Karan's question hung in the air, waiting for an answer. I left mother and son out on the back deck and went to pack. I was going home to the USA after a year in India.

Saashini - I can't believe that Harry would not answer Karan. With my arm wrapped around Karan's shoulder I can feel his hurt and sadness. A friendship coming to an abrupt end. I knew that he looked up to Harry as a father figure. He never knew a father. Karan is able to look past skin color, culture, and the age gap. We look at each other's tears and rest our heads, his on my shoulder and mine on the crown of his head. I feel Harry's confusion. I sense that he would like a relationship with us but he has never been married and taken on fatherhood. So I sit here trying to define the separation of mind and brain. My mind wants to pull Harry into my body for a deep embrace and kiss him for the first time. My desire is not wanting to let him go. And my body just gives Harry a hand shake and a sweet smile. So why didn't I just be bold at that moment, like when I decided to invade his privacy at the shower that day at my moms house.

Karan - I may seem to young to feel the confusion between Harry and my mother. But I know they are meant to be with each other and me. Harry likes me I know that. He hugged me with such love and then all he could give mother was kindness. I wonder if they traded email addresses. Isn't that what mother uses for business? As I watched Harry enter the airport among the people with my same skin color, I thought, maybe that is why he is leaving us. Leaving our country to be with his own people.

Chapter 1

I made it through customs with my backpack and small carry-on. After saying my final good-byes to Saashini and Karan, I walked towards the airport entrance and never looked back to give a final wave to Saashini and Karan. I was thinking that I will probably never see them again. In my mind, I wanted to stay. I wanted to form

a romantic love relationship with Saashini and have a solid bond with Karan. And at the same time I did not want to get involved with their situational lives. My practical, analytical mind told me that it was too complicated to fall in love with a woman of different culture and background. As I sit here and journal some of my memories, my writing comes to a halt. I am emotionally filled with the desire to want a life with Saashini and Karan. But where would that be? And how would it be possible? I am confused wanting to be practical and feeling love. Or is it an infatuation, with a woman I have only known for a short time. Or maybe an infatuation to live in a foreign land, and learn the culture and people of a different language and skin color. I have a need for support and I am from a family with a broken marriage. I have only connected with my mom about 2 months ago. And my father? It's probably been a year since we talked. He wished me well from Logan International in Boston when I started this trip. A trip that was meant to seek out a meaning to my existence. But to this date, I am still wondering how everything is going to work out with my life. I get out my cell phone, which I haven't opened in two months when I started my motor bike trip through southern India and ended up in a village where I eventually met, first, Karan then later his mother Saashini. And here I am waiting to leave in a tangled mass of confusion.

The phone lights up, with not much of a charge. I dig for my cord and find a plug in. I dial a number with a Montana area code. It's ringing..."This is Maggie."

"Mom...it's me your prodigal son can we talk?"

"Of course, God I am so glad to hear your voice. You're alright, everything is good?"

"Yes and no. But mostly no."

"Alright you have me concerned and you have my full attention."

"I am waiting for my flight out of Chennai. I still have about a hour before boarding. But I am sitting here with my mind entertaining a flood of thoughts."

“Yes, I am listening.”

“I’m not sure where I will end up in the US, and I am already feeling a sense of cultural shock. I came here to seek enlightenment and all I am coming away with is the same old patterns that have dictated my life. And I am not sure what to do.”

“Okay, slow down Harry, I am feeling some anxiety. Is that from you or am I being an emotional mom that doesn’t know how to give you support? Is that what you need?”

Harry chuckles, “Maybe we both need support now. I must sound pretty desperate. Well, I am desperate and think that maybe I am falling in love and just as quickly out of love.”

“With whom? Or What? A nation or a woman? Or any other gender relationships I need to know about?”

Now Harry laughs, “you sure have a way with words. It’s as if your brain is getting ready with the right response when I tell you whom I am in and out of love with.”

“Gosh, Harry, I guess I still have that mind strategy from the old days of hedge funding and responding to clients. Sorry, even though we never had the best relationship as mother and son, I’m here for you. Speak my son.”

“Mom, ‘Speak my son’ sounds so Native American. Well, I think I want to or I am entertaining the thought of...”

“Excuse my interruption, what are you feeling after you feel confused?”

“Feeling? Yeah, okay, uh, lets see...ugh, like a cold hearted oaf.”

“Ok, and what does a cold hearted oaf feel like?”

Harry's voice quivers, "I'm running from...I feel scared to make a decision. I want to do the right thing. I want to feel in control, like I know what I want for my life and I want to make sure it doesn't backfire on me. I don't want to feel deserted."

"Harry, deserted is an evaluation, are you scared of feeling lonely?"

Harry gets choked up. As tears well up in his eyes, he looks at the chaos of the airport scene. "Mom, I am falling in love with an Indian woman and her son. I can't imagine the cultural differences and even if it's considered kosher in India. We had such a beautiful connection for a month and at the end I was so frozen with mind games I felt as if my farewell response was so stiff and estranged. And I knew they wanted my warmth and love. And I sit here asking for your help."

Maggie readjust herself from a standing position looking out the window of the Yellow Room at the tree sculpture of her new found community. She sits on a floor pillow, cross legged and her eyes rest on the huge sunflower painting of Buddha. "Sorry, Harry for the pause, I'm still here. Listen, first of all everything that is causing your confusion is external circumstance. Somehow you need to zero in on your internal being, if that makes sense. I can't really help you, unless you need money. One thing I can tell you is that I am in love with, and committed to remarry a Native American Medicine Man."

"Whoa, mom! What...how did this happen? When? Did you tell dad?"

"Harry, we have three people in our immediate family that have been and remain to be on our own personal journeys. A journey of love, your dad still loves money and high rollers, I have a group of people that showed me how to love and a Medicine Man that let me love him with grace. I had asked you last time we talked to join me at the ranch. A lot has changed since you've last been here. There is a community living here now. I am getting ready for a wedding and I don't even know how Native American traditions have weddings. Especially when the bride is a white woman. But I do know that my heart is full of love energy like I've never known before. So Harry, I can give you is money. And pray that you find what you are looking for spirituality, forgiveness and love. So who do you love? And how

do you love others? And if you are attracted to this Indian woman with brown skin and a young child, how are you going to learn to love beyond judgements of yourself and others?"

"Wow, you said a lot, and I like the direction your life has taken. Your news and words have settled me. Listen, this village I stayed at had a ceremony. It was a consecration of a new temple and a locale Guru was there to give the village and temple his blessing. I met a monk there and he invited me to his home. He called it a campus. The woman I feel an attraction for told me about Ekam and some sort of event and large temple. So my guess is that this Guru has a following and teaches a special event. Maybe I'll need some money. I'll let you know if I do, once I make my decision while I wait for my flight."

"Harry, let your heart talk to your mind. One thing I have discovered is that the subconscious is filled with memories and patterns. Our mind tends to use it as a resource, if that makes sense. The resource has pleasant memories and not so pleasant memories. We get to reprogram the subconscious and fill it with new thoughts and patterns. It's changeable if we work at it."

"Yeah...I understand what you are saying. Like putting new software in my computer. Meta programing whether it's done as neurolinguistic programing or computer programing, we have the ability to transform the programs."

"Harry, I will always love you, never erase that program."

"Thanks mom, this has been a connection like I've never experienced with you in the past. I love you always."

We said our good-byes. I picked up my back pack, slung it over my shoulders, grabbed my other carry on and headed for the airport exit. With no where to go, that old song Like A Rolling Stone rang in my ears, it vibrated throughout my body. An old memory, but this time I know where I am going. I dig in my pocket and unravel a piece of paper with an address on it. I look for a taxi driver and wonder about the future.

Chapter 2

I open my journal, the taxi driver spoke some english and said we have about a two hour drive. That seems about right, since that's about how long it took Saashini to drive to Chennai from her village. In my journal I am looking for the entry about my experience at that ceremony. Here it is, the people dressed in white getting off buses, dust floating in the air made them all appear to be walking through a wind storm in the desert. Yeah, that's when I knew that Aditya had tricked me into believing that a bus was coming to take me on my way. Instead I was destined to remain at the village, caregiving for his wife. Then I met the monk, here's his name...Maadhav. He invited me to one of the "campuses" where the monks live and some classes are held.

I flip the pages of the journal. The conversation with my mom Maggie is still fresh. My eye focuses on a journal writing that I did in the village one day, when Unique left for the temple after I made her breakfast. She did not speak English, and the children who translated for me were gone that day. Yet some how we communicated. I read the excerpt, "It's late AM now and what I am realizing is a direct connection with something that seems outside of me but part of my existence. The energy of it all. The stars, the wind, the sun, the atmosphere, the earth and everything of the creation. How I am now flowing with my life which seems to be in a state of transformation. Every day the routine I have developed since caregiving for Unique with her arthritic fingers. It's best when everything just flows without thought. It's hard to explain I can't necessarily conceptualize what's happening. Just writing now is a continuous observation of letters being written with this pen, effortlessly by my finger. Words forming by the signals from my brain. But not knowing anything beyond what is written. So the morning flows just as I write. All thought of past, what is now and the near future merge as one moment, one thought piling unto the next."

I look at the abrupt ending on that page. And I peer out the window with India flashing by. Knowing my mother is to marry a Native American. A Dylan song is humming through my being. How does the last stanza go?

“You used to be so amused
At Napoleon in rags and the language that he used
Go to him he calls you, you can't refuse
When you got nothing, you got nothing to lose
You're invisible now, You've got no secrets to conceal

How does it feel
To be on your own, with no direction home
Like a complete unknown, like a rolling stone” Dylan

I open my phone, and look at google maps to make sure we are headed in the right direction. I texted Maadhav, to let him know I was coming. There is no return message yet. I open to an instagram message from John Two Birds “The Scared Hoop represents the circle of life, unity, and the interconnectedness of all things. It reminds us that healing begins within, and by restoring balance to ourselves - emotionally, mentally, physically, and spiritually - we contribute to the greater harmony of the world. The hoop teaches us that everything is connected, and true healing flows from the inside out, encompassing not only ourselves but all of creation.”

I close my eyes and feel the jostling of my body as the driver navigates the bumpy road and hysterical traffic.

Chapter 3

When he left, I was crushed by his nonchalance. Or was I judging his non-emotional farewell. Karan was sad, like he just lost a best friend. Today, I was up early sitting with Karan to observe the sunrise. Just as I promised. But we both knew someone was missing. Fatherless children have a hard time when the Father is gone. My promise to watch the rising sun with Karan, was just that, a promise kept. But my mind and heart was wanting Harry as part of us. Greeting the sun in the morning is the same as greeting Krsna - God - the Creator of all things. But is that just devotion to the Lord or is caring for all of creation real devotion? One of the take aways from my Tapas experience was the constant dichotomy of my inner workings. The ugly faces of suffering and the affect they have on me and how my

suffering impacts others. And this morning I sat with my hands clasped between my legs, rocking back and forth, tears streaming down my cheeks. Karan looked at me as if I failed to convince Harry to stay. To be with us. I was so wrapped up in my self centric thinking of self worth that I never took the opportunity to connect with my son. We just sat in our self absorbed feelings of loss, that our connection never materialized. There was no communication this morning, with Karan, with Harry or even with my Divine. My Divine is what I call my connection with the wisdom that I experience when I flow through life like a river. It allows me the time and space to devote to the whole of what is happening at the moment. I dropped Karan off at his new school, and Harry at the airport. He seemed so nonchalant as if he could not feel my sadness. I was expecting him to show some compassion. Or at least tell me he loved me but was scared to love me because of skin color, a single mother with child, or culture. He could have said something, but who am I to expect that. And is it absolutely true that he didn't feel our sadness? How would I know? He never even waved good bye! How cold is that?

I have this journal with the word Pause on the cover. Inside is a question "If life were like a game, what would you do when the rules change? Will you quit? Or will you have fun?" I turn the page and it ask, "Have you made the game of life all about winning and losing? Or is it about paying attention and enjoying every move?"

So here I am, not necessarily enjoying every move but at least I am aware. I have this choice to remain in this suffering state of loss, grief...and I get a message on my phone from Jayadeesh, my brother.

"Am'mam'ma has died. She was found by mother and father sitting, resting against the cow at the new Temple."

My Grandmother has gone to the next realm! And my grief of Harry's departure from my life is replaced with grief for Am'mam'ma! What a mixed message..."paying attention and enjoying every move?"

I pick up a pen. What is it that I want to document? My anger? My disappointment the way events are playing out in my life right now?

I pause... I take a deep breath, then another. Even though I feel a stream of tears, I start to chuckle at this game! In our cultural Moksha is considered liberation from physical body and it's Karma. Karma is the actions we choose to live by. Now we have this belief of death and rebirth. You Westerners have reincarnation and I could never figure out the difference between the two. It was always confusing when I was attending St. Anne's, the English speaking school where I learned to speak English. Since we believe in death and rebirth our soul has choices at death. Some just want to be free of the body and it's drama and choose to remain in the light of bliss. Others desire to keep the life of existence with all it's drama and challenges. Then there's those souls that choose to return with total self-awareness. They manage their thoughts much like a computer, always updating the sub-conscious. So here I sit and write in my journal, my choice to update. To play this game in a state of non suffering. Good-Bye Harry, Good-Bye Am'mam'ma where will you reside in your cycle of life and death? Good-bye disappointment, and grief. Hello Karan, my son whom I want to connect with more than you know. Hello world, I look forward to running in with no identity to thoughts that do not serve my beautiful state on this beautiful planet where all that is becomes an enjoyable game!

I picked up Karan from his new school. He did not have too much to say. "My teacher seemed like a nice lady. Some of the school mates asked where I came from. One made fun of me because of where I lived in a village. He said that makes me a poor boy."

"What did you say to that?"

"Nothing, he asked if my father was a farmer. But I didn't want to tell him that I did not have a father."

"Oh, Karan, I am so sorry to hear about that. Next time you tell him that your father is not here. You live with your rich mother."
Saashini lets out a laugh.

Karan gives her a quizzical look then turns away. They drive the rest of the way home in silence. When they arrive home Karan heads directly to his room. Saashini is left standing, staring down the

hallway. She is stunned and does not know how to react. This is the first time that Karan has been with her outside of the village. All these years he has lived with his grandparents. Saashini slowly walks down the hallway and places her hand on the door knob to Karan's room. She listens for any sounds, totally aware of Karan's confusion.

“Karan, I will start a dinner and come get you when it is ready.”

“Yes Madar.”

Saashini starts to prepare a meal. While she is preparing the chutney and dosa, she is feeling an energy which has her concerned. She puts down the cooking utensils and turns off the stove. Slowly she makes her way down the hall to Karan's room. The door is slightly open, she gently swings the door open so as not to startle Karan. She sees an empty room. She has nowhere to go so she continues down the hall and passes her room. There's a gentle warm breeze and as she approaches the open room at the end of the hall, she notices that the large slider window door is ajar. She looks out towards the field and sees Karan's small figure walking towards a white cow. A smile creases her mouth and she steps through the door. Her peripheral vision notices a man moving towards Karan from his right side. He seems to be shouting something as Karan looks in his direction. Saashini's first reaction is a leap off the low deck as she is sprinting towards the two figures. “Hey, hey!” Is all she can shout between breaths. It's enough to catch everyone's attention. The man looks, shouts one more phrase in the direction of Karan then swivels and sprints away from him and off of the grassy field. He disappears into the surrounding buildings and is lost into the crowded neighborhood. Saashini makes it to her son who is frozen, half looking at the cow and half looking back towards the edge of the field where the man fled. Saashini is wheezing from lack of air and her anxiety of the moment.

They are both staring at the edge of the field and into the housing development. “Karan, what did he say?”

Karan looks at her then back at the buildings and houses. “He said that he is my nAnna.”

“He is not your father. You are my child born with the help of a young teenage boy. A boy who never even stayed at the village. He never saw you born into this world. So I don’t call him a father.”

“He is Saadhana’s brother. I do not understand.”

“Did you see his face?”

“No he was too far.”

“How do you know it is Saadhana’s brother?”

“The day when he found you and Harry. I heard him call me “my son”.

“Let’s go home, you can help me make dinner.” Saashini turns and motions Karan to follow her. He takes a look at the white cow and waves.

Chapter 4

“Ji, memu ikkada unnamu.” I open my eyes and look out the car window. Maadhav is looking at me with a beautiful, warm smile. The driver and I exit the car. He is getting my luggage out of the trunk.

Maadhav greets me, “welcome my friend, to your new home Sattva.”

Hummm, my new home, well that’s a warm greeting. “Halo, Maadhav. Thank you for being here. I wasn’t sure you received my message.”

“Yes, I was busy at the time and didn’t see it until a little awhile ago. Pay the driver and I will show you your room.”

I turn to the driver who is patiently waiting. “How many Rupees?”

“nAugu vElu, Ji.” I look at Maadhav.

“Four Thousand eight hundred rupees.”

We say our good byes and the car slowly moves towards the gate. I notice that this is a gated community. I look around and the flora is magnificent. It's jungle like, but with grassy areas, and walk ways. The buildings are a same style and color. They remind me of old Palm Beach in Florida where I once visited my father on one of his vacations. I look around and feel as if I am in a botanical garden. There are so many varieties of trees and plants. Maadhav takes one of my bags and motions for me to follow. I see some people walking, all of them are dressed in white, just like Maadhav. He takes me to a building that seems like an apartment building. Two stories high, we walk up the stairs and I notice him sliding his feet out of his sandals. I follow suite and get out of my shoes. We enter the foyer and he opens the first door on the right. Number One is on the door.

“You will stay here Harry. Rest up, diner will be at Seven tonight. Go to that big building we passed on the way here and go to the Dining Hall. You will see it if you go up the main stairs that we passed. For now rest, then we will talk.”

Maadhav gives me the Namaste sign and I do the same, “Thank you.”

I inspect the room. It has two beds each with a night table, desk with drawers, closet space and a bath room with toilet, sink and a shower head. There is no partition separating the shower from the toilet and sink. It's all one! I turn on the air conditioner and lay on a bed. It does not take long and I dose off into a sleep.

I have a translucent like dream. I observe some sort of ceremony, and I see Am'mam'ma sitting like a queen on her throne under a small temple. Trumpets are blaring, chants are shouted. It seems sort of eerie. Then I am transported to a busy city. I observe a man grab a small child and pull him towards a vehicle. I see traffic and Tuk-Tuks everywhere. The man and child are lost in the city

business. I wake up scared, frightened that something has happened in the village? Groggily, I recall the angry biological father of Karan, when he watched Saashini and I get out of the court yard shower - together.

I get out of the bed, look into the mirror. The room is dark and it makes my reflection of self, monstrous. I go to the window and peek out between the drapes. It's still light out. I go to the bathroom and decide to take a cold shower to wake up!

Once dressed and unpacked, I open the drapes to let in some light. I look out my window and I see the side of a neighboring building with a variety of foliage, Some palms, Cassava Trees, bushes with red, yellow and white flowers. I crack open a window and get a smell of Jasmine. I also recognize a Frangipani Tree. Wow, this is spectacular.

I go for a walk and notice a grid of cobblestone streets lined with flora along each building. There are large old growth Mango Trees. As I walk towards the big building I am recalling my dream. Especially the part with the abduction of the child. It has me concerned for Karan's safety. A young boy who had never lived in such a big city.

