देह मोक्ष

Enlightenment of the body

A Brief Autobiography

Jivasu

Somaste

I honor my body, the container of life's elixir.

Soma means body, and Aste means affirm

1. Right Care

Right care for the body, feelings, intellect, and wisdom,

Right care for the family, community, country, and the Earth,

Let love, oneness, and action sustain the right care,

Let the right care bring the bliss of conscious living,

I affirm this; I affirm this; I affirm this in my Somatic Self.

Dedication

To my first teachers – My father, mother, and grandmother

To my Guru - Karen, my wife

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Introduction

We are born with a unique potential inherent in our bodies and brains, the realization of which can lead to a complete life. A complete life is not a perfectly manicured garden, but a jungle, rich with the full spectrum of human experiences, including sorrow, pain, illness, peace, passion, and bliss.

However, for many, this potential remains buried under layers of social and cultural programming and life's traumas. These traumas and deeply ingrained patterns cause repetitive emotional, thought, and behavioral patterns, severing our connection to ourselves and the universe. This disconnection is experienced as self-alienation, anxiety, discontent, and despair.

Yet, liberation from these patterns is possible. The journey to complete life is neither religious nor spiritual; it is a natural and biological process, which can be called the "Enlightenment of the Body." When these patterns dissolve, the light of consciousness illuminates the body and the brain, enabling us to experience life to the fullest. This is the body’s enlightenment. Consciousness is neither enlightened nor unenlightened; it is unchanging, infinite, and timeless. It is our bodies and brains that awaken to its radiance.

In this book, I recount eight pivotal events in my life that have given me the experience of a complete life.

In describing my experiences, I was inspired by J Krishnamurti’s writing style.

EVENT ONE

Age 10, 1966 – Katghar, UP - India

Fear of Death: Encountering the Core Problem of Humanity

The morning of August 15th was bright and full of promise. It was a day to express patriotism by celebrating India's Independence Day. I was excited about the delicious breakfast in the warmth of our modest kitchen, where my mother was frying the pakora, those tender, spiced lentil paste balls mixed with fresh vegetables and fried to golden perfection in mustard oil on a coal-fired stove.

Yet, in the blink of an eye, the comforting rhythm of our morning ended. The frying pan started to shake uncontrollably on the stove. The stark urgency in our mother's voice—"Earthquake! Run outside!"—cut through the air. The earth beneath our feet was shaking violently. We all ran outside. The earthquake subsided quickly, and we gathered again for breakfast.

But the event filled me with terror. As I went into my room to change my clothes for the school celebration, I saw a jagged crack that appeared on the back wall. The sight of it was a visceral blow as I imagined that the house could collapse on us, and we could all die. The physical crack in the wall mirrored a deeper fracture within my mind and gave me a glimpse of the darkness of death. The realization that I could die sent a frigid fear coursing through me that a child of ten could scarcely comprehend, let alone bear. My sense of safety within the loving embrace of family and home was shattered. Engulfed by an overwhelming sense of desolation, I grappled with the realization of our inherent fragility in the face of death. It was as though I had been 'emotionally orphaned' because I realized that my parents couldn't protect me, as they could also die. It was a cruel awakening to a reality that death doesn't spare anyone and is indifferent to the bonds of love and protection that I had once believed were impenetrable.

Despite participating in the Independence Day celebration, the joy was absent. I was anxious and trembling throughout the school parade, as if the earthquake echoed in my body and mind. Returning home, I lay exhausted on my bed, and the evening brought no relief from the internal shaking and freezing sensation. The spell of fear was finally broken when my aunt and uncle made a surprise visit. Their presence felt like awakening from a nightmare, gradually easing my discomfort. The relief was temporary. The fear returned the following day.

Before this seismic shift, my days were characterized by an unbridled energy that knew no bounds. My life was a whirlwind of ceaseless activity, overflowing with play and daring escapades. This boundless vitality within me was so unstoppable and irrepressible that it frequently became a source of frustration and exhaustion for my parents and relatives. My actions, driven by this untameable force, often veered into the realm of the mischievous and the reckless.

Engaging in skirmishes with my cousins and friends was a regular pastime, as were acts of throwing away household goods committed purely for the thrill of it. I harbored little regard for the consequences of my actions, reveling instead in the immediate gratification they brought. This mischief extended to sometimes stealing money to indulge in sweets and candies, a sign of my impulsive nature. My curiosity even led me to experiment with smoking bidis, the local cigarettes that I stole from my great-grandfather's box.

My rebellious spirit once prompted me to flee my home for several hours in response to my mother's refusal to take me to a movie I wanted to watch. Among forty-six first cousins, my reputation as the most notorious was undisputed. Sometimes, I received a good thrashing from my parents, and rightfully so. My parents and grandmother were the most loving human beings. I lacked many material things in childhood, but love was not one of them. Love was always in abundance, no matter what. It wasn't until I was eighteen, while studying in medical school, that I realized some children didn’t receive love, which surprised me. However, at the age of ten and with the experience of the earthquake, love was not enough to overcome the fear of death.

The earthquake experience deeply ingrained within me a pervasive sense of anxiety that clung to my mind like a persistent shadow. This newfound obsession with death and its dread became my constant companions, coloring my perception of the world around me. The vulnerability that stemmed from this anxiety unwittingly turned me into a target at school. I found myself on the receiving end of bullying and abuse, which further aggravated my problem.

In retrospect, my reluctance to confide in my parents about the torment I faced at school was perhaps rooted in a wrong belief in their inability to shield me from the world's harsh realities. The earthquake revealed a truth—the fragility of life and the limitations of the protection loved ones offer. However, I generalized it to apply to all situations and crises in life. I didn’t seek out

their help and tried to figure out everything on my own, which was a mistake and brought further trauma. However, it also helped me stand on my own and try to solve problems independently.

The psychological toll of this ordeal manifested physically in the form of debilitating headaches and a pattern of sleep disturbances that further eroded my sense of well-being. Night after night, I was besieged by vivid nightmares, with venomous snakes often playing a central role in these terrifying visions. In many cultures, I later discovered that snakes represent transformation or the shadowy aspects of life, including death.

Becoming conscious of our mortality is a gradual process that typically commences around age two. This critical moment marks the onset of self-awareness, signaling a shift in a child's emotional and mental development. In the beginning, it is the fear of the death of others, but around the age of ten, the fear is about personal death. In this process, the family plays a vital role by creating layers of cultures in a child's developing mind, which protects the child’s emerging ego or identity from the fear and anxiety of death.

However, in the absence of these protective mechanisms, the child's encounter with mortality can precipitate psychological trauma. This disruption in the natural course of ego development may lead to chronic stress and a deviation from the normative process of psychological maturation. Such was the path I found myself on.

In retrospect, I have come to understand that by age ten, I had not yet developed a strong and resilient sense of self. This deficiency was due to the unique makeup of my brain, which simultaneously predisposed me to impulsive and reckless behavior. The confrontation with the concept of death, devoid of a mature psychological armor, laid bare the vulnerabilities, and I succumbed to it.

Life marched on undisturbed within my family, oblivious to my internal struggle because I was able to hide it well from them, which I did for many decades. This episode illuminated a universal truth: from an early age, we master the art of concealment, cultivating an inner self known only to ourselves. This secret self evolves alongside us, a silent companion until our final breath, protecting our most guarded secrets. From this point of view, all children conceal the truth and are liars.

Despite the fear and anxiety, I retained some of my previous energy and continued to live with curiosity and drive for exploration. My exploration of the world was not merely a quest for adventure but, as I later realized, an attempt to flee from the fear of death. This duality of purpose remained obscured to my conscious mind until much later in life, revealing the connection between our desires and the unseen forces that shape them.

At times, I felt inhabited by two distinct realities: one shadowed by fear and hesitation, the other illuminated by adventure and hope. This internal dichotomy propelled me toward experiences that ranged from exhilarating to dangerous, always with an attraction toward the unknown and the extraordinary. Through these adventures, I discovered a fundamental aspect of human nature: despite our internal fragmentation, we can maintain a facade of normality and live a successful social life.

However, the veneer of normalcy in our social and cultural lives hides a more complex and often troubled reality. Beneath the surface of everyday interactions lie unresolved conflicts, unhealed wounds, and deeply buried pain. Our lives are an amalgamation of fears, aggression, unfulfilled desires, and silent sufferings, yet we mask these elements, pretending to be normal. This state of denial, which we mistake for health, persists until the dam of self-control breaks, and our suppressed problems erupt into visible crises and become emotional and mental health problems.

The malaise that permeates our existence is not an aberration but a constant, influencing our daily lives in ways we scarcely acknowledge. Accepting this uneasy truce deprives us of the genuine joy and celebration that should mark our lives. Only by confronting and embracing the full spectrum of our experiences, including our fears and vulnerabilities, can we hope to uncover the vibrant essence of life that lies beneath layers of societal expectations and self-imposed restraint.

Why do some children crumble under trauma while others emerge seemingly untouched? It often comes down to the somatic personality they're born with—a genetic blueprint wired into their brains and bodies. Some children have more reactive sympathetic nervous systems, making them exquisitely sensitive to the world inside and out. For them, even minor upsets can echo like thunderclaps, leaving lasting imprints.

When the effects of trauma linger, they carve deep grooves into the brain and body. Chronic stress, anxiety, despair, depression, simmering anger, or a haunting numbness may take root. In more severe cases, the child grows into an adult carrying PTSD, post-traumatic stress disorder, a condition that quite literally reshapes the architecture of the brain and body in harmful ways. Each new trauma only deepens these scars.

Yet the story doesn't have to end there. The human brain is remarkably neuroplastic. It can change, adapt, and heal, provided the right circumstances and determination are present. Trauma, in this light, is not just a wound but also a hidden doorway. During a traumatic event, the brain and body unleash a surge of energy to survive. Much of this energy gets trapped, fueling harmful patterns. But with awareness and the proper practices, it's possible to reclaim that energy and redirect it toward growth and transformation.

