

## The Lion and The Tin Wo-Man...in Boston!

In April 2007, I was gifted a trip by a wonderful new friend that I met on a spiritual website where like-minded folk can meet, chat and share - Dharma Match. After two years of having my profile posted there, and only meeting one new friend, it had been mostly forgotten. Not in the habit of opening emails anymore sent my way by profiling enthusiasts, something told me to open *one*. Was it his name? Was it his energy? Was it his guru signaling my brain to double click that *one* email? Not knowing what significance it would soon have in my life, I did. I clicked and found Sidney.

Sid and I began writing to each other daily, which led into a phone call, which led into many more until it was an every break quickie through the telecommunication world. Getting to know me, he mentioned kindly that I often spend time in my intellect and that he could help me move more into my heart. I wasn't sure what he meant by this since we hadn't actually physically met yet. His gentleness and sweetness allured me. And after many beautiful discussions, he one day scheduled his Houston trip to visit me in May. In April, two weeks prior to his arrival, I am in Boston. A long and endearing night time phone call pushed us both into anticipation of a true, soulful connection that needed to be known "now" and not later. Timing is indeed everything, as this story will prove true.

Several days later after barely missing my flight and surprisingly being upgraded to First Class on US Airways, arriving into Boston I began to feel a calm-anxiousness, if that makes any sense: excited, without expectation, and always with a whole lot of hope. As I came down the escalator, I saw a handsome man in jeans with his standing legs crossed and a long sleeved shirt leaning against a wall. It was Sid. He caught a warm smile as he stood up straight to await my descension into the unknown. We recognized Spirit immediately as our hearts too smiled.

He was lovely. I was speechless. And after a few moments of sweet awkwardness, we were in his Jeep Commander chatting away about Siddha Yoga. Ironically he had recently gained interest in the same study of yoga through an Anusara website. And he introduced me by story to Neem Karoli Baba, his guru.

He said that Neem Karoli Baba didn't and doesn't speak much. Though physically no longer with us in this realm, believers find him still very much alive. The guru is said to be known for holding his one index finger out and shaking it, meaning that we are all one – a symbol that says so much in universal consciousness. When Sidney spoke of his guru, tears always entered his eyes, flushing them with Divine love that flowed up from his heart. Most of his stories somehow involved his guru, and always, he wept speaking of him. I felt Sid was quite the sensitive man and different than I could imagine myself being. And that made me wonder. Is he feeling love, or is he sad? I wasn't sure. Am I sad? Can I feel that type of love? Is love sad? Is it sad to love? I was in for a journey into the heart's deepest valley and I began to squirm a little.

We drove to Cape Cod on the second evening of my trip arriving late because we joined a Therapeutic Yoga class that evening in Boston. The next morning we meditated lying down next

to each other on an early afternoon after he made me my favorite food - banana pancakes. Somewhere between the waking and sleeping state, I soon felt energy surge up through my belly. I saw orange all around me like flames, and felt a deep tingling sensation flowing up my spine. He must have felt it too because he placed his very warm hand on my belly and we began to breathe together. His guru is watching us from the window where he kept his photo. Staring at us with his intense black eyes, he is surely shaking his index finger, "We are one. We are one." It felt as if we were being initiated into something.

We were having a Kundalini Chakra opening experience on an etheric level together, and it wasn't sexual. It was mystical. I have never felt so much heat stirring up from my root chakra before and it was amazing how hot the hand on my belly became in that moment as we danced together in this meditation. We were one in Divineness. I felt his guru everywhere facilitating this magical moment with Sidney. I am not even sure whose hand was actually over my belly.

After spending one night and most of the next day in Cape Cod, we drove back to Boston to catch a yoga class with David Magone at Exhale. I was excited to take the class because I heard he was an excellent teacher. But before we left Cape Cod, Sidney gave me a card with a beautiful male lion snarling on the cover as if it were about to growl. Sid and I found out that we have the same birthdays on July 31<sup>st</sup>. So we appreciate our lion and lioness ways. The photo on the card actually looked like him. Inside he wrote a few beautiful things to me and at the bottom, completely unconscious, he drew the Tin Man. Considering for some reason over the first day together we continually wove in themes from the Wizard of Oz, I began to wonder why he drew the Tin Man on my card.

I asked him but he wasn't sure why either. Then it occurred to me as we drove back to Boston that I am searching deep into my heart's core, and he is searching for courage. A significant purpose began to shape between us and I began to feel a deeper connection to him immediately. And I couldn't help but to begin to wonder more about the guru phenomenon - a path to the deepest part of our heart where love lay so deep, it is almost unspeakable. Indeed, we were each on a journey to the heart, and that takes courage. Again I heard in my mind, "We are one. We are one!"

The Lion and The Tin Wo-Man had a wonderful time eating, sleeping, playing, practicing yoga, drinking wine and enjoying each other's company, and quickly it came time for me to leave. Sadly saying our farewells at the airport, we departed and I headed to Charlotte to make my connecting flight to Houston. About half way through the flight, I had an experience while reflecting on my trip and while reading the book *Meditation Revolution* that I ordered from Amazon weeks ago and had ironically brought with me to read. I had no idea the whole book would be about guru lineage including their successor's sacrifices and spiritual accomplishments - yet another beautiful synchronicity.