A tinge of guilt and remorse wash over me, I feel bad of how I left Karan and Saashini. Even though I was confused about our relationship ending when it was just starting, I could have shown some compassion. But compassion is just a buzz word for me on how we are supposed to treat each other. I didn't feel compassion at the time and even now, I don't really know what it feels like.

I get to the main building and walk up the stairs. I see some sandals so I take mine off too. I walk down a hall and look through a window. I see tables, chairs and what appears to be a buffet like table. Nobody is there yet. So I go down a hall, then up some stairs and walk into an open room with some tables and wicker couches. The views are of the surrounding trees, distant farm fields and mountains. I walk around and notice a meditation hall that is locked. I go back to the big open room with rows of fans hanging from the ceiling. There's a billiard table. I meander over there and set up a game. As the balls

are clinking and rebounding off the side rails, I sense the presence of someone watching. I look behind me and it's Maadhav.

“Halo, Maadhav. Is this okay to play?”

“Yes, you can play. Let's sit and talk some before diner. I have a busy schedule. This is the best time.”

We sit. “Harry, why are you here?”

Well that throws me for a loop. Maybe when he invited me a month ago, it was just being cordial?

“You invited me when we briefly talked at the temple ceremony at the village.”

“Yes, I remember but that is not why you chose to come here. To come back to this part of India. Why here?”

“I'm not sure. I was getting ready to board my plane back home and something, intuition I guess, begged me to stay in India and come back to the village. I recalled your invite and the fact that you are a monk? Dasa is a better word?”

“Yes, Dasa is good, continue.”

“After I unpacked my belongings I started reading my journal that I keep periodically. I was reading something I wrote early in my trip, why I came to India. I had no religious or spiritual upbringing. Later in life after my parents divorced, my mother became a Buddhist. But for me I wasn't searching for spiritual meaning, I was more attracted to the stories I've read about - mysteries of gurus, people having transcendent experiences. Once I landed and saw what seemed like chaos to me, I wondered what I was doing here. So when you ask why I am here, I'm really not sure. There is a young woman, about my age from the village that I feel an attraction for. So maybe I came here because of her. But I am scared to commit to a relationship because of our cultural differences. And I am not sure of who I am it's as if I am looking for some sort of moral compass to guide me. And I do not

know how that will manifest. “The Mystic of India is as mysterious as my life.” That is the last thought I had before taking a rest.”

“Thank you Harry for sharing that. It seems as if there are external circumstances that cause confusion. Is that an acceptable guess that might make me understand how you drift through your life right now.”

“I never thought about it that way. Confused thoughts, yes. Caused by external circumstances, maybe. Are you saying that my life is reactionary? Based on what is happening at the moment?”

“What if the spirituality of India is everything.”

“Like the big bang theory?”

“Sort of, let’s look at it beyond theory. For me every moment is the present moment. It’s being aware of my state of mind. If I don’t like the present moment then I am in a suffering state. At that point I can observe and witness what is causing my suffering. I have the choice to move to a none suffering state. So there is a quick meditation I do called the Serene Mind by Preethaji you can find it on U tube. It takes three minutes. You check in with yourself, what emotion am I feeling right now? Then you ask yourself, am I obsessing about the past or am I obsessing about the future? Am I suffering or am I in a beautiful state. That determines my present moment. You have the power and choice to change your state. So what is one possible determining factor that affects our state? Let’s do the meditation.”

And so they take some time and complete the meditation. A simple meditation, close the eyes, take three deep, full breaths, feel whatever emotion is coming up. Maybe there is a bodily sensation. Then ask yourself, are your thoughts in the past or the future, or in the present moment? Are they suffering thoughts like sadness, or depression? Maybe they are none suffering thoughts of joy, or happiness. Finally you visualize a small candle flame between your eyes and watch as it moves to the middle of your brain. Pause there, then gently open your eyes.

There is a short time of quiet reflection then Maadhav instructs Harry to open his eyes. “How was that for you, Harry?”

“Doing the Serene Mind meditation, I was dwelling on a past and future thought as my present moment. And as you say suffered through it.

“Okay, now let’s take a look at that, how you think a new action dissolves what you were dwelling in. Let’s say whatever caused that thought from past or future reoccurs. What then, you became aware of it, you observed it, what did you witness, how did you react? How will you change the emotion that arose and lingered throughout the meditation? You probably got lost in thought and never were able to stay with the rest of the meditation. Is that true?”

“Honestly, I heard you say to observe the flame to move to the middle of the brain, but it didn’t detract me from my thought. Which was about my relationship with someone else.”

“So the someone else was from the past and you’re not sure how the future will be next time that someone else surfaces in your thought or physically in your life?”

“Yeah, is that witnessing?”

“What if you were to witness the internal process, let’s call it duty. The sense that you need to fulfill the need of another’s desire. Does that change what you think is witnessing?”

“Sure, now what? You know, what usually happens is that I will distract myself with some other activities and sometimes the thoughts are like a reply reel, and they linger. Kind of like the lingering taste of a bitter Neem leaf. Other times I pretend that it’s all good.”

“Now what if you went deep enough to witness some recurring event that occurs. Something that may have happened in your distant past that you can relate to. Maybe you didn’t meet someones expectation, or you failed at something. Now keep the emotion it brings up to the

present moment. Maybe you can transform your mind and know that you are not responsible for, you are only responsible to others. You are not in servitude to anybody, not even your own mind.”

“I get your point, that would transform my state to non suffering!”

“Harry, we are having a Tapas experience here in a few days. All of us Dasas are very busy. You are welcome to stay until it starts. Then your room will be used by attendees. Of course you are welcome to sign up for the course. All of the details can be found at the reception office. It’s the building at the turnaround. At the end of the street, take a left when you leave the building from where you entered. Namaste!”

We exchange our farewells for now. I walk over to the railing and look out across the farm fields into the forest. Now what?

Chapter 5

I go back to my room and pick up a pen and my journal. I begin to write and the thoughts flow into feelings.

I make a decision. I want to stay and take the Tapas journey. That’s what I want to call it, an inward journey. As much journaling and contemplation that I do and have done throughout my life, it’s as if I am just scratching the surface. I have not applied all of my observations to my true self. I have been witnessing how I mirror others. I attempt to understand their mind set and then try to fit in. That works to connect with someone at some level. It’s me analyzing what the other person might be thinking. Maybe that’s why I haven’t really felt what compassion is about. Being scared of what the result might be to be honest and venerable with Saashini and Karan, it’s left me with an emptiness. I deserted them out of fear just like the biological father of Karan. My mind analyzed the situation. And even now I use the word situation as if Saashini and Karan don’t exist as persons. There, right there is the disconnect. How have I turned such a beautiful experience living at the village into a past event that is just part of a story instead of a continued flow of my life.

I am done journaling. I place the the pen and journal down. I try the Serene Mind meditation but my emotional shock of what I just wrote about myself is disheartening. It is such a strong realization that the suffering state as Maadhav calls it, is lingering towards depression. I look at my phone to get the time. I want to call my mom, but it's three in the morning in Montana. I look out the window and see some Dasa's walking in the direction of the reception office.

My phone chimes. I go to the desk and pick it up, Maggie's name comes across the screen.

"Mom? How did you know, I wanted to call you."

"Let's just call it a mother's intuition, Harry."

"I'm still here, in India. I never got on the plane, instead I ended up at some kind of Ashram. I guess you can call it that. I'm staying on what they, the monks call a campus. It's beautiful, but something else is happening. Your timing is perfect, I am not feeling so good about myself. I'm suffering, I can easily fall into a depression. I needed to ..."

"Harry, I need to interrupt you. Ekam, you mentioned that place, where you might end up. There's some people, living here at the ranch who have been there. They went through a Tapas journey and came back with insights about their lives. How they have been suffering as you say. That's the buzz word for any negative patterns that arises. So sounds like you are there?"

"Yes, it's beautiful and I have an opportunity to do the Tapas. What did your friends think, was it beneficial for them?"

"Here's the rub...while they were there, two of them, there's a third person who was there a longtime ago, something happened to the rest of us. I told you about the medicine man I am going to merry, anyway, the group of us experienced our own metamorphous. And this group of us who decided to start a community, bonded as family. One of my new tribes." Maggie starts laughing.

"Mom, you are starting to sound as mysterious as India. Or at least what's going on with me."

“That might be what made me want to call you. There is so much going on with my personal self, I just had to find out if it was mutual. From what you told me when you called from the airport, I couldn’t get you out of my mind. You are still connected to this womb from where you came.”

“Wow, I have never felt as close to you as I do now. All the years of feeling neglected, like my life didn’t matter to you or dad, you show up! And of all times, I need your support. My sense of being alone, with strangers as friends, left me with trying to find my way with no parental guidance. Maybe that is what I am looking for, some sort of guidance in my life.”

“I am sorry Harry, for not being there when you needed me, us. Your dad loves you too, I know it. Listen, Harry, apparently in the Tapas, one goes through processes that have a profound impact if you open up your heart and let yourself be venerable. Do it Harry, just do it! For yourself, your personal growth. All these years of my existence has had elements of highs and lows. It’s not been easy for my own sustainability. Now for the first time I am able to not just recognize how my behavior has impacted others, I see the truth of it all.”

“What do you mean, the truth of it all.”

Maggie’s voice is wobbling, “me, me, me, it was always about myself and I didn’t feel any kind of compassion for your dad, for you or anyone else that entered my life and I called a friend.” Maggie is sniffing now as tears swell up in her eyes.

“You okay mom? You doing Tapas on me?”

Maggie burst out in laughter. She settles down and smiles. “Harry, yeah I’m doing Tapas on you. Do it for you, for us, for your Indian lady friend and her son.”

“Well, I just made my decision, but I only have half of the cost...”

“I will get you the rest. Just fill out the application or what ever else you have to do and let me know. I have you covered.”

“Gosh, thanks mom. This thing is about four weeks, my visa has about six weeks left. I never did change my flight. I walked out of the airport in a stupor.”

“No worries, we’ll cover it.”

“Whose the we? Dad or your medicine man?”

“Blue Cloud, that’s his name. He’s a Crow and his clan is on the land they once hunted in the Valley they once lived. They are off the reservation!”

“Okay, I thought maybe you talked to dad.”

“Listen, I will call your father. It’s been awhile since we had any kind of conversation. I will have him participate in your journey. And my desire is to see you here, on this land, in this community that is striving to be liberated from the worldly events that are shaping a new order. Come here, and bring your lady friend and dad, too!”

Chapter 6

Harry - What am I feeling now? I definitely don’t feel depressed. Uplifted? Maybe hope that everything will workout. What is hope? It’s seems like a desire that I have no control over. Hope is like a thought with no action. My intention sounds more real. If I intend to do Tapas I had to make it happen. And just like that mom calls me as I was thinking of calling her for monetary assistance. From the bits of information she has given me, it seems like her life has gone from the mundane to something extraordinary. So what’s my intention now? Okay, I am taking Tapas. From whom am I doing this for? My own self realization. What do I want to get out of Tapas? A sense of being. My true self. Isn’t that what mom was referring too? What will I do when Tapas is completed? I only have two weeks of visa time. I want to find Saashini and Karan. I want them in my life. Is this my intention? Then how will that actually work. Mom’s intention is to see me in her community. In Montana, how will that be if I intend to desire to be in Saashini’s life. And I don’t even know what she really thinks about me anymore.

Harry closes his journal. It’s late and night has set in. He leaves his room and walks up the stairs. They lead to the rooftop, it’s a regular patio open to the sky. The sky is full of stars, some dogs bark in the

distance. He finds a mat and rolls it out to lay down and look at the heavens. The universe, with millions of shining lights.

The roosters crow, dogs bark and Harry is awake. The sky is changing colors from darkness to early dawn. There's some clouds with bellies of color, the stars are few now as dawn becomes a slow sunrise. He decides to do some yoga, some stretches and a sun salutation. He observes workers coming in through the gate. He hears faint talk and some laughter. After awhile the first of the sun starts to heat up this precious earth. He hears a rumbling and a bus comes through the gate, two buses. People pile out dressed in white. He wonders, what's with the white? A sign of purity? Are they trying to become pure in their thoughts? Puritans? Harry chuckles. Maybe pure joy to be free from suffering?

Harry, leaves the roof and heads for the reception office.

Saashini left Karan with Unique and Aditya , her madar and nAnna, at the village where she grew up. She came to help at the Tapas event.

There's breakfast being served in the open air dinning hall. The main building is abuzz with energy. Harry is in the boutique where he finds some white linens to wear. He goes back to his room and has been assigned a male roommate. When he opens the door, the gentleman is unpacking. He turns and Harry sees his name tag, Joesph from USA. He's an older man, looks to be Native American.

“Hello, Joseph, is it?”

Joseph looks at his name tag, smiles, and with a wryly smile says, “yeah, that's what they named me Harry, from the USA.”

Harry puts out his hand to shake hands with Joseph. He feels Josephs strong grip which betrays his age. “What are you here for?”

“I want to see what my friends have discovered about themselves. And to watch over you.”

“Huh?”

“The Dasas told us that silence is preferred, so that you can contemplate on your own truth and not get entangled with someone else's energy.”

And with a smile that reaches from ear to ear, Joseph zips his lips. Finishes unpacking and vanishes out the door, leaving Harry in wonderment.

Harry starts dressing into his “whites”. He has a sense that there is some kind of meaning dressing in white. Is it to symbolize a pure essence of being, a sort of pure consciousness? Or perhaps it is about all form dissolving into light? He finishes dressing and starts his walk over to the main building for the first class.

People are starting to arrive in buses and the residents at the main campus are already heading up the steps to the main meditation hall. Harry is one of those residents and he too is making his way. There is still many people loitering around the premises. One of the Dasas ask Saashini to give the gong a wack. The gong is meant to get people to start filing into the hall and get seated. Harry is placing a little pack into one of the cubbies. Saashini is stationed at the entry to the hall, her responsibility is simply to greet people and make sure there’s no cell phones going into the hall. Saashini is pouring some water for someone, as she finishes and straightens up and turns to meet and greet...”Harry? Harry! What are you doing here?”

In unison Harry is asking the same question, “Saashini? What are you doing here!”

They are both in shock and smiling. Harry moves towards her and she knows his intention - a hug. “Harry, not here. You go in, I will meet you at lunch break.”

Harry stumbles with a response, “I just want to give you the hug I never gave you when we parted.”

“I know, I can feel it and I hope you feel my pleasant surprise. I can’t wait to hear how you ended up here and stayed in India. For what reason?” Saashini feels a little awkward with that question. She has a nervous smile. “Go, Harry, I will see you.”

And Harry disappears through the door to start his journey of inner inquiry.

Saashini is greeting people, blessing them silently as they enter. There's a man who is very different from most of the international participants. He looks indigenous, He has a small pouch hanging around his neck resting on his chest. Broad shoulders, long grey hair with streaks of black. He is not dressed in white. Blue jeans and a dark blue Tee shirt with Native printed across the chest. Saashini looks at the name tag - Joseph USA - no last name.

He nods at Saashini, smiles, and disappears through the door.

Chapter 7

Saashini goes over to one of the couches where she left a small shoulder bag with a journal in it. She slings the strap over her shoulder and heads down the stairs and out of the building. She walks in contemplation, towards the ancient mango tree forest at the west end of the campus. There's a breeze and she chooses a bench under one of the trees. She pulls out her phone and ear buds and decides to play a guided meditation. She's about three minutes in it when it stops. She looks at the phone, annoyed, she notices that the battery needs a charge. She lets out a sigh and reaches in the bag for her journal. Harry is in her thoughts, as is Karan's biological father. The journal feels heavy as she holds it in her hand.

Saashini - This journal is so full of emotions of regret and dishonor. Years of hiding from my parents and the village where I was raised. And most recently hiding my emotions from Harry. My circumstances are changing yet my fears keep repeating. The guided meditation, the journal seem like a distraction from what is present.

She angrily swipes the phone, journal and shoulder bag off of the bench. She throws her head back and peers directly up the trunk of this massive tree. Slowly she straightens her head and looks at the distant mountains.

Off in a short distance stands Maadhav, observing this young woman's actions.

Saashini in thought - That rock, is so still, so quiet yet it speaks strength. An unwavering condition of being stable and secure in it's place.

She stands and walks over to the rock. Boulders up it and sits on top. She feels, the breeze, hears the rustling leaves and closes her eyes. She focuses on breath. There's a brief stillness that pervades her being. Until the faint sound of a gong can be heard. She stands high on the rock and screams a sound into the natural environment and the vibration ripples through the air as Saashini feels a brief relief from thought and goes into action. She jumps off the rock and gathers her things and heads for the meditation hall.

Harry finds a seat off in the corner of the dinning area and places his plate of food on the table. He does not want to mingle with the others. Joseph finds a table with a few people and quietly sits with a view of Harry. The young lady who he meet at the meditation hall door comes into view. She has two empty plates and places them on Harry's table and sits. Joseph can feel the tension that is emanating from their table.

Harry looks up as Saashini sits, "you found me, where is your food?"

"They are empty Harry, for that is what I and Karan felt when you left. We felt empty, and abandoned."

"Funny you mention that Saashini because the process we just went through, in the hall, brought up all of my pent up emotions from my childhood. How my parents were so distracted with their life that I felt abandoned by them. And how all of my distractions erased my fear to reach out and connect with them. So we lived an estranged life, all in our own disillusioned worlds."

There's a silence.

Joseph has his eyes closed and his energy is sending calm to Harry and Saashini.

Harry quietly scoops a spoonful of food on each empty plate. He points to a tag that he has stuck on his chest. It reads SILENCE. He rises, peers into Saashini's dark brown eyes and leaves for the meditation hall.

Saashini - is teary eyed and does not know what to feel. Is it joy I feel that Harry symbolically placed food on our plates? Or is it confusion that he has chosen silence again. Was I expecting him to say I love you? Do I need him to tell me that or is it a little premature for that. I open my

journal and flip pages back to when I wrote about the first time I saw Karan sitting on the back porch of my home in Chennai. I read... “Oh, my son, how is it that I left you so long ago to be raised by mother and the village children, mostly. There you sit looking at the distant white cow in the field. Just like the cow that A'mmamma had and you took care of. And now he is gone and Harry is gone. It's me your mother who has felt neglect and is trying to do the right thing now. To have you here with me, with no father.”

Saashini closes her journal. There is nothing to write that will bring her joy. She looks around the dinning hall that has emptied, except for that dark skinned man from the USA. His eyes are shut. She walks over towards him. One of her duties as a volunteer is to make sure people get back to the meditation hall for the next lesson. She approaches Joseph, quietly so as not to startle him, then she lightly taps his shoulder. “Sir lunch is over and class is starting.”

“Yes young lady, thank you.”

She looks at Joseph and senses something different about this man. He has a smile and starts to gather his things, a water bottle and a pouch that he puts around his neck. It is made of leather with bead work sewn on it and some long beads hanging from it. She watches as he places a small crystal into the pouch.

“I was doing what you call, the Serene Mind Meditation. I must have fallen into a deep sleep focusing on that flame.”

He takes a Buffalo nickel out of the pouch and hands it to Saashini. “This is for you. It will bring you great abundance in many ways. For my cultural a Bison is sacred and is important for our survival. Just as your cow is sacred in your culture. A white Bison in our culture can be a sign of hope, prosperity and the return of a sacred spirit. Just as your white cow represents purity and prosperity. What else does a white cow mean in your culture?”

