



INDIA INSIGHTS – KUMBH MELA – March 2010 ... continued ...

Tantra ...

These days, some enjoy deep spiritual union in Tantra's field of love. This may express itself in many ways – from the commitment we make to ourselves and each other, as lovers, parents, siblings and the children we also are, and more.

Tantra is about union – Oneness, reunification of parts back into the whole.

Tantra is also about sharing God Self to God Self, in the deepest and often most intimate ways.

Tantra can be about hooking up our energy systems so completely that all energy flows are utilised. This means a blending of procreativity/sexual energy – that is base and sacral chakra driven – with the perfect dose of spirit-wisdom crown and brow chakra energy. Then add to this mix the pure-heart-love-flow energy that mixes the psychic heart chakra pulse through the human heart and lungs. Mix the lot together with some clarity, higher vision and good mantras and we get a whole new view of tantra which can then deliver some interesting and profound experiences.

Add in some other 'real life' experiences, the sort that come when we deal with loss or betrayal, heartache and pain, or the disappointment that comes when the choices we made cut or bruised our egos or hearts in some way, and we find that all of this adds another spice to the energy blend, or a sweetness that is added as we gain another virtue or insight from the experience.

There are so many paths for us to take, never more so than now and at times it feels as if our choices are overwhelming. Maybe we 'stress' when we are younger, making sure we take the right paths or make the 'right' choices to fulfil our goals in life.

At other times we can throw it all to the wind with a 'Qué Será Será'-type mood that then brings its own brand of flavour.

Yet beyond all this we are still bio-systems with energy flows that are constantly shifting, responding to the tide of life and to the choices we constantly make and the flavours we add from our own experiences.

They say that things change quickly in India, and we see this now in the West.

It's as if everything has become more fluid as dimensions mix and merge and blend to find a new way of being.

Doors to higher realms have long been opened and these days more are opening than ever before. Through these inner plane doors new flavours are flooding this plane of existence, mingling, blending and even nourishing in their way. Millions are now conduits for these flows to enter and linger, flows that will forever change us in whatever way we are open to now go and so it has become the time of the blending.

The Tree Baba – Indian Insights continue.

People are making a fire within a small camp, under a huge green tree, whose branches form open arms to the heavenly skies.

There's a silent buzz about it all as the people prepare for the return of the one they call the 'Tree Baba'. He's been living there for many years, in a loft that he built high in the branches. Now, at Kumbh Mela time, few resist the chance to see him and so they gather at dusk to catch him on his return from the nearby forest where he spends more peace-filled days.

People are often fascinated by the extreme ones, others who defy conventionality in some way. India is full of the unconventional and yet their tradition supports the Saddhu ways of seeking God realization at a certain age. After completing conventional games of getting educated and then fulfilling the family game, people in India can leave it all, don orange robes, and take to Saddhu life anytime they feel the call to do so.

Some Saddhu are then drawn to do unusual things from living in caves at the sandy shoreline of the Ganges, to living in mountain caves or high in trees, to standing on one foot for many years and so on.

Now as I watch the people stoke the fire then silently sit around it, a new rhythm has caught my attention – the sound of Holy songs being sung on a dry, river bed of white sand so close, so near the Ganges. I follow its beat and with bare feet I softly pad over to the small group of singers to sit beside them closing my eyes and letting the music take me deeper into its flow. The sun is slowly setting; a cool breeze weaves its own sweet flow, while voices soft and low, high and gentle, chant ancient mantras with a deep melodic flavour that soon sings to my cells. The moment is pure and perfect as I lock eyes with the group leader, a devotee of Babaji's Kria Yoga style.

Kria Yoga is the science of light and later I tell the young man about how Babaji brought the Living on Light process to Germany, once telling me how the people in his ashrams in Germany were ready, as he later opened each ashram door to our message.

So many coincidences flowed at that time. From my publisher who'd long been a Babaji devotee, who'd told Babaji that he was closing his publishing house and that if Babaji wanted it kept open, he needed to bring him the next perfect book

to publish. Within a week my book "Pranic Nourishment" (Living on Light) had appeared. Within 10 years there were around 10,000 pranic living people in Germany who could live from prana as a physical body fuel source if and when they chose.

And so we sat on the banks of the Ganga Ji, the Holy River that called me every day to wander along it, to bathe in its streams and be reborn; to meditate on her banks at sunrise and remember. Every day she would remind me that India's rhythms are different, that India has a magic and a power that is revealed in its own way and its own time, to those who would awaken and to those already risen in the fields.

In all of this we sat that day until I felt the call to rejoin the Tree Baba's camp for he'd sent a messenger to Swami's Siddha camp a few days before, asking me to join him. Moments after I take my seat close to the fire, the energy fields come alive with clapping, chants and fanfare, as the young loin-cloth-clad Tree Baba strides into camp to join us. He scrambles with great agility over many things to sit on his cushions, cross-legged by the fire, his back close to the trunk of his perfect tree home.

Settled, he takes the time to greet us all, looking deeply for a moment into each one's eyes, then bowing quickly with hands in prayer before moving on to acknowledge each new person.

Silence and smiles abound.

The Tree Baba seems amused by us, as if he finds it strange that people would come to see him, as his choice of life in a tree is natural for him, nothing noteworthy or miraculous. To sleep high in branches under star-filled nights, beside the Holy River, seems to me now as the most natural choice in the world. To wander the nearby jungle and sit within its sheltering energy fields, to dive deeper into meditation, all of this also feels so natural to my soul. I can see why he does it for I can hear the call to live this way as it feels simple, pure and true. I am told that the Tree Baba lives on fruit and little else and his energy fields pulse with health and knowing.

