

# The Goddess of Happiness

A long time ago, in a time no one remembers anymore, there lived, in a very beautiful place that could remind you of all that is the very best of Earth, a wonderful Queen. Her name was 'The Most Attractive One'. It wasn't because she was the most beautiful she was named 'The Most Attractive One', rather it was because she could always call anyone and anything to her and it would come to her. No one could deny her, everyone and everything wanted to be with her. She didn't know how to explain this natural ability of hers, when asked about it she just said, "I have always been like this, it's just normal for me." She lived a simple, happy life and when she wanted to marry she attracted to her the most loving man she could find. It was no easy task as many men applied. Still, there was one man that stood apart from her many suitors. There was nothing particularly attractive about him, he wasn't good looking, or tall, or wealthy. He was very funny and had a no nonsense air about him. When she was around Babdad, he kept her amused with his very funny stories. His kisses weren't bad, either. So, Babdad was her obvious choice. They married and right away she became pregnant. Babdad took very good care of her and as she got bigger and bigger, and then, even bigger, he told her marvelous jokes about their children to be. Most Attractive spent all her pregnancy convulsing in laughter.

On a sunny summer day she gave birth to four daughters. She was very surprised at such a good turn of events. "What names should we give to our four beautiful daughters?" Babdad smiled, "Our four daughters will be called:

The Goddess of Happiness

The Goddess of Love

The Goddess of Truth

The Goddess of Freedom

"Yes, perfect," said Most Attractive One. In her eyes and heart she felt that their daughters must be Goddesses. What she didn't know was that her husband Babdad was not just a very good man and husband, he was the God of All Knowing and he had come to bless the Queen and the world with the gifts of happiness, love, truth and freedom.

When Babdad saw that his gifts were given, he left his family. No one knew where he went or why he left and Most Attractive grieved over his disappearance. In her heart she always longed to be reunited with her husband. At times, to console her, Babdad appeared to her in dreams and assured her that he loved her. She began to believe that her husband was not an ordinary man; that he was a great spiritual being that came to her for a time and left her with four precious gifts to help the world. This knowing helped her to give great love, affection, and guidance to her four daughters. They blossomed into fine women Goddesses. Their adventures, exploits were told to each generation for many millennium. When children felt love they knew the Goddess of Love was visiting them. When they were giggling with happiness, they knew that her sister Happiness was playing with them. When the truth needed to be known and told The Goddess of Truth was whispering in their minds and when they felt bound by limitations the Goddess of Freedom would soon come to free them. Every child knew the Goddess sisters.

But, times change and what is true sometimes fades and needs to be found again. We are in that time now. The four Goddesses are still with us, only now they are hidden, buried deep inside the treasure chest of our hearts. This is a story of a girl who was no braver, smarter or prettier than most; a most ordinary girl who came to look for the four Goddesses and when she found them how she changed the world for all of us.



The Goddess of Happiness had a plan. She and her sisters were tired of lying latent in the hearts of girls. She started to kick on the wall of denial and all the girls of the earthly domain felt a thump, thump, thump coming from their chests. Adorable Saja in Delhi California smiled so big her face hurt. And Jenny in North Carolina whose stomach was grumbling because of lack of food, she smiled despite her hunger. And Dala from Florida fell off her surfboard when the thump kept thumping. It felt like her heart was growing, it wanted to escape her body. And Premo from the very small town of Big Trees, she laughed right out loud. She couldn't stop laughing. She also giggled and giggled. She jumped out of her bed and danced around the room. The happiness she felt was coming from inside her and it wanted to sing, run and play. She left her house and ran into the forest by her house. All the big trees that usually felt so somber now felt like they were listening to her and they were enjoying her mirth. The Lodgepole tree said to the Sequoia, "I say, I never have seen anyone as happy as this little girl."

"Yes, yes," said the Sequoia. "Her happiness is quite a delicious meal. I wish I could turn it into some fertilizer and spread it onto my roots."

Lodgepole dropped some of its cones. "Her happiness is making me shake. I'm dancing!" he exclaimed.

"What is she doing? What has happened to this girl?" asked the Sequoia tree.

And so she is the one, thought the Goddess of Happiness.