That's precisely how my journey unfolded. My early traumas pushed me to the brink, but also lit a fire to seek freedom from the prison of fear and anxiety. It began when I entered medical school at the age of seventeen. By my third year, I was piecing together what had happened to me, devouring books on psychology, philosophy, and literature in search of answers.

However, the big breakthrough occurred when I met Karen, a Canadian medical student, in 1981. Karen was visiting my medical school for four weeks. I was 25, completing my pediatric residency.

EVENT TWO

Age 25 – Oct. 8, 1981 – KG Medical College, Lucknow, India

Love at first sight – Transcending the fear of death

The department of pediatrics, usually a place of structured chaos and clinical precision, transformed into the backdrop for a moment that seemed to defy reality. As chief resident, my life oscillated between moments of intense professional focus and the necessary mundanity of administrative tasks. Yet, amidst this duty and care, a single glance up from my paperwork breached the boundaries of the everyday routine.

Standing at the stone table in the lobby of the pediatrics department, I was writing the notes after the morning clinical rounds. As I lifted my head, I saw a woman with brown hair and green eyes on the other side of the table, looking at me. Her pale blue dress and gentle face contrasted sharply with the surrounding environment of white walls and the muted tones of medical professionalism. In a moment, I felt like the most powerful electrical force had hit me. Perhaps I was waiting for this moment my whole life. It was love at first sight for me. She was a less impulsive and more logical Canadian, so it took her twenty-four hours to reach the same conclusion.

She introduced herself as Karen, a Canadian medical student participating in a four-week exchange program to gain an understanding of healthcare in India. It was the day of the Dussehra festival, and the Department of Social and Preventive Medicine, where she was initially posted, was closed. Therefore, she decided to learn about pediatric care at our medical school. I promptly offered to guide her through our outpatient department, setting us on a path that promised professional exchange and the beginning of a lifelong journey together.

Our walk to the OPD was a journey within itself. My mind raced with anticipation and a sense of destiny. This was no ordinary tour of hospital facilities; it was a preamble to a chapter of my life I was only beginning to feel.

After the outpatient visit, I wanted to spend more time with her and learn more about her, so I suggested an evening excursion to the Dussehra festival in downtown Lucknow. Her enthusiastic agreement filled me with ecstasy. Yet, I felt anxious and nervous because I had never dated before and was concerned about what others might think. The decision to invite my friend Wasim was born out of a desire for support in facing personal vulnerability. As we prepared for the event, I was acutely aware of the weight of this moment. This was not merely about experiencing a cultural festival together; it was about exploring the possibility of a shared future. It was impulsive and hasty, but I couldn’t help. Sometimes, life offers a window of opportunity; if we don’t accept it, we miss it for the rest of our lives.

After our duties at the OPD concluded, Karen retreated to the girls' hostel while I hastened to my residence. The anticipation of the evening ahead instilled in me a resolve to present myself

in the best possible light, a commitment that felt almost as grave as life and death. Wasim, our mutual friend, was slated to join us for dinner.

In a flurry of preparations, I gathered the essentials to impress Karen and ensure that the evening would proceed smoothly. My friends gave me their generous support. Bandhu lent me his scooter, offering us the mobility needed to reach the festival. Mahesh provided me with clothes, and Krishna Gopal gave me the money. The only thing that was truly mine was my heart, throbbing with love. By 5 pm, with Karen in the back seat of the scooter, we set off toward the heart of downtown Lucknow.

Our destination, Begum Hazrat Mahal Park, was alive with the spirit of Dussehra, the festival. We joined the crowds of spectators to witness the symbolic burning of Ravana. Later, we sat on the steps of a king's (nawab) tomb, where we found a moment of tranquility amidst the celebration. There, under the canopy of a soft evening, we start exchanging stories of our lives, our aspirations, and our shared reluctance to tread the well-worn path of the ordinary.

Karen's ease of conversation and gentleness rapidly deepened a connection, bridging the gap between mere acquaintances and confidantes in just a few hours. I regret inviting Wasim to the dinner as I felt relaxed and confident. I wanted to be alone with Karen. Perhaps my unspoken prayers were answered as Wasim's arrival was delayed because his scooter broke down on the way to the restaurant where we planned to dine. By the time he arrived, dinner was over.

The evening concluded with a sense of exhilaration, leaving me restless with excitement and a desire for self-reflection. The day's events replayed in my mind that night, marking a turning point. Once defined by routine and predictability, my life had been irrevocably transformed by Karen's unexpected introduction into my world. It was sudden, yet profound. The promise of new beginnings, adventures yet to be embarked upon, and a path diverging from the ordinary filled me with an ecstatic sense of possibility. For the first time since the age of ten, I felt as if I transcended anxiety and fear and experienced bliss.

In the quiet solitude of the early morning hours, I felt a sense of urgency to express my love to Karen. Her stay was short, and I didn't want to remain unexpressed and regret it later. I decided to take the risk. However, there was a strong possibility that she might say no, as it was a wild idea, given that we had only met a day ago. Another problem was that my mastery of the

English language was limited, presenting a formidable barrier to expressing the intricacies of love. Undeterred, I dedicated myself to perfecting the pronunciation and delivery of three compelling yet straightforward words, imbuing them with all the tenderness and confidence.

As dawn broke and gave way to the new day, I arranged a meeting at Buddha Park, near my residence hostel. Seated on the soft grass of the park, we were looking at the clear blue sky. The moment seemed suspended in time, a pause before the leap into the unknown. I summoned every ounce of courage. The air seemed to hold its breath, the gentle breeze pausing in anticipation. Without looking at Karen, I felt a surge of resolve. The words, rehearsed in the solitude of the night, now sought their freedom. "I love you," I uttered, each syllable laced with genuine emotion and a newfound boldness. Karen remained silent. Much later, she told me that she felt shocked and fascinated.

The concept of love at first sight occupies a revered place in the pantheon of human expression, threading its way through centuries of poetry, literature, film, and music. It is a motif that transcends cultural and temporal boundaries, expressing a universal longing for instant, profound connection. Yet, this notion often meets skepticism, brushed aside by many as mere romantic fantasy, too whimsical for the pragmatic folds of reality. Critics argue it is nothing more than a fleeting surge of hormones, an impulsive reaction lacking in depth and destined for dissipation.

However, my journey has led me to a different conclusion, revealing the truth and transformative potential of this phenomenon. Love at first sight, far from being a fleeting fantasy, is a profound realization of love's capacity to change lives. This form of romantic love uniquely transcends the mere amalgamation of affection and companionship that characterizes other forms of love. It is a visceral, all-encompassing experience that renders the past and future irrelevant, anchoring the individuals firmly in the present in a shared experience of mutual discovery and understanding.

This sudden ignition of love underscores the power of the present moment, challenging the notion of rationality that often governs our approach to life and relationships. To be reasonable and practical is valuable. Yet, such a stance risks overlooking or dismissing the rare opportunities for connection and transformation that life occasionally presents. In these

moments, life's essence can be grasped, moments that can soak our lives with a deeper, more significant meaning beyond the repetitive cycle of everyday achievements and failures.

Unfortunately, in their pursuit of practicality and a measured approach to life's unpredictability, many hesitate at the very threshold of such experiences. Caught in a loop of analysis, weighing these opportunities against their past experiences and future aspirations, they often fail to act until it is too late. Life's windows of opportunity do not remain open indefinitely, waiting for our calculated decisions. They close, often quietly, leaving us to continue our journey, unaltered yet subtly diminished by the absence of what could have been — a life rich with aliveness and passion.

In the moments of love at first sight, one enters a place of the primal essence of the body and emotions. This voyage takes us to the unknown realms that the mythical Hindu god Kam Dev and the Greek god Dionysus presided over. This profound experience marks the initiation into a domain where raw, unbridled life is deeply felt, a place aglow with an inner luminescence that no external rationality can illuminate. In this sacred rawness, the past is dismantled, paving the way for a profound awakening.

This awakening is not merely a physiological response but a profound realignment of the self with the elemental forces of nature and existence. It represents a dissolution of the barriers that separate us from the true essence of life, inviting an exploration of the depths of passion, desire, and connection that lie dormant within us. The encounter with love at first sight is the key to this hidden garden, unlocking a door to experiences and sensations that defy conventional understanding.

In this wild, untamed garden of emotions and sensations, we are invited to rediscover the forgotten language of the heart and the body, to feel the pulse of the universe coursing through our veins. It is a reminder that beneath our everyday existence lies a world brimming with the intoxicating throbbing of life in its purest form. In this fire, we burn our old self and connect to the new one, which is our own. Love is not about the other but about ourselves. The other is a catalyst for a chain reaction in our body and brain, which shatters past emotional and thinking patterns, releasing massive energy to flood our entire being. Ultimately, all love is self-love. In

this process, our bodies become channels for expressing the primal life force that permeates all that lives and exists.

Neurobiological insights into the captivating experience of "love at first sight" reveal it as a complex interplay of hormonal activity, stirring emotions, and cognitive processes. It is due to the rapid rise in certain hormones and neurotransmitters, including testosterone, estrogen, adrenaline, dopamine, serotonin, and oxytocin. These biochemical agents are renowned for feelings of attraction, euphoria, and deep emotional bonding, thus setting the stage for the intense and often overwhelming sensation of instantaneous love.

The comparison of "love at first sight" to states such as psychosis and substance abuse, as posited by some researchers, underscores the profound impact of this experience on an individual's mental and emotional state. Similarly, likening it to obsessive-compulsive disorder highlights the all-consuming nature of this emotion, which can dominate one's thoughts and actions with an irresistible force.

This sudden inundation of affection, often described metaphorically as a "tsunami of love," can temporarily suspend the rational faculties of the human mind. Reason, logic, analytical thinking, and the future become irrelevant in the face of such a mighty somatic and emotional upheaval.