Too soon we find that night has fallen and it's time to leave while the last light of dusk can still shine our way home, for the camp of the Tree Baba is quite a distance from Swami's camp in town. As we rise to leave and he finally is aware of my presence, the Tree Baba calls me to him and tells his messenger of his regret that we couldn't take quiet time to connect deeper due to the sheer number of attendees that also came to be with him, yet we both know that connections happen in the right way and time for perfect blendings to happen.

Stories of Kumbh Mela continued.

The standing Baba's ...

The two men – our Swami and a Naga Baba that he knows – meet in the street close to the narrow alleyways that mark the entrance to the Naga Baba's inner

city camp at Kumbh Mela, and the men embrace in a deep friendship that is always sweet to witness. Within moments we are in the Naga Baba's camp as the young Saddhu demonstrates how he sleeps when his body is tired. He's been standing erect now for six years, never lying or sitting. Before him is a small desk-type structure, on top of which are pillows and folded blankets that stop at chest height. He shows us how he leans over and sleeps on top of his folded arms, allowing the top part of his body to rest on the supporting structure. While some weight shifts off his lower spine and legs when he does this, still they never rest completely or are gravity free for a while. Even though our whole body still feels the effect of gravity when we are lying down, the effect on us if we constantly stand would of course be much greater. Regardless of this physical feat of mastery, the Saddhu is light and filled with fun and humour and so we sit in his camp and talk awhile after Swami Nardanand makes the appropriate introductions.

As the moments unfold before us, I can feel the increase of the Mother's Love as if a dial has been turned up within me and I scan the room to notice that an older man in the camp is tuning deeper in to my being. Our eyes lock, he sees my essence as I feel his also rise in response more powerfully within him and then this pure love flows between us like a river as our energies mix and blend together. The event is nourishing for us all as we talk of pranic living and other unusual practises but none of this is as important as the love that flows between us now.

Later I meet another well known standing Naga Baba who stood for 12 years but has since retired from that game having mastered it all to his own satisfaction. This one is 93-year-old but looks no older than 40. Thick hair, full beard, his big black eyes are filled with wisdom and compassion. His seated body is lean still flexible after his 12 years of constant standing which some of our group have questions about, yet his words are mainly in Hindi so we just relax and enjoy his energy flavour.

Being in an energy field where the dominant focus is on God realisation – or Divine Marriage with our own pure essence, to be in this field with so many who do such extreme things, is for me so amusing for it inspires, tantalises, confronts and confounds some of our group with its variety of flavours and so they soon let go and flow and enjoy the meetings, the mergings, the blending and the being of it all.

We stop on the way out of the Naga Baba camp to visit with the Baba who has held his right arm in the air for the past 30-something years. I assess the energy fields around and within his arm and wonder if he can bend it. The limb seems still and wasted but the Saddhu's body is lean as many of them are. Their food intake is simple, small and relatively healthy; vegetarians by choice, many have one small meal a day. Others live on chapatti and chai with sometimes a little rice or dhal to sustain them; some have yoga buff bodies while a few others are big with bulging waistlines that hide their unclad genitals.

Naga means naked and here in their camp we see everything. Some are covered in vibhuti or holy ashes that make the body blue in colour and appearance. Their eyes stand out so big and brown, their teeth, if they have them, so shiny.

The 93-year-old Naga Baba's eyes were huge, his grin showed healthy teeth untouched by the usual signs of decay that we would see in a Western counterpart of this age. Actually there are probably few Western counterparts to this Baba. In Kumbh Mela we see so many spritely octogenarians and older, much more than may be seen in the Western world, but more important than their youthful energy is the light that beams constantly from their eyes and the smile that instantly transforms their faces when they too tune in and feel our essence.

Witnessing the feeding of the Saddhus was another interesting insight.

Swami Nardanand and I were soon in the habit of walking every afternoon at around 3.30pm. Usually a group would be with us ranging from a few people to many, as each day would reveal additional flavours.

One afternoon, after a short visit to the school where blind children were housed, educated and cared for, we ended up at a huge ashram that had been feeding people two meals a day for well over a decade. At Kumbh Mela time the ashram fed over 3,000 Saddhus twice a day in approximately 30 minutes so it was a sight to witness on many levels.

Firstly the efficient processing of such a large number of people – the lining up, the entry into specific areas, where they sat on mats in orderly rows, then their chanting and the blessings, the food distribution and receipt process, the consumption and clean up and completion – all of it silently attended to in song via a service that was efficiently rendered with loving acceptance of the game of duty and Saddhu life.

Just being there to witness the practicalities of it all was amazing. Then to also receive the smiles and open hearted interest of the Saddhus themselves who were so happy to see Westerners joining them and then to later to meet the women in the kitchens and mingle there with their sweat and smiles and greetings – all of it was so rewarding in so many ways as it always can be when we open up to enjoy other ways of being.

Later we returned to our camp near the river where I met a young wealthy Indian woman who was amazed at our choice to live in such simple camp conditions for example our two bucket cold shower system or the hole in the concrete with no toilet paper toilet yet I love to be amongst it all, to engage in such simple rhythms and to enjoy the spontaneity that often occurs in situations like these. Yes hotel life can be cleaner, smoother and even more comfortable but sometimes it's good to leave all that behind and dive into a different rhythm that stretches and enhances us if we allow. Personally I love everything about Kumbh Mela as each day I feel stronger and clearer as the blending continues within and around me.

The camp is filled with noise from 4am chants to the late night chants that cease around midnight to be followed by our sunrise visits to the Ganges where our group meditates with the Swami. After morning satsang we bathe each day in the Ganges meeting and greeting so many others who also come to do the same. Life here has its own sweet rhythm that is so easy to relax into as each day presents another view or game to reveal another level of energy field harmonics.