Premo followed the trail back home. She fell asleep on her bed. When she woke up she remembered a very special dream. In her dream, she had four sisters. One of her sisters hugged and hugged her. She was very lovable and Premo didn't want to stop hugging her. It was like hugging her favorite stuffed animal. Another sister that looked a bit more serious whispered in her ear, "Don't worry, I will tell you all you need to know." Premo saw a long corridor filled with beautiful pictures on the wall. So much can happen, she thought. Her third sister had very wild hair; like her hair after she has ridden her bike and forgot to brush it for a day or so. This sister spun her around and threw her into the sky of heaven earth. "There are no limits," she told Premo. "None at all."

"Wow! "That is the best dream I ever had." Premo had no sisters or brothers. She was an only child. "I have four sisters," she laughed to herself. They are so fun!

Premo got dressed for school (which she hated) and couldn't stop smiling on the long bus ride to school.

The Goddess of Happiness was quite proud of herself. "See, we can do this! We can be alive in the world again, not hidden in the imagination of little girls." The Goddess of Freedom so wanted to be let out, to run free. The Goddess of Truth didn't want to be silent anymore. The truth

was the truth and it will set everyone free. And the Goddess of Love, she wanted all hearts to feel what she always felt, that it is so beautiful and so wonderful to love. They were asking a lot of one little girl, could Premo bring these Goddesses alive? Was all this too much to ask of a little girl that was more naughty than nice? Who was often sad and afraid of the world of adults?

“Premo is our girl,” the Goddess of Happiness was sure of it. The other Goddess sisters didn’t know if this was true but they were hopeful.

Babdad knew but he wasn’t telling. He was all seeing so he knew that with great change, big opposition would come. His girls would have to fight harder than they ever fought before. Could Premo step up to what the Goddess sisters needed her to do?

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Premo was often sad. She hated school, she hated cleaning her room. She felt restless a lot. She did like to run. She liked running as fast as she could till she got tired. When she felt really sad she ran as far as she could until her lungs felt like they would burst. She sometimes daydreamed about her dream of her goddess sisters. Could they run as far and as fast as her?

“I could laugh for you if you wanted me to.” The Goddess of Happiness was tired of how moody and sad Premo often was. She repeated, “I could laugh for you if you wanted me to.” Premo wasn’t listening. The Goddess of Love said, “Let me give it a try.” She sent waves of warmth throughout Premo’s chest. Premo just felt hot from running.

“My turn sisters,” said the Goddess of Freedom. When Premo started to run, The Goddess of Freedom lifted Premo’s feet slightly, oh so slightly off the ground. Premo felt almost weightless and she ran freely, faster and faster, for longer and longer distances. “Wow, this is so much fun! I love this!” exclaimed Premo. I know I could beat all the Goddess sisters in a race. I could!

The Goddess of Truth retorted, “Oh, yea, how true can that be.”

The Goddess of Freedom said, “No one has ever beat me in a race and that’s the . . .

“The truth?” laughed the Goddess of Truth.

“Well, sisters, look at Premo. Running is making her happier,” said the Goddess of Happiness. This could be helpful in our work of making ourselves known and lived in this sad place with all these sad people.

All the sisters agreed. How to proceed next? The Goddess of Happiness tried not to feel discouraged. It was her way to always stay happy and she was the life and party for her other sisters. The Goddess of Truth was sometimes too exacting, partly because she was always right. And her sister the Goddess of Freedom was often wild and a little on the crazy side. The Goddess of Happiness wondered if she had any borders or limits. The Goddess of Freedom was always surprising her.

How I love this little girl so much already, thought the Goddess of Love. Why is she so sad at times? I wish I could make her sadness go away. I wish everyone could feel how beautiful it is to feel love.

The Goddess of Happiness tickled her sister of love, that is how she got her out of her lovey-dovey moods. The Goddess of Love was really a very great sister and goddess, Happiness knew that, but love just wasn't that important to anyone in these earth worlds like it used to be. It seemed to go out of fashion. She knew that it saddened her sister because her sister had so much love and so much that she wanted to give. It was a good thing that they were very close because she, being the Goddess of Happiness, could cheer her sister up when her need to love wasn't being received.



The Most Attractive One was very proud of her daughters. This task of bringing happiness, love, truth and freedom to the world wouldn't be easy. So much to ask of daughters and so much to ask of one little earth girl. Her own force of attraction was under going a change. It fluctuated and dimmed and then expanded and strengthened. She felt that her power of attraction was exhausting itself to be renewed in another way. How can attraction change and into what she wondered?