What ignited the flame between Karen and me, who belonged to different worlds in every sense? On the surface, it seemed implausible—she, emerging from a prosperous Canadian family steeped in Christian traditions, and I, rooted in a Hindu household of humble means. Yet, beneath these differences lay a shared unrest, a mutual desire for more than the ordinary, a joint venture into the depths of our beings in search of truth and the fulfillment of our potential. Seeing a promise in each other to fulfill our destinies was the reason behind this love. All love relationships start with the same promise of fulfillment, but many cannot survive. We carry so much from the past in our bodies, hearts, and minds that it becomes an obstacle to reaching our destination.

Karen listened to my aspirations to work in the Himalayan foothills and dedicate myself to serving the underprivileged. Her unwavering encouragement was a first for me, a support in a sea of skepticism; my plans, though ambitious and unconventional, were never dismissed by her.

"I want to show you those mountains where I plan to work," I said. She agreed with enthusiasm. Within days, we planned to journey to the Kumaon Hills. By now, our relationship has created gossip in medical school. My MD thesis guide's warnings about the potential jeopardy to my academic career due to this choice did little to deter me. Pursuing another degree paled in comparison to the importance of being with Karen and following a path that felt right.

Traveling through the woods, valleys, and high hills of the Kumaon Hills provided the perfect backdrop for deepening our love. Our first stop was in Nainital. After a day's stay in the town, we took a taxi to Kausani. There, amidst the silence of the high altitudes, we were treated to the awe-inspiring spectacle of majestic, snow-clad peaks under the soft sunlight of dusk and dawn.

In those days, Kausani was a humble village, its charm magnified by its simplicity and the intimate connection to nature. Our accommodation, a hotel still under construction, provided a basic but memorable shelter. The cool mountain air contrasted with the warmth of our room, and as we were lying in our beds, a curious interruption came in the form of a knock at the door. Upon opening it, I was met with the eager faces of local youths, their eyes alight with the thrill of an unusual encounter. They mistook Karen for the heroine of a film being shot in the vicinity, drawn to her by her distinctive white complexion and height. The mix-up, though a gentle intrusion, brought a chuckle to Karen when I relayed the story, adding a layer of fond memory to our mountain tale.

Throughout the journey through the hills, Karen seemed to weave her heart into the fabric of the mountains, feeling an intrinsic connection to the rugged terrain and its beauty. She thought she belonged to the place.

Later in life, on our 25th wedding anniversary, we retraced our steps back to Kausani, which had now undergone significant transformation. The once unfinished hotel had given way to the Krishna Mount View Mountain Resort. Staying at the hotel, we once again witnessed the splendid dance of light and shadow over the snow-clad peaks at dawn and dusk. But this time, the spectacle held a deeper resonance, reflecting our journey together as travelers and companions for life.

During Karen’s stay in medical school, my brother visited me and realized what was happening. He became concerned and warned me of the impracticality of the whole relationship. Another senior friend said, "You don’t know what you are stepping into." Of course, I ignored them.

Karen and I watched the Hindi movie Prem Geet in Lucknow. It was a typical film about romantic love, but its beautiful song became the theme song of our relationships.

Hothhon se chhu lo tum meraa geet amar kar do,
ban jaao meet mere, meri preet amar kar do.

Touch my song with your lips, make it immortal,
Be my beloved; make my love immortal.

After six weeks in India, Karen's return to Canada began an emotional storm of absence and longing for her. It was like being severed from a lifeline, plunging me into a profound and bewildering desolation. In the wake of our separation, the sheer physical distance and the vast differences in our backgrounds loomed like insurmountable barriers, casting shadows of doubt over any future reunion. Yet, I harbored an unwavering belief—a conviction that our potent bond could overcome these chasms, bridging the gap carved by miles and circumstances.

The experience was like an acute withdrawal one might experience from a profoundly addictive substance. This analogy is not merely poetic but is grounded in the neurobiological understanding of love and attachment, as Helen Fisher described in her seminal work ‘Why We Love.’ The emotions we experience as love involve a complex interplay of neurochemicals—dopamine, serotonin, anandamide, oxytocin, and norepinephrine—each playing its essential roles, not unlike those observed in the mechanisms of addiction and habit formation.

The interconnection between the neurochemicals involved in the experience of love and those engaged during states of flow is a fascinating domain, revealing deep insights into human psychology and well-being. This convergence suggests that the very substances in our brains that catalyze the feelings of attachment, passion, and euphoria in romantic love also play a crucial role in the psychological state known as flow.

Flow, a concept popularized by psychologist Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi, is characterized by a profound sense of focus, engagement, and fulfillment that occurs when we are wholly absorbed in an activity that is both challenging and intrinsically rewarding. During such moments, time seems to stand still, self-consciousness fades away, and our skills align perfectly with the task at hand. This state enhances creativity and productivity, contributing to our overall well-being and happiness.

This overlap is not merely a curiosity, but underscores a profound principle: the capacity for deep love and the ability to experience states of flow and engagement are intricately linked to specific biological mechanisms. Such an understanding demystifies the experiences of love and flow, highlighting their importance in cultivating a sense of purpose, fulfillment, and happiness.

Given this shared neurochemical basis and the changes they can bring to our bodies and brains, sustained love may enable a capacity to enter states of flow independently of external stimuli. This concept aligns with the principle of neuroplasticity, which is the brain's ability to reorganize itself by forming new neural connections throughout life. Neuroplasticity suggests that our experiences and behaviors can change the brain's structure and function.

In summary, a powerful and overwhelming experience of love results from the explosive release of life energy into our bodies, which causes the release of the most potent neurohormones in the body and the brain. The beloved acts as a catalyst, not the cause, of the experience of love. If this state of love is sustained, it can fundamentally change our brains, making us more sensitive and prone to experiences often described as mystical or spiritual. However, these are neither mystical nor spiritual but are part of our biology and life. That happened to me due to the sustained experience of intense love for Karen. I was 28 at the time and lived in the Sivananda Ashram in Rishikesh, India, where I joined as a medical officer at the Ashram Hospital after completing my MD.

EVENT THREE

June 7, 1984, around 2.30 pm– Sivananda Ashram, Rishikesh, India

Beginning of transformation

I joined Sivananda Ashram in Rishikesh in August 1983 to serve at its hospital and affiliated leprosy center. Over time, I became involved in various aspects of ashram life, including meditation, yoga, and the study of the lives and teachings of sages. This immersion was part of my journey to confront my fear of death. On the afternoon of June 7, 1984, at the age of twenty-eight, I had an unexpected and profound experience that changed the course of my life.

June is a hot month in Rishikesh, and after lunch, I would take an afternoon nap until about 2:30 pm, then get ready to see patients at Sivananda Hospital starting at 3 PM. While my apartment in the ashram was located at the top of a small hill, the hospital was situated at the bottom, on the banks of the Ganga River.

As I was slowly waking up from a nap, suddenly, a searing pain tore through my head, a sensation so intense and sudden it left me reeling. Before I could even grasp the enormity of this pain, a peculiar energy engulfed me. It was like a massive electrical force entered my body, swirling through my abdomen, chest, and head in streams and wheel-like patterns. My breath

became erratic and shallow as my heart pounded in my chest with alarming speed. Nausea washed over me in waves, accompanied by an urgent, distressing need to defecate. I felt a sense of impending death. I thought I had a brain hemorrhage. Consumed by fear and convinced that my final moments were at hand, I mustered every ounce of strength I possessed to tumble out of bed and crawl, inch by painstaking inch, towards the bathroom.

In desperation, I opened the tap and put my head under the cold running water. Within a few moments, the pain and the electrical energy began to subside. With effort, I stood up and looked at my face in the bathroom mirror. It was ashen grey as if someone had drained all blood and vitality from me, leaving behind a shell, empty and dead.

The entire episode spanned ten minutes, but its intensity made it feel like an eternity. Stepping out of the room to the balcony, I looked at the ashram buildings, the hills, the river flowing through the valley below, and the people going about their day. Yet, something was amiss. The world appeared altered, surreal. Everything in front of and around me looked like a painting. Their solidity was gone. They resembled figments from a dream and were detached from the tangible reality I once knew. I had no clue about the experience.

I couldn’t go to the hospital to see my waiting patients. Dr. Kutty, the hospital's medical director, came to see me and asked what had happened. I tried explaining it to her, but I knew I was not making sense. The next day, to discover the reason behind the experience, I met Swami Krishnananda, a senior monk in the ashram. He gave an enigmatic smile but said nothing. Left with no other option, I decided to find out what it was. I began to read about others who have had similar experiences. Slowly, I concluded that it could have been a so-called Kundalini experience.

According to Yoga, Kundalini is the life force that sustains our survival, well-being, and potential. Yet, in most people, this energy remains partially blocked, diverted into negative patterns within the body and mind. This blockage stems from traumas: transgenerational trauma, trauma in the womb, birth trauma, social and cultural conditioning, alienation and marginalization, and the trauma of physical, emotional, or sexual abuse. These disruptions throw the body's natural balance into chaos, manifesting as stress, dissatisfaction, and a range of physical, emotional, and mental health issues.

This state, however, can be reversed through Kundalini awakening—the activation of dormant energy within the body and brain. Awakening can arise spontaneously during near-death experiences, moments of profound love, spiritual practices, or deep self-awareness rooted in understanding our somatic nature. When this energy flows intensely, it purges trauma from the brain and body, restoring natural rhythms. The result is an experience of love, bliss, creativity, and liberation from fear, guilt, and pain.

The experience, however, disappeared as quickly as it had come. It blazed a path for me, which I have walked with bliss, pain, fear, and joy. In the coming years, it started to unfold slowly but consistently.

Oct. 1985

On October 18, 1985, Karen and I entered a new chapter of life as we got married. After the wedding, we stayed at a hotel in Delhi. One afternoon, while strolling down Janpath Street, I started to reflect on the experience in 1984 that had sparked my awakening. I got concerned about how marriage would affect this path I had only just begun to walk.

