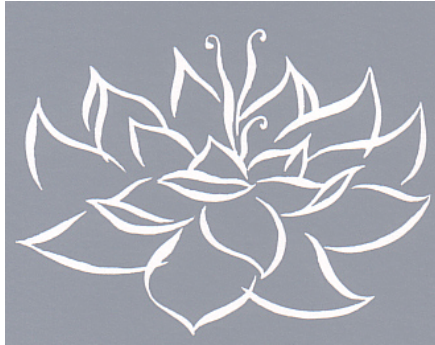


# Saraswati River Yoga Newsletter

Editor: Judith Lockard

Vol. 2, No. 5

May 2004



## Theme of the Month

### Poetry

This month we were introduced to Hafiz, the 14th century Sufi poet who lived and spoke his poems in Persia. In reading about his life as a sometimes highly favored courtier and sometimes exiled heretic, I also learned a bit about his land. It spanned the territory from China to Greece during its days of power. We hear more about it today than ever before, but in the 14th century the national sport, or pastime, was poetry, a concept that definitely flies in the face of the images we see and hear on the news. Then, men of power paid poets to create rhymes for them, (In fact the saying 'worth his weight in gold' was a literal description of how the most popular poet's fees were determined; by having them stand on a scale and paying them their weight in the coin of the realm) Competitions were held and people of all strata of society quoted their favorite poets in everyday conversation. It is hard for me to imagine a time and a land like that today.

I am sure that it is due, in part, to this milieu that so many great poets emerged at that time. With regard to our primary interests, Hafiz embodies the intersection of yoga and poetry. He takes us beyond the literal, linear mind, surprising us with images that tell us something about ourselves, or our experience, that we didn't know we knew. He also uses the yogic strategy of 'equal and opposite'. The more sublime his topic, the more ordinary, ridiculous or earthy his imagery.

### DROPPING KEYS\*

The small man

Builds cages for everyone

He

Knows

While the sage,

Who has to duck his head

When the moon is low,

Keeps dropping keys all night long

For the

Beautiful

Rowdy

Prisoners

Or,

### THE SIZE OF THE LOVE-BRUISE\*\*

The  
Gauge of a good poem is

The size of the love-bruise it leaves

On your neck

Or

The size of the love-bruise it can paint

On your brain

Or

The size of the love-bruise it can weave

Into your soul.

Or indeed-

It could be all of the

Above.



Hafiz has a way of describing my most inner, petty thoughts while robbing them of shame and turning them into directions for how to get to God.

### JUST LOOKING FOR TROUBLE\*

I once had a student  
Who would sit alone in his house at  
night  
Shivering with worries  
And fears

And come morning  
He would often look as though  
He had been raped  
By a ghost

Then one day my pity

Crafted him a knife  
From my own divine sword.

Since then,  
I have become proud  
Of this student.

For now, come night,  
Not only has he lost all his fear,

Now he goes out

Just looking for

Trouble.

And it is clear that he is no stranger to real trouble and bad thinking, otherwise I wouldn't listen to him. But it is also clear that he has made the choice to turn his will and his life over to something greater. And to devote himself to a

spiritual life, not because he should, but because life has taught him that the alternative stinks.

### CROOKED DEALS\*

There is  
A madman inside of you  
Who is running for office-  
Why vote him in,  
For he never keeps the accounts straight.  
He gets all kinds of crooked deals  
Happening all over town  
That will just give you a big headache  
And glue to your kisser  
A gigantic  
Confused  
Frown.



Some of his poems are profound teachings:

### CASTRATING THE EGO\*\*

The only problem with not castrating  
A gigantic ego is  
That it will surely become amorous  
And father  
A hundred screaming ideas and kids  
Who will then all quickly grow up  
And Skillfully proceed  
To run up every imaginable debt  
And complication of which your brain  
Can conceive.  
This would concern normal parents  
And any seekers of freedom  
And the local merchants nearby  
As well.  
They could very easily become forced  
To disturb your peace;  
All those worries and bills could turn to  
Wailing ghosts.  
The problem with not lassoing  
A runaway ego is  
You won't have much desire to sing  
In this sweet  
World.