The day after Premo had her high school graduation, she was on a plane to India. Yes, India. She had made a plan to go there since she was thirteen. She didn't know why she was going, she just had an attraction for the culture and she had learned that many people there still believed in Goddesses. She had never forgotten her dream about her Goddess sisters and she felt at times such an attraction to find them and live with them. She had grown into an interesting young lady. She was tall and could run her ass off and still beat any of her friends including the boys in a race. She wasn't as sad as she used to be, she was more like an untamed dog or coyote. She liked doing only what pleased her and she rarely confided in anyone about what she was up to. She wandered around mostly in nature. She was a master flyer in dreams; something that the Goddess of Freedom taught her, but, she rarely remembered her dreams of flying. She knew things without knowing how she knew. And she knew that India was where she needed to be. She told her family she was going there for the summer but she had no intentions to return then. It would take as long as it would take.

The Goddess of Happiness was truly excited. The venture was on. Premo landed in Kolkata and she wandered the city, following her impulses and attractions. She saw many pictures of Goddesses being sold in the open markets. She bought a few of them. One Goddess was riding a tiger or a lion (in other pictures) and had many arms with different objects in her hands. The picture made her happy so she stood it up by her bed. She gazed at it for awhile and asked the Goddess in the picture, "Can you help me find my sisters?" She turned the card and read the description of the Goddess. Durga is the embodiment of creative feminine force. She lives independent from the male gods and manifests when the warrior is needed. As a goddess, Durga's power contains all the energies of the gods. She embodies complete fearlessness all the while retaining a great sense of humor. Wow, thought Premo, I'm sure this Goddess can help. I love India, already, she thought. She fell asleep and had a great adventure. This dream was so real that she remembered it as it was happening.

The temple deity was so covered in flowers that Premo couldn't even see its face. She was being pushed along in the line. There was such an air of urgency in the crowd's adoration of the

deity. Everyone had a pressing desire that needed to be fulfilled. She thought it was crazy that she was carrying a toy light saber. She pressed the button and a strong light emerged from the toy saber. People gasped and moved away from her. She shined the light onto the face of the deity. The deity got up from its throne and threw off the many flower garlands from its body. The deity was dancing! All her many limbs swayed and she laughed and howled with a maddening delight. “Who shined the light on me?” she called out.

The crowd looked toward Premo and the deity got her glance.

“So, it is you, at last!” she exclaimed. She grabbed Premo’s hand and pulled her onto her blue shoulders. She took one big leap and flew into the sky. They were flying past the clouds and past the atmosphere. She didn’t have to worry about leaving oxygen behind. She didn’t need to breathe. She saw the earth spinning in space.

“Where are we going?” she asked the deity.

“To the source of light,” replied the deity. Premo saw a large bright light appear in the dark space and in that light many suns appeared and glowed brightly. They took turns shining, dimming and darkening and disappearing. Premo thought, even suns die. And then, new suns are birthed and appear. She saw many beings appearing in these suns. “Is this the place where Goddesses live?” she asked the deity.

“This is where they are born,” the deity answered. “They live in the heaven worlds.”

“The people in the temple were praying to you,” asked Premo, “Are you a goddess?”

“Me, a goddess?” laughed the deity. “No I am just a crazy spirit that was locked in that shrine.”

“But surely you have many powers. How can we be traveling like this?” asked Premo.

“I don’t know, but I am enjoying it. I believe that it is our consciousness that is traveling, not our bodies.”

“Where are our bodies, then?” asked Premo.

“You are probably asleep in some comfy bed in a room.”

Premo was puzzled. “Are you just a figment of my imagination? Am I dreaming all this?”

“No, my dear. No one is capable of dreaming anything. No one is a figment of anyone’s imagination. Our consciousness is traveling.”

Premo didn’t understand the deity’s explanation. “Deity, where is your body?” she asked.

“I don’t have one, dear girl.” “I am a spirit.”

Premo was more confused then ever. “Deity, can you help me find my Goddess sisters? They are the goddesses of happiness, love, truth and freedom.”

Who is this young woman? How can an earth girl be related to these archetypal goddesses?

“I don’t know how to manifest them for you. You surely, must have their number. Look into your phone pad for the number.”

Premo opened her phone pad by concentrating on her third eye. The tablet lit up and she dialed in the question, number of the goddess of Happiness. Numbers appeared and she took note of them and tried to memorize them.