As I wandered, something unexpected happened. Like a powerful electrical current, a surge of energy raced up the back of my neck, pulsing through my entire body. The sensation grew more vigorous, rhythmic, and undeniable. My awareness locked onto it. At that moment, something shifted. This surge marked the start of my natural meditation practice, a silent reassurance that my journey would persist and deepen through this new phase of life. From that day forward, the sensation never left me. I felt two streams of awareness running parallel. One is anchored to the external world, tending to daily life, and the other is attuned to the energy coursing through my being. It never left.

Summer 1988

I sat quietly in the Canadian High Commission hall, surrounded by others waiting for a visitor visa. The room buzzed with routine, but something unexpected stirred within me. A wave of bliss surfaced, subtle at first, then spreading, wrapping around my face, pouring into my head and chest until it saturated my entire being.

This wasn’t the fleeting joy of relief or anticipation. It was something deeper, raw, visceral, and powerful. The intensity grew until I could barely keep my eyes open. My body felt like it was expanding, infused with a radiant warmth that filled every cell. As the sensation unfolded, my mind slipped into a profound stillness, nearly thoughtless. I felt so deeply relaxed that I could have remained in that chair forever, perfectly content.

The experience lasted for hours, and it wasn’t an isolated occurrence. These moments of bliss were becoming more frequent and immersive. I remember one that lingered for nearly three months. Eventually, they led to my body's full awakening in 1996. It was as if life itself was gently revealing something hidden, one wave of bliss at a time.

Summer 1991

As our British Airways flight took off from Delhi, the sky was shrouded in storm clouds, and flashes of lightning lit up the horizon. From my window seat, I watched as the plane climbed steadily, cutting through the turbulent weather.

Suddenly, a brilliant flash engulfed the aircraft. A massive bolt of lightning struck, shaking the plane violently. For a heart-stopping moment, it felt like we were falling from the sky. Then, just as abruptly, the turbulence passed. The plane steadied, and we climbed smoothly to cruising altitude. The danger had passed, but the fear of flying lingered in my mind. It never stopped me from flying across the world, but even now, a part of me still tightens with turbulence.

The fear came to an end in March of 2025 when I was flying from Toronto to Fort McMurray.

EVENT FOUR

Fall 1992, India

Somatic Crisis – Extreme Catharsis

In 1985, after our marriage, Karen and I embraced a new chapter at the Sivananda Ashram, where we celebrated the birth of our daughter, Sonia. Three years later, our son Raman was born in Hamilton, Canada. Life at the ashram was enriching, but we yearned for greater impact and meaning through our work with the underprivileged. By 1988, driven by this desire and spurred by disagreements with ashram authorities, we left to join a dedicated organization working in the remote Garhwal Himalayas. There, we launched a primary health care program, a mission that was as rewarding as it was relentless, complex, and dangerous.

The intensity of the work and constant travel through rugged terrain soon began to wear me down. Old adversaries—irritable bowel syndrome, hypertension, and debilitating headaches—returned with force, warning me that I was pushing too hard. But the real test came a year and a half later when two devastating events collided.

First, an earthquake ravaged the Uttarkashi region, tearing through the communities we served. Before we could regain footing, tragedy struck again—far closer to home. The founder of our organization was murdered in cold blood by a known sociopath, a man with a trail of victims behind him. We were next on his list. As part of the five-person leadership team, I lived under the shadow of escalating threats. Sleep became a battleground, haunted by relentless nightmares of the founder's death. The line between perseverance and breaking point grew razor-thin.

One day, a terrifying crisis arose. I was staying at the headquarters of our organization, where I intended to complete some work and meet with other senior staff. I was seated comfortably in a

chair on the verandah, sipping a cup of tea and enjoying a rare moment of quiet, when one of my workers came rushing towards me, informing me that the sociopath was near and intent on killing me. I saw him approaching, striding up the hillside from the road below. He had a knife in his hand. My whole body started shaking, thinking that my end was near. But when he was only a few feet away, I experienced a sudden sense of deep tranquility; everything around me and within me filled with stillness. My body slowly relaxed and straightened. I looked directly at my potential killer without a trace of fear. I was aware of the evening sun, the orange and golden clouds in the sky, the shadows of the trees on the mountain slopes, and my workers, who were scared and huddled together in a corner. Somehow, I knew with certainty that I was surrounded by a wall of transparent steel that he couldn't penetrate. He stared at me briefly, asked me a few questions, then turned abruptly and left. Facing the sociopath was the first time I experienced this absolute calm in the shadow of death. It wasn't just survival—a glimpse into a realm where fear had no power. It was an experience of true nature.

However, the fear returned with full force just minutes after his departure, plunging me into a three-month crisis. The encounter had shattered the protective mechanism I had built over the years to contain my fear of death that had taken root in August 1966. Now, it surged through my mind and body, overwhelming me, and no place was safe from the reach of death. Life itself appeared futile; all moral values and the order of the world lost their significance and meaning, as they, too, would ultimately be obliterated by death. My friends, relatives, teachers, gods, and goddesses offered no solace. I was constantly trembling, like a dry leaf caught in a relentless gale, finding no shelter or protection from the storm. I stood utterly alone, confronting for the first time the sheer insignificance of an individual's life in its totality. Human existence seemed no more significant than a grain of sand on the vast, unfathomable shore of the cosmos. These were the moments of utter and complete humility.

Only after weeks of torment did the fear begin to recede and eventually vanish. Gradually, intermittently, and spontaneously, feelings of well-being and joy started to return. With these feelings came a celebration of life. I realized with stunning clarity that to live life, we must accept the inevitability of death, for life and death are two sides of one existence. Confronting and embracing death shatters the prison of identity, taking us into freedom from fear. Death becomes a door to the completeness of life.

A somatic crisis doesn’t usually manifest as a single event. It unfolds in small episodes, culminating in a single, prolonged crisis that can last for hours, days, months, or even years. During such a crisis, life energy is unblocked in the body and flows chaotically, like an undammed river during a flood. This energy is beyond the mind's control, breaking down barriers and dismantling the identity related to family, culture, prestige, status, knowledge, ideologies, religion, and spirituality. Without psychological support, an individual feels mentally exposed, confronting repressed fears of death, which lead to anxiety and panic. The crisis reveals and begins to cleanse accumulated trauma, emotional scars, and buried mental illnesses.

Most people reside within the safety of their familiar worlds—a comfort zone tightly woven with the threads of their own identities. However, life has a way of sending shockwaves through this sanctuary. Whether through a personal tragedy, a death in the family, a failure, or a grave illness, these harrowing events shatter the very foundations of our being, crumbling the fortresses we have built. In these raw, unguarded moments, the deep-seated contents in our memories surge forth, flooding our mind, brain, and body with overwhelming force.

Thus, what begins as a shattering experience of disillusionment and somatic crisis can become a powerful catalyst for tremendous personal growth. As we become vulnerable and receptive, the protective distractions of our previous identity lose their efficacy. If we allow this process to unfold, it leads to an awakening marked by bliss and wisdom. We experience a rebirth and are established in our Somatic Self. We are healed and live in complete health.

EVENT FIVE

Sept. 7, 1996 - Canada

I was reborn at the age of forty

Karen and I spent nearly thirteen years working in the Indian Garhwal Himalayas. The experience left us both disillusioned and physically and mentally exhausted, and Karen's health suffered. We had no money, and our children were growing. We decided to relocate to Canada. Although my parents were sad about our decision to move so far away, they, like on many other occasions, supported our choice, recognizing it as the right step for us.

We arrived in Canada in June 1996 and settled in Hamilton, Ontario, choosing it primarily because Karen's parents lived nearby. After moving, Karen and I focused on creating a cozy and secure environment for our children. Karen took over a retiring friend's family practice, and we shared the same office space—she was a family physician, and I was an acupuncturist.

Being away from India, I experienced the solitude I had longed for. My numerous associations and stressful work in India constantly filled me with concerns and worries. In contrast, Canada and its people were unfamiliar, allowing me to form fresh relationships without the past intruding every time I met someone or visited a place. I relished the newfound freedom and space. This solitude in Canada marked a significant breakthrough in my journey. The changes within me had been evolving over many years, but living in Canada had brought them to a tipping point.

On September 7, 1996, I awoke to an extraordinary morning. Streams of energy coursed through my body and brain, vibrating intensely like a tuning fork. A buzzing sound resonated from deep within. Waves of bliss rose and ebbed, leaving my mind in pristine clarity, almost devoid of thoughts yet fully aware. A rapturous warmth surrounded me.

A radiant golden glow filled the crisp blue sky as I gazed out my window. The trees stood tranquil, their stillness punctuated by the melodic singing of birds. This moment felt like a deep intoxication as if I were drinking directly from life itself. This was no ordinary intoxication; it was one where every cell was vibrantly awake, every sense sharpened to its peak. My brain engaged

fully, acutely focused on absorbing every detail—the sights, sounds, smells, and tactile sensations enveloping me.

This profound energy continued to swell, gradually spreading beyond the physical boundaries of my body to fill the entire room. The space around me seemed to pulsate with it. For the first time, I was listening to life's every whisper and rhythm, fully immersed in its timeless depth.

The experience continued for two days before it abruptly vanished, thrusting me back into my old life—a transition that was a rude shock. I felt as if a fish had been thrown onto hot sand. My former life now appeared as a haunting nightmare, where I found myself writhing in emotional agony, engulfed in a void of despair and desolation. I clung to the memory of the experience, pondering whether it was merely an illusion of my mind.

Remarkably, after a two-day absence, the experience returned, enveloping me in an overwhelming bliss and well-being with the same clarity, openness, and freedom. This blissful state persisted for an entire week before fading and then returning. With each recurrence, the duration of this extended, deepening its imprint on me.

It became clear that this experience had become seamlessly woven into my daily life. A persistent undercurrent of well-being slowly replaced the omnipresent fear that had haunted me for over thirty years. My life was changed irrevocably and radically. It was like living in a paradise on earth.

It was a rebirth for me. Forty years ago, I was born into the world through my parents, and at forty, I was born again into life through myself. I was the son, father, and mother. My emotional cords of dependence on my parents were cut. I was standing alone. It stopped me from seeking parental figures in people, gurus, leaders, and images.

