For those who seek the Truth, BKS Iyengar, Guruji left us a treasure trove of ways. From his books Light on Yoga to the Core of the Yoga Sutras, in his classes, intensives, practice sessions and visits around the world, in his talks and personal correspondence Guruji gave us his experience freely and without hesitation. Although he treated each person as an individual his words and actions were of a universal nature. Guruji was true to his nature his entire life and he has let us, his students, develop in the same way.

We were fortunate to have him come to Minnesota in 1987. Guruji supervised the teachers teaching classes, held a special session to help those who had problems but wanted to practice yoga, went to a picnic at Theodore Wirth park, visited yoga centers in town.

I was extremely nervous for months ahead of time at the thought of teaching in front of Guruji. I knew I would not come up to the mark. When he came to the class he moved so smoothly with all of us, teachers and students alike that I did not feel any nervousness at all. He guided us and took us under his wing.

We all stayed together at the Chatsworth bed and breakfast. Guruji was just as comfortable there. He taught us yoga. He sat on the bed and watched the evening news with Lee and I. We ate together and he gave advice on our attempts at cooking Indian dishes. The next time you make Kheer, rice pudding he told me, use Patna rice, its the best rice and then get out the egg beater and beat the pudding to make the rice into small particles. Your mango shrikhand was good but next time use a little more sugar.

Guruji enjoyed good food, music, the arts, sports and especially his family that includes all of us.

And that smoothness of being able to move with both all kinds of people and through all kinds of situations persisted his entire life. It wasn’t that he didn’t have the usual difficulties of life. He did. His wife died at an early age. He raised his five daughters- Geeta, Vanita, Sunita, Suchita and Savita and one son, Prashant. His family was always around him. His daughters, their husbands, the grandkids spent long periods of time going to school and living at Guruji's home. The great grandkids became a part of the household.

He suffered motor scooter accidents. He travelled to teach in foreign places and with unfamiliar and what must have seemed barbaric customs. But he just moved with the situations.

Guruji was a prolific correspondent. I received a reply to the first letter I ever wrote to Guruji in 1980. His reply was the 578th letter he had written by May 24, 1980.

Through the years we wrote to him to tell him when we would come to Pune and any family news. Guruji was encouraging and always wrote back and he gave very good advice drawn on his own life experiences. Guruji would ask about Lee's mother and thought it was wonderful she was 90 and doing well.

At the Institute he would stop at the secretary Pandu's desk before he went up to practice. Anyone could sit down along at he benches and talk with him. He talked about yoga sometimes but more often about his home village, Bellur, the family, current events, the neighbors. He talked about how he was a backbencher and did not finish school. He was just a natural in so many situations and ways. Every afternoon he was downstairs at the library working on books, articles, correspondence, having tea and sweets, conversing with whoever was downstairs with him.

Guruji moved into old age with the same smoothness. He continued to pass on what he had learned. Two of his beloved sons in law died in the past year, one unexpectedly. But Guruji knew satisfaction in his relationships with them and accepted what had happened.

We saw Guruji July 14, 2014 for the last time. We went over to his house to tell him we were leaving Pune. He was in the midst of the household activities just as he was when his children were young and they lived in a two room house. One of the daughters was in the kitchen, another in the common area. Suchita his daughter, who is much like Guruji in her sense of ease with people, invited us in for coffee. We sat in the room Guruji had been staying in that was off the common area with another daughter Sunita. Guruji was entranced in Viparita Dandasana on the bench the entire time we were there. The recitation in Sanskrit of the Bhagavad Gita was playing in the background along with the usual noises of a household. As we paid our respects and said goodbye he said God bless you, god bless you, god bless you. I know that was meant for all of us who have been touched by Guruji.

Kristin Chirhart