Her eyes opened. She reached for the hotel pad and wrote down the numbers. They were in a sequence: 11 – 11 - 2012. That looks like a date. If it is a date it is in three months she thought. She remembered the deity in her dream or whatever it was. She looked at the cards and one of the cards depicted a deity that resembled the one she had met in her dream. It was called Kali-Ma. There was a temple for Kali-Ma in Kolkata the card read. Did her consciousness travel to meet Kali-Ma?

She was really confused but she knew the experience felt as real to her as the room in the hotel did. Her belly and bowels were cramping. Ah, this is real and she ran to the bathroom and made it just in time. She was up on and off all night running to the bathroom.

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The Goddess of Freedom or Freaky Fun as she liked to call herself had been watching Premo roam the city. Freaky Fun had the ability to manifest as a human but for only short periods of time and she could only appear as a native person of the area. Her appearance as a handsome young Indian man began a strange association of sorts with Premo.

It was in the park that she made her first (or should I say his) approach.

“Hello, you must see the banyan trees by the lake. They are quite old and beautiful. Could I assist you and show them to you?” asked Freaky Fun.

Premo thought that the young man was quite handsome and was attracted to him and his offer. “Yes, that would be great. Which way do we go?” she asked.

“It is only a short distance. I’ll show you. My name is Adinam, what is yours?”

“I am Premo. I am from California.”

“May I ask you why you have come to my country?”

“It’s hard to explain.”

“Are you looking for something or can I ask, someone?”

“I’m not sure.”

“Premo, many come to my country in search of truth, or happiness or love, some others are in search of freedom from all limits.”

Premo laughed, “Adinam, yes I am in search of all that. You wouldn’t have any idea of the exact location where I can find it all?” she asked.

Adinam admitted that he was clueless. (Such a liar!) He was thoroughly enjoying himself but he knew his/her time was running out. She could only stay in this form for about five more minutes. He/she wanted to spend all day with Premo. She was so lively and fun. It made her want to be alive in form. To be bound by a body and not to be free of all limitation—that, so far, has been her most craziest impulse of all.

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The Goddess of Happiness had been watching all this from her invisible perch. She too wondered what it would be like to have an ordinary earth body. She knew people suffered and aged and died. Such a horrible mortality to everything here, she thought. Not a happy thought, I must not think about it any longer.

The Goddess of Love had tasted the anguish of mortality; had experienced suffering through her emphatic association with the dreams, desires and prayers of humans. She knew that Premo as a child cried when she fell down, or when people made fun of her or were mean to her. She wished they could feel her love when all the little girls of earth suffered. Sometimes, briefly, her love was felt and a little girl felt safe, protected and cared for even when she was all alone. She loved to love but she also wished that she could awaken the ability to love that lived in the hearts of each girl. That would be the biggest gift of all. She didn't have that ability. She needed help from her sisters of happiness, truth and freedom and, of course, her mother, who is the attracting force that is the energy that brings such possibilities to life. Even though she was the Goddess of Love, she was greatly helped by her sisters and she loved them dearly. My love alone can't make Premo succeed in her quest. We will all help her, my sisters and me. And did the goddesses know that Premo would help them in their time of need?

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Babdad loved the play of destiny. He loved how the world of humans always seemed to be on the brink of disaster if not for the play of the goddesses, gods and the true impulses of the innocents. Nothing ever really happened and everything was always changing. What sport, what a play! He loved how the divine played in these worlds. How the divine revealed itself in imperfection, flaws. So many comedies of error! So many silly, prideful humans and they are the instrument of divine revelation! Let us get back to our story.

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The Goddess of Happiness could be very funny. She always lightened the mood with funny stories and practical jokes. Her sister: the Goddess of Truth was her favorite target, as G.O.T. as she called her, often gave wind to long boring idealistic speeches. She often entertained their mother with stories of how weird the lower world beings could be and her imitation on any character was spot on.

"But how is Premo coming along? She is our girl, isn't she?" asked Most Attractive One after she had swallowed her last laugh.

"Yes, the sisters and I are working on it. Premo is in India and is discovering some hidden truths with the help of some inner traveling. Freedom has pushed open the door of the inner planes for her."

“Do be careful with her, Happiness, sometimes these lower world beings get a glimpse of where they are in the spectrum of things and they don’t want to go back.”

“We are veiling all the doors of the journey. She can arrive without knowing how to get there.”

“Do be careful,” Most Attractive repeated. “We don’t want to shock her too much and burn out her circuits.”

“Premo is very resilient and independent. No one can get her to do anything that she isn’t inclined towards.”