I began to notice that my body and mind had become like smooth glass, where the raindrops of fear, guilt, jealousy, and anger made only a momentary impact before slipping away. Often during the night, I felt a river of energy coursing through my entire being, cleansing my brain and body. I woke up each morning feeling clean and refreshed with a sense of deep well-being that grew deeper and more continuous. During the day, I noticed I was releasing accumulated memories of old fears, anxieties, and emotional pain. At night, dreams worked to relieve

memories of past traumas. The recurring nightmares about snakes, which used to haunt me two to three times a week, became less frequent, and within a year, they had disappeared completely.

One night, I awoke to the feeling of a presence in the room. As I wondered who or what it might be, a silent response came: "I am death, your beloved." The presence lingered for a few minutes before vanishing, never to return. That night, I confronted my fear of death, but this time, the experience was overwhelmingly positive. I had come to accept death as an integral part of life and had gained clarity about my mortality. It had taken me thirty years since a frightening day in August 1966 to reach this point of understanding. Now, I realized that my persistent anxiety about death had dissolved, replaced by an acceptance of life's inevitable conclusion. This was not the absence of fear and anxiety but freedom from their grip. In the years that followed, I felt fear and anxiety, but these emotions came and went without leaving a mark.

Through these experiences, I gained astonishing clarity that my life was, and had always been, a movement in wholeness and unity. Life was like a painting where every color, including the dark and grey shades, played a necessary role. What I had once perceived as negative was complementary to the positive. In this essential interplay of darkness and light, true wholeness emerged. I had thought that the years spent grappling with anxiety and trauma were wasted, but this was not the case. In reality, no time was wasted; each moment was like a unique note in the symphony of life, contributing indispensably to the totality. There was no place for regrets anymore. It was freedom from the past. I was functioning as a cohesive, organic unit rather than a divided and fragmented individual. My mind and body were in harmony. Previously, I would wake up in the early morning consumed with anxieties and worries, but these were replaced by relaxation and peace.

The sensation of energy flowing through my body and brain was constant, and my consciousness became deeply connected to it. I was connected to life at all times. This marked the beginning of effortless and spontaneous meditation at all times. I had abandoned all formal meditation techniques, realizing that what I had been practicing were just techniques, not true meditation. The mind constructs meditation techniques, whereas true meditation is

spontaneous and beyond the mind's grasp. It is an effortless awareness, attuned to the flow of life within and around the body.

Another remarkable feature, besides the experience of the energy flow in the body, was the emergence of a witnessing consciousness that is pure, wholesome, non-judgmental, tranquil, and endlessly deep. It is not bounded by space and time. It connects to the present moment, rather than the past or the future. Typically, we perceive the world and ourselves through cultural and social lenses, based on our memories; however, witnessing consciousness transcends the limitations of memory. To me, witnessing consciousness is the hallmark of transformation.

The transformations within us are neither metaphysical nor mystical; they are rooted in our biology, encompassing our brains and bodies. Children under two or three have no distinct separation between mind and body. They experience continuous vitality and inner joy, with life energy moving freely through their bodies and brains. They can stay in a state of flow. However, as children grow and reach the age of ten, social and cultural influences disrupt this harmony. Various brain regions function in a discordant manner, leading to conflicts among the body, emotions, and thoughts.

The whole brain is physiologically active in adults at any moment, yet only a fraction reaches peak functionality. Life's traumas and adversities compound these issues, creating a state of negative neuroplasticity. In this state, the brain's three components related to the body, emotions, and thinking fall out of alignment, causing conflict. Nonetheless, we can reverse this misalignment through practices, understanding our personalities, and transformative experiences, such as near-death encounters or profound love. Such integration between the brain and body heals trauma and breaks through the constraints of social and cultural conditioning, leading us back to a state of constant flow. This state is characterized by high energy, creativity, and a natural sense of joy and happiness. Within two years of my transformative experience, I found myself liberated from the grips of trauma and the haunting fear of death. I embraced life with renewed well-being and vitality, feeling like I had finally stepped into the light after a long journey through darkness.

At first, the tranquility and joy I felt seemed akin to a paradise, an idyllic, serene garden encircled by a protective wall. It was a blissful sanctuary, yet I soon understood that this paradise, though beautiful, was also confined. It was limited within the boundaries of my individuality. I began to sense the presence of something greater than the individual self. It was as if the walls that defined my paradise began to dissolve, revealing the vastness beyond. It suggested that true freedom was not about being unchained from my past pains and living with happiness and peace. I was not just recovering; I was evolving, moving towards an understanding that my healing was a door to a higher realm. This was not the end of my journey, but another beginning that would never end.

Spring 1997

After a long, cold winter, spring was finally in the air. The morning was glorious, clear, serene, and filled with contentment. Rain-washed young leaves on the trees were luminous under the golden sunlight. My mind was silent. Without much thought, every cell in my body was at ease. This ease did not come from entertainment, laziness, alcohol, social gossip, or any meditation technique. When the body is free from the clutter of thoughts, it finds its natural rhythm. Its movements became a slow, graceful dance in harmony with the drifting clouds, the warm sun, and the blue sky. It was completely open and receptive to the present, unbounded by limits.

Boundaries are the creations of the mind, born from desires, memories, and worries that turn us into prisoners of our thinking. Without these constraints, life energy within the body expands and becomes part of the universal energy.

June 14, 1997

An extraordinary force surged in the body and permeated every cell and fiber, making it fully alive. Senses were razor-sharp and attentive. The relentless chatter of thoughts was silenced, replaced by a pure, visceral sensation that knew neither the future nor the past. Its essence was bliss. It was a profound immersion in the present, a celebration of peak living. While happiness often resides in the mind and joy dances through our emotions, bliss is a physical and biological experience.

Summer 1997

The thunderstorm arrived with high winds. Lightning must have struck the nearby ground, as a massive flash of light was visible. The roar of thunder ripped through the air, shaking the house and rattling the windows. My mind remained serene, but my body became charged and alive with the storm's force. I was simply a witness, listening without thought. Then, it started raining. Again, my body felt the rain deep within. It was a strange sensation like rain falling on each cell and washing them clean. My body and the rain moved as one; I was soaked in tranquility and ecstasy.

EVENT 6

March 1998, Canada

Tapping into the Universal Mind

After an enchanting family trip to California, returning home to Hamilton left me strangely unsettled. On our first night back, travel fatigue pulled me into a heavy sleep. But before dawn, I was abruptly jolted awake, my mind ablaze with a torrent of thoughts. Ideas poured in like a flood, forming intricate patterns and unexpected connections. They seemed to answer countless questions I'd carried for years without resolution.

Frantically, I scribbled notes to catch these revelations before they vanished. Many still slipped away as quickly as they came, leaving only faint impressions. Yet in the weeks and months that followed, they returned, often richer and deeper, becoming the foundation of my writings and teachings.

This relentless surge of creativity shattered any normal rhythm. Nights bled into days with little rest. Each wave of insight left me both exhilarated and exhausted. After a week of scant sleep and fevered inspiration, something remarkable happened. My body and mind, initially overwhelmed, gradually adapted. I began sleeping a full seven to eight hours again, waking in the pre-dawn hush to a gentler, more graceful flow of ideas.

This transformation made me reflect: why do some of us experience creativity in this way? I came to see that we can tap into the universal mind, a vast, invisible reservoir of all knowledge that transcends individual consciousness.

Most people stay bound within the narrow lanes of daily existence, but a few, due to the particular architecture of their brains, venture beyond. All creativity, no matter the field, draws from this same source and expresses itself through the unique personality and skills of each individual. The power is never truly ours; it is granted by nature. Yet, without conscious awareness, we remain like citizens ignorant of our rights, vulnerable and easily exploited by circumstance. When we awaken to these rights, we become sovereign, able to harness our innate potential.

Many creative people suffer because they lack conscious access to this flow. They hit long blocks, not knowing how to reopen the channel. But my life settled into a new rhythm, a nightly blossoming of insight. Almost without fail, I would wake between three and four in the morning, greeted by a steady stream of ideas and solutions. The universal mind became my hidden wellspring, the silent partner behind my talks, writings, and the entire Soma system I teach.

Whenever I posed a question or sought an explanation, the answers came, sometimes within minutes, sometimes after days, emerging effortlessly from this vast field.

It is as if I were given a quiet mastery over creativity. No longer at the mercy of a fickle Muse, I found creativity always ready to serve when called. This gift emerged two years ago, when my brain began functioning as an integrated whole, with body and mind aligned in seamless unity.

In this expanded state of witnessing, I would occasionally slip into a profound stillness, beyond thought and even ordinary feeling, a fleeting taste of non-duality. It never lasted, but it left behind a luminous silence —a timeless sense of infinity that continued as a subtle undercurrent in my life.

Another astonishing revelation: all knowledge is interconnected. There are no real boundaries between politics and religion, economics and psychology, science and medicine. These are not isolated continents, but varied landscapes in a single vast country of consciousness. Touch one stream, like medicine, and you inevitably tap the undercurrents of biology, society, spirituality. In truth, life is a seamless flow of energy and awareness, continually expressing itself through the various disciplines we recognize.

This is why, when I speak, I might begin with neural plasticity and effortlessly drift into economics, modern politics, rituals of religion, and the deepest questions of human freedom. For me, these threads weave naturally into the oneness of life.

Seeing this, I lost all appetite for books that merely parcel knowledge into fragments. Once you grasp that all insight springs from the same cosmic source, the compulsion to accumulate facts endlessly dissolves. Now I read only for technical precision, new findings in physics and neuroscience, or subtle explorations of the brain, death, and spiritual experience. These sharpen my language, refining what is already known at a deeper level.

Ultimately, knowledge is not a warehouse of facts; it is a living current, a dance of insight in the universal mind. It is an endless conversation humming beneath existence itself. All we truly learn is how to listen.