Saashini is looking quizzically at this man, “Kamadhenu is a wish-granting cow.” She looks at the nickel.

“There is a hole in the top to put a piece of leather through so you can wear it as a necklace. You are a beautiful woman, may your wish come true.”

And with that Joseph rises, smiles, turns and leaves. Saashini watches as he walks down towards the meditation hall but instead of turning towards the door, he keeps walking. She raises her hand and opens her mouth but she just as abruptly lowers her hand and closes her mouth. Joseph disappears from her view.

Chapter 8

They are in their room. Joseph is sitting on his bed with his peace pipe and a pouch of tobacco in front of him. He looks at Harry, who is looking very serious.

“Pull up a chair Harry, sit. We will smoke pipe and contemplate on what I am about to tell you.”

Harry points to his tag that says silence.

“You do not have to talk, now sit.”

Harry does as he is told.

“We will smoke this pipe for your liberation from the illusion you have about your mother.” Joseph points to his head. Then he lights the tobacco filed pipe, takes a long drag and let’s out a puff of smoke as he hands it to Harry, who is flailing his hands and shaking his head in a jester of none compliance.

“Harry, you must smoke. This is ceremony we are doing. It is to release you from your mind of fear and open your heart towards people you know that love you.”

Harry reluctantly takes the pipe and inhales, then lets out a plume of smoke.

Joseph takes the pipe and does another toke, as he hands the pipe back to Harry he makes a statement.

“Look for a white cow, ask about it’s meaning in this culture. If you come across one while you are here, know that you have been blessed. Just as I have been blessed by a white Bison. Ah-Ho!”

Harry gets up from his seat and grabs his journal. With a confused look, he leaves the room and walks towards the ancient Mango tree forest.

Maadhav happens to be taking some photos of nature near the ancient Mangos. He is in an area that represents a desert micro climate. As he pans his long lensed camera he sees a figure sitting under one of the trees. He takes the focus off of the budding flower and readjust the lens and sees Harry writing. Maadhav lowers the lens. He observes Harry and wonders how he is managing the processes. Is he having inner turmoil to have to navigate through? He turns to leave the area and there is that man from the USA who looks different.

Joseph is calmly sitting on a large flat rock with a colorful blanket under him that provides the comfort of a cushion. His eyes are closed as if he is meditating. Maadhav notices the leather pouch that hangs around Joseph's neck and rest on his chest. He has a red tattered hat with a chief emblem on it. His long bedraggled gray hair with dark black streaks is not tied back, like when Maadhav first noticed him on the first day. He quietly approaches Joseph so as not to startle him. Joseph feels his presence.

“Hello Maadhav. You must be the one who has invited Harry to be here.”

“Yes, I meet him in a village and invited him to this campus to visit. When it was time for him to leave because of the Tapas event, he chose to stay and partake in a journey of personal inner work.”

“He seems confused.”

“What makes you say that? These processes might make one connect with past events and ancestors. Family lineage plays a role in all of our lives.”

“I am staying in the same room as Harry.”

“What is your name? I don't see a name tag on you.”

“Joseph, my clan is Absaroka Crow. We are in the country the white man calls Montana. Who is your clan?”

“My friend, I am from this region Andhra Parish. What brings you here? Why are you in Tapas?”

“I am a medicine man and I know Harry’s mother. I wanted to check on him. His mother, Maggie desires to reunite with her prodigal son.”

“She sent you here?”

“No, I follow my intuition and I am needed here. There is a woman Saashini who needs Harry to help find her son.”

“Her son is with her parents at the village. She will see him tonight.”

“Harry and Saashini are meant to be together. Harry has fears that center around culture and place.”

“What do you mean by place?”

“He is a white man, she is a naturally born Hindu. How will they handle living in love no matter where the place is they choose to live? Just as you can’t figure out what an indigenous medicine man from North America is doing in India.”

“Did this Maggie register you for this class?”

“No, I just showed up.”

“But you came from USA, Montana. What do you mean you just showed up?”

“In this material world of form, I don’t exist other than a frequency of unlimited consciousness. And I came to give Saashini and Harry something to contemplate so that they could pay attention to how the energy can flow in their life. They are stuck in thought. Your Tapas will hopefully free them so that they can tap into the unlimited consciousness and recognize how this universe works with energy and frequency.”

“Will you be staying for the rest of the class?”

“No, I have a taxi coming at three am to take me to the airport.”

“Oh, so you can’t just become formless and reappear in America as Joseph again? Even though you don’t exist.”

They both chuckle at this spiritual joke. They hear the gong.

“Maadhav, my physical form needs nourishment. I think that is the dinner gong. Pardon me, it was good chatting with you. Ah-Ho.”

Chapter 9

After three days of sava Saashini takes a car to her village to check on Karan and visit her mother and father. When she arrives there is a sense of anxiety she is feeling. There is no one at her mothers home. She walks to her fathers house. When she enters she hears sobbing in the bedroom and quietly goes back out expecting to find her son, Karan. He’s not in the yard behind the building. As she circles back to the front of the house, she is greeted by her father.

“Saashini, something terrible happened. Karan is missing. Ravi was in the village, we think he took Karan.”

“What, he is not the father!”

With a look of disbelief Adyita says, “he is the biological father, we know how you feel about that. But the truth is...”

“The truth is he left me to have a baby and raise Karan on my own.”

Unique speaks, “let’s avoid family conflict, we can pray for a benevolent outcome, Saashini. You can follow your intuition, you’ll know what to do. You will be supported with whatever solution comes to you.”

“Well said A’mmamma,” Adyita responds, “I am sorry that I insinuated a judgement that was not helpful.”

Saashini walks over to give her father a hug. After all these years of estrangement the compassion that they are starting to feel for each other starts anew. “Thank you father for your forgiveness. I know that I haven’t forgiven myself for my actions. It is a reminder to stay

compassionate towards Ravi. I am starting to feel his pain as much as I am feeling mine.”

“You have our blessing. Go now, find Karan and Ravi.”

Unique reminds Saashini, “and feel Karan’s confusion.”

Saashini calls the campus and ask for a car to come get her. She is on call to help out with the event. She is at the door, next to the gong, where people enter the meditation hall for the next session. The first week has passed and Harry has experienced the method used to process his state of mind. The “Mara” is omnipresent and he is witnessed to the distractions that have created obstacles in his life. He recognizes now how his mind would wander during his time spent not only in India, also his time spent at the village. He noticed his apprehension to pursue a romantic relationship with Saashini. His fear (Mara) - she is of a different culture, and she has a son (whom he adores) and where will they live - India? the USA? On and on and on was his state of mind. Then he ask himself, so why did I purposely miss my flight to end up here? And why did I tell my mother about my attraction towards Saashini, only to have her tell me that she is marrying a Native American and come join her in the Sawtooth Community?

Harry is thinking all these thoughts, really suffering, when he hears a familiar voice.

“Harry, I need your help. Ravi took Karan and I have no idea where they are.”

The gong rings, and people are gathering at the mediation hall. Harry stops in his tracks. He turns and looks at Saashini’s pleading eyes.

Harry - Talk about confusion and distractions, oh brother what am I to do? I’ve lived as a loner, traveling and moving from place to place. I considered myself as a free being. Now I realize the real freedom is to be free of these Maras. I am needing alone time to be in bliss. Even though there is a lot of new information and spirituality floating around, I still feel distant from everybody. This mode of silence has my thoughts centered on myself, my inner circumstances. I lay awake at night after a

day of process and wrestle with my ego blaming others for all this confusion and guilt. So now I feel pressure to give the correct answer. What does Saashini expect me to do?

Harry peers into Saashini's dark brown eyes. He notices a slight shift, they are not pleading anymore. It's as if there is no boundary between them. He is free to choose whatever he wants to create. He feels Saashini's heart and he really wants to get beyond any self doubt because he really came back to be with her.

“We must go then, I will help you.”

“Harry, did I hear you correctly?”

“I came back to be with you. That is why I did not board the plane. Listen, I'll find out if I can finish the rest of the Tapas at a later date. You get us a driver and together we will find Karan. I pray for his safety.”

Saashini moves forward and hugs Harry with all her might. She has her head on his chest as tears pour out of her eyes. She feels Harry's arms around her and a hand gently rubbing her back.

Chapter 10

They arrive in Chennai and Saashini's home. There wasn't much talk on the way. Some details about Karan spending time with friends including Saadhana, Ravi's little sister was shared. Nobody saw Ravi leave with Karan and Saadhana and their parents had nothing to say about the incident. They sat in the back of the car, hands held, both deep in thought. They get to Saashini's house.

“Let's make something to eat Harry and we can discuss a strategy. And maybe discuss us, our relationship.”

“Yeah, that seems like a plan. I have a question for you. The short time I was in the Tapas the reference to become an enlightened being was always “on the table”. I felt a real disconnect from that concept. I came to India thinking I would find enlightenment but I didn't even know what I was searching for.”

“Yes Harry, one can really get lost seeking enlightened and think they haven’t found it when all along they actually had enlightened experiences. Ask yourself, Harry, when you become aware of whatever state you are in, and if you are consistently in awareness, observation and witnessing, are you enlightened?”

“You mean like flowing from one thought to the next, in a state of total awareness, whether it is a suffering state or non suffering, you just take an action. This action might be intuition, I might realize what is causing the suffering and choose to create a non suffering state. Or maybe I have this beautiful intention and so I take an action to create the intention.”

“Okay and so when you are taking the action are you just being. Is it conscious action taking place. You’re in total control of outcome. Or is it an unconscious action your state of being is connecting with the energy of divine intelligence.”

They are sitting on the back porch, gazing at the grassy field and staring at the white cow that Karan walked out to one day when the man started to approach him and Saashini started screaming, fearing for Karan’s safety.

They both look at each other, and Harry remarks, “Saashini when you went back to your village did you see Kamadhenu anywhere?”

“I can’t say that I was looking for her, you don’t suppose...”

“The man that was my Tapas roommate talked about the white Bison being a sacred animal, and he reminded me that the white Cow is sacred in your culture.”

“Ah, was that the man with light brown skin, kind of stocky, with a mane of long black hair with grey streaks?”

“Yeah, he disappeared in the night while I slept.”

“He told me the same, to pay attention to the white Cow. A white cow is special in Hindu culture it represents nourishment and Mother Earth. It is grace and abundance.”

“Sounds like a good omen, just as the white Bison is to Native Americans.”

“Harry, let’s have a visit with that cow.”

And so Harry and Saashini stand, step off the porch and start their walk through the field. Without any thought they find each others hands and clasp them gently. Harry gives a squeeze and Saashini gives a reciprocal squeeze and with a smile looks at Harry, who seems to be in deep contemplation. She lets him be with his thoughts.

Harry - What do I awaken to after this first week of Tapas? I awaken to cosmic intelligence, to the body, to the heart, to the flow of life. That’s what feels different, here I am, committing myself to creating this relationship with another being. Hummm, and I awaken to the flow of transcendent intelligence. I feel lucid with no self identity. I’m just in action mode with Saashini, walking to the cow, holding her hand, feeling the warmth of it. Of course now that I’m thinking, the present moment is no longer. Ha, maybe that transcendent intelligence is the key to enlightenment. To finally arrive at that space in time when all there is, is this flow of energy, action being taken. Being guided but by whom?

Harry looks at Saashini, “I know that this moment was destined to exist. With you, I feel whole again and for that I am grateful.”

Saashini stops and pulls Harry close with a short look into his glazed eyes she places a tentative kiss upon his lips. She feels his surrender and she kisses boldly this time. Harry accepts tenderly receiving and giving as they merge together in this field of grass.

Then they hear a cow moo.

The moo is too familiar, they quickly walk over towards Kamadhenu. They hug her and nuzzle up to her friendly face. Harry is brushing the top of her head and Saashini is tenderly squeezing Kamadhenu’s cheeks.

“How did you ever find us Kamadhenu?” Ask Harry,

“I followed Karan!”

Saashini and Harry look at each other.

“Harry, did you hear a cow talk?” Now she is gazing at Kamadhenu.

“You did too?”

“We’re going to communicate telepathically. Now follow me. Moo!”

Kamadhenu starts walking towards the direction where Saashini saw the man yelling at Karan. They follow. Eventually they leave the pasture and enter the busy city through an opening in a fence and squeeze their way between two buildings and find themselves in the midst of a chaotic scene with a lot of foot and motor traffic. Harry feels somewhat safe as he is following behind Kamadhenu. Saashini appears calm, being use to this kind of hustle and bustle. They are lead to a side street. It’s quieter here with small homes. There are some people wandering around but it is lunchtime. Food smells are abundant the aromas make Harry feel hungry. They approach a building with bars on a closed window. Kamadhenu stops and turns facing a faded yellow painted building. The curtains are pulled shut. Doesn’t seem like anybody is home.

“Now what, you think Karan is in there?” Ask Harry.

“I wish Kamadhenu really could talk. She must know that Karan is here,” remarks Saashini.

Kamadhenu spots a thick rope a few houses down the street. She meanders over. Stops, grabs some grass, has another mouth full of grass. And seems to like what she found.

A neighbor comes out with a load of laundry. She walks towards the cow and pets Kamadhenu. A white cow is considered special, Kamadhenu winks at the lady who smiles and taps her heart with her free hand, then she continues on her journey.

Harry and Saashini watch the exchange and their eyes follow the woman as she continues her walk to the local creek. That is when they see the rope. They look at each other... “let’s get the rope,” says Harry. “Okay, but what are you thinking?”

“I’m not, just listening to my intuition.”

Meanwhile, Kamadhenu hears that they discovered the rope she saw. She keeps eating as they retrieve the rope. Then she meanders over to the window and with her rear end facing the window she stays standing as calm as a cow. Saashini and Harry retrieve the rope and as they approach the house, they take notice of the position of Kamadhenu.

Kamadhenu - Harry, make a harness and place it like a yoke just below my neck. Saashini, knock on the window, make sure Karan is there.

“Did you hear the cow talk, Saashini?”

“No, but I am going to knock on the window, just to make sure Karan is actually there? What are you doing?”

“I am going to make a harness and put it around Kamadhenu’s neck. Like a yoke you might see on an oxen pulling a plow.”

Saashini knocks hard on the window, with rapid raps. “Then what will you do?”

Kamadhenu telepathically says, “tie the rope to the window bars.”

At the same time Harry responds to Saashini, “we’ll tie the rope to the bars.”

The curtain separates and Karan appears with a look of disbelief. Harry waves, Karan smiles and claps his hands, and Saashini ties the rope to two sided of the metal bars.

Kamadhenu, “stand aside, wave Karan back from the window.”

They have done just that when Kamadhenu lets out a ferocious “MOO”. The bars shake a little as Kamadhenu moves forward looking like an oxen. They hear a crack like wood splitting, “MOO”. Now neighbors start to come out into the street. Their mid day break is disrupted. Suddenly there’s a loud sound of demolition as the entire window casing is dislodged from the roughed in frame work. The window flies off the sill plate and crashes to the ground. Glass shatters, screams are let loose by the faint hearted. Saashini is screaming at Karan, “wait there is broken glass. Harry get Karan!” In Indian there are many languages from the dialects of different Pradesh’s. Verbal chaos erupts, Saashini is

screaming at some of the men..."this is my son, stay out of this."Harry has placed Karan on Kamadhenu's back and hands him the rope to hold onto.

"Saashini, let us go now!"

She turns from the mob that has formed and they slowly walk towards the meadow. They leave the din of noise.

Meanwhile, Ravi is walking down the street after going to the market for food. He had planned on a nice dinner for him and Karan. His motive, to claim Karan as his rightful son and reclaim Saashini as his rightful wife. He notices the commotion near his home. As he gets closer a few of the neighbors start yelling and pointing towards the meadow. He looks out towards the meadow then at the crowd in front of his house. The window with bars is scattered along the front wall of the house.

"Ravi, you won't need a front door now," laughs a neighbor.

Another jokester says, "your prison is not secure, your son has escaped!" He chuckles under his breath.

Ravi just looks at what has happened. He looks back towards the meadow but nobody is in site.

"Three people come. With cow, break window take boy." Says a woman.

"Humph, I will clean up mess. You can all go back into your homes now." He takes his groceries into the house and comes back out to move the mess out of the street and against the wall of his house, for now. He finds a sheet and hangs it from the inside to cover the window opening. Then he get's in his small car and drives off.

Chapter 11

The Saashini, Harry, Karan, and Kamadhenu arrive at Saashini's home. Kamadhenu is grazing in front of the deck and the sliding glass door. Karan ask to brush the cow. He missed her and wants to show his appreciation. Saashini gets her bath brush and gives it to Karan. She gives him a warm embrace and a kiss.

Harry is waiting in the hall not sure if he is to sleep in Karan's room as he once did or ...

“Harry, please, you sleep in my room.”

“If I sleep in Karan's ...”

“No, he will be safe. I don't feel safe without you at my side.”

“So you trust me ...”

Saashini takes a step forward and is pulled into Harry's automatic embrace. “I don't know Harry, what to trust, my desire or your discernment. I desire you, and yet we need more time to know each other.”

“I think we both feel the physical attraction, thinking that is the first step to get to know each other. We both know that is non-sense. In due time I trust that we will know each other's heart space. And when that happens our physical attraction will dissolve into a complete Tantric experience. I can wait. You can trust me in your bed.”

There is hard knocking at the front door. They are startled into action.

“It's going to be Ravi. Put your bags into my room. Maybe go to be with Karan,”

“No, I will stay with you to confront Ravi.”

There's more ponding now. The door vibrates, Ravi is screaming. A neighbor pokes her head from her window. Saashini opens the door, just enough to see Ravi's angry face. The safety chain will not allow his entry.

In Telegu Ravi screams, "You break my window with a cow, I will plow into you house with a bull dozer, now let me in."

"You scare me Ravi, why will I let you in?"

Harry speaks, "Ravi, please settle down, we will let you in. I want to be part of the conversation."

Ravi speaks pretty good English, since he went to the same English school as Saashini. St. Annes was attended by many Indies.

Ravi lowers his voice, "I promise, I will not harm you."

He is allowed to enter. He paces the room back and forth. Both he and Saashini are speaking rapidly in Telegu with great emotion. Arms flying into the air with great gesture and fingers pointing, to Harry, towards the back of the house where Kamadhenu and Karan are located. Harry remains uncomfortably still, since he has no clue what is transpiring. Unbeknownst to the three adults, Karan comes into the room.

"Please, you talk about me as if I am not present. You talk as if you both own me. You don't even know if you love me for who I am. I have been raised by my great grandmother and the village. Because of what has happened, I lost my best friend Saadhana, and my next best friend Kamadhenu came because she had nobody to love her. I am confused."

Jaws drop, Saashini has tears and is sniffing. Ravi looks down, embarrassed and disheartened.

Harry, looks over at Karan, "you were my first friend at the village. You and Saadhana, spoke for me and found me a place to stay. I consider that friendship."

“Harry, I am happy you came back.”

There is a prolonged silence.

Saashini makes a suggestion, “come let us all sit in the kitchen. I will make some tea. We will talk, in calm English.”

They all shuffle into the kitchen and sit around the table while Saashini makes some tea.

Harry ask Ravi, “what is the law in your culture when child is born out of wedlock?”

“What does that mean Harry?”

“Ravi and your mother were not married when you were born.”

Ravi responds quickly, “we both have a right to be guardians, or parents to you Karan. I am exercising my right.”