“Alright, I trust you all. I trust you know what you are doing. You do know what you are doing, don’t you?” laughed Most Attractive One.

“We just improvise like we always do,” Happiness said with a big smirk on her face.

“Well, this girl, Premo from the lower world—there is something about her. I checked her thought register and there are some dam interesting ideas that registered on her D.A.H. code. (Destiny Always Happens code)

“That is good, I hope that we can find a way; that it is our destiny to be felt and lived in the hearts of all girls again.” said Happiness.

“They do so suffer in those realms, don’t they? It is really quite sad.” Most Attractive One had researched a few of her way back lifetimes out of curiosity. She wish she hadn’t, they were difficult with much suffering. She had nightmares for a while after that which was unheard of in their realm of continuous light. Still, she had wanted to know; to recall what it was like to be a girl and then a woman with most attracting impulses and then be never able to follow them because the ideas and conditions of that realm would not allow them to be birthed and to grow. She was proud of the work her Goddess daughters were trying to do. She had never told her daughters that an aspect of her had lived in the lower realms. The sadness of it clouded her heart so she allowed the memories of it disperse. She had known what it was like to live and not to feel the goddesses in her heart. How fortunate that Babdad loved her and gave her the Goddesses as their own beloved daughters that she could eternally play with. And how they could play!

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The Goddess of Truth felt that there was a veil over the truth and that she needed to lift it. What is it that I am not seeing? There is a piece to this puzzle of why the girls of the earth realm can’t feel us anymore in their hearts. Why can’t they feel us anymore and use our attributes of truth, freedom, love and happiness? She thought of her sisters and their attributes and their enormous need to give and guide all girls to live and embody their attributes. She knew that her sister, the Goddess of Love— that feeling her love is something that she could never do without. She knew that her sister, the Goddess of Freedom, allowed the thrill of discovery and the disappearance of unwanted limitations. She was a wild ride at times. She was always willing to be dared and to be the first to go on new adventures. Truth admired that about her. And her sister Happiness—what fun, and Truth loved how Happiness could always make her laugh even when she was trying to make a much needed, very important point. Sometimes, she wished she was more like Happiness,



she was so serious at times; she wished she could enjoy herself more. Love and Happiness were close and her other sister, the Goddess of Freedom, was often off on her own but Freedom understood her better. Freedom always planned not to plan but in that plan she often opened the door for me to lay down truth, thought the Goddess of Truth. Whenever she felt that something—some idea that wasn't obvious before but now is—it had become obvious because her sister, the Goddess of Freedom, had been there and back and all she had to do was to walk right on through. Freedom, “Freaky Fun” had told her how she had manifested as a human and her interaction with Premo. Truth warned her about the dangers of such appearances but Freedom assured her that she was quite capable of traveling to any realm high or low and that she was aware of the dangers of the lower realms. “Want to come along, next time, sis?” asked Freedom.

Truth of course could only answer honestly. She was about to say no but found herself saying, “One day, all of us – all the sisters will travel there.” Freedom laughed, “And the truth has revealed itself!” Freedom clapped her hands. Truth was puzzled by her answer and she felt some invisible fingers tugging at the veil of her all knowing. Don't know much, she thought but I can feel what is true; that is what I have to give. We will be arriving, but when and how?

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Premo had met Babbad many years ago. She didn't know him by the name Babbad; he had called himself Grinsgiver. How she met him was an odd enough story. It was on a day when her running knew no bounds, her energy was up—each step sprung another and her speed was as fast as any coyote chasing a road runner for his dinner. She was in super motion howling at the sheer delight of her free bounded exertion. It was the best day of running that she had ever had.

Grinsgiver had watched her and clocked her at the speed of girl in vital ecstasy. He was impressed at her happiness in her passion. He thought that she might be useful in his plan—a plan that he had been itching to manifest for a long, long time. He decided that if he could catch hold of her passion, he could pocket some for a big fat surprise her could give her later—a surprise that might even surprise his four daughters. He waited for her at the finish of her sprint. He sat on a rock, out of her sight, picking at his teeth with a nice little twig he had plucked off a treadenberry tree.

“Hey, that was some running, beautiful, just beautiful,” Premo could only stand there trying to catch her breath. She shook her head and tried to smile through the catching of her breath.

“Caught it,” he laughed, revealing a big mouth of beautiful, off-white teeth.

“Caught what?” She asked, as her breathing returned to normal.