Others are inspirational expressions of devotion. Hafiz experienced great tragedy and loss during his life, which to me, makes his surrender feel real and possible. I can follow him down the road to laughter and an enjoyment of the absurd because I know he has known despair and terror and decided to stay the

course. But the best reason for reading Hafiz, and a great reason for studying yoga as well, is that in experiencing them I have glimpses of the joyful realm; the sphere where I know that we are all divine and that the cosmic joke is in having forgotten it. The fun is in remembering it again and again.

#### AN INFANT IN YOUR ARMS\*

The tide of my love  
Has risen so high let me flood over  
You.

Close your eyes for a moment  
And maybe all your fears and fantasies

Will end.

If that happened God would become an  
infant in your

Arms

And then you  
Would have to nurse all

Creation!



These poems are taken from \*The Gift (Penguin Arkana) and \*\* The Subject Tonight Is Love (Penguin Classics) both selected and translated by Daniel Landinsky

## Asana of the Month Yoga Nidrasana (Sleeping Yogini)



By John Fagan

By now I'm sure that you have had the opportunity to practice this asana. Whether or not you found yourself immersed in the sea of tranquility that this asana taps into or not may be a different story. Sleeping Yogini is one of those asanas that Western non-practitioners of yoga probably most associate with the word yoga. Yoga, people twisting themselves up like pretzels: It all sound so serious and uncomfortable. Not to mention rigid. And yet, I don't believe that I have ever been in a class where Sleeping Yogini was being practiced where there wasn't much laughter and enjoyment. Yes, Sleeping Yogini is challenging, but, it also harkens us back to a more youthful and joyous time. The pose is difficult but also playful. But all of this playfulness points to something greater. It reminds us to enjoy ourselves even through the challenges and difficulties. It calls us to challenge the concepts and limitations that society or we ourselves have imposed upon what it is to be: whether that is to be a certain age or anything

else. We are reminded to always challenge our concepts. Many of the benefits of the pose are achieved just in the effort. But isn't that like a mother to define success and hand out reward based on effort? The yogini of Sleeping Yogini is the great mother from whom all flows.

Some of the benefits of practicing Sleeping Yogini include a remembered perspective of youth, where challenges weren't meant to be dreaded or feared, but rather joyfully laughed at as we tried to overcome them. It leaves us with a lightness of mind. Also the body can become so completely in. For me the best experience of finally getting into Sleeping Yogini is the instantaneous change that happens in my mind. Truth be told, contrary to all yoga guidelines I do find myself "muscling" my way into the pose. But once there, I relax. This relaxation is much more than mere physical relaxation. It seems to emanate from a deep space. It overtakes everything. Like a tidal wave of bliss, what was is irrelevant. This is now. When in Sleeping Yogini there is a feeling of floating. But this is not like in air or water. You are floating in space, more specifically the space that Peace is.

How to practice.

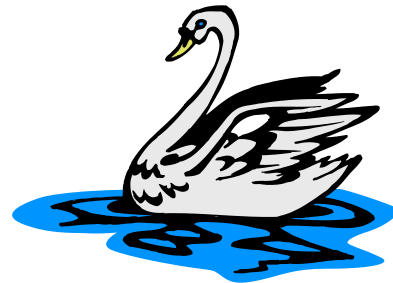
Make sure that the body is fully warmed up. The hamstrings should be stretched and the hips opened many different ways.

From a reclined pose take one leg behind your shoulder. Place that leg's foot behind your head. Bring the other leg behind its shoulder and place that foot behind the head as well.

Cross the ankles behind you head. Bring the arms and hands under the hips and clasp your own hands.

What could be more simple?