To me, this universal mind resembles the personal God described in many faiths, something we can touch through sincere prayer or meditation, practices that rewire the brain and deepen our

connection to this vast intelligence. At the same time, it aligns with the quantum field of physics, an ocean of energy and consciousness carrying the entire history and future of life. In this way, science and spirituality meet, not as rivals, but as twin mirrors reflecting the same infinite mystery.

April 1, 2012

I woke up early in the morning. Each nerve, muscle, and cell of my body was in deep relaxation, and powerful energy was rushing through it. This was not the ordinary relaxation experienced in stress-free moments. It was the stillness of Shavasana, the corpse pose in yoga, where the body lies still, seemingly lifeless yet vibrantly alive.

As days passed, the body developed an extraordinary sensitivity, not like that of an artist or a heightened state of mind, but as a living entity in full communion with its surroundings. With minimal thoughts, it remained open and receptive. I understood then the true meaning of receptivity, when thoughts are quiet, the senses don't reach out to grab the world. They don't filter or block sensations. They allow the life around to enter without the mind's interference. It is the state of pure perception without any interpretation. I felt the movement of leaves in a gentle breeze within. I was connected to everything, and everything was connected to me. Every element of life was new and sacred, even the rocks and stones I touched with utmost care to avoid causing harm.

Life had become a single conscious movement without boundaries, encompassing everything. This connection brought a fluidity where nothing was stagnant. As people came and went, my impressions of them similarly flowed in and out of my consciousness. The experience was not one of bliss but of silent stillness, making the joy and delight I had felt over the past sixteen years seem shallow and limited. The depth of that silence was limitless.

With a few thoughts, my consciousness expanded, and nothing escaped its laser-sharp attention. Looking and listening did not provoke reactions. Things and sounds were seen and heard, but without interpretation. This perceptive state had no past or future—everything unfolded in the present. This could be called a state of pure being or not knowing, where all memories lie dormant. I made no effort to name anything; I was enveloped by the nameless. All reactions or emotions were captured in their nascent stage before forming waves, and by

natural attention, these ripples merged back into the ocean of silence. This witnessing consciousness continuously observed my body moving and functioning autonomously, experiencing a state beyond fear and suffering.

April 7, 2012

I woke up in the night and found that my body was no longer there. I was consciousness and only consciousness, without a body. My consciousness was the witness, witnessed, and the witnessing. The mirror was looking at its reflection. It was all one movement and one consciousness. In those moments, I knew once, and for all that with the body's death, consciousness doesn't die. It merges into its source, nameless and formless. I realized I was not simply my body and ever-changing mind but also a boundless and immortal consciousness. In this state, the world seemed like a fabricated dream, a complex web in which people were trapped, spinning endlessly in circles.

May, 2019

It was late in the night. The body woke up with sensual tension. Mind shared the tension. So primal and so full of bliss. It continued to increase and wanted to be released. But then the strangest thing happened. It felt as if it were released within the body rather than outside. There was such an explosive sense of sensual energy traversing through each cell of the body and the brain. This must be the phenomenon of Urdhavreta, or the upward flow of sensual energy.

Waves of ecstasy filled everything: the room and the space outside the room. It continued the next morning and for a few days in a gentle form.

June 9, 2019

The restaurant was busy but not packed. People ate, talked, and laughed as waiters hustled to take orders and serve food. The hall was saturated with the intense aromas of spices and herbs. Amidst the bustling sounds and sights, an expansive silence pervaded the space, boundless and profound. This silence was untouched by thoughts or feelings, a sensation beyond all emotions. It possessed the power of the universe, yet it remained open.

In this silence, a profound connection to everything was felt, one that transcended all relationships and bonds. Untouchable, it stayed immaculate, following its rhythm. This was pure solitude, an utter aloneness that pulsed with the movement of life. Waves of bliss rose and fell in the body.

June 17, 2019

The car glided along the well-paved road like a canoe in a calm river. It was a wet spring. Lush green fields of wheat and hay covered the rolling hills. Farmers' homes were easy to spot, marked by patches of oak and pine trees that protected them from the cold winds and drifting winter snow.

This land was likely covered with dense woods a few decades ago, but now it has been converted into crop fields to meet people's needs and fulfill their desires. Users had become consumers.

Why do we become consumers? Our brains have the capacity for natural pleasure, which diminishes as the sense of 'I' emerges in childhood. The 'I' makes the brain dormant through fear and guilt. Then, we seek pleasure from external sources. As the brain becomes habituated, its demands become endless. We consume anything and everything in pursuit of the fleeting excitement we call happiness. If the hold of 'I' is broken on the brain, its ability for natural delight will return, and our demand for pleasure will diminish.

The sky was heavy with dark clouds, and it began to drizzle. The hills, fields, and trees looked mysteriously green. One was drinking it all in with the whole being. Beyond the dark clouds on the far horizon lay the vast blue sky and the golden light of the evening sun.

June 19, 2019

The plane lifted effortlessly from the runway. Below, the city collapsed into a glittering archipelago of lights, then dissolved into darkness. On the horizon, a dense orange blaze from the northern sun burned low, crowned by a band of gold. Above that, an infinite vault of deep blue spread out, adorned with a faint moon and scattered, trembling stars.

Humanity has always stood spellbound before such skies. We feel awe because of their staggering grandeur, a spectacle so immense it silences the mind. And we think terror, confronted by the mystery of existence: how did we appear in this boundless cosmos, destined one day to vanish into its depths without a trace? We had no say in our arrival or departure on this vast stage.

Faced with this raw truth, people shrink. We seem absurdly small and powerless before a universe where countless planets and galaxies are born and obliterated every instant. Unable to shoulder this crushing insignificance, we retreat. We take refuge in family and tribe, in religion, culture, ideology, knowledge, and science, constructing a filtered reality that feels safe, contained, and manageable.

But this fragile shelter comes at a price. Because beneath it stirs the ever-present void. To keep it at bay, we grasp for affirmation, daily reminders that our lives matter, that we are loved, needed, and heroes in some unfolding human story. Cultures and families invent tangible symbols to soothe our doubts: trophies, medals, framed certificates, testaments that we are not insignificant, not lost in the cosmic flood.

The plane jolted into turbulence. My body clenched, mind bracing against the uneasy truth of hanging miles above solid ground. I hadn't always feared flying; years ago, a savage pocket of turbulence rattled me to the bone, and the wariness never quite left. Still, it never stopped me from boarding another flight.

Moments later, the aircraft steadied. And there it was again, that immense presence, stretching beyond the darkness, beyond the orange blaze, the gold ribbon, the endless blue, the moon, and scattered stars. It was something more profound than awe or fear, beyond all needing and all knowing. It permeated every cell of my being, a vast, soundless silence. It neither affirmed nor denied. It simply was without meaning, without measure, utterly free.

EVENT 7

Sept. 2019 - Return to the body

It was a quiet September morning in 2019. As I drifted out of sleep into a delicate hush, a clear voice rose from within me, unmistakable, calm, and commanding. It simply said: “Write a book titled *Return to the Body*.”

Although my earlier work, Naturality, had always woven together the body and the brain, it was never fully anchored in this connection. This message felt different. It was precise, urgent, almost luminous in its simplicity.

The entire day, I turned it over in my mind, testing its weight and truth. By evening, the decision was clear: I would write this book, placing the body at the very heart of the journey, revealing it as the sacred doorway to life's peak and to ultimate freedom.

Within two weeks, the manuscript was finished, poured out in a rush of inspiration. Yet it was raw, scattered with sections that needed ruthless rewriting and deep refining. Still, the seed was planted.

I began weaving even more about the body and the brain into my Naturality teachings, slowly reshaping my entire message. And then, after two years of exploration and integration, something remarkable happened: the old structures fell away. It all came to an end, making space for a new, more authentic expression to emerge.

What started as a whisper had become a force that would forever change the course of my work and life.

EVENT 8

March 26, 2021- Canada

THE END OF SEEKING

For me, the COVID shutdown felt like an extended retreat. I craved solitude more than ever, pulling back from all connections except the closest family. Something was quietly stirring inside me, and on March 26, 2021, it finally broke the surface.

My mother-in-law, Bernice (Mom), had been frail for years, nearing a hundred. When the pandemic struck, she was cared for at home by family and visiting health workers. That evening, Andy, my brother-in-law, called Karen. Mom was slipping. Karen and our daughter Sonia prepared to stay by her side. As they stopped home to gather essentials, I decided to visit.

When I arrived, Mom lay utterly still. I touched her hand, called her name. No response. No breath. No pulse. Calmly, I stood holding her hand. It was around 8 PM, and I believe she passed as I stood there with her.

That night, I woke at 3 AM to a surge of energy so powerful it seemed to shatter the last barriers in my life. My mind opened into infinite silence, my being flooded with stillness. All worries about life or death vanished. The room seemed to pulse with the same vibrant energy I'd first encountered in 1984 at the Sivananda Ashram.

Perhaps being near Mom as she crossed over triggered this opening. They say that the dying release a final burst of energy that can profoundly affect those nearby, especially if they stand calmly and open.

From then on, this life energy resonated through me, binding me to every living and nonliving thing. My long search ended. There was nothing left to seek. A new way of living began—direct, simple, and tangible. It was stripped of philosophy, practice, or guru. All mystical and metaphysical teachings, Western or Eastern, lost their hold over me.

Now, only the body remained, this living, breathing organism and the subtle, blissful energy pulsing through it, linking me to everything. This energy carried a gentle sensuality, a continual undercurrent of creative vitality.

As I surrendered to this experience, I discovered the body as a meeting point of matter, energy, and consciousness a microcosm of the cosmos itself. My earlier system, Naturality, fell away, replaced by Soma—the Greek word for body, and in Sanskrit, the nectar or essence of life. Soma is about discovering complete life in the body. The body is the door to liberation.

But this was not the end. It was simply the furthest point seeking could reach. Beyond that lay a somatic nonduality, beyond all striving.