Saashini responds, “Ravi, it is not that simple. Karan, the truth is that we had you while we were young. I was only sixteen years of age. Ravi seventeen. There was no real love between us. We did not know the full meaning of love and are still trying to find it in our lives.”

“Saashini, will tell you that I left the village in disgrace. That is true, and she finally left to move here. Your grandma and grandpa are elders in the village, so there was dishonor.”

Karan is starting to tear up. Harry places a hand on his shoulder and gives a slight squeeze. Saashini places the tea and cups on the table and sits.

“Karan, sometimes adults in our situation keep this kind of thing a secret. Some put the child up for adoption, for someone else to raise the child. Or send the baby to an orphanage. I could not do that. I wanted you to live a normal life.”

“Mama, this is not normal.”

“No, it is not and it is complicated because we all want the best for you. There is another rule that makes this complicated, you have the inheritance rights to both biological parents. There is custody rights, and who provides maintenance and a few other rules. This should all be decided by the court.”

Ravi, “I am sorry Karan, I disappeared, we never went to court to get the legal ruling.”

“Harry was like a father to me for a short time. He showed me things, we had fun together. He makes me laugh.”

“MOO,” they hear the sound of hoofs in the hallway. A white cow head pops through the kitchen door opening. “Who ever get’s Karan get’s me too!”

Harry is dumbfounded. He looks at everybody who sits with surprised looks.

Saashini exclaims, “what are you doing in here. Karan, did you not shut the door?”

Harry says, “did anybody hear a cow talk?”

They all quizzically look at Harry.

“No,” is everyones response.

“What did Kamadhenu say Harry?” ask Karan

“Whoever ends up with you, gets her too!”

“Your silly Harry, of course, Kamadhenu is my best friend!”

Ravi and Saashini have bemused expressions.

“Listen,” declares Harry, “in my culture, if parents of divorced children are deemed capable of raising the child, then there is joint custody. What if we tried that out for awhile. You both live close, across the meadow. Enough good grass for Kamadhenu, and ...”

“MOO, now your talking Harry, thanks for thinking of my rights, too.”

Harry turns to Kamadhenu, “your welcome.”

Heads are shaking as if Harry has lost his marbles. Karan is laughing.

Now Saashini continues, “you forgot one thing Harry, I think we are learning to fall in love with each other. At least I am with you.”

There is a shift in Ravi’s body language. In Telegu he opines, “you think and you’re learning too is different than falling in love with conviction. So what is it.”

“I am scared of other consequences, we are different cultures. I am afraid that our parents would declare a fixed marriage between us, you and me. I am sorry Ravi, I want to choose. I want to marry because of love.” Saashini responds in Telegu.

“I knew that, the day I saw you leave the shower with Harry. I have been mad ever since.” Ravi looks at Harry, then at Karan, and now Saashini. “So what can we do to help Karan live a normal child’s life?”

Still in Telegu, “I am willing to try Harry’s idea. No courts, no parents involved. At least for awhile. Ravi, we grew up together, as neighborhood friends. Can we have our relationship remain as friends? Can we confide in each other what is best for Karan.”

Ravi gives a consensual nod, “okay Saashini I see your point of view.”

In English Ravi confirms with Harry, “we have decided to try your idea.”

“Great Ravi, I hope it works out. I will find some tools and Kamadhenu and I will repair your window.”

“MOO!” The cow turns her head out of the door and goes back to the meadow. Everybody turns to Harry.

“She said yes, she’ll help fix the window as long as there are no steel bars.”

Chapter 12

All has been peacefully settled, for now. Saashini and Harry are preparing a meal, Ravi has gone home to fix his meal and invites Karan since he wanted to prepare a special meal for his biological son. There was a compassionate agreement with the intention that Karan get’s to know his real father that contributed to his birth.

There is a surprise waiting for Karan at Ravi’s home. His estranged, best friend from the village ... Saadhana is waiting and prepping vegetables for the meal.

Ravi parks his car. He hands Karan a bag of groceries and ask him to take it inside, to the kitchen. Karan does what’s requested by Ravi. He enters and as he goes into the kitchen he sees Saadhana. They stare at each other, Karan places the bag on a counter and quickly continues on towards Saadhana who is waiting to give him a big hug.

“We are friends again, Saadhana?”

“Yes, I am sorry about all that has happened. It is not your fault that we had some distance. It’s like choosing sides in the school yard games. I was on my brother’s side and you were on your mother’s side. This had nothing to do with us. I know that now.”

“And what about Harry? I think he loves my mother.”

“I still want to like Harry as a friend. He is easy to like and funny too!”

“Does Ravi forgive my mother?”

“I think so, he told me that he regrets the sadness it has caused our families.”

“They all talked about something called custody. Harry said that maybe they can keep out of court and find a way to both be my parents.”

“Okay, tonight we are together again with my brother. I know he wants to get to know you. He feels sad for what he did, leaving you when you were born. He left you and our family in disgrace.”

Ravi enters the house and comes into the kitchen. “Are you surprised to see Saadhana, Karan?”

“Yes, I am happy to be friends again. Will you be friends with Harry and my mother?”

“I will try, maybe I will know Harry better when he comes to fix the window. Now you two chop some vegetables. I will cook some rice and make the chutney and sauce.”

Chapter 13

Ravi and Karan have left. Saashini waves good-bye and turns to Harry.

“I hope this works out. Thank you for the suggestion, even though I feel some anxiety about Ravi’s real motive. I do wonder, right now, what is going through Karan’s mind. He must surely be confused.”

“I know when my folks divorced it was tough. They were always so busy with their lives that I felt abandoned, at least I knew them as mother and father. In Karan’s case he is going to have to understand the difference between his biological father and the father that raises him.”

Saashini - I want Harry as the father that raises him, but there he goes again...making a comment as if it will not be him. I thought he stayed in India to be with us, with me. I thought it was a sign of his love for me. I want him to say that again and again until I believe it’s true. So what is it in me that does not feel the love he might have for me? I just want to dissolve into this love energy, with him. But how do I do that, do we need a discussion? Do I beg for his physical love or shall I just recall our innocence in the shower at my mothers home in the village. The memory of just a connection, naked bodies that connected in such a non physical way. I experienced his being and he experienced mine. Our eyes traced our loving energy instead of tracing bodily shapes. We transcended beyond the physical, this is the memory I want to savor. I will enjoy it until it is replaced by the oneness of our physical union. But who will be the initiator of our sex?

“Harry, you stayed in India. When I saw you at the Tapas, and we connected with passion in our hearts, I wanted you as a lover, as a father for my child, even my inner child’s need yearned for your compassionate heart.”

“Saashini, I definitely have a desire and an intention to be your man. I want you to take me in your arms, kiss my lips and open the gateway to your soul. I also, have fears that dwell in my subconscious mind. Fears of ‘Am I good enough’ not just for you, also good enough to be a trustworthy friend and father figure for Karan. I am an outsider to your culture, your nationality, your spirituality, and what it is I seek. You yearn for my compassionate heart which I am still trying to connect with. You want me as a lover, I felt that the day in the shower, when Ravi showed up and I learned of your past. I felt your passion that night at the fire pit, under the stars in your mother’s yard. And I

felt a loneliness when I was shown your simple room at your mother's house, abandoned, waiting for a body to sleep in the bed."

"Stop, stop," cries Saashini, "there is nothing to eat in my house, the cupboards are bare, the wind whistling through the back door from across the meadow where a sacred white cow satisfies it's hunger, is the music I hear, she is the energy in my heart. And next to me is the man I long for. Venerable, honest feelings, a real man that is not meant to be humble. You are meant to rise above and know your Divinity. All I have to give you right now is an empty bed, to cuddle in and feel the warmth of this spirit that dwells within this physical form."

There is a stillness, the wind has stopped, dusk is descending upon the earth, and the white, sacred cow in the meadow let's out a "MOO! Take her hand and lead now, Harry!"

"Did you hear a cow just now Saashini?"

Saashini - What is Harry thinking, he keeps getting distracted by Kamadhenu? Is she talking to him? Maybe Harry is not who I think he is. Now what, my passion has been short circuited.

Saashini takes a deep breath, not sure what to say. They still maintain intense eye contact. "No, I do not hear cows like you do Harry. Were you a rancher as you say in the west. Did you keep a watch on a herd of cows? Maybe, you need to finish your Tapas, that's what you came back to do, isn't it? To process your past so you could be present more, connecting with others?"

Harry takes Saashini's left hand in his right hand. "I need an empty bed to lay in and process this feeling of love that I want to give to you. You asked to cuddle in your empty bed. Let us fill it with our love. A boundless love, with devotion to our infinite spirits entwined in the light of our Divinity, our godhead 'Daiva Sambandhamaina'"

“You speak good Telegu, Harry.....MOO”

The dawn light is starting to make its way into the fading of the night. Harry is lying awake with Saashini's body next to his. He intuitively hears the beckoning of Kamadhenu. The moo is now ingrained in his conscious mind.

“Moo, Harry, you made Saashini joyful. Let her sleep and dream. We need to have counsel you, me, Karan and Saadhana. Come meet us in the meadow.”

Harry - Saadhana? This is getting crazy, communicating to a cow. She is a special cow, however, it seems I am the only one that hears her. I better stop asking people if they heard a cow. Ravi has gone out of his way to make amends with Saashini and Karan. I sure hope it's not a manipulation. I better stop that thought right now. Better that I recognize Ravi's sincerity.

He slowly unwraps his arm that was around Saashini's waist. He gently slides away from Saashini's backside and tucks the sheets gingerly against her curled body.

There's a slight moan and a faint mumbled voice, “where are you going?” Is what Harry thinks Saashini said.

“To talk to a cow.” Harry whispers, with a smile.

Saashini does not respond, she is sound asleep in a dream. Harry dresses and quietly walks out the back door and into the meadow. He is half way to Kamadhenu when he sees what appears to be someone milking her. It's Karan, and the girl standing next to him must be...

“Good morning Saadhana! I am so glad to see you.”

With her back to the approaching Harry, the greeting startles her. She turns with a big smile on her face, “greetings Harry, my good friend.”

Karan is busy milking but says, “Hi Harry, we need milk for our breakfast. You take some back to my Am’ma, please.”

“Saadhana, Karan.” Harry looks at Kamadhenu who, it seems to Harry, gives him a wink.

Karan finishes the milking and takes the bucket from under Kamadhenu’s udder. He thanks her and divides the milk into two jars.

There is a pause before Kamadhenu says, “You will have to figure out a way to transport me to the USA.”

“What do you mean Kamadhenu?”

“The three of you, Ravi and Saashini will be going to live on your mother’s ranch. I am going too.”

“Saadhana, Ravi brought you here?” ask Harry.

“Yes to be with my friend, Karan.”

“Did either of you hear Kamadhenu’s message?”

“Of course, Harry, she is our best friend too. It is very special to have Kamadhenu talking to you.”

“Nobody else seems to hear her.”

“They don’t need too. Just you three and we are going to your mother’s ranch community.” A telepathic response from Kamadhenu.

“How do you know?”

“A man named Joseph, said he was medicine man, he said they need some variety in the community.”

“Who is Joseph, Harry?” Ask Karan

“He was my roommate for two days at Tapas where your mother was helping out.”

There is a long silence. Kamadhenu walks off to graze in another part of the meadow. Karan hands Harry a bottle of fresh milk. Saadhana and Karan walk towards Ravi’s house. Harry stands still and looks in three directions. He watches as everyone leaves. He can see Saashini on the back porch of her house and starts making his way to her. ‘What now,’ is the only thought that Harry has as he walks.

Saadhana and Karan arrive at Ravi’s home. The cooking of the breakfast smells good. Ravi ask, “I was worried about you two. Where have you been?”

Karan holds up the bottle of milk. “nAnna, your cooking smells good. We are hungry.”

Ravi is startled to hear Karan call him father. He gives Karan the Namaste sign. “Thank you for calling me father. I am grateful to have this chance to know you more than just a friend.”

Saadhana also joins the dialogue with more gratitude. “I am happy to be reunited with you too, Karan. Thank you brother for bringing us together.”

“It was I that split you two apart, I am forever grateful for our reunion.”

Ravi - I finally am able to let go of the distant past when puberty and our hormones where changing our physical bodies and our emotional desires where strong and we didn’t have any warnings

how they might have an impact with our lives. Saashini was always a beautiful girl and being from the same village and growing up together, it's not like either one of us where the aggressor, it just happened. Then Karan was on the way and I got scared. I left Saashini, the village, my family and fifteen years later I am trying to make amends. I finally gave up trying to develop a relationship with Saashini, and we don't even know each other after we grew up as adolescences.

“Thank you for calling me your father, Karan.”

“Yes, I know you are trying to be good now. I have felt lonely sometimes with no father and my mother away working in Chennai.”

“Is that why you like Harry so much?”

“Harry took care of Am'mam'ma, he is a nice man. Even when Aditya fooled Harry into taking care of Am'mam'ma, he was gracious. I think that is why madar liked Harry at first. And Harry let me and Jagadeesh help with new fire pit to cook on. He liked to teach us. He make us feel like grown men. He let us build with the brick. And he help Aditya with Temple. He helped old ladies in the garden, he make friends with Kamadhenu, too.”

Saashini is watching her brother and wonders how all of this adulation towards Harry might be affecting Ravi's ego. Ravi is still and listening to Karan. Karan is finished talking, there is a silence.

“Okay, let's finish preparing the food and eat now,” says Ravi.

Everybody is eating in silence, the children appear to like the food that Ravi made. They eat more, and afterwards help clean up.

“Let us go visit Saashini and Harry today,” says Ravi.

Chapter 14

Saashini and Harry are leaving the Animal Quarantine and Certification Service at the Chennai Airport.

“So tell me Harry, why are you so determined to bring all of us, including Ravi, Saadhana and Kamadhenu to the United States to live on your mothers ranch? From what you have told me, your family relations are about as twisted as mine. And a cow yet, that is the craziest thing I have ever heard of. How would we get there by boat? We would all have to travel by boat to keep Kamadhenu company, is that it?”

“Hey, Saashini, Kamadhenu is a special cow. She is a Sahiwal cow and cross breeds with the American Brown Swiss cow very easily. They are very fertile. They are resilient to ticks and there are a lot of ticks during the spring in Montana.”

“That was not my question. Why your mothers ranch in the US? Do you not like India?”

“You will like the peace and quiet in Montana where the ranch is located.”

“Does Ravi know that he is invited, and Saadhana? What about her schooling and friends. Are there children there?”

“I’m not sure, look, there is a lot happening in the world. A lot of what we know now might change very rapidly. The idea of small self-sufficient communities might be the most sane places to live.”

“Why not Andhra Pradesh region and the village where my madar lives?”

“I was told by Kamadhenu to do this with all of us.”

“Whoa Harry, slow down. Maybe you finish Tapas first and see what message you get from the Divine.”

“Maybe Kamadhenu is a messenger of the Divine?”

“I’m talking about your Divine, your personal connection with Spirit if that makes it better for you to connect with. Your soul? Whatever you want to call it. But I never heard a cow talk.”

“You remember Joseph?”

Saashini feels the thin necklace chain around her neck. She pulls out the Buffalo coin and rubs it with an index finger and thumb.

“Yes, he gave me this. He talked about a white buffalo being sacred, asked if a white cow is sacred? He said my wish might come true.”

“Okay, what’s your wish?”

“My intention is to be with you, it is to connect better with my son, it is to forgive Ravi, it is to have a family and be accepted by a community.”

“So, we need to obtain the permits, health certificates, an import/export license, from the US and all of the other documentation. Next we need to find a veterinarian to check out Kamadhenu.”

“And a boat? And what about all of our documentation?”

“We’ll get it done, it will give me enough time to finish Tapas. I’ll call Maadhav.”

They merge into the chaotic traffic of Chennai. Saashini is at the wheel. Harry has Maadhav on the phone. “We found Karan it’s a long story. I wonder if I can come back and take the last week of Tapas, even though I missed the second week and will have to miss the third.”

“You might consider coming for the next tapas instead. There is a lot you have missed. Each week builds from the previous week. Let me ask you, what is your plan? To stay in India or go back to the US?”

“I will be going back to the US. Why?”

“When you get back there Preethaji has some Field of Awakenings she does and you can even do the monthly Manifest series on ZOOM. They are powerful and you will do some processes within the programs.”

They talk some more, Harry thanks Maadhav and turns to Saashini who is intently paying attention to traffic. At least it appears that way.

“What are your thoughts right now Saashini?”

“I am feeling overwhelmed. So much has happened and all of a sudden we, you are planning on taking us to live in the US? And a cow told you to do that? Who told the cow? Who was the message from?”

“Joseph, the man who gave you that buffalo nickel.”

“And why does Joseph think he can dictate the choices you make with your life?”

“He is a medicine man, a friend of my mother’s who is going to marry a medicine man from a Crow/Cherokee clan. Blue Cloud, is his name. I haven’t asked you yet, I would like to marry you if you are feeling the same about me.”

Saashini slams on the breaks, horns beep and toot. She pulls off the roadway without getting hit by another vehicle. That’s a miracle in itself, and this proposal is another miracle!”

“You’re going to have to repeat what you just said. Maybe you can ask me instead. And please, tell me the cow did not tell you to marry me.”

Harry is laughing, they both start laughing, so hard now that neither of them can talk. It’s several minutes before the energy release of what has occurred in the last few days is finally quieted.

“Saashini, last night, lying with you, felt so comforting. I feel like our connection just keeps getting stronger. I feel you, maybe what you might actually be feeling. I have never felt this way about anybody before. I have no experiences to compare the energy I am feeling with you. I’m not sure if marriage is needed, in my mind it is a commitment towards a love supreme. It is an agreement to overcome any obstacles or any hard times when connection might be ‘short circuited’, if you know what I mean.”

Saashini is tearing and her throat will not let her speak. She is shaking her head up and down like a westerner nodding yes, yes, yes, feebly she croats, “yes Harry, yes I will marry you. How do you Westerners say it, I have a lot of ‘baggage’ that you will have to accept. I am still processing my Tapas.”

Harry reaches over with a tender hand and with his soft touch brings Saashini’s chin towards his until they are in a kiss that last forever as car horns beep and toot, men shout and yell, women weep for joy, and the children laugh.

When they finally release their kiss, they sense the thousands of eyes on them, they look out the window and it’s the eyes of cows that are starring, as a small herd passes by their parked vehicle.

Chapter 15

When they arrive home they see Ravi's car parked out front. They enter the house and hear some laughter coming from the rear of the house. They walk to the back and as they look out into the meadow they see Ravi, Saadhana, and Karan kicking a soccer ball and are circling around Kamadhenu, who is 'MOOING'.

"They sure are having fun. I think Ravi is really warming up to be a father."

"Saashini, do you think there is any chance of you being subjected to an arranged marriage?"

"Perhaps that is Ravi's motive for his sudden change. I want to think that he regrets all of the years with no contact and walking away from Karan before he was even born. Maybe Saadhana has some influence after all she is best friends with Karan."

"Well it sure is good to witness to connection that is forming between Ravi and Karan. Karan looks happy especially being reunited with Saadhana."

Saashini looks at Harry while Harry is still fixated on the action in the meadow. "Harry, you are serious when you say Kamadhenu talks to you. Even though nobody else hears her, other than the moo." Saashini has a quick laugh, "I don't hear you moo back so how are you two communicating?" She giggles with amusement.