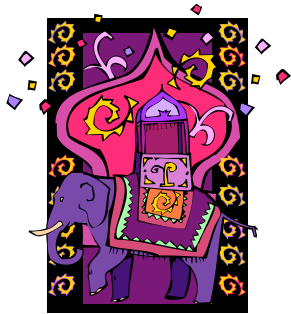
*As with all **asanas** described in this newsletter, please practice under the supervision of an **SRYS** instructor.*



## Yogis in the World

**This space is one in which you will get to know the people who practice with you at SRYS and how their yoga practice is manifesting in their lives.**

*By David Pittenger*



Delhi is in the Northern part of India and was considerably cooler than the 70 degree weather we had been enjoying for the first two weeks of our tour. We heard that the winter was so bad this year that 100 people had already died of the cold. When we arrived, all bundled up and expecting ferocious winter weather, we found ourselves in 50 degree temperatures and felt very over dressed. We did not understand at first what the big deal was. Then we got to our hotel, a nice bed and breakfast, but had no heat. Apparently there is no central heat in most of Delhi so once we lost a bit of body heat it was hard to warm ourselves up again. We had the benefit of ordering electric heaters for our rooms but many people living in very modest housing or on the streets had been the victims of the cold and a poor economy.

Our performance in New Delhi was at the GOPIO Convention, celebrating the vast Indian heritage from around the world. We shared the stage with famous singer, Veena Ahuja. Our piece, "Who is

Who" was an adaptation of the Kena Upanishad. It was a big hit with the audience.

On a personal note I had been in India for over two weeks now and was enjoying myself, but I was starting to wonder why I was there. I was having a great time dancing and shopping and being a tourist. Traveling with a group of young dancers again was fun and I felt that our camaraderie had been the highlight of the tour so far, but I had a nagging feeling that there was more to why I was here. I knew I didn't come to India just for a good time; nor did I need a break from my routine. I also knew that asking myself "why I was here" was a bit of an arrogant question as if the universe revolved around me and should reveal it's plans to me. So I let this question go unanswered. For all I knew my answer was no answer at all but a lesson in how to not expect to know or grasp for certainty in an uncertain world.

Still I was waiting for something to be revealed to me After all I have chosen this path of yoga and I was in the land of it's birth. More specifically I experience a connection to the Eternal in the form of the Divine Mother and I was hoping she would reveal her self to me in some new way or bring me to a greater sense of connection with her nature in this ancient land of Mother worship. So my plan had been to visit Devi temples in our free time. Up to this point I had not been afforded that opportunity. Adding to the growing anxiety, that I might miss out on something special, was the fact that I had just learned that in one of the cities we had already visited we had been staying just around the corner from a big Devi Mandir and I hadn't known it. I kept letting go of this desire, telling myself, 'In time I will go because after

all this is India and Devi temples are everywhere.' But we were very busy with our dance and travel schedule and it was hard to organize our group and meet everyone's needs.

On our second day in Delhi we went to a big Hanuman Temple that was so popular it took an hour just to get in. I did not even bother going up to the main alter for blessings because of the crowd. Instead I found an isolated spot and sat down to wait for the girls to finish I happened to look up and saw that painted all the way around the ceiling was a pictorial story of the Ramayana. It was awesome! Out side were many vendors selling spiritual artifacts and of course since it was a Hanumangi's temple there were lots of monkeys hanging out on the roof tops.



Next we went to visit the Birla Mandir, which I found out was a Lakshmi Narain Temple. I had finally arrived at a Devi Temple!! It was the most beautiful Temple I had ever seen. It was like a small Vatican, yet immense in its own way. It was made of red and cream colored stone on the outside with countless towers and spires rising as high as ten stories into the sky. Inside everything was made of marble and there were many levels of both indoor and outdoor shrines. After making offerings to the Ganesh Murti outside we entered a large chamber and approached the Shiva Murti. The site of him sitting in meditation was so captivating that I found my legs glued to the spot I was standing on, unable to move. Then a feeling of peace came over me and my

mind grew still. I was amazed that I was having this meditative experience just standing in front of a statue.