I began to think of Sidney, his love, his love for his guru, and our lovely time together. I felt so much love and so very grateful in the deep valley of the heart that I began to cry right there in my overly crowded airline seat. I felt such joy and love in my heart that I knew Tin Wo-Man, who at the time did not even know that she was Tin Wo-Man, had succeeded in her mission: to find her

heart again, a heart that was always there but needed simply to be awoken and reaffirmed that indeed we are one with love.

I missed my flight to Houston due to late departure from Boston and stayed the night in Charlotte, NC. I was actually happy to have the time alone in a hotel room with my thoughts, my memories and my keyboard. I was awarded a free night's stay at Amerisuites which was quite comfortable and nice - much like a small apartment with a kitchen, living room and bedroom. It was a perfect time and place to decompress (or maybe it was to compress), reflect and go farther in my exploration of a guru. I chose Sidney's beloved Neem Katori Baba, and Swami Muktananda whose successor was a female guru named Gurmayi Chidvilasananda who I hope to meet someday and make my official goddess guru. I wonder if this is the guru Elizabeth Gilbert mentions in her book *Eat, Pray, Love* - a hauntingly wonderful book that I highly recommend. Plan on finishing her book on the day that you pick it up!

My realization on the plane was that I may not have been ready for a guru, whoever that was or is, until now. I resisted it, and maybe even misunderstood it, just like Muktananda did when he met Nityananda in Ganeshpuri at his ashram. It took him two years to face his destiny and to stop running from his guru's attention. I began to see myself clearly in the images and stories around me.

Though I adore one of my teachers in Houston, I found resistance keeping a steady schedule with him. Now I perceive myself returning to Houston and clearing my schedule of any hindrances that would prevent me from being in his presence. I began thinking of other lessons around me, at the locations where I teach, the people involved. Gratitude overwhelmed my heart and still does.

I feel different from having met Sidney. His love, openness and grace inspired me to look farther, deeper, and see what I can fester up from the abyss of my being in order to expand more deeply into my heart and upper chakras. He and his guru got my Kundalini rising. I am always grateful to how Spirit works through G-d/universal oneness and consciousness. Sid told me that he thinks I am much like a Red Giant star. If I finish burning so brightly and retreat even more inward, he said, "Watch out world!" Is that what I need? Isn't that what we all really need? There are always more layers surrounding our core to unravel and we work to continue peeling them away with yoga and meditation. There are many rooms to enter and explore in the infinite realm of the mind distinguished as Self.

I knew that evening in the hotel room my dreams would be of significance, so I gladly slipped into that other realm of consciousness, excited about continuing my journey into the unknown.

Falling asleep at about midnight I awoke at around 1:45 a.m. I fell back asleep and began to dream. I dreamt of yoga classes at a private club and that I told a colleague and mentor at The Houstonian that I would get a tan this year. We compared our equally white arms and laughed. There was also a suicide involved - a young girl inside the clubhouse who stabbed herself upward into the throat. Police and people gathered outside of this clubhouse with concern. One of the married couples who looked very much alike, and who lived near the scene, commented that they

could see the clubhouse from their window and that they would never be able to see the clubhouse the same again after such an atrocity. The scene turned into an investigation and I became the investigator as to why she committed suicide. I found that there was a virus being released into the environment, spread by a flying bug that could morph into different shapes. When it transformed into something that could shed itself like a dandelion, it released its venomous microbes into the air and plants. People fell ill all around me and I mysteriously introduced a liquid that if I could get on their skin, though it burned somewhat, provided them with the antidote to the potentially deadly pandemic disease. The virus caused people to become delirious. People were panicking yet resisting the antidote. Then I woke up. At glance this sounds like a horrible dream. But let's look at the symbols and archetypal themes contained within it.

Death is a symbol of shedding of Self. It is interesting that the suicide consisted of a self inflicted stabbing upward through the chin and into the exact location one would begin to find Samadhi – the yogic way of obtaining bliss and oneness with infinite consciousness and the goal of all yogis to obtain, especially those from the Himalayan Mountains. Samadhi is achieved by placing the tongue upward on the roof of the mouth. The eyes move upward to the third eye chakra while closed as the meditation goes deep enough into an altered state. Kundalini rises up to the crown to reach the higher realm where Shakti is reunited with her beloved Shiva, dissolving the appearance of separation and joining beyond all levels of ordinary consciousness into pure bliss.

Jung said we are all the people contained inside the dream. I was the mundane, the girl who died, and the investigator who came up with the antidote. I was the woman who will never look at the club house the same. I was her husband who is resisting the antidote. I was the tall man who walked around oblivious and confused. I was the curious standing outside the clubhouse. I was all of those things. I thought, "I am that!"

So 'Ham - *I am that* which is connected to oneness and is sometimes referred to as *Hamsa* – also a necklace I often wear around my neck that is a symbol for protection in Judaism. *Ham* is the mantra of the heart. My book *Meditation Revolution* speaks often of the *Paramahamsa*: supreme swan - a name given to a perfected yogi, a siddha, upon initiation. Om Namah Sivaya – an invocation of one's own ultimate consciousness whose inner form is Kundalini Shakti through the root chakra is the designated chant in Siddha Yoga and is often spoken together with the So 'Ham mantra.

In my meeting with the lion Sid, I am clearly beginning to see such an incredible and purposeful union of Spirit through the heart in conjunction with the work of several gurus working with us in our subtle bodies. This gradual and sometimes very spontaneous and rapid transformation is a preparation for more to come. I can't wait to see, feel and know what is next...and no seat belts are required. Namaste'