Harry slowly looks directly at Saashini, "there is a spirit that dwells in this body. What I have been experiencing is the true liberation from my physical form. I have surrendered to the fact that spirit needs a physical form to complete it's task on this earthly or material plane."

“Harry, you have this belief is it? A belief that your physical form is being guided to complete someone else’s Dharma? Are you describing your version of eternity?”

“Hummm, I like your questions. When you experience something, it’s a real experience, so you don’t have to believe or hope it will happen anymore, it actually is. Watch the children play and kick that ball. Before they learned to kick the ball they had to believe that they could. When they made their very first attempt and kicked the ball they knew they could kick it. Now the task of kicking a ball is automatic. All these years I was seeking to find what I believed, to be true. I do not have to believe that my physical form is being guided, it actually is being guided. By a cow, by a medicine man, by you, by the spirit that dwells within. When the body goes, the spirit remains eternal.”

“And you have experienced your body gone, as in death?”

“Not yet, but I do hear the cow, so I know that to be true. And she told me to take us all to Montana. It’s not something I would ever think of doing. I sure am determined to make it happen.”

“So is this your purpose or maybe a destiny. Something that you want to happen in the future? And you are determined to make it happen. There is a lot to consider, for instance all of us who you are including, there might be some road blocks.”

“I do not want to think like that. I....”

They are interrupted by the excited sounds of children in glee!

“Madar, can ai ple vit Sadhana tu Ravi’s hom?”

“Avunu miru vellavaccu, i ratai akkada gaduputara?”

“Thank you.” And Karan disappears through the meadow with Saadhana holding hands and skipping. It appears as a mystical dance with the tall grasses blowing in the breeze, sometimes only

seeing their upper bodies. Ravi waves and gives the namaste sign in gratitude.

There is a conservative smile on Saashini's face. Her look is of some concern. She turns towards Harry who is standing below the deck in the meadow. He looks up at her.

“I will go and make us some dinner now. I suppose you want to talk to your cow.” There is a bit of sarcasm in her voice. She seems perturbed.

“What did Karan ask you that you seem to have some energy that isn't joyful. What is your state?”

“Ha, you take one week of Tapas and you're sounding like an expert. Sorry, Karan just asked if he could play at Ravi's and spend the night. Yes, I am suffering with concern that Ravi is trying to win him over with his graces, all of a sudden.”

“Is that some kind of mara that Krishnaji warned us about?”

“Yes, Harry, my guru lover. A road block. You mind if I call you my guru lover?” She laughs.

Harry wonders, “are you saying that in mockery?”

“Go talk to you cow, I will make dinner, and then we need to talk. Tell Kamadhenu I love her for who she is and taking care of my A'mmam'ma and whispering knowledge into your head!”

Harry - I shake my head and give her a wink. There is definitely an energy with Saashini right now. Maybe I am moving too fast, Kamadhenu warned me about telling people I am talking with a cow. I have this sense that there is spirit or a soul in each one of our bodily forms and other forms, plants, animals, even cars! I had a mechanic ask me one time, “do you have a name for your car?” When I said no, he responded with something like, “well it would be good to name it and talk to it once in awhile it has a life

too.” Then my mom talked about this couple at the ranch and the guy had an experience with death and the main thing he recalled was something saying “your not done yet.” And some how he fulfilled his purpose or the spirit’s purpose to assist in building community. So did his wife. Then they died. So who was guiding them, or using them to fulfill a destiny? Destiny and purpose is so much of thinking about the future. Preparing for something to happen that one might not necessarily have control over. Apparently, they both lived their life questioning intuition but still following their intuition recognizing a higher source of guidance. That is how they chose to do what might be uncomfortable to a rational mind.

Kamadhenu is grazing at the far end of the meadow. This is the direction where Karan, Saadhana and Ravi took to go to Ravi’s house. Harry reaches Kamadhenu, “hello Kamadhenu.”

“Moo,” is the response.

“I told Saashini that you talked to me, she thinks I am crazy. We went to the Animal Quarantine Certification office to see about getting permits for you to be exported.”

“Moo, Moo,” is Kamadhenu’s response.

“So, you’re not going to talk now because I told Saashini about you talking to me.”

“Moo.”

There is quiet. Kamadhenu lays down in the grass. She looks at Harry. “Sit my friend. We all carry a soul or spirit as some of you like to say. When we talk from human thought, that is what prevents one soul connecting with another. Soul is the energy of life, That is all. Nothing to believe in, just is. So your connection with Saashini is derived from the human thought of your brain. There is a saying that humans use sometimes, it is “talk from the heart not the head,” then you will know love. The other soul will

respond to the soul that dwells in you. In your material world you will have a brief experience of being one with all existence. The moment you try to define how great it “feels” that is when you revert back to a rational, knowledgeable mind. And your experience is just that, an experience that you crave to have again. So you pray, or create an intention, a purpose. When you just let go and focus on the action that you are guided to take by soul or spirit connecting, with another... then the experience is no longer an experience. It is what is, another good cliché you humans use.”

“I have heard of wise owls before, I never knew a wise cow!”

“Moo!”

Chapter 16

Harry walks back to the house. He smells the aroma of the food cooking. He peeks into the kitchen, nobody there, just a low flame and a simmering pot of chickpea stew in a saucy gravy. He walks down the hall and hears some sniffing coming from the bedroom. He enters and Saashini looks up from where she is sitting on the side of the bed.

“I am sorry Harry, for the way I behaved. I was so short tempered with you. I have some fears. I thought everything was going to workout easily, between us, and Ravi. Now I am not so sure of the outcome. You wanting to move back to the USA. I am not so sure about me, what will happen. There is my parents and Ravi’s parents, very traditional. They may want to arrange a marriage now that Ravi has returned. I sense that is his motive. He is winning over Karan’s heart. Karan was so eager to be with him and Saadhana. What will I do if I go with you to Montana? If I want to live in a village I have one to go back too. Some of the stigma will be forgiven if I marry Ravi.”

“Saashini, one thing I have become aware of is connection that is not just between us, our human form. We call ourselves human beings. So we are human (body) and beings (a state of spiritual existence) being to me is the mystery of the soul. I have become aware of spirit. The difference between my thoughts and the spirit energy that dwells within this human form. When I take the time to pause and recognize the two thoughts of action I can choose, the mara’s influence that leads to suffering or right action that leads to beautiful states of joy, I can feel the other’s spirit energy.”

“Right know what is happening between us?”

“We are both in thought sharing our knowledge of what we are feeling or thinking. We are blocking the synapse that can happen between the souls that dwell within each of us. Maybe we have found each other not by coincidence rather our souls need to fulfill something in this material plane so that they can go to or remain in a higher realm.”

“All of your explanations sound beautiful. It is wonderful belief systems, that you choose to exist in. What’s real for me is what I can understand as black and white. I am living a life that is very physical and what I need is context that helps me make logical decisions.”

“Maybe we should eat before your dinner get’s burnt. The flame was still on when I came in here.”

“Oh, I forgot. Let’s eat, please help me up.”

Harry reaches down and pulls Saashini up from the bed. Saashini carries her momentum into an embrace with Harry and gives him a kiss. But to Harry, this action did not feel sincere. It was an effort towards an amnesty of two culturally different people. Two people that some might not consider should be with each other because of skin color, race and beliefs.

They serve themselves and eat in silence. When they finish, Harry cleans up and Saashini goes to her room. She shuts the door. Harry finishes the dishes. He makes some tea and takes it to Saashini's room. He knocks on the door.

“Come in Harry.”

“Here, I made some tea.” He hands her the cup. “I’m going to sleep out on the deck tonight.”

Saashini does not have a desire to invite him into her bed this night. “Okay, can you bring in some milk from Kamadhenu for breakfast tomorrow morning?”

Harry does not know how to take that request, as another sarcasm or a message that she is only a cow, even though she is considered sacred. She is still an animal with no communication skills other than mooing. Harry responds, “moo.” But there is no laughter, his response carries no lightness in this forcefield that feels so heavy. He turns to leave, as he shuts the door he turns his head and Saashini is not looking at him, “may you be blessed, Saashini, Namaste.” She remains stoical looking not at Harry, just straight ahead at the bare wall of her “White Room”.

Harry settles into his sleeping bag, on his camp mat, under the stars. There are millions of them twinkling and radiating distant lights. He imagines each one being a soul. He looks at his phone and figures out the global time zones. He dials a +1 406 area code number.

“Harry, is that you?” Maggie’s voice has a tinge of excitement. “I am so glad you are calling. How are you doing in India, almost done with your Tapas?”

“No, I dropped out of it. Somethings come up and it has developed in a misunderstanding and miscommunication. Listen, did you send a man, an American Indian Medicine Man over here?”

“Oh boy, did he say his name is Joseph? He carries a peace pipe? Did you smoke with him?”

“Yes, what’s the deal with him? He was my roommate for two days then left.”

“He sure does get around and pops into situations and peoples lives that need healing.”

“Well he sure did make his presence known in some odd ways. What I want to ask you is how your relationship is going with the other Crow medicine man, was it Blue Cloud? How did you decide to go beyond the cultural barriers, and are you concerned how it might affect dad, now known as your ex?”

“I’m glad you asked, because there is a modern day phenomenon happening here. This place is getting very magical. It’s as if souls or our spirits are engaging with each other. And that is what happened with Blue Cloud and me. There was a connection that I experienced that was pure surrender to what my soul, my spirit, or my Divine, if you want to call it that, desired. I have no recall of what actually happened. It’s not like I heard a voice or anything like that. Once I committed to a relationship with Blue Cloud, I found out that the wife of a man in their culture gives up ownership of her land if she has any. What I realized is that I gave it up for this community. It was easy as relationships where developing into strong heart to heart connections. We all became so supportive of each other, and accepted whatever discordant energy occurred. There was so much forgiveness, compassion, and love being exchanged that I realized we were all opening up our hearts to each other for the good of the community. The part I told you about, surrendering to my soul, I think we have all been doing that here. The guests that come here are experiencing personal, emotional healing. We have such a cross section of people living together that we are having a marriage ceremony. I hope you can be here for it. As for your father, the last I talked with him it sounded like he was ready for a big change. He is coming here, how he manages his emotions or ego is up to him.

There really is no reason to have animosity concerning my choices. I am grateful for his choice to show up here.”

“I better get some sleep, thanks for everything mom. I’m sorry our connection hasn’t been so great all these years. I am grateful for you sharing your story. I seem to be having the same experience as you in terms of surrendering to the divine within me.”

Harry - Before I fall off to sleep, I look up the meaning of Love, Forgiveness and Surrender on my phone. These thoughts I have are dependent on what I consider to be UI (Universal Intelligence). I am curious since much of the AI that has been created comes from universal thoughts. I Google the question and read the response;

AI Overview (from Google)

Love, forgiveness, and surrender are interconnected concepts, often described as [pathways to inner peace and spiritual growth](#). Love is a fundamental human emotion, encompassing compassion, empathy, and affection. Forgiveness is the conscious decision to release anger, resentment, and bitterness towards someone who has wronged you, even if they don't apologize. Surrender, in this context, often means letting go of the need for control, accepting things as they are, and trusting in a higher power or a greater purpose.

Here's a more detailed look at each concept:

Love:

- Love is a multifaceted emotion, including romantic love, familial love, platonic love, and [agape](#) (unconditional, spiritual love).
- It's often associated with kindness, compassion, empathy, and a desire for the well-being of others.
- In its purest form, love is selfless and non-judgmental.
- Love can be a powerful force for healing and transformation.

Forgiveness:

- Forgiveness is not the same as forgetting or condoning harmful actions.

- It's a conscious choice to release negative emotions associated with past hurts.
- Forgiveness can be a gift to oneself, freeing one from the burden of resentment and bitterness.
- Forgiveness can also be seen as an act of compassion and empathy, allowing one to understand the perspective of the person who caused the hurt.
- Forgiveness can be extended even when the other person doesn't seek or deserve it.

Surrender:

- Surrender, in this context, means letting go of the need to control outcomes, situations, or other people.
- It's about accepting things as they are, even when they are difficult or painful.
- Surrender can involve trusting in a higher power, a greater plan, or one's own inner wisdom.
- It can be a powerful way to release stress, anxiety, and fear, allowing for greater peace and acceptance.
- Surrender can be a courageous act, requiring humility and trust.

Interconnections:

- Love is often seen as the foundation for forgiveness, as it allows one to see beyond the offense and extend compassion.
- Forgiveness, in turn, can be a path to experiencing deeper love and compassion, both for oneself and others.
- Surrender can be a way to release the need to control the outcome of a situation, making it easier to forgive and experience love.
- When combined, these concepts can lead to personal growth, healing, and a more fulfilling life.

Wow, I can sleep better now, it all sounds good to me. I think I will create a dream of my relationship with Saashini and visualize my surrender to any outcome. Hummm, I have this pendulum that Joseph gave me. Ha, okay, I'll see what it has to say. Is my guide's name Joseph? (The pendulum swings north and south.) Is that a yes? (It swings north and south again.) Is Saashini the woman I

am meant to be with on my journey? (The pendulum swings north and south again.) Is that a yes? (The pendulum swings north and south in a very wide arc.)

Harry curls up in his sleeping bag and falls into a deep slumber.

Chapter 17

Saashini is laying in bed, sleepless. She is feeling anxiety. Her fingers reach for the buffalo nickel pendant that loosely is around her neck. It's very early morning and still dark out, the sky is starting to change as stars start to disappear and the moon is moving away from the sun. She shut herself off from Harry's compassion and now she regrets the way the evening unfolded. She swings her legs out of the bed and finds a robe to put on. She gingerly opens her bedroom door. She goes to the front door so as not to wake Harry. Saashini walks around the house and enters the dewy meadow. The cool dampness on her feet feels refreshing. There is Kamadhenu laying under the lone tree at the far end of the meadow. The cow opens her eyes and turns her head as Saashini approaches. Saashini looks down at Kamadhenu, she hesitates, then sits in the damp grass, and anticipates that the talking cow will talk to her. There is a silence as Kamadhenu looks away.

“You'll talk to Harry, but not me?”

“When your Am'mam'ma was ready to make her departure, I asked her ‘why did you bring me?’ she gave me gratitude for what I gave her.”

Saashini was looking at the cow's mouth and it remained closed, and still she heard what was said.

“I was told about a White Buffalo, that it was sacred. I was told to find a White Cow.”

“I would like to see a White Buffalo.”

“Why don’t your lips move when you talk.”

“I am just serving a purpose, it is my Spirit talking to your Spirit. Your mind is not letting you to listen to your Spirit. Open your heart to love.”

Saashini is crying now, she is confused and scared. Kamadhenu stands. She looks at Saashini and opens her mouth.

“There is a bucket under the tree. I need to give some milk. Take from me now.”

Saashini gets up on all fours and crawls around the other side of Kamadhenu and places the bucket under her utter and starts milking. She has done this for several years while growing up.

“You have taken from me before. I have fed your family. I have severed your Am’mam’ma, you go and make some curd. Have a special meal with Harry. He will forgive you and love you. That will be his purpose in place right now. GO!”

Saashini stands and takes the bucket, she sees Harry standing in the glow of the first rays of light that filter through the clouds. He is but twenty yards away. Standing there, listlessly waiting as Saashini walks towards him, head held high with dignity. Her eyes are still full of tears, yet seeing Harry there waiting is all the support she needs. With her right hand she touches her heart as a greeting of love. Harry bows as she approaches and as he raises his head says, “I bow to the light within you, Namaste.”

“Thank you Harry, thank you for your patience with me.”

She takes Harry’s hand and leads him through the back door and to her bed. Her robe drops to the floor and she is radiant in light. Harry pulls her to himself as they fall into bed and lay in sweet surrender.

“Saashini, there will be a great marriage ceremony at my mothers ranch where a new permanent culture has formed. She said her ranch has become a magical community and would like us to come. I never, in my wildest dreams, dreamt of such a vision. This morning, right now, with your radiant beauty wrapped in my arms, I know that you know we are meant to be soulmate lovers.”

“Oh, Harry, Kamadhenu’s Spirit connected with me, and your Spirit is connecting with mine. And our bodies, our human existence is about to share the pleasure of this connection. Love me Harry like you have never experienced love before. I am yours right now, take me and feel my gratitude.”

Adorable One,

Sit or lie down, completely immobile,
Beholding the cloudless sky -
Or if there are clouds, the sky beyond.

As vastness envelopes you,
The body vanishes,
Thoughts forget to come.
In this moment,
You are the nature of the great sky.

Akasha

In this yukti, you dissolve into space, transcend with space, merge with it, and become it. Meeting yourself this way can be somewhat terrifying. At the same time, it is a relief to let go of the constriction of being an individual.

From; The Radiance Sutras by Lorin Roche, Phd.

Chapter 18

They both linger in bed, entwined and still exchanging gentle strokes. The morning has shifted into the afternoon. There's no need for words, long kisses between sensuous touch and healing massage. And more Tantric love where they know what the other is feeling. As the sexual energy starts to diminish and they come back to their bodies, they slowly sit in a meditation pose and close their eyes. Finally Saashini speaks, "Harry, before we embark into this evening and night, let us do a Serene Mind Meditation."

"Yes, you lead with your beautiful, soft voice."

Saashini giggles, "Okay, take three, long, slow conscious breathes.

Now, let us become aware of the emotion we are feeling.
What is the sensation our bodies are feeling?

Now let us visit our thoughts,
Are we in the carnal pleasure of the recent past?
Or are we already in the unknown future?
Or are we in the present moment?

Now let us focus on a small flame that we see between our eyes.
And we will follow that flame into the center of our brains.

Continue to take deep conscious breaths.
Smile as we fill each other with cosmic joy.

As we open our eyes, let us give gratitude to each other,
Gratitude for our united Spirits,
And gratitude for the guidance we receive when we are present
to the energy of this limitless universe.

“Thank you Saashini, that is the most beautiful way to complete this sacred love that we have been fortunate to partake in.”
There is a knock on the bedroom door. They look at each other, astonished that this forcefield has to be interrupted.

“Who is it?” Ask Saashini

“Karan, mother we are here.”

“Who, Karan?”

“Saadhana, Ravi and I, are here. Where is Harry?”

“He is here. You go tell Ravi and Saadhana we will be out soon.”

They quietly get dressed and gather themselves. Just before walking out the door Saashini turns and looks at Harry, they give each other a quick smooch and leave the room.

“Hello Ravi, how did the night go? Looked like you all were having fun. Hopefully it lasted the evening.”

“It did, and you two had an enjoyable night?”

“It didn’t start that way, somehow we managed to reconcile.”

“Oh, what was happening if you don’t mind me asking?”

Saashini is not feeling comfortable with how this conversation has begun. She wonders if Ravi is jealous. But why should he be?
“Harry wants to take all of us to the USA, including Kamadhenu! And I could not see that happening.”

“My mom invited us, Saashini and I, to live on her ranch that has formed a self reliant community.”

“And how can that be, what will happen with Karan?”

“Well, I don’t know how your rules work here but I was hoping he could come with us, to the US.”

Saashini looks over to the forgotten children, “Perhaps, I am thinking we could all go together.”

Ravi’s forehead displays furrows of concern, and resistance. “We have our village as a home. It is a community. We have our elders and the ways of our culture. Is it because of him?” Ravi nods towards Harry. “Perhaps now that I have returned to our home village our parents might want to arrange our marriage.”