But then these are not just statues. They are matter that has been infused with the energy of countless pujas and prayers designed specifically to invite the deity (God or Goddess) or more specifically beings of light with particular aspects or characteristics that are desired by the Pujaries. These deities are invited to enter into form and bestow their blessings upon their devotees. But for western thinkers like myself it is still surprising to feel and sense a life force or presence from an inanimate object. In the past I would have listened only to the arguments of the doubting, logical mind and come up with a theory like my feeling of peace and calm must have been from something I ate for lunch, totally ignoring the depth of my own sensory perception.

I had been walking through the ornate passage ways and wandering from shrine to shrine for about an hour when I found myself in front of a magnificent Murti of the Goddess Durga.



She was riding her Lion and enthroned in her own temple with a priest standing to one side as an attendant. I stood gazing at her while my friends went up one by one and made offerings. When it

was my turn I went up and placed some rupees in the box, bowed down low and said a few silent prayers. As I turned to leave the priest handed me a single little



orange flower.

I was not sure if this was part of some ritual, so I turned to my

friends and asked where was I supposed to offer this flower. One of them turned to me and said "no that is for you". Then it happened. In an instant, standing there holding a gift from the Divine in my hands, I was overwhelmed by feelings of love and compassion. My heart burst open. Here was I, a full grown man of thirty five from another part of the world holding a tiny flower and sobbing uncontrollably because I no longer felt apart from myself. This little gift stopped my ego-active mind long enough to let the Divine in and realize Whose love pours through me, in me and from me.

I wandered around in a daze, gazing at the Temple art, then found myself transfixed in front of a painting of the Goddess Kali. I started crying again. Finally my friends dragged me down to the gift shop. (And by the way this is the last place you should go while having a spiritual epiphany. If those sales men had tried to sell me an elephant I probably would have bought it.) I was so happy. As I was leaving I kept saying to myself, "Remember this, never forget this." Well I left there feeling spiritually wealthy, though I was now relatively penniless having spent all my rupees in the gift shop.

It was on January 7th, the evening of our last show in India that we decided to drive through the night in order to get to Vrindavan (sacred city of Lord Krishna's

youth). It was another sleepless night for me as every one was exhausted from the show and fell asleep in the van. It was an eerie drive through dense fog on bad roads and we passed a bad accident between a truck and an Ox cart. I stayed awake to nudge our driver awake every time he looked sleepy. The moon was at it's fullest and hung right over the temple. The doors would not open for an hour, so I was able to get a little sleep. I had an amazing dream as I fell asleep to the sounds of chanting in the distance. When we awoke some temple priests were yelling at us to hurry and not miss the opening puja. They were saying how lucky we were to arrive during the Jhula; the one time a year when all the alters are opened, and singing devotees were ushered from one to the next, receiving blessings and prashad in an ancient ritual. We were all bare foot and running outside from alter to alter, but after a bit I hardly noticed how cold I was as the moment took me. With that giant orb of a moon over our heads and the sun beginning to lighten the sky I was drawn into the ecstatic joy of the devotees singing in praise of God. Tears streamed down my face as the pure reverence of this timeless moment hit my heart. To worship in this way with so many others and the elements of earth, sun and moon all in a perfect dance is just beyond words. Even Hanuman put in an appearance as scores of monkeys came down the rooftops into the temple as if they knew the place was theirs at dawn.

Next we went to a beautiful ISKCON temple, then on to Gokul, the town where Krishna grew up. We stood in a little room where it was said that the columns were still greasy from all the times Krishna had rubbed butter on

them. Again I was blown away by the history of this place and that I was standing on the actual spot where this incarnation of God, one who inspired so many people around the world, had laughed and played as a child. Yep, the tears started flowing again and not even the Brahmin there, who were more scam artists than men of God, could detract from my wonderment at being there.

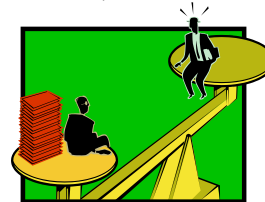
By the afternoon we were glad to find a Pizza Hut for some rare non-spicy food; though many in our group were sad to see American commercial enterprise encroaching into the Indian culture.