May 2021

One morning, my body vibrated like a tuning fork. A soft buzzing filled my head and face, pressing gently into my brain, temples, forehead, and nose. It wasn't invasive; it was profoundly soothing. My mind lay almost completely still. I called it an *awakened body with a silent mind.*

By afternoon, as I walked through parks and woods, the vibration deepened. I felt intimately linked to the trees, plants, birds, butterflies, insects, and every part of life.

That hum was life's primordial rhythm, the first sound to ripple through the newborn universe. Every cell in my body seemed to remember it. Over three billion years ago, when the first living cell stirred on Earth, it must have pulsed with this same energy. No brain existed to form thought, no heart to feel emotion, just life itself, humming.

To hear this hum is to touch that ancient origin. It slices through the noise of modern life, dissolving the heavy burden of thought. In its place stands life, raw and pure.

Summer 2021

Despite the intensity of these experiences, I never drifted away from life. I remained a committed husband, father, and provider. My awakening was tested daily in the real world. Both my children fell gravely ill, illnesses that lingered for years. At times, it felt as if my entire world was crumbling. The dreams I had built for our family lay shattered.

Yet even in sorrow, I never slipped into total despair. The radiant life energy within me never dimmed. Looking back, I see how these hardships forged my liberation. The storms that ravaged my children's lives tore down my expectations, forcing me to confront the fragile impermanence of everything. It was, strangely, a celebration of sorrow. It continues.

From this, I understood that detachment is not the aim of spiritual life for someone living fully in the world. What we genuinely need is *a healthy attachment, a way to love and care for others without being dependent on them* for our well-being. To love deeply, nurture others, yet stay rooted in our well-being and purpose.

July 22, 2022

That night, a deep, pure peace settled over me. It was an affirmation that nothing in the world was out of place. Everything existed in perfect order. This peace wasn't abstract or mystical—it saturated every cell of my body. My breathing slowed, sometimes nearly imperceptible, and my heart rate fell. I lay utterly still. In that space, there was no sense of life or death, just a stillness alive with extraordinary force.

As dawn broke, this profound peace gave way to a state of bliss. But with bliss came the imperfect world again, war, famine, suffering. It was a call to action. Action is the heart of becoming, a ceaseless movement from past to future.

Peace and bliss are not opposites but companions. Peace is whole, untouched. Bliss embraces the flawed, flowering world. One exists in stillness, the other in movement. Together, they complete life.

March 20, 2023

Early that morning, my body lay still in bed, yet overflowed with a gentle ecstasy that seemed to saturate the room and the world beyond. Everything felt drenched in sacredness—not the sacredness of gods or scriptures, but something more profound, beyond all seeking.

In this space, death was not a shadow to fear but simply part of life. In the body, life and death coexist, woven together. Their shared essence is sensuality. True sensuality ends desire. When desire stops, the senses rest. They no longer chase after pleasure.

A child embodies this natural sensuality. However, as culture and society encroach, the body's life energy becomes blocked. Sensuality gives way to restless craving, for wealth, power, entertainment, sex, drugs, anything to fill the void. The delighted child becomes a dissatisfied adult, endlessly searching. This hunt breeds anxiety, jealousy, violence, and guilt.

Yet we can free this trapped energy and return to our natural sensuality by reconnecting with the body, our only truly living reality. Thoughts and emotions are not alive; they're just memories imprinted in the brain. But an awakened body leads to the ultimate experience: total love. It feels as if you are making love with all of existence. What could be more sensual, more complete, than that?

March 30, 2023

It was a brilliant spring morning, with the bright sun shining and a cool breeze blowing through the field. The body was in a state of deep relaxation, functioning independently, free from the demands of the social mind that often compels it to act against its natural rhythms. Its movements were slow, fluid, and precise as if gliding effortlessly without any awareness of time. A gentle bliss filled its interior, accompanied by sharp and focused senses, alert to every detail.

The social mind, the creator of ambition and competition, bearing the emotional wounds and scars of the past, often intrudes. It drives the body to achieve, disrupting its natural functioning and blocking energy. Such interference turns the body into fertile ground for physical and mental illnesses, leading to suffering.

But in that state of attention and peace, suffering could not touch it. The social mind, burdened by its accumulated memories, became powerless. Its sketches of the past, mere echoes, could not interfere with the sacredness of the present moment.

May 30, 2023

It was a night of Yajna, a natural clearing and renewal. The consciousness turned inward, locking the mind within the body. With no escape, the mind dissolved, giving way to an explosive surge of energy. This intense and unrelenting energy built under immense pressure until it became a fire and penetrated every cell. Each cell was ignited, and memories from the past were burned to ashes in searing flames. It was a moment of ultimate catharsis—a biological purification.

August 31, 2023

It was a large hospital in Dehradun, clean, well-lit, efficient, and cool in the humid August heat. I was here to get my father checked by a surgeon. The hall was crowded with people waiting to see doctors. Sickness was all around. Many were anxious, sad, or in pain; others were indifferent and bored.

Amid it all, the body and mind throbbed with a vibrant life force. Streams of energy filled every cell, transforming the entire being into a pulsating heart, alive with vitality. This life force permeated the hall, expanding outward to embrace the city beyond. Neither noise, pain, nor sorrow could touch it. It was without cause or origin, beyond the reach of any worldly construct. Neither tied to religion nor science, it was purely physical.

Waves of gentle bliss coursed through the body, and that bliss was soaked in love, a love transcending fear, loneliness, and pain. It was a love that embraced everything: the living, the nonliving, and even the lifeless pillars of the hall. Its presence was total, enveloping all in its gentle embrace.

Oct. 19, 2023

The body was at peace and immersed in a state of bliss. I did some banking, walked, and had lunch with Karen and friends. Meanwhile, the outside world continued at its frantic pace. You could see the tension etched on people's faces, their minds weighed down by worries about the Middle East conflict, the economy, and countless other challenges afflicting the world. Yet nothing could disturb the peace and bliss I felt.

That peace began to expand, encompassing everything around me. It included the noise of cars and buses, the sounds of roadwork, and even the yellow and orange leaves adorning the autumn trees.

I experienced all of this, yet remained untouched. This was not a state of indifference, but a deep sensitivity, one that remained unreactive. The absence of reaction was itself a response, an act of responsibility. And that responsibility was to sustain love amid the chaos and violence.

The very essence of that peace and bliss was love. Love does not arise from external causes; it is an inherent part of life, flowing within the body. To connect with that life is to live in love.

Oct. 26, 2023

I woke up with a feeling of tremendous warmth within. It was emerging from each cell of the body. As its intensity increased, it turned into ecstasy. The mind was nearly free from thoughts. Emptiness of mind brought sharp and expanded attention. Nothing could go unnoticed within and around.

I took my two-year-old granddaughter, Avni, to the park for a walk. The evening sun made the autumn trees appear luminous, and the ground was covered with a carpet of colored leaves. She enjoyed walking on them as they made a crunchy sound under her boots.

Ecstasy was turning into deep tranquility, and it was palpable and rock-solid everywhere. It couldn't be disturbed by the traffic noise, the barking of the dogs in the park, or children running and shouting excitedly.

2024 – From well-being to bliss

Dec. 20

It was late morning. While working at my computer, I was gripped by an intense surge of energy in my chest, creating pressure. Its powerful stream coursed upward, pushing through my neck, forehead, and crown. It was flowing through the core of my brain. It accessed my lifetime memories with Karen and brought overwhelming guilt. Did I give her enough while I received so much from her? How can I overcome the guilt? Will I be burdened for the rest of my life?

But in an hour, the guilt was utterly cleared and replaced by a sense of bliss. The brain's energy flow increased, and at times, bliss was so powerful that it was on the verge of pain. Throughout the day, it continued. I woke up intermittently because of the pressure and the bliss. It was clear that over the next twenty years, I would need to give back to Karen.

Because of the continued pressure at times, I grew concerned and wondered if this surge was due to a spike in blood pressure, recalling my history of hypertension. I took a reading, and my blood pressure was normal.

It reminded me of Oct. 18, when Karen and I got married. Among the many wedding rituals, one stood out with its unique blend of symbolism and challenge. The priest filled a tumbler with water colored with turmeric, herbs, and spices, and put a knotted thread into it. With a reverent pause, he turned and tasked us with a seemingly simple yet profound challenge: quickly reach into the water, grab the thread, and untie the knots. Our fingers, guided by a blend of haste and

precision, worked to unravel the entangled thread. At the moment, the act felt like a playful test, a light-hearted addition to the day's celebrations. However, the true essence of this act was deeper, revealed only later as the excitement of the day gave way to reflection. Unknotting the thread symbolizes loosening the knots in our body, heart, and mind, allowing us to develop intimacy and live in love.

And now, forty years later, all three knots of body, emotions, and intellect in my relationship with Karen were completely untied, leaving me utterly intimate with her. The process has been ongoing for a long time, but it has now reached its culmination. It brought me the raw, sensual experience of 1981 when we first met. Love was fully reborn, but in a vastly more profound form.

My days and nights are soaked in bliss. Sometimes, it's gentle, and other times, it's intense and powerful. Occasionally, it disappears and then reappears in a few minutes or hours.

2025

Life is Lived at Three Levels

The Outer world of Chores, the inner world of Creativity, and beyond both the Constant.

1. **The Chore-Level of Consciousness: Living in the Known through seven senses**

This is the outermost layer of life, the world of doing, where existence unfolds through tasks and routines. It moves with rhythm and structure, shaped by the daily cycle of waking, brushing teeth, brewing tea, replying to messages, managing schedules, preparing meals, driving children to school, attending meetings, running errands, paying bills, and navigating the currents of family and work. These actions rarely invite applause. Yet they hold up the scaffolding of our days. Without them, life would unravel.

Our brains are designed for this world. Through repetition, they automate what would otherwise require effort. We brush our hair while thinking about something else. We walk familiar routes without noticing every step. This is not a flaw. It is a form of brilliance. It keeps life moving even when attention drifts. It grants us stability and allows us to conserve energy for what is new or urgent.

But this layer is not merely about function. Each task is a thread in the broader fabric of collective life. When we wake, the city stirs. An email response enters the marketplace of thought and urgency. Buying groceries reveals the pulse of the economy, the politics of food, and the weight of abundance or lack. Every action places us inside society's bloodstream.