Harry looks at the children and wonders if they understand what is occurring between Ravi and Saashini. He is hesitant to take part in this discussion right now. “Would you two like us to leave so that you can have a private conversation?”

Saashini is quick to respond, “No Harry, stay, you are very much a major part of this conversation. Karan, and Saadhana you are witnessing what happens when your hormones change during what is called puberty. When you allow your emotional, physical, and sexual desires override discernment.”

“What is discernment?” Karan has a puzzling look on his face.

Ravi and Saashini glare at each other. Ravi looks at Karan, then at Saadhana, “when Saashini and I were a little older than the two of you, the energy of our physical bodies began to change. Our innocent minds became influenced by bodily urges as we observed how adults and older people of the opposite sex engaged in their relationships differently. You two enjoy playing with each other, having fun with games, learning lessons and other things that occupy your time. As your body changes you begin to recognize urges for physical contact to show your love for each other.”

Ravi stops and takes a pause. He looks at Saashini and then Harry. He is unsure of himself all of a sudden. He looks to Saashini for help.

Saashini is feeling Ravi's discomfort as well as her own.

Saashini - All these years I have been living with regret of my actions back then, when I was sixteen. And the confusion that Karan must be living with all this time, especially now that he is older and is caught in this web of confusion. I can feel his desire for parents, like most of his friends have had. Yet he was raised up to this point by my mother and grandmother. He must have felt the rejection from my father, even though my father did not show it outwardly, we all can feel each other on the inner. Is that true? How is it that when I am feeling judged by another, that I also am judging the other and myself. I just spent the night and morning sensing Spirit communicating to Spirit. Ravi so eloquently has addressed our situation and now he is stuck. Looking for me to partake in this discussion of our past folly. Is that what it was? And the result was regret?"

Saashini hears a loud moo in the background. She nods her head side to side and moves over to Karan's side and places her arm around his shoulder. She looks into his eyes, "I love you my son, Ravi loves you. We did not abstain from our physical desires at the time because you were a soul wanting to enter this earthly plane. Love is a phenomena that needs to be disciplined through conscious devotion as a sacred ritual."

Saashini looks at Ravi, then at Harry, with pleading eyes that are tearing up.

"Madar, you allowed me into this world. Thank you." Karan's compassionate heart makes this resounding statement.

Harry and Ravi look at each other with raised eyebrows, not sure how to react. Then again they need to get in touch with what they feel first.

Ravi, "I also had a part in bringing you into this world. You are from my seed. So you are, also my son, Karan. The reason you do

not recognize me as your nAnna is because I never even stayed for your birth.”

Karan looks shaken and confused. Saadhana’s eyes are looking down as if she has shame that Ravi is her brother.

Harry lowers himself to be eye level with Karan. “Do you understand what is being said here, Karan?”

Karan shrugs his shoulders.

“You are being loved and you are being asked for forgiveness. Once you asked me if I was going to stay. And I could not answer you. I wanted to flee because I was scared of commitment. Do you know what commitment is?”

“When someone says they will do something and they mean it?”

“Yes, that is a good way to look at it. I could not commit to being your friend and your mothers special friend too. When I almost got on the plane to go back to America, I knew I was running away from my fear. That is what your father did when he was young. But we both came back to be part of your life. Can you forgive us and love us?”

Karan shakes his head in agreement and falls into Harry’s arms for a big hug. Harry releases him and gently motions towards Ravi, whom Karan immediately goes to for a hug. They embrace and Saashini moves in to become part of the parental hug. Saadhana is smiling and gives Harry a hug too. There’s a loud moo in the distance. Saashini beckons the children to check on Kamadhenu. They leave the room and make their way to the back of the house and the meadow.

Saashini turns as the children leave and rest her back against the wall for support. She looks at both men, “Ravi, I want to thank you for having a change of heart in our situation.”

“It is not easy, forgive me Harry, I do have envy...”

Saashini, “Harry does not possess me, nobody does. Maybe just being content with Karan being in your life and him calling you father is a blessing,”

“I am just being honest, with both of you.”

“When you kidnapped Karan and keep him in your house, what was your intention,” ask Saashini.

Ravi shifts his weight, he looks to his right and spots a chair to sit in. “Saashini, please understand that I have not forgotten you all these years since I left the village. My family would always remind me that I have a responsibility. They told me about your fathers shame as an elder of the village. I thought if I got Karan to like me and know me as his father, we could make things right with our families.”

“And then you saw me with Harry a man that Karan took a liking towards.”

“Yes, Harry had you and Karan and I was furious with myself for leaving you even though I did not know any better in my youth.”

There is a pause. Saashini is still leaning on the wall, Ravi is sitting and the energy in the room is tense. Harry is feeling a bit out of his element here, thinking that should be a private conversation between Saashini and Ravi. He feels their regret from their actions of the past. How does someone reconcile with a past that has impacted their lives and that of another. What is the process? Especially since the stigma that a moral society places on the individual creates a perception and identity that the individual becomes vulnerable.

Harry clears his throat, “when you, Saashini, talked about a soul wanting to come into this world, and Karan with all of his young wisdom thanked you for allowing him to enter this world, that is

God's grace. That is beyond thinking, believing, theory or anything that we can comprehend. The words that came from your lips, Saashini, and Karan's lips, the honesty that is coming from you Ravi, is grace. And what is coming from me is from a Divine source. We are all conduits of energy, until we think with our minds. Then energy is not flowing through us, we create what we think. It is the Divine Intelligence that just occurs, gives us that nudge or intuition that leads us in the direction of real love and forgiveness. At that point, we no longer need to gain knowledge because wisdom is present in our lives."

Chapter 19

There's a shift occurring, some of the high tension is being released in the room. Saashini and Harry join Ravi and sit at the table.

Harry speaks, "Ravi, this is going to sound crazy, just listen for now. Kamadhenu has talked to me. She wants all of us, you too, to go to my mother's community. There was a Crow Indian medicine man that came from there, and also hinted that we would go there. Kamadhenu has also talked with the children..."

Saashini interrupts, "she has communicated with me too!"

Harry, "so would you like to go and be part of this mystical community?"

Ravi is thinking, "this sounds so Hindu...believing that a sacred cow is talking to you. Does she speak in Telegu?"

They all chuckle.

Harry, "it's more like telepathy."

Saashini, “she had me milk her, just like when we were children. Do you remember how we made curd growing up? She instructed me to make some and have a feast. We can celebrate soon. I’ll make a feast.”

“And you want to celebrate on all of us making a commitment to go to America. And do what? Raise a child together. And what about your relationship with Harry? Is it love? Or infatuation?”

“Stop it Ravi, right there. You don’t think I haven’t regretted what we did so long ago? I have a lot of guilt about how I left for Karan to be raised mostly by my grandmother. Every time I came back to spend time with my family in the village, I left with a lot of regret. I have felt genuine love for someone despite the cultural differences and skin color. I may be branded again as a cast off, one thing I will not do anymore is make Karan to appear as a mistake, and unwanted being. I know how that feels, when you left, when Harry left the identity I had of myself was, was...”

Saashini is in tears, she has broken down feeling rejection. Wanting to be accepted for who she is and what she is becoming. She does not want to feel alone in a battle of her own making. This inner conflict needs to dissolve.

A hand grasps her right hand and another her left hand. The men are showing some compassion?

Ravi speaks first, “Saashini, you have reminded me that we cannot recreate our past. What was done, we need to move on from. Let go, is that the terminology for accepting what is? So what is the solution?”

Harry remains silent and gives Saashini’s hand a squeeze. She looks at him.

“I feel like I am being pulled in two directions. All of a sudden you both have an interest in a relationship with me. Harry, you want me to just go with you to this American community and I have

only known you a short time. Ravi, at least we grew up together and we are of the same culture and from the same village. You seem different, not so desperate. What changed in you?”

“I realized that if I were to ever get you back, I needed to love you not be jealous and feel a victim of my own actions. Maybe the change you see is to your liking.”

You can feel the air leave the room. Harry seems calm, however his thoughts are many. He senses that Saashini is looking for an easy solution to the situation. Arrange a marriage with Ravi, and gain back their honor in the village. Live happily ever after. He is not holding Saashini’s hand anymore. He closes his eyes and quietly ask for Divine guidance.

“Saashini and Ravi, one does not need to spend the rest of life trying to change the past. You said that yourself, Ravi.”

“That is not what we are doing, at least not me,” says Saashini.

Harry looks over at Ravi.

“You have been here a short time, Harry. Maybe not long enough to know how an eastern mind thinks.”

“Maybe, that is why I came to India, to find out what is an eastern mind thinking. Then again, why put anybody in a “box”. Why judge and limit oneself and the other when an innocent connection might flourish into understanding, acceptance, forgiveness and love.”

There is a silence before Harry speaks again. “I sense that there is something special that could happen within the entirety of our relationships...you, Saashini, Karan, Saadhana, myself and Kamadhenu. I will leave you two alone for now. I’ll be with the children and that sacred cow.”

Harry gets up, smiles and turns towards the hallway. As he leaves the room and heads for the meadow to join the children and Kamadhenu, Saashini asks, “Harry, can I talk to your mother?”

He turns, surprised, “yes, of course, I will leave her phone number in your bedroom.”

“Thank you.”

“Your welcome, she knows about you. Not much, but she knows I stayed here because of you.”

They look at each other with slight smiles and raised eyebrows.

“If both of you want to meet a talking cow, join us in the meadow when you’re done talking.” Harry turns and leaves the room.

Saashini turns to Ravi who has a forlorn expression. “I’m sorry Ravi, you have known me when we were young. Back then I was somewhat of a rebellious girl and even now as a modern partially westernized woman, I seem to live as if I am of two cultures.”

“And that means that you will not even be considered an arranged marriage if your father demanded it to be so?”

“Yes, Ravi, I am attracted to Harry for various reasons. Not what you think, it’s not just physical, we seem to resonate. To be honest with you I am scared of having a relationship with any man right now. I really want to develop a relationship with my son. I am concerned how that might work especially now that you seem to have an interest in Karan. Is your interest an effort to have me as a wife? Or are you truly regretting the past and want Karan to know his biological father?”

“I am regretting the past, not being there for you. Ashamed and dishonored. I want Karan to know me as his father, but there are a lot of years missing in our relationship. I want you as a wife.

You are Indian, Telegu, a marriage is what should have happened to save our honor. I used Karan as a pawn, to have this time with you.”

“I want to judge you, by your actions, as being heartless. I can't I am just as responsible for what we did and how we abandon Karan. And now Karan must be confused and scared that he will be abandon again. So how can we keep Karan's best interest as our focus, and not make his life about us?”

“If we married by arrangement rather than love, then Karan would be raised in a home of resentment. Since our culture considers a child born out of wedlock as the responsibility of the mother and the father is obligated to give financial support. The grace that you are showing me about our situation, helps me love you. You are committed to make your relationship work with Harry. I understand that now. I want to show Karan my love for him beyond my obligation as the biological father. How will we do that if you go with Harry, and take Karan with you?”

“I don't know Ravi. Ravi, can I give you a hug right now?”

He opens his arms and Saashini does not hesitate as he takes her in his arms. It is a sincere, warm embrace and it remains for several minutes as they absorb each others fears, and compassion. The compassion becomes stronger than their fears. It is so strong that they feel each other's trembling bodies and tears. As they lower their arms, Ravi tenderly lifts Saashini's jaw until she makes eye contact. He purses his lips, “let's go talk to the cow. Maybe Kamadhenu can give us some wisdom.” Then he laughs.

Saashini remains serious, “let's go join them in the meadow.”

“Thank you Saashini, for listening to me. You have treated me with much compassion, for that I am grateful.”

“I want to acknowledge your honesty, and willingness to understand my position in all of this drama.”

Chapter 20

There is a man, dressed like a westerner but he adorns some Native American garb. He sits with Kamadhenu between himself and the others. He is milking his second bucket of milk. There is a calmness surrounding the area where everybody is gathered. Saashini and Ravi quietly approach and heads turn.

“Who is milking Kamadhenu?” Ask Saashini.

“Hello my India sister, we talked in the cafeteria at Maadhav’s palace.”

“Joseph? Why it is you? What are you doing here? Harry said you left. Maadhav said he talked with you and was glad to have met you.”

“That is nice to know. I went to visit my old friend Babaji. His village Haidakhan has a shrine for him. We meet and talk in his cave, very nice man. Simple message of love and teaching the energy of vibrations and a yoga that leads to Christ consciousness. Controlling of life energy through light frequency, breath and opening the Kundalini energy. We have a good talk, then I come here to talk to all of you.”

“Joseph, Babaji died I think in the nineteen eighties. How did you meet him?”

“I am a medicine man and know how to connect through the frequencies. We met on a higher plane.”

“Moo, moo.”

Joseph has a laugh. Harry says, “me too?”

“Good Harry, you listen to Kamadhenu. She wants to see the White Bison/Buffalo, who was born in Yellowstone. It is said to have died. But it’s spirit lives on for she is a symbol of abundance the Lakota’s call it Wakan Gli or ‘Return Sacred’.”

“Kamadhenu has talked to me and Saadhana and Karan.”

“The children know because they have taken care of Kamadhenu who loves them.”

“Moo, it is with great gratitude that Karan and Saadhana are together again to be with me.”

Ravi’s eyes appear to pop out of their sockets. “Are you talking to me, Kamadhenu?”

“Moo.”

Everyone is looking at Ravi, they heard yes!

“It is you Ravi who must make a decision that has a bearing on the life that Karan will know. Will he know love and forgiveness from who he came from or will he know rejection?”

“But I know rejection now.”

“You have brought that onto yourself ten years ago. Have you not felt the non physical love of Saashini? And have you felt the non judgmental love of Karan? And have you felt the compassion from Harry? And have you felt the loyalty from your sister Saadhana?”

“Yes, thank you for showing me the way from my self centric thinking. So how will we do this?”

The communication between Ravi and Kamadhenu has paused. Silence is present and all present are waiting for a...response?

From Ravi who does not realize that they did not hear this private conversation between Ravi and the cow.

Ravi looks at everybody, “did you hear the cow talk?”

All heads shake no!

Ravi walks towards Kamadhenu, as he approaches he notices that Joseph is gone. Where he sat are two buckets of fresh milk.

“Moo, two milks for two households. You take one Ravi, with the children return to your home for the night. Tomorrow you will make a decision and all will know your choice.”

Ravi picks up one bucket and motions for Saadhana and Karan to follow him home. “Come children we have another night together.” They follow after saying good night to Saashini and Harry. Karan gives them both a hug of appreciation.

Kamadhenu lays down. She looks at the other bucket and nods her head. Saashini circles around Kamadhenu looking at her eyes that seem to follow her every move. She lifts the other bucket of milk and walks back next to Harry.

“Harry, you have all been part of a very special frequency vibration. Now go and be with Saashini.”

Harry takes Saashini’s free hand and gives her a very gentle but magnetic pull to start her walking and stop her gawking! As they walk back to the house, Saashini looks back once in awhile and sees Kamadhenu still sitting under the tree.

“Harry, what happened to Joseph, he just seems to disappear at will.”

“I’m wondering myself what is taking place. How do we tap into this vibrational energy field like the masters? Obviously Joseph

is of the same ilk as Babaji and other mystics who talk of bilocation and transmission of energy.”

“I suppose we stop limiting ourselves to just humanism. In Catholic English school I recall learning about Jesus. He mastered all of that and said we have the same power. God gave us Holy Spirit, His power invested in us. We just need to develop our true selves.”

“My skepticism has been a factor of resistance all my adult life. And I was never taught of these other energies. It was considered hocus-pocus and never once was anything like what we are witnessing, instilled during all of my upbringing,” concludes Harry.

They reach the house and enter.

Saashini, “it should be okay to try to call your mother now, if you don’t mind.”

“Go ahead and I’ll start making a diner.”

Saashini - So why am I calling Harry’s mother now? I seem to be settling into a comfortability with this whole scenario. I think Ravi and I just received a direct message and now we make a choice. What am I feeling intuitively? Breathe, slow just focus now girl, breath, listen to the stillness of the evening. The sounds the distant traffic and smell of food cooking. Breath, slow and deep, exhale long and slower. The flame, focus on the flame between the eyebrows. Watch it travel to the middle of the brain. Feel the warmth, let it open the crown chakra. Receive the blessings of the Divine.

A short time of stillness passes. Saashini opens her eyes and dials Maggie’s number.

“Hello, Harry? Do you have a new number? Are you staying in India? You know that I will be sad for awhile if you do.”

There is a long pause on the phone line...

“Namaste, I am Saashini a good friend of Harry’s”

“Oh, did something happen to him?” Maggie is catching her breath.

“Maybe I should introduce my self as his lover, his mate, his partner, his other...”

“Stop, stop, I get the picture, you love my Harry! How wonderful, he mentioned that he stayed in India because of you! That means his love for you is profound! Something happened between you, he has never done that before!”

“Thank you so much for sharing that insight. Now I have need for some more insightful thought from you. He wants to move us to your community. I am scared. I am Indie, and I have some cultural differences I choose to keep. You know, it’s an identity issue.”

“Saashini, when Harry first spoke of you, he had exactly the same issues. I am a white female and about to get married to a Crow/ Absaroka Native. He is a medicine man, he is younger than I am, and I had to give up my personal power to him. By personal power, it was I who wanted power over. I had to be sure I was in control of my desires and emotions and that his power was not the source of my wanting him. I gave him my body thinking I would win over his being. You, us females, are very powerful when we can use the body for an ultimate desire to be fulfilled. He knew it, after all he knows how energy works...he is a medicine man. Like your gurus over there in India. Anyway, it was then that he made me aware that I did not own anything. I realized that meant him, too. And I surrendered to love. Culture, skin color, age, bodies, didn’t mean anything. They did not yield an inferior nor superior sense of being. It was all neutral. Am I saying too much?”

“Yes, I mean no...no, I understand your position, your perception. It is not something learned. I feel your true heart emotion.”

“Look, I don’t know the whole story, who you are as a person, what it means you might have to do to make the choice you do. If it means staying in India and Harry stays with you there, you will know how much he truly loves you. He will surround you with his love and surrender his power to his higher source. You, my dear, I will hold in trust, that you have no ulterior motive.”

“No power over, is that what you mean? A union of lovers meant for each other. A design of two souls, united as one being?”

“Sort of I sense you are going to get esoteric on me,” Maggie giggles, “that’s alright, I love exploring energy beyond my knowledge of what I think.” She chuckles, “sorry, go ahead as you were saying?”

“Oh, Maggie, you have opened me up in a way that I can listen to my heart and not be so rational about what is going on over here. We have a white cow who wants to see a white buffalo, somewhere around Yellowstone is it? And a man name Joseph who claims that you sent him. His friend is Babaji an enlightened mystic who died many years ago. And I can go on, you can get the rest from Harry.”

“Joseph, that’s all you need to mention. You are in for a cosmic ride. Get on over here, and bring Harry too. You and your entourage will fit right into this modern day community. It will be better than being part of the global challenges going on in the world.”

Saashini is laughing now. She gathers herself and in a cherry voice declares, “Maggie, Mother Maggie, can I call you that? Thank you for this conversation. It has lifted my spirits from confusion, to excitement and wonderment. I can hardly wait for the next moment!”

“You are welcome, so nice to meet you. Is Harry available?”

“I can get him, he is cooking us dinner.”