After lunch was the Taj Mahal and again no words, nor pictures can do it justice. I could see why it is considered one of the 7 wonders of the world. It is so big and beautiful. Yet I was not feeling nearly as moved by it as I was by that little dark greasy room where Krishna had played. To me the Taj Mahal is a wonder in human achievement and should be celebrated. But in that little room I felt the wonder of Human consciousness and I've been inspired to go on celebrating it in my day to day life. Jay Ma.

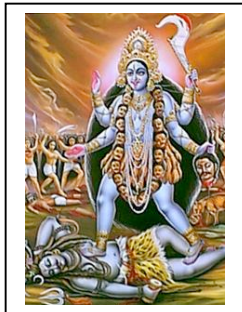
Now these "enlightened moments", if I can call them that, are just that; moments. And I've learned, on an intellectual level at least, that the present moment is all there is. It's eternal. But, as I live in a constantly changing body and mind, it wasn't long before my old self-conscious, needy, child came out

again. There was talk of a small but amazing Kali temple in Delhi, and of course I wanted to go. Now because Kali is most often depicted as a fierce form of the Divine, a lot of even the most devout Hindus won't worship her or are afraid of her. A few days had gone by since the Birla Mandir, and my anticipation was building at the thought of visiting another Devi temple. We set some time aside to go there. Only five of us were willing to go, so we were going to split up and regroup later, which had often been difficult for us to do. When we arrived at the Temple in the morning it was closed. We spent the rest of that day outside the American Embassy trying to replace a stolen visa of one of the dancers. The plan was to return at 5:30 when the temple opened. After a late lunch we returned to our van, which had been blocked in by another double-parked van, and as we waited two of the girls who had wanted to go were expressing their fears of Kali and decided they would rather go back to a favorite shopping area. I came in on the middle of this conversation and concluded that now we were not going to the temple at all. I started to get angry, thinking about how patient I had been in going along with what everyone else wanted to do and now that I wanted to do something it was not going to happen. I knew this was an old issue of mine, but my logical mind was not listening and could only scream, "it's not fair."



Well not only was I wrong, in that our group leader was still planning on going

to the temple; I made matters worse by interjecting that the girl's fears were silly because all the different Gods and Goddess were ultimately the same. When my friend stood up for them I knew I had said something careless, as she has the annoying habit of often being right. I went for a little walk to cool down and figure out why I had acted that way. Even if I was correct, I had no right to devalue their strongly held beliefs. It did not take me long to see this and this is why I wanted to remember my experience at the Birla Mandir and never forget it. I had felt so connected to the Divine then and now I was acting out of a fear of separation. I had already forgotten. So I vowed to continue with my spiritual practices so that I can be in the moment with my hurt feelings and difficult memories and remember Mother's grace, my very own source, my own vastness next time.



Well the Kali Mandir was beautiful. It was a tiny one floor stone temple on the side of a busy road. But as soon as we walked in, the atmosphere shifted. There was even a room that had been made to look like a cave that time forgot. When we finally got there it was perfect timing for the once-a-day opening of the alter doors to Kali's Murti. It began with an ear piercing bell, ringing steadily. In the background I could hear drums beating to invoke the Goddess. Her Murti was

the most intense I'd ever seen. The eyes were wide open and piercing. And there was a little statue of Hanuman praying next to her that I can still see whenever I close my eyes. It had been worth the wait for this moment.

That night three of us took another four hour van ride through the night to Rishikesh, one of the more famous pilgrimage sites in India. Arriving up in the mountains I got my first site of the Ganges at sunrise. Because it was winter there were very few people there. I did not find a priest to do puja to the river for us, so we went down to the banks and managed to get our hands and feet in the icy water. The Ganges is said to be so infused with prana that it has healing powers, and my hands did kind of pulse for the rest of the day. I went into a Shiva temple that had an atmosphere so thick you could feel it on your skin. I was amazed to find that the temples that had people currently chanting in them or had had a lot of mantras or sadhans done in them could be palpably felt upon entering them. This feeling was very similar to the way I felt in Kirin's temple room back home in PA, and India is full of sacred places. That may be why it so overwhelming. Down the road in Haridwar, I sat with the bathers and did morning worship to mother Ganga. As I finished my meditation, my ears were witness to a sweet serenade of bhajans privately sung by a man performing his morning rituals to the river.