“I caught that space, you know, right when the breath is about to go deep, when your lungs fill all the way up. You got great lungs and great legs for running. I thought that you might actually lift off the ground at some point. Yep, I thought if any girl can fly, it could actually be you. I was thinking that this path was more like a runway for your take off. Your running is a beautiful sight to behold.”

“Thanks,” Premo was caught off guard, she wasn't used to being complimented for anything—criticized, yeah, she was used to that.

“You don’t see that kind of happiness in simply being alive and expressing it hardly anymore. It’s so serious on this planet.” Grinsgiver smiled another one of his big smiles. Premo couldn’t stop staring at how big and really great his smile was. She felt that his smile was infecting her, stinging her with the quality of his really-feeling-good attention.

“On this planet?” She asked. “What other planets have you been on?” inquired Premo with a pinch of her most sincere sarcasm.

“Oh, nowhere else, this is all we got, I suppose. Where else is there? Well, maybe there are the places we travel to by using our hearts and minds.”

“You mean by using our imaginations?” Premo asked.

“Yeah, something like that, you know sometimes the heart wants to be free to roam, to fly, to meet others that are in the know.”

“The know of what?” Premo asked.

“The know of what it is to be really free, not bound, enjoying the happiness of crazy free—Love—you know—our Hearts’ biggest deal.”

Premo scratched her head, this man, is he crazy? She wondered. “You’re hard to follow, what do you mean?”

Grinsgiver laughed, “No, girl, you are hard to follow—no one can catch up with you when you’ve caught a good tail wind. I’m just babbling on. But I have something I want to give you, it’s for free, it’s a free pass to anywhere you want, to anything you can imagine—to something, or somewhere or someone that you really want.”

Premo was puzzled. “But sir, I can’t take anything from strangers. It’s too dangerous, that’s what everyone has been told, that’s what I have been told.”

“Take?” questioned Grinsgiver, it’s already given. Girl, you have a ticket to ride. Use it, when you really, really need to or want to—it’s a free flight.”

Premo headed home, the words or the gift that the stranger had spoken or given didn’t make any sense to her but his big smile remained with her. That night she had her first dream of her four sisters. She had traveled to the place where she had met them for the first time. She knew that what the Grinsgiver had said was true. She had found them, she was in the know now with her dear sister friends, she knew that she knew them.

And the Goddess of Happiness knew that she knew and her happiness; at times, she knew was felt in Premo’s heart space. But how to move her and her sisters’ plan along? She was in mother India where the Goddesses had frequently appeared to the innocent, sincere girls, they often stopped there to play in delight with them in this world of sensuality before they returned to their heavenly avenue. It was whispered that a true blue goddess had lingered too long in her play and was unable to return home. It is said that she still lives here and wanders appearing by the sacred rivers and mountains of India. She has been reported to be very old, some people have called her Ma Shakti and others have called her Ma Devi and she has even been called the mad old woman. Happiness had never met her or seen her so she was very surprised to find Premo sitting with her

feet in the Ganges River and lo and behold the ancient Goddess was walking right towards our girl Premo. She knew she had to bear witness to this eventful encounter.

“Do you have any food, girl? I am hungry” asked the ancient woman. She really had no real need for food but she never revealed that to anyone.

“What?” Asked Premo, “Food, I have a couple of bananas, you can have them, if you like.”

“Alright, that’ll do.” The ancient woman laid her head scarf down and sat on it close to Premo. Premo reached out to hand her the bananas, before the woman grabbed them she took hold of Premo’s hand and held them for an uncomfortable amount of time (so Premo thought).

“Hmmm,” she spoke. “Where are you from, girl?” The ancient woman asked.

“From California, the United States.” Premo replied.

“Oh, I got a sister that used to live there,” laughed the old Goddess. “She was quite a troublemaker in her day. She could really rock the earth in her day.”

Premo wondered what this old woman was talking about, she must be mad, she thought.

“Can you do something for me, girl?” asked the Ancient Goddess.

Premo was uncomfortable with the woman and didn’t know what to say. The Goddess of Happiness knew this was a great opportunity, she was praying that Premo would say yes.

Premo didn’t know why she agreed, she simply couldn’t say no even though she wanted to end the encounter with the old woman.

“Can I stay with you, tonight? I’ll be happy with whatever you have to offer. Just for one night, I need to get my bearings, get cleaned up.”