“OH! That’s alright let him cook. Otherwise you’d get stuck in the kitchen!” There’s a cackling, quick laugh, “use your power.” More laughter. They both laugh.

“And if I love him tonight, will I have more power?” Saashini giggles.

“Surrender dear, surrender and you will have delightful pleasure as you receive his gift to you from his heart. You might even feel the oneness of two souls brought together by the Divine.”

They both say in unison, “Namaste”. There is a sigh of contentment and sisterhood.

Chapter 21 -Joseph and Kamadhenu

After a day of grazing Kamadhenu lays under the tree resting for the night. She has had to go a little farther out beyond the tree meadow, towards the river meadow which is open ground and owned by no known entity. It’s about a square mile of open land on the outskirts of this vast city of temples.

Joseph appears and sits alongside Kamadhenu and rest using her broad shoulder as a backrest. “Good evening my friend.”

“Moo, Namaste Joseph.”

Joseph sighs, a little weary. His vision quest seems to be a constant, never ending journey. Just as his lineage and predecessor Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce was on his journey desiring peace from a world he and his people did not choose to be

part of. Only to be forced, to be tamed and succumb to a way of life that did not resonate with his people. He surrendered and finally became weary of the journey to nowhere. He never gave up his effort towards peace. He became an icon for peace and freedom of choice to live the lifestyle his predecessors lived before him. One with nature and the Sun as the Great Creator.

“Kamadhenu, the white buffalo you wish to see was born in Yellowstone country and went missing after a couple of months. Nobody has seen him since. Do you still want to make a journey across the oceans?”

“Yes, my desire is so strong that I think I need to connect with this soul that inhabits the white buffalo. I do not know why. Besides if Karan and Saadhana go I fear that there will be nobody in the village that will love me like they do. I will just be another wandering cow with no master.”

“Ok then, you have the same powers as I do. So how shall we do this great task?” Teleporting?

“How’d you come here to India, teleport?”

“I teleported on Delta Airlines!”

“Moo, and your trip to see Babaji and then back here?”

“Yes, my friend it was the energy. I think you’ll have to take a boat with the rest of the cattle.”

“No cargo planes? Maybe I will have Saashini and Harry check out cargo planes.”

“However you get there I will be there too. This community is special you will see. And it is right for your group of people too.

“Let us rest now Joseph. Look at the stars, our other friends is it not beautiful to stay connected with them while we serve this

earth planet?”

“Yes, I have wondered far and am forever grateful for what I have and whom I have connected with on this earth.

They are silent now, gazing in relaxation and comfort. A comfort they share with each other.

Saashini and Harry are sitting on the back porch, her head on his shoulder, gazing at the galaxy overhead. There is a quiet breeze.

“I can still hear your mother saying that we would fit right in with the community in Montana. Do you know how it started?”

“Vaguely, she mentioned a couple that seemed to be a factor. They are gone now, passed on into another realm. They were focused on relationships and that seemed to have an impact for the community that formed.”

“What about Joseph, he said your mom sent him to us.”

“She laughed when I told her that. I guess he was the medicine man who seemed to guide the group. He’d known my mother for a long time. She didn’t know he was in India.”

“After I talked with her I felt very comfortable with our relationship. She said for you to remain in India because of me, that was special. I feel the strength of your commitment, I am honored.”

“Thank you, you are special to me. I think we share the same cultural fears. We will have to stay steadfast in our commitment when we speak to your Madar and A’nana. And Ravi, to convince him to join us.”

“Your mother mentioned about giving up her power. I think she meant surrendering to the Divine. You recall that meditation, Surrender to the Divine? That is what I am doing now. I am

surrendering to the Divine with total trust.”

Saashini lifts her head off of Harry’s shoulder, “do you see the glow of light near the tree?”

Harry looks, “it seems like there are two glows overlapping each other.”

They look at each other, “let’s see what it is,” request Saashini.

As they approach they are befuddled of what they see. There appears to be a slight silhouette of a cow, a hat, and feet. They slowly approach and motion to each other to sit. They are sitting crosslegged and quiet. Slowly Saashini is feeling a warmth envelop her body. Harry is recognizing some sort of physical change as a vibration is felt creeping up from his fingers. Almost as if they are numbing out, but that’s not it. He can feel a current that stops at his wrist. He looks at his hands. Saashini takes off her shawl, feeling flushed, but that’s not it. She feels her body as if it’s radiating like a light bulb that is slowly getting brighter. They look at each other, Their mouths open but nothing is said. Their jaws just relax until all they are aware of is thought.

“We willed you into our light,” it’s Joseph speaking, “we are glad you join us in this sanctuary of peace.”

“Moo!”

What Harry is thinking is communicated by thought, “you and Kamadhenu are just light, what are we?”

“You have both taken on a formless energy. A white light energy,” it’s Kamadhenu communicating now. “You two are in union just as we are.”

Saashini’s thought, “I know I am communicating, but I also don’t know whom I am talking to.”

“You are not talking anymore. You have left your body, much like a person experiencing their death. You will come back into a material existence. First we need to show you how you will proceed with this transition that you both are about to set in motion.”

Harry, “it was Maggie, my mother, who has sent you Joseph?”

“No, I came because I was sent to be a guide for you and this beautiful young lady that has a deep heart and felt attraction to your presence.”

“My physical presence? Not necessarily this star like presence?”

“True Harry, you and Saashini have been assigned a mission to assist Karan, Saadhana, and Ravi understand their place in this lifetime.”

Saashini, “I haven’t necessarily been so diligent as a mother, or even as a person. I still carry a lot of inner conflict.”

“That is why Maadhav found you in your home village, and brought you to Ekam and connected you with the teachings of Krishnaji and Preethaji. I had a little to do with that,” Kamadhenu shares her thought with pride.

“What now is what you are communicating Harry,” it’s Joseph. “There was a couple that surrendered their will for the betterment of a community. This community, where Maggie resides, is what the Great Creator has guided all life forms to surrender too. It has been communicated as a way for pure consciousness to connect on this earthly plane. Now I have been assigned to assist the both of you live a life of limitless consciousness within a community so that all will know what the teachings of masters such as Jesus, Babaji, Gandhi, Chief Joseph and others have advocated as a peaceful way to enjoy this planetary existence in human form. We are here to be one with our brothers and sisters. A communion of energy. We are here to

share thoughts and feelings, a fellowship of souls assisting each other to experience a higher realm.”

“Are we experiencing a higher realm right now?”, communicates Saashini.

Kamadhenu has a say, “how many cows have you communicated with in your lifetime, Saashini?”

“Just you, and I have had a hard time to believe it.”

“Your Am'mam'ma (అమ్మమ్మ) was ready to pass from this world, she took me to the tree at the village meadow, near the new temple where the cow is facing the Lingam of Shiva. You both know the place. I asked her, ‘what have I given you?’ She verbally said, you have given me your milk, so I could make curd, you have given me dung for my fire, you have given me someone to take care of, you have given me peace.”

There is a pause in thought. Contemplation is felt by all. After awhile Joseph says, “when we transcend to a higher consciousness, when we are able to let go of our inner conflicts, then we are ready to give. And what have we to give? All of life that flows through us. That is all. We become conduits for energy to flow because we have finally cleared the way of all fear and doubt. There is nothing to believe in anymore. Beliefs become conjectures of opinion that we cling to. They become blocks to the flow of energy from one to the other. You both loved last night, what did you feel. Did you feel as if you were receiving from the other while you were giving to the other? Now in the material plane can you feel the same energy of oneness. Can you love Karan as he loves you. Can you do the same with Ravi, your mothers and fathers with everyone you connect with? Can you connect in pure consciousness as we are doing now?”

Kamadhenu, “I hear your thoughts of doubt. You are both thinking that you are not as advanced as a guru or guide, or anybody you think has more power and intellect than you. That is

why Joseph our medicine man brother will surface in your lives once in awhile as a guide. By being with us tonight you have opened the gates to your unlimited potential. As your lessons continue towards “non-suffering” states, you must open your kundalini centers and observe the connection to the higher conscious flow of energy.”

“So here is your first test,” Joseph instructs, “sit cross legged facing each other, look into each others eyes, do not will anything, just look in stillness until the mind stops wandering. Stare until you truly connect. Then lightly touch each other, outline your faces with your right hand fingers. Go softly, gently. Hold each others left hand you will form a circuit of energy. Do this for awhile then lay next to each other. And without physically loving each other feel you physically love the other. Tomorrow, when you wake up, start paying attention to any synchronicity that occurs throughout the day, as you start to take action and find the solutions to make the transition to move all of you, to Maggies Farm. There you will take part in a great marriage ceremony. If you decide that you can not do this for any reason, then this encounter never happened, and you can continue to connect the way you have been all of your lives. The human way. It will take longer to achieve this type of communication because you might try to achieve it again. The man and woman that I and Maggie spoke of surrendered completely. They may come back in form again, or they may choose to enjoy the bliss of thought in a formless state of pure consciousness. Ah-Ho I have spoken.”

“MOO!”

All light is rescinded and the night is clear, Joseph is gone and Kamadhenu is grazing fifty yards away.

Saashini and Harry look at each other, they feel the flattened grass where they first saw the light. It is warm as if bodies rested there.

They rise and turn to each other and hug deeply. They can feel each others deep breathing. They squeeze each other tighter, then they release and slowly hand in hand without a word go back to the house. They undress, sit cross legged on the bed, and look into each others eyes.

Chapter 21 - Raising Consciousness

The morning 'Sun' has risen. Saashini and Harry are on their sides looking into soft eyes that reflect their own state of being.

“Did we make love last night?” asked Harry.

“No, I checked, physically, no. However the most beautiful love, with you present, was created in my thoughts long before I fell off to sleep. It was during our eye, third eye, connection that I was merging with your loving energy. It took awhile, I finally went beyond all of the events of the day, and before the day. When I finally rest my mind and my thoughts became present with you, with us, that is when my heart opened to peace and love. What about you, Harry?”

“My experience was so similar, nothing mattered anymore. And when my heart opened not only did I let you in, I was amazed at where my thoughts took me. Saashini, I have been much of an introvert most of my life. I am starting to overcome the fears that have left me stranded in thoughts that don't serve me, nor mankind. When I fell off to sleep, I not only felt entwined with you, I was interweaved with Ravi, Saadhana, and Karan. My conscious thoughts connected with others that might be in a similar situation.”

“I feel a new kind of power. I sense that we can make this whole transition easy.”

“Saashini, the Soul Sync Meditation is ideal for starting the day and setting intention while in a state of limitless energy. Starting

with focus on breath work, then confirming our being as one with all beings, and recognizing all surroundings becoming formless and a light energy. Then while in that state, setting our intentions, and knowing that all will come to fruition is huge. It is what happened last night, first with Joseph and Kamadhenu then with us.”

And that is what they set out to do. All they had to do was take the steps towards their desired outcome. They realized that once all the drama that they created was not serving their best use of conscious thought, the transformation from a separated consciousness into a unity consciousness became increasingly easy.

Everything they needed to do seemed easy and happened swiftly. They found a cargo plane with one of the airlines to ship Kamadhenu overseas. Ravi agreed to come on board and Saadhana and Karan were excited to be part of the adventure. Saashini’s father and mother relented their beliefs in traditions and all the documentation and paper work needed for immigration into the USA was accomplished. It wasn’t always “easy street”. There were blips, and bumps along the way. They realized that sometimes one or the other or both of them were “messing with the energy”. There’s some that believe Jesus died for our sins. Then there are others that realize the way of Jesus was to model forgiveness and love to master our suffering states. The crucifixion was a message that our pure consciousness will be resurrected from the suffering we place upon ourselves with doubt and fear. We have the ability to process our emotions and connect with the energy, frequencies, and vibrations just as Jesus and other’s mastered their separate consciousness into unity consciousness. One with all. Saashini was able to do that with Ravi. In the previous writing “When They Leave” Ravi saw Harry and Saashini came out of the shower together. He suffered with envy, jealousy, and developed a revengeful state that lasted to the point of kidnapping Karan. Through forgiveness and love, of self and the other Saashini did not react to further separate Ravi from Karan. Instead she took responsibility for her dalliance at

the age of sixteen. When she did that she knew what they did together was meant for the sake of Karan to enter this earth plane. Ravi's demeanor changed and they became of one consciousness.

Chapter 21 - The Great Wedding Ceremony

Harry had a rancher friend from his college days who was willing to pick them up in Boston with a truck and single livestock trailer. His name is Harvey, and he grew up on a South Dakota Ranch. He was eager to meet up with Harry and had to see this entourage of adults, children and a cow, from India. Harvey was intrigued about the story Harry had written to him. So the synchronicity that keep happening in favor of the forcefield that they all created (maybe it was because they had this sacred white cow that communicated). Anyway, about half way up TM Creek road the front axle broke on the old ranch truck. So they walked into the main ranch entrance as the wary travelers they had become. It was a long slow drive from Boston with a short stay at Harvey's family ranch in central South Dakota.

Scene 1

They walk through an open gate and pass a ranch house. They continue on towards the corals and barn.

Jerry and Frank are shoeing horses Jerry see's something in his peripheral vision and grunts to Frank the ranch manager. "We got visitors and they don't look like Dude Ranch guest."

Frank looks up and turns around, "well I'll be, Maggie told me to watch out for her son. She didn't tell me about a white cow."

They approach and stop. Harry clears his throat, "do you know where we can find Maggie? I am her son."

Jerry and Frank look at each other and smile.

Frank looks up towards the distant foothills and see's some smoke north of the National Forest camp ground. "She might be up at the Indian camp, see the smoke? You all walked here from?"

Harvey inserts himself into the conversation, "broken axle on my truck, sir. About five miles back."

Jerry, "tell you what, Frank how about you taking Harry and his friends to Maggie, I'll get a rig and take Harvey back to his truck, see what we can do."

Frank nods, "yeah, Jerry, sounds like a plan." He looks at the rest of the group, "names? Who do we have here? I am Frank, this here is Jerry."

"Hello, I am Saashini, I speak English. This is Ravi (Ravi gives the Namaste sign as a greeting), Karan, our son and Saadhana his friend. And..."

"Moo"

"That is Kamadhenu, a great milking cow and fellow traveler!"

Jerry and Frank smile and look at each other. Frank ask, "do you want to put the cow in a corral while we go?"

"Not with the horses, and I'd rather find a pasture with some tree cover," communicates Kamadhenu with her canny way of using vibrational frequency."

Jerry looks at Frank, "did you hear that cow talk?"

Franks jaw already dropped. "Nonsense, let's take your lady cow to that pasture over there." Frank points to a nice pasture with

hay still not cut, and three trees clumped together providing shade.

“Moo!!” Harry, Saashini, Ravi, Saadhana, and Karan have a hardy laugh.

Scene 2

Maggie comes out of a large twenty-four foot Teepee. Harry and Maggie stay in place a short distance from each other. Harry takes in what he sees, his mother in a beautiful, beaded, leather tunic. There is a beaded sash, encircling her waist. The edges of the slitted sides of the bottom half of the tunic have long fringed leather. She has calf length moccasins on her feet. Her hair is long with some greying streaks. Her eyes sparkle, “Harry, Harry, it so good to see you my son.” There is a tall, handsome, dark haired Crow man who comes out of the Teepee. He is dressed in warrior regalia. They look as if they are getting ready for a Pow-Wow.

“Harry, meet Blue Cloud. I briefly told you about this special man.”

Harry comes forward and they shake hands. “I am glad to meet both of you. You two look beautiful. I don’t know what else to say, other than I am glad to be here, in your presence.”

Maggie giggles, “your turn for introductions, Harry.”

“Saashini, I briefly told you about her, a special Telegu Indian woman.”

Saashini is shaking her head with a smile, “hello, I am happy to meet both of you and thank you for inviting us Maggie to come into this community. This guy here is Karan my son by way of this wonderful man Ravi.”

Ravi clears his throat, “hello, my sister Saadhana.” Ravi sweeps his hand low towards Saadhana.

“Good to meet you. We are fortunate to all speak English.”

“Mother, we have had a long arduous journey to get here. I wonder if you can show us where we will reside. Then I wonder if we can be together for awhile, alone, to catch up. I have a lot to tell you, it looks like we both are in a transformative state of being.”

“Yes, of course. Frank can you show them where they will be staying?”

Maggie looks at Blue Cloud, “maybe Harry and Saashini can be in the pioneer cabin?”

Blue Cloud nods yes, “that is a good choice Maggie.”

“We have a three bedroom cabin available in the guest lodge area. Ravi, do you mind if the three of you reside in it until we figure out how accommodations will workout?”

“Yes, this will be fine, we are grateful for your hospitality.”

Maggie and Blue Cloud smile.

Frank, “they came with a cow, she is down in the pasture that hasn’t been cut yet.”

Maggie raises and eyebrow, “Joseph told me that she wanted to see a white buffalo.”

Frank has an astonished look. “Okay, first Jerry thought he heard the cow talk, you mentioned Joseph who hasn’t been around here since Jim and Julian passed. And that white buffalo calf disappeared two years ago, probably died after birth or a wolf got it.”

“Frank, never underestimate a white buffalo. We have witnessed a lot of abundance, a favor since it was born,” remarks Blue Cloud.

“Yes, you probably know exactly why we have a white cow here and where your uncle is these days.” Frank scans to the Teepee encampment.

“He’s not here yet Frank. Maybe we see him at the ceremony.”

“Okay, Maggie I’ll get everybody situated. Should I come back for Harry?”

“No, we might be awhile. I will get him to the cabin. Thank you.”

Scene 3

The four Indies leave with Frank, Maggie gives Blue Cloud a kiss. And Harry and Maggie mount horses, and take a slow ride up to Maggies Cabin to be in the Yellow Room. The Yellow Room was established by the Sawtooth Community as a place to meet for special community meetings. There is a large Sunflower painting with the sitting Buddha in the middle. Hence the yellow room. The ride is done in silence. Harry is taking in the beauty of the ranch and basin. Surrounded by mountain peaks and forest, they ride until they arrive at Maggies large log cabin. They dismount and tie the horses in a small meadow.

“Harry, I am glad you came up here with me. Why don’t you sit out here on the deck. I will get us some tea.”

The view is spectacular and Harry is eyeing the large bronze sculpture of a tree and people situated in the root system, there’s a bison in the sculpture with a bronze of Joseph next to it. Maggie arrives with the tea and sets it on a table.

“That’s the original crew that started this community. Faye, Deloris, Jim and Julian have all departed from this earth plane. Nirvana is in the Everglades with her true clan. You will meet the rest at the Great Wedding Ceremony.”

“Is this your wedding Mom? Did you invite dad?”

“Yes, he has had enough chasing his fortune. He is slowly transitioning into a slower lifestyle. I am trying to convince him to move here, become part of Sawtooth. As for the ceremony, it is a wedding of unity. It’s not just for Blue Cloud and I. It will be held around a huge fire pit, up at Buffalo Pass where we are merging with another community.”

“Why all of this change, what was the motivation for starting a community?”

“It was somewhat of an organic process. Someday I can give you the details. For now let’s just say we are a symbol of how people with differences in opinion, culture, spiritual beliefs and partner choices can live a life in harmony because somehow we connected with an energy that unites rather than separates. We did and still do a lot of relationship building. We share our struggles and victories together. That is what this community was built on. And the sharing is what keeps it together.”