We are never truly separate. The world of chores draws us into shared existence. It demands that we respond to shifting economic realities, cultural pressures, and political forces. We may not direct these currents, but we must learn to flow with them, adapting without being uprooted.

At the same time, this realm grounds us in the tangible world. We chop vegetables and hear their crunch. We make the bed and smooth the sheets. We enter morning light and feel its warmth across the floor. These details, though ordinary, are sacred signals. The earth speaks through the scent of rain, the rustle of wind, the stillness of dusk. These are not just sensory events. They are invitations to presence.

This is the domain of the known, where things follow cause and effect, logic, and sequence. Predictable, practical, and often mechanical, it still offers something profound: a sense of order, identity, and place. And within this structure, something more occasionally breaks through. Glimpses of the unknown surface quietly, but are often missed in the noise of modern life. Still, even when efficient, this layer alone rarely satisfies. A quiet discontent and sometimes a silent despair lingers beneath the surface.

Yet when we bring awareness to the simplest gestures, such as a breath, a sip of water, or a glance across the table, we see that nothing is ever fully mundane. Every motion holds depth, every act a kind of grace. A flicker of presence awakens. Something sacred stirs beneath the routine.

This is also the domain of the left hemisphere of the brain, the part that categorizes, sequences, solves, and manages. It is the brilliant organizer of daily life. But it also fragments experience, breaking it into tasks and goals, sometimes stripping life of wonder. If left unchallenged, it can become a dictator rather than a guide, draining meaning from motion.

To live only in this realm is to be productive but not fully alive. But to see this world clearly, to enter it with awareness, is to rediscover the intelligence woven into every act. Meaning hides in repetition. Beauty lives in function. Stillness breathes through movement.

This is the chore level of consciousness. It may not be the loftiest, but it is the most lived. And when inhabited entirely, with eyes open and heart awake, it becomes luminous rather than ordinary. Life, even in its routines, reveals itself as sacred.

2. **Creative level – Inner world of feelings and the eighth sense**

If the chore level grounds us in the familiar, the creative level lifts us into the unknown. Here, the outer world and the inner world are in a dynamic fusion. No longer confined to routine, we begin to shape, imagine, question, and express. This is the threshold where reality becomes pliable and meaning is remade. It is the birthplace of every great work of art, scientific discovery, musical composition, philosophy, and insight. This is where the mind is no longer a servant of habit; it becomes an instrument of transformation.

Creativity is not just a gift; it is a field of intelligence accessible to all. In this field, the left brain, which is analytical, structured, and logical, meets the right brain, the intuitive, nonlinear, and poetic. When these two hemispheres dance in harmony, a third space opens: a state of flow. In flow, we lose the sense of separate self and merge into the act of creation. Time stretches or disappears. Joy wells up not from achieving something, but from being wholly absorbed in the act itself.

This realm is expansive, mysterious, and yet strangely familiar. As it deepens, it may connect us to something larger, a universal intelligence, often described as the quantum field, the universal mind, or, in religious language, Sagun Brahman, which is God with form and qualities. Here, creation is not merely personal but transpersonal. We tap into ideas, sounds, images, and insights that seem to come from beyond us. And yet, they are also deeply within us.

At this level, the fragmentation of modern life begins to dissolve. In its place arises a subtle duality, a recognition that there is the creator and the created, the dancer and the dance, the seer and the seen. This duality is not division; it is a relationship. It allows us to hold paradox, to see with both logic and love. When we settle into this field, we are no longer at the mercy of fleeting inspiration or a distant muse. We become the masters of creativity, capable of returning again and again to the source.

And yet, for all its beauty and depth, the creative level is still part of the manifest world. It is immense, but not infinite. It is shaped by space, time, form, and perception. It carries the hum of the universe within it, the resonance of becoming, but not yet the silence of being. That silence belongs to the third level: the constant.

Still, without creativity, we cannot transcend. It is the bridge between survival and awakening, between the known and the unknowable. It is how we begin to remember who we are.

3. **The third level – Beyond both worlds - constant**

And deeper still, beneath all doing and becoming, lies the third level, the Constant or the unknowable. It can be tasted but can never be fully known. This is the silent, unchanging awareness behind all activity and creativity. It remains untouched by chaos or creation. It watches, holds, and is. In this stillness, life is neither chore nor performance; it simply *is*. It connects us to something vast and sacred, beyond thought and form. It transcends space and time, being infinite and eternal. To live from this place is to know stillness amid action.

Feb. 16, 2025

Freedom from fear

I was flying from Toronto to Edmonton. The airport was packed, flights were delayed, and people were anxious. The reason was that an airplane flipped over on its back while landing and caught fire at Toronto airport. However, all passengers were evacuated quickly, and no one was injured or lost their lives.

My flight got delayed by four hours. Finally, as the plane took off, a sense of peace and bliss began to fill the entire plane. It surrounded it, expanding and merging with the vast darkness of the space. There was an extraordinary warmth akin to a mother's embrace. Below were clouds through which the city lights shone. As the plane gained cruising altitude and speed, I felt the invitation of sweet sleep.

The discomfort that I experienced during the plane journey since 1991 came to an end. I was free from the fear.

The important people in my life

Four pillars of my life

- Karen – my life companion, whose all-embracing love paved the path for my Soma journey.
- Ammaji – my grandmother, who sowed the seeds of Soma through her spiritual stories.
- Papaji – my father, whose patient and calm guidance prevented me from being lost in the chaos.
- Mummyji – my mother taught me to care and serve with love.

Four revolutionaries of life who inspired me

- U. G. Krishnamurti clearly and emphatically stated that liberation is a biological process and occurs in the body.
- Sri Aurobindo and Mother – My first inspiration on the Soma path. Their ideas and realizations of consciousness in matter and body were revolutionary. They were the founders of integral yoga and spirituality.
- J. Krishnamurti inspired me to walk alone without a guru and question all authorities.

Three, who taught me through their presence

Shirdi Sai Baba, Swami Chidananda, and Swami Krishnananda of Sivananda Ashram, Rishikesh, India.

Four teachers from whom I learned

- Osho's lucid narratives helped me articulate my experiences and thoughts. He was the most prolific singer of joyful spirituality.
- Ernest Becker's writings on death affirmed my insights that the fear of death of identity is humans' core.

Conclusion

Embodied Enlightenment

We are born not merely into families or cultures, but into a vast web of life, woven from soil and stars, ancestors and atoms, instincts and aspirations. Our life is an inseparable union of *roots and wings*. Roots connect us to the shared reality of existence, encompassing the elements of earth, water, sky, community, and our shared species. Wings, on the other hand, carry us into the skies of uniqueness, where our creative potential, insight, innovation, and transformation take flight. These two are not opposites. They are partners in the profound unfolding of becoming and being.

Roots: The Common Ground of All Life

Our roots go deep. They are biological, ecological, emotional, and communal. We share the same molecular breath with trees, the same cellular memory with bacteria, the same evolutionary intelligence with every living creature. Our ancestors, both human and pre-human, have passed down not only genes but also wisdom etched in the body: how to love, how to grieve, how to survive, and how to celebrate and sing.

To be rooted means to belong, to a village, to a lineage, to the Earth. An African proverb says, *“It takes a village to raise a child,”* but to reach life’s peak, it takes the whole world. The sun that warms us. The gravity that grounds us. The invisible air, the cultural myths, the collective dreams of humanity.

Yet, many of us never leave the ground. We cling to the familiar, the tribal, the conditioned. We fear our wings. The result? A life of quiet safety, but only half lived.

Wings: The Flight of Individual Uniqueness

Wings are not a luxury. They are a necessity. They carry our inner fire, our voice, our vision. They are the call to adventure that pulls us beyond inherited scripts. While roots are about survival and belonging, wings are about freedom and becoming. They allow us to respond to life not just with habit, but with creative fire.

But wings without roots can be perilous. History is filled with artists, visionaries, and thinkers who flew high but fell hard, burned out, broken, or lost, because they became untethered. Without the stability of roots, of embodiment, community, and inner regulation, wings become brittle.

The Tragedy of Separation

This is the tragedy of modern life. Some remain buried in the ground, never discovering their gift. Others soar without grounding, their brilliance flashing and fading. The child is either overprotected and never leaves the village or thrust into a globalized world without support, connection, or a sense of meaning. Either way, we are left hollow.

The Harmony of Roots and Wings: True Flourishing

But when roots and wings move in rhythm, when the groundedness of the body meets the immensity of life, something extraordinary happens. We flourish. We become *strong, supple, and soaring*. Our creativity flows not from fragmentation but from wholeness. Our uniqueness emerges not in opposition to the world, but *from* the world, nourished by it, in dialogue with it.

This is not just personal fulfillment; it is service. When we are rooted and free, we radiate strength, peace, and love. We don't just seek change; *we become it*. Our presence nourishes others. Our creative joy becomes contagious. Our aliveness becomes activism.

This Is Enlightenment, and It Is of the Body

This is the true meaning of enlightenment. Not an escape from life, but a deep *embodiment* of it. Not hovering above the world in abstraction, but being *so fully here* that every cell sings

with clarity, every breath carries awareness, and every heartbeat echoes the pulse of the universe.

And this enlightenment is not just for monks, mystics, or prophets. It is for everyone who dares to root themselves in the real and stretch toward the possible. It is not a disembodied transcendence, but a luminous flourishing of the body.

Words of Well-being

May we all live with vitality for a hundred years,

May we all live in peace for a hundred years,

May we all live in bliss for a hundred years.

Jivasu is an Indian physician and the founder of Soma, a body and science-based teaching for complete health and transformation.

According to Jivasu, the body, of which the brain is an organ, is humanity's common ground. Awakening the body's wisdom can lead to a radical revolution, liberating the human mind from fear, guilt, and trauma and helping us to live in peace, creative vitality, and harmony with nature.

He traveled worldwide to teach. He is the author of many books.