Premo found that she was unable to refuse the ancient Goddess. “I have a room at a modest hotel. You can stay there with me, just for one night, right?” asked Premo.

“Just one night, dear. I just couldn’t stand staying at that holy shrine—I need a break.”

“Oh, what shrine?” asked Premo.

“The one down the road where my ashram is at” replied the ancient woman.

Premo was floored, is this woman some kind of teacher or guru? Premo only had a single bed in her room but offered it to the old woman. The hotel had graciously lent her a cot for the night. It had a strange collection of matting in the middle. Premo had the natural ability to fall asleep and stay deeply, soundly asleep, the lump in the bedding wouldn’t bother her for very long.

The old woman unceremoniously stripped herself of all her clothing and laid on top of the bed. Premo couldn’t help but notice that her body—especially her breasts were quite large. She also had a strange tattoo on her belly that Premo couldn’t tell what it was a depiction of. She didn’t want to stare at the woman, she was too polite and too modest for that. She changed into her pajamas in the bathroom. When she got back the old woman was already snoring in a whispering

way—breath in and out, Premo could have sworn she heard a name being spoken with each take of breath—in and out.

Premo, she could fall asleep almost as soon as she closed her eyes, found that sleep was not forthcoming. She listened to the woman's gentle snores and concentrated on the name that was emanating from the woman's breaths. This name that she was repeating emanated not just from the woman's breaths, it felt to be emanating from her whole body. What name keeps repeating from this woman's body? She wondered. After an hour of listening, the name began to repeat in her—she found that her incoming breath was saying "Bab" and her outgoing breath was saying "dad". She fell asleep to this mantric cycle. She woke, feeling refreshed and when she opened her eyes the room itself was glowing and the walls were also breathing in the morning heat with the name hanging on its walls.

"Best sleep I had in years," the ancient woman spoke. "Darling, are you awake, yet?" laughed the old woman.

"Yes, I am," spoke up Premo.

"I always wake up hungry, how is the breakfast at this hotel?" asked the woman. "Oh, but the way, my name is Johnny Kara, you can call me Jo."

Premo wrinkled up her nose.

"That bad, huh? Well, the food at the ashram is very good, but let's not go there. I'm tired of cooking and I need a break from all those fools that say they want enlightenment. You're not interested in enlightenment, are you?" Jo eyed her suspiciously.

"Enlightenment?" asked Premo. "I don't know what that is."

"You're not here in India looking for enlightenment, huh, that's refreshing, if you don't mind me asking, what are you here for? A Boyfriend? A job?"

"No, nothing like that, it's kind of hard to explain," answered Premo.

"Some kind of quest, then, and you say you haven't come to India in quest of enlightenment?"

"I'm looking for my sisters."

"Sisters? How many do you have? I have a sister that I haven't seen in what seems like lifetimes. She wasn't interested in enlightenment either. We lost touch; she got married and had four daughters. Where are you sisters? Are you sure they are in India—that you can find them here?" asked Jo.

"I don't know, I just had a feeling that if I came here, I would find some clues."

"Clues?" asked Jo. "What kind of clues?"

"I don't know how to talk about this. I've never met them."

“This is curious and more curiouser. A quest in which no real facts are known.” Jo was intrigued. “Let’s have breakfast and maybe two heads and hearts put together can help solve this riddle or at least turn up some real clues. Hand me that dress, my dear.”

Premo was unaware that as they exited the hotel lobby, the woman and man that barely even glanced her way as she came and went from the hotel, were now staring at her, rather at the old woman with folded hands, palm to palm. She was unaware that she spent the night and was now going to breakfast with their guru, Sri Mataji—the most revered woman in India. Sri Mataji put a finger to her lips as her way of saying, Let’s keep this a secret. They smiled, nodded and bowed to their deity, their Guru.

The Goddess of Freedom or Freaky Fun as she like to call herself, appeared as a 10 year old (yes, only for a brief time), watched as Premo and the old woman left the hotel. She was drawn to the old woman, there was something wild and untamed about her. She wondered what the unlikely pair were up to.

“Want to come along, girl? You’re very skinny, could use some breakfast, come along if you like.”

Freaky Fun decided to see what this was all about and shook her head yes.

“What’s your name, girl?” asked the old woman. She had to think fast and the first name that came to her was her mother’s nickname, Mao—which of course was the initials to her mother’s name—Most Attractive One.