Whether I was in some ancient place of worship or offering our evening dance performance to a very enthusiastic and thankful audience, the warm friendly smiles I received were countless. Yes, there are scams in the street and people who will beg or snatch money from an

unaware traveler; just as in any country where survival is a struggle. The difference in India is that amongst all this poverty is an infinite wealth of devotion. Not just in the past, as this country has the oldest religion, but now in the present. Almost every person's name is a name for God. Every figure on every dashboard on every car, truck or bus is a deity to offer prayers for protection. Most of the world's religions are practiced here and all are accepted as valid. And I know I viewed India through the eye's of a yoga practitioner, but I feel confident that not only her wisdom traditions, but her peoples, cultures and vast beauty could open most peoples eyes, minds and hearts. And just possibly something sacred will be left, a memory, a story, a timeless moment to inspire a life time. I can't wait to go back. The next time I go I might leave my camera behind and visit all the magical places whose memory only my heart can hold.

Glossary Bhajan-Religious song,  
 Bramin-Priest,  
 Devi-Goddess,  
 ISKCON-International Society of  
 Krishna Consciousness,  
 Murti-Image,  
 Puja-Ritualistic Worship,  
 Pujari-Priest performing the puja,  
 Prana-Energy,  
 Upanishad-Hindu scriptures



## CHAI CHAT

The letter below arrived anonymously-If I follow my dream and retire to the South of France, I have my replacement! I must start with apology to Kirin's daughters who find this column a big yawn. Through intense interrogations, I have gotten them to squeal on one another but what they shared is simply too personal to reveal (I hope I have wet your appetites)!

News around here: Kathy O'Neil is grandmother to Elizabeth Katherine (with flaxen hair), Kathy Dunphy's has a new grandson in Chicago (which of course makes Dominique an auntie), Hope Blaythorne's Christjean is 6 months old. Donna Sherman, Alisa Rose's, and Michelle Clancey & Sue Smith are all settling into new homes. Chris Bodwitch is planning a July 4th wedding, and Annette Jaffee will return shortly from her daughter's wedding in South Africa. All you TV watchers: look for Judi Barton in a commercial for Chick-a-Lik (?!). Now here's the real story from one of my anonymous sources.

*Dear Chai Chat Lady,*

*I thought I'd have a news item for you by now, but guess what? The scoop I was working on is so HOT that it's still top secret. So, I don't want to spill just yet. Speaking of spilling something hot, I drove up to Ananda Ashram with some friends a month or so ago and we were sipping wonderful chai the entire way! We were on our way to attend Kirin's four hour Durga puja. The ceremony*

*was absolutely Divine and so was the chat on the way up there. Frankly, we all thought of you since there was a lot of chat about chai!*

*Apparently there are still yogis who do not know how to make a decent cup of chai! Well, it's no wonder because any one who has truly mastered this warming and aromatic drink rarely spills their secrets. I am willing to spill my recipe and let that be a warning to any one who tries it...it is not yet perfected ! But here it is none-the-less:*

*I was in a dear friend's kitchen one sunny morning and she taught me some chai basics. First, you have to understand the ingredients. It is necessary to have a loose leaf black tea. Lipton makes a tea like this, which is sold in Indian markets in a big yellow box. It is also ideal to keep a premixed chai masala on hand in your kitchen. A masala is a mix of spices. A chai masala usually includes cardamom, cinnamon, cloves and ginger. My friend used a brand called "Swad" and I purchased a version by "Laxmi", but they both needed to be enhanced with additional cardamom. There needs to be a sweetener and organic sugar or turbinado are ideal. Honey or stevia can also be used, to taste, but it results in a less traditional flavor. A word on milk: Traditional chai is made with whole milk. This can be substituted with anything from skim milk to soy milk, but be prepared for significant flavor adjustments! Finally, the "secret" ingredient in many perfected chai recipes is rose water.*