“I, we, Saashini and I met Joseph a couple of times. It has been an experience that has changed our lives. Believe it or not, he and Kamadhenu, that’s the white cow you will meet, showed us how to communicate in pure consciousness. How our thoughts can either get in the way of what we create or how we can create a beautiful state. We learned that at the Ekam temple with the gurus Krishnaji and Preethaji. That is what they teach. Joseph and Kamadhenu showed us in real time. We experienced connecting outside of our body. The body just being the vessel that out pictures our thoughts. Our thoughts vibrate with energy that is felt by the other and that is when the magic of connection

can be awesome. If we are operating in a beautiful state of consciousness.”

“I get it Harry, when you called and asked for some money so you could remain in India and do the Tapas and you asked me about your desire to have a relationship with someone from another culture and skin color, I knew it didn’t matter because your heart was talking to mine. I felt your sincere love for Saashini, I knew it wasn’t just about the Tapas. I felt your fears of moving forward. That is why I thought of Joseph, by way of Blue Cloud. I had no idea where Joseph was. We haven’t seen him for awhile but then again Medicine Men, and that includes Blue Cloud, have a whole level of light energy that they tap into. I think you got an experience of what we are talking about here.”

“Yes, it’s not the same as believing in something. It is actually experiencing quantum physics, I guess. It’s not being taught, or reading about it. It is connecting to source. I can tell because now when I mess with the energy...you know, create suffering, I want to dissolve that asap, and get back to connecting with a higher frequency.”

Maggie places her hand tenderly in her sons hand and gives it a squeeze. Their eyes meet, Maggie has some tears with a big smile on her face.

“I am going to take you now to where Saashini is. It is a special place where two people learned about what we are talking about. Their journey was full of every conceivable experience that a relationship goes through. Their personal relationship with God, with their Divine and with each other. You will feel the energy, the frequency and the vibration of their love. It will prepare you for the Great Wedding Ceremony.”

They get in Maggies truck, the sun has set and dusk is getting close to night. The temperature has dropped as they drive up and park next to a narrow pathway.

“Harry, thank you for coming.” Maggie gives Harry a hug and a tender kiss on his cheek. “Take the path you’ll find the cabin. Looks like a fire was started, it should be cozy. I can feel Saashini’s anticipation. She is waiting for you my son. Make this a special night.”

Harry looks at his mom and nods with a smile. “Thank you for your blessing.”

Chapter 22 - The Pioneer Cabin

Harry walks the path in the fading light and hears the sound of a small creek flowing. There’s tall willows and dogwoods on both sides of this well worn pathway. He smells the burning wood of a fire coming from the chimney. He sees the clearing and cabin and knocks on the door before entering the cabin. The door swings open and he sees Saashini bent over a box with some papers and photos spread out on the table. Saashini prepared some food which is slow cooking on the wood burning stove. It smells good and the warmth feels nice. He takes in the feel of his surroundings.

Saashini looks up, “Gosh Harry, these people have had quite a dramatic life. Their relationship had such an entwinement with so many people in this Sawtooth Community. Everybody here passed through this cabin at one time or another. There’s a famous Whiskey Bottle up on the top shelf that everyone touched. It was Julians truth serum, her addiction. And snow skiing was Jim’s addiction. And both of them persevered through it all and had a relationship full of depth.”

“Where did you find all of this?”

“I saw it under the bed, I was chasing away any demons. I realize this cabin’s energy is only filled with forgiveness, love and compassion. When will we meet all these people?”

“The two people you talk about, they passed. There are two older women who also passed and another woman who moved on to be with her clan in Florida.”

“There’s a part of this journal that talks about Tapas. Apparently a few of the people went to Tapas, like us.”

“I’m sure we will hear more about the events that lead up to this community. My mother said Joseph played a big roll. We are going to be part of a multiple wedding ceremony and everyone will be there. It is also a ceremony that will wed this community with another.”

“Do you suppose that we can include Andre Parish my home village?”

“Maybe that is why you are here. Along with Kamadhenu, it might be her reason to connect with the white bison.”

“I’ll put this away, let’s eat.”

As Saashini and Harry are having diner, they hear a sound that kind of resembles a moo. It’s sounds like moo-agh. Then they are certain they hear Kamadhenu’s familiar moo. They go to the door to have a look. When they open the door, Kamadhenu is standing nearby and a female moose is across the creek. Kamadhenu settles in along side the cabin wall and sits down. The moose goes about it’s business gnawing at young dogwood shoots. Harry and Saashini look at each other and smile. They return to their meal Saashini, is awed seeing her first ever moose.

They finish eating, Harry makes a suggestion. “Let’s gather up these dishes and put them in that basin over there and wash them tomorrow. Looks like this cabin is a real pioneer cabin with no plumbing.”

Saashini laughs, “I feel right at home, it’s a beautiful place here Harry. I want to share my energy with you tonight. I feel so much love in this cabin. I’ll put another log into the fire box.”

“Okay, I see some coffee on the shelf, I’ll make some.”

“There’s some candles too. Hey I read that they were fond of Irish coffee, you know what that is , Harry?”

Harry looks on the top shelf, “a shot of Whiskey in the coffee. I don’t think we need to get started on that.”

“While the coffee is brewing, can we take a walk under the stars, Harry?”

“Sure, let’s do that, maybe Kamadhenu will join us.”

When they ask Kamadhenu, she responds telepathically, “no I want to rest, we will be on a pilgrimage tomorrow to the place where the white bison is waiting. I want to rest.”

As they come out from the pathway onto the gravel road, they see four silhouettes in the not too far distance coming in their direction. They look up at the night sky and immediately see a few shooting stars, and the Milky Way. There are several constellations, they only know a few. As the four figures come closer they see that two must be children. Sure enough, Karan and Saadhana come running up to them.

“Namaste, madar and Harry,” shouts Karan, Saadhana says the same.

“This is such a beautiful place, we are in the village and this lady took us here,” an excited Saadhana, exclaims!

Just then Ravi approaches with a woman in Native dress. She is slender with long black hair and strong, beautiful features that accent her Native American heritage.

“Namaste Ravi, greetings...

“I am Walking Sick a medicine woman and Blue Cloud’s niece. We have been waiting for you Harry and Saashini. Ravi has been gracious, sharing with me your interrelations. This community was built upon interactions and interrelations that considered the whole of our existence with life on this planet. We will be taking a hike tomorrow and enjoy a Great Wedding Ceremony at the Buffalo Lake Encampment. Enjoy your night, all of you. Make it special, and thank you for bringing the white cow to witness this transformation of light energy. Ravi, Karan and Saadhana, I will take you back to the village and your cabin now.”

Everybody hugs in silence, the hugs are long and loving. They part ways for the night. Harry and Saashini are back in the cabin. Saashini has the table covered with notes and journals from the previous occupants. Harry is pouring some coffee.

“Harry, this couple used to lay out under the stars. They’d have long nights sometimes working out their disagreements, others with deep, personal insights. Do you think we could lay under the stars tonight. This is supposed to be a full moon called a buck moon. It is good for transformation and releasing old patterns.”

“If you want to, we can do that.”

“Maybe we can make this night a special ritual as we embrace our new beginnings.”

“Okay, you lead the way. You seem to have connected with the spirits of Julian and Jim.”

“Yes, they were in a constant flux of transformation. That night with the light energy of Joseph and Kamadhenu, well that sure is a good start for our transformation don’t you think?”

“Absolutely, there is a lot of synchronicity happening, just getting here was amazing!”

“ There are some blankets I saw under the bed. I’ll put this away and we can go outside. I know some Sutras we can do throughout the night. Harry, I need this night to be special. I feel that us being included in the Great Wedding Ceremony has some meaning for us as well as Maggie and Blue Cloud and the rest of these two communities. Do you feel a special connection too?”

“Of course, and I am honored to be with you for this ritual that we start tonight and for this Great Wedding Ceremony.”

They finish their coffee and lay outside under the stars, wrapped together in the blankets. They are silent in total stillness, gazing up at the stars which start to fade as the new moon finds it’s way over the mountains and past the last of the clouds. It is a clear night. They turn their heads to see it rise over the mountain ridge line.

“The first Sutra I will share with you is Madhya. It means the middle, like the third eye, the belly, my waist and your waist. As we lay in this stillness we can create thoughts of tenderness and connection. The soft stomach at rest and relaxed. Not tensed as in exercise. We can be in relationship with this earth below us, our bodies between it and the sky above. Let’s close our eyes and feel the flow of energy not only in our selves but the other too. Like bioenergetics, instead of a food chain we can be a love chain.”
Saashini giggles.

“Hummm, I am feeling a sensation of gentle touch already. My recall of your touch from the past is flowing right now through my body.”

They are still now, just gazing. Some time goes by and the moon is directly over head. There are a few of the stronger constellations visible, but mostly the moon in all of it’s grandeur and wonderment.

Harry whispers a mantra of surrender, “we surrender all that we will give and receive from each other in total trust of our Divine wills.”

They repeat this several times, a mood is set. They are silent again and listen to the wind blowing through the tall willows and dogwoods.

After some time has passed Saashini makes a request, “shall we go back into the cabin now?”

Once inside Saashini puts another log on the fire. She turns towards Harry, “let’s undress and bare our bodies as a symbol of baring our souls our inner emotions and feelings. We can sit crosslegged on the bed and, face each other...”

There’s a knock on the door. They look at each other, “I wonder who that is?”

Harry goes to the door, opens it and is face to face with Walking Stick.

“Good evening Harry,” she peeks past Harry, “and Saashini. Have you ever done a sweat lodge ceremony before? Either of you?”

“Both of them reply simultaneously, no never.”

“We, Maggie, Blue Cloud, and I are preparing one. We are requesting that you both join us.” Walking Stick notices Julian’s keep sake box is on the bed. “I see that you are finding some history in that box. Good, we will be ready in about thirty minutes. There is a path to follow with a little walking bridge to cross the creek. You’ll find the path as it cuts off to the south of the pathway from the road. I will leave this sash hanging from a branch. Please bring it with you when you find it. Thank you, we are glad you have chosen to come to The Sawtooth.”

Walking Stick turns a leaves. Harry sticks his head out the door and watches her walk the pathway then disappear not too far from the cabin.

“Well, Saashini, this might have some kind of significance. I wonder if we will be the only ones present.”

“Do you have any idea what it might be like?”

“My guess is it’s like going into a cave with a Siddha, except a little different. It’s like a sauna, we’ll sweat and meditate I suppose.”

“Do we need towels? I think I’ll bring two if we need them.”

The preparation is brief, they put on some loose yoga clothing. Settle themselves with some conscious breathing and head on out, under the Buck Moon sky. They arrive and there is another woman tending to a fire, heating the rocks for the sweat lodge.

“Hello, you must be Harry, Maggie’s son. She sure is excited to see you here. And you’re Saashini, I have meet your son Karan, what a sweetheart. I’m Stephanie, I assist Walking Stick with a variety of tasks. You can go into the lodge, they are waiting for you.”

There are animal furs surrounding a pit with hot rocks. Blue Cloud and Maggie are already seated opposite each other representing the east node of the four directions. Blue Cloud is seated there, and the west node, Maggie. As Harry and Saashini enter Blue cloud instructs... “Saashini you will sit to the right of me, it represents the north node of the four directions. You are the woman of the north. Harry you are the man of the south, sit to my left.”

They get seated and comfortably sit crosslegged, facing each other.

“We will pass pipe to start this sweat. I will silently call forth the spirits to be with us and ask for their blessings. If either of you are aware of special teachers, or your connection to a Divine source, you too can ask for their blessings. As we pass pipe four times, know that you have the conscious awareness to empower your being and manifest your understanding of the love energy that is with you always. Open your hearts to what you will be told concerning your destiny within this community as it represents the community of the one consciousness that can be of this world as the Great Creator has intended it to be. Let us begin.”

Stephanie and Waking Stick enter the lodge. Walking Stick sits to the left of Blue Cloud and Stephanie to the right. The pipe is passed first to Stephanie then to Saashini.

“I am not use to smoking...” remarks Saashini, “what is this tradition?”

Walking Stick answers, “do not inhale into your lungs, you can let the tobacco wash in your mouth. We pass pipe to signify unity among those present, and whom they might want to make peace with.”

Saashini inhales slightly, and puffs out a rich plume of sweet smoke. Just as she watched Blue Cloud do. The difference being that Blue Cloud held it in his mouth longer. He chuckled.

It is passed to Maggie then to Harry, who ask, “is this a marriage ceremony that we are doing?”

Walking Stick replies, “we are connecting to the spirit world where our brother and sister have passed. Your relationship with Saashini and Maggies relationship with Blue Cloud are symbolic to bring people together and heal the wounds that have separated man from nature, each other and the Great Creator.”

Harry takes in the smoke and passes it to Blue Cloud who nods in a way of gratitude. He inhales and passes it to Saashini.

Stephanie, “this ceremony is a right of passage, we are connecting with our loved ones whose cabin you now occupy. It is your choice if you want to remain in this community. We have been told by Joseph that you possess the wisdom of your white cow. You smoke pipe now as your relationship and Maggie’s relationship with Blue Cloud takes courage and defies judgement from others.”

Saashini smokes again, this time with a longer inhalation, and passes it to Maggie who smiles, smokes and hands it to Harry. He looks at his mother with a new esteem of great respect. After he inhales and let’s out a puff of smoke, he hands it to Blue Cloud.

“Saashini, you sit in the north node as the woman of the north. You represent wisdom, introspection and a connection to the Spirit world.” He hands her the pipe. As it is handed to Maggie, blue Cloud makes another statement, “Maggie is the woman of the west . She loves the woman of the north. She witnesses the fulfillment of her life as her family lineage takes on a new meaning. She is liberated from her past, the end of an old life, and the beginning of a new life as the Sun sets in the west.”

Harry takes the pipe again, looking at his mother’s radiance like he has never witnessed before. “He puffs as Blue Cloud looks at him directly and says, “Harry, your new identity will transform you, and your inner fire will warm the woman of the North. You will notice a tremendous growth from an adolescent mind as you experience more and more pure consciousness.”

Walking Stick, “as this pipe is passed for the last time, our ceremony of this special unity of three cultures will be symbolized as a pyramid. The foundation will be the strength of our relationship to each other. When we part tonight, Stephanie will refresh the fire pit with new hot rocks. Saashini and Harry, you may stay and reflect on what you have witnessed this night. When you return to the cabin prepare for tomorrow’s pilgrimage

to the Buffalo Lakes and the Great Wedding Ceremony. Ah-Ho, I have spoken.”

Blue Cloud rises as does Maggie and they leave the lodge. Walking Stick follows. Stephanie stays and looks at the astonished faces of Saashini and Harry as she lights some candles to make it a little brighter inside. She has an elegance that they recognize as grace.

“Walking Stick is a Medicine Woman apprentice. She is next in line when Blue Cloud leaves this plane. I Stephanie am one of the “three sister’s who are here to serve you and support you. Nirvana is also one of the “three sisters”, Walking Stick is the other. Nirvana has left us to be with her clan. Maybe we will see her again, I don't know. She was invited to the ceremony. I will get some more rocks now. The last time a ritual this special was held, is when Julian and Jim were still with us. The furs you rest on still hold the presence of their love. Use this time wisely, and consecrate your relationship and bond as one. May you both be blessed.”

Chapter 23

Everybody has departed, there is a stillness. The night wind can be heard. The wind that cleanses one’s being of all resistance.

Harry and Saashini are on the same furs and are still in a sweat. Harry looks at Saashini, “I’m not quite sure what to think.”

“We can just be present now with no thought. Let us get naked and bare our souls, sit facing each other and feel the other.”

They take off their clothing and sitting cross legged facing each other with knees touching their hands involuntarily find each others heart as they reach across the short distance between them. Their hands react on each others chest and there is perspiration there. The heat feels good, Saashini is feeling the fire

from the man of the south. She senses this as a time to solidify their commitment to each other. It is her wisdom to say so.

“Harry, I know that this was our wedding ceremony. I feel as if your hand has penetrated right into my physical heart. I feel a healing of an uncertain past.”

“Saashini, I feel your tenderness, even as your fingers are gripping my heart.”

They remain in stillness and silent as they pause while maintaining their intense eye contact. Finally their hands relax and intuitively they lay abreast of each other. They tenderly stroke each other as they melt into light energy and unite as one body, one being, one energy - LOVE.

When they get back to the cabin Stephanie is sitting at the table with the unopened Whiskey bottle in the center of the table.

They are a bit startled, surprised to see someone in the small cabin.

“Hello? Stephanie, what...”

“Hi, please, have a seat, I have much to share with you.”

They get seated and Stephanie starts. “This Whiskey Bottle has been the “Tapas” for many of the people you will meet tomorrow. When Megan, Jim, and Nirvana went to the Tapas that you both had in India, the impact of their journey had an affect on all who committed to the Sawtooth Community and each other. This is only used as a symbolic jester now. It was left in this cabin as a token of the insight and wisdom we have chosen to recognize during our journey of discovery into the unknown. This whole area of the ranch, this pioneer cabin, the sweat lodge and it’s immediate surroundings, has been deemed as sacred grounds for all of us to inhabit. You two came here because of Joseph’s vision. You have displayed a conscious choice to pursue a life together

riddled with potential obstacles. You have been through various initiations and experiences that seem to indicate an understanding or perhaps an appreciation that there is an eternal life. That the spirit or soul, maybe we can refer to it as just energy, returns to hold the balance for this planet. Some who have experienced death only to come back lay claim to know the beyond. For others the beyond is a belief of a kingdom greater than this one. Others believe in reincarnation. That's the mystery that we all preserve in our knowing of self. Tomorrow, you will meet everybody from this community. You will meet the Buffalo Encampment community we are merging with to form a brotherhood and sisterhood of souls in human form. We will gather around a great fire pit and have the Great Wedding Ceremony. All will be wed to each other, and respect choices made and commitments to be keep. You two carry the energy of Julian and Jim who had a great impact with keeping this vision of Joseph's. He will be there, observing as he does these days. He might be formless, just a white light or you might see him in form, wearing a full head dress with a white cow on his left and a white bison on his right. You have seen Maggie wearing her Crow wedding robe, she gave her power to her beloved Blue Cloud who has become a great Medicine Man. His clan has accepted Maggie into their culture. At the wedding ceremony you will be witness to what great peace is the potential when people are united with one purpose to honor life with grace. There is no mystery when we gather as friends with the only boundary being to indulge only with LOVE. Now you know why you chose to be here, up until now."

Stephanie takes the bottle rises and reverently places it back on the upper most shelf. She quietly bids farewell with a nod, a smile and an open right palm, raised along side her head as a symbol of giving her light energy to the newly weds. And to the light bodies that only she can see, residing over Harry and Saashini.

The End

Acknowledgements

There are so many mentors, teachers, gurus, authors and fellow seekers to acknowledge, that would make for another story. Maybe bible like, I do know what I want to give the most acknowledgement to, is my personal Divine. Who is that, you might ask? That's another mystery, like an unsolved disappearance case. Is the Divine a belief or a knowing? Being on a path of transformation I know what I like to incorporate into my sense of being. And for that I want to acknowledge the natural environment. When I watch nature around me I am present to that sense of being part of something worthwhile. What can I do to contribute towards the creation. I want to thank Sri Krishnaji, Sri Preethaji, the Dasa's and the Oneness Movement for being the catalysts that frees any of my resistance so that I can live in a beautiful state of connection to all of existence.