*As you can see, the ingredients necessitate a bit of hunting and gathering at an Indian market. Once the*

*ingredients are in place, you might want to try the following basic recipe: for each serving of tea, boil one cup of water with 1 tsp of black tea and a nice pinch of chai masala. (Yes, the tea leaves actually can boil along with the water and spice.) Then adjust the seasonings and add warm whole milk to taste. Add the milk until the chai turns a caramel sort of color. A few scrapings of fresh ginger warm the chai further. Next, sweeten to taste. Finally, spoil your friends by putting a few drops of rose water in the bottom of their cups before pouring out the chai.*

*Anyway, my friends and I arrived at Ananda having enjoyed wonderful chai all the way there. Somehow, chai helps keep conversations lively and maybe later we can share some of the other secrets which were spilled along the way.....*

*Well, chai chat lady, enjoy the spring!  
An anonymous reader and fan.  
Well folks, enjoy an iced chai in the shade with someone you love (yes, it can be just you!).  
Chai Chat Lady*





## Conscious Cooking

By Lesliann Bailey

Being a nurturer by nature, when it is time to cook I skip past the main dishes and go right to baking. Recently, through my affiliation with the great cooks that I have had the honor of sitting with at the center, I have begun to eat meals that were "nurturing" *and* healthy. However, for this entry, I still stay with what I know best; 'Lets nurture them with the sweets.' I will give you the original recipe as it was given to me. In parentheses I will add what I used that may be a little more in line with Conscious Cooking. (The choice is yours) Also, I will have available at the front desk a little bowl of these for whoever is interested in trying them.

### SUGAR CINNAMON PECANS

1 pound pecans

1 cup sugar (3/4 C turbinado sugar or succinate or you could use 1/2 white and 1/2 of the other. It really works best with smaller, fine grains)

2 egg whites (free-range organic egg whites)

1.5 Tbsp water (if you use 2... no big deal)

1 Tbsp cinnamon (if you are like me and you love cinnamon, why not try 2.5 Tbsp?)

Get creative...I have tried this recipe many ways and it always goes over well

Strain the 2 eggs so only whites are used. add the water to the egg whites and briskly stir until frothy.

Put the frothy mix in a bowl and add the pecans being careful not to break too many of them as you gently coat the pecans with the egg white/water mix. Add cinnamon to the sugar and blend.

Coat the moist pecans with the cinn/sugar mix

Spread the pecan mixture out on a cookie tray. (I usually place very slightly oiled foil down to protect the tray. The pecans will be a little more challenging to toss in between 15 min. cycles but it is easier to clean).

Put oven at 325 and bake for 45 minutes, turning every 15 minutes. (I have found that there is no need to get too caught up in the turning of each individual pecan).

These pecans have a variety of uses. You can add them to many types of salads, they are very tasty in a bowl of ice cream, you can include them interspersed on a cookie tray filled with holiday cookies, very tasty in pumpkin soup, or you can just have them stored in your freezer for availability at the time you need a last minute something to take to that person's house. They freeze very well and you do not even have to wait for them to thaw if you get the sudden urge for one. Om Shanti and may we all continue to nurture one another even if all we can do for that moment is smile.

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**Beginner's Monthly Intensive**

with John Fagan

*Sunday June 6th, 4:00 - 7:00pm*

**The Art of Inversions**

with David Pittenger

*Thursdays in June 7:35 - 9:00pm*

**Meditation and Satsang**

with Kirin Mishra

*2nd & 4th Thursdays 7:30 - 8:30*

**Kid's Yoga ages 3 -7**

with Alisa Rose

*Friday 5:00 - 6:00pm*

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