Jo stared at the girl and saw that there was something deliberately not true about her. Hiding something, she thought. There is not a speck of earth dust on her. Now appearing, she thought, but from where?

After eating what Premo thought was an unreasonably large amount of food, Jo asked the little girl if she wanted more food. She shook her head no. “Well, then, Premo, you are on some kind of quest to find your four sisters. What are you going to do next? What are you going to do if you find them?”

“I just always knew that I will be with them, that we will be together and stay with each other.”

Mao was happy to hear this, so she remembers us, she knows us, somehow we have gotten through.

“Long lost relatives, somewhere here or there? Why do you need to be with your sisters?”

“Even though I have never met them, I feel them, they are calling me, they need me, we need to do something together.”

Hmmm. Jo was thinking about how strange Premo’s quest was. Sisters that she never met and need to be together, to do what? Very curious impulse that brought her all the way to India and then to me. Ah, no stranger than what happened to me and how I was brought to this county and stayed here—and I am not even from this realm. But that is another story that Premo doesn’t need to hear about right now.

“Where did Mao go off to?” asked Premo.

Jo laughed, “She filled her belly and now has disappeared into thin air.”

“Tell me, any plans to go forward?”

“Well, my cash is running low; I’m kind of waiting for another dream.”

“A dream, what kind of dreams are you having?” asked Jo. Premo decided to confide in Jo about her dreams of her goddess sisters; about meeting a deity called Kali Ma and the date that appeared on her light tablet: 11-11-2012 and how she had met her goddess sisters in her dreams as a child.

Jo listened, a natural born mystic, on a quest to find her goddess sisters, she thought. I wonder what these goddesses want with this young lady. She had her hunch about it, though.

“11-11-2012, that’s in exactly 2 months. Since you were so kind to me, letting me stay on your bed last night, why don’t you come to my ashram, that will solve your money problem while you are waiting for the big date. You can work on furthering your quest.”

“Well, that’s very kind of you, Jo, but...”

“Listen, Premo, no one will disturb you there, you can do whatever you want and the food is top notch—better than any restaurant food you can get with your budget.”

Premo was shocked at the offer. What are the odds of running into a lady that has her own ashram; offering me room and board.

“Thank you, this is unbelievable.”

“Just like your own story and quest?”

“Yes,” laughed Premo. “Okay, thank you so much, Jo.

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The Goddess of Freaky Fun had pushed the extra limit on her edge of appearing. Happiness wanted to hear all about the lunch and who the woman Premo was having lunch with was.

“I don’t know, Happiness, but when she looked into my eyes, the depth of her didn’t end. I was dazed by her, she is frightening but in a way I was madly attracted to.”

“You, Freedom, were frightened by her freedom? Wow!” Happiness said.

Truth spoke up, “I have heard of such beings.”

“What are they, who are they?” asked Freedom.

“There are stories. I’ve read in great books on Truth, they are called the Enlightened Ones.”

“Where do they live?” asked the Goddess of Love.

“They live in all the realms, high and low and yet belong to no realm.”

“What do you mean?” asked the three Goddesses.

“They are Source Light,” answered the Goddess of Truth.

All four sisters were stunned. How could Source Light live as a being—as a woman? This was news to them. Somehow their intuited connection to Premo ran deeper than they knew; that their quest to reestablish themselves as Love, Truth, Happiness, and Freedom in the hearts of all girls was just a part of their quest and journey, there was more to know, to realize that was beyond their own gifts and knowledge.

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The Most Attractive One felt sad and disconcerted. She longed to be with Babdad, to be reunited with him. This yearning, the impulse to always be with her beloved caused her to feel an increasing disinterest in all her usual occupations. She lived in a realm of beauty and had followed all her impulses to play in beauty. These impulses seemed empty of true happy need now and her own field of beauty light shined only as a searchlight for her heart husband. Her longing occupied all of her impulses and time and she could only feel him just out of reach. She wanted to be with him to only show him her love; to be occupied with no other play or task. She sang for him, she prayed to him, she wanted only him—to be with him and never alone without him. She was disintegrating in her fever of love for her heart husband. Why had he left her, promising to return? Why hadn't he stayed with her to raise their four daughters? Why, as her life and her daughters' lives moved in circles and cycles her center—Him—was the pivot of what truly mattered—why was her center so distant, seemingly unfeeling? She remembered how he had loved them all—her whole family adored him. She remembered how she saw her sister gazing at him; her sister who cared for no man and only wanted to be left alone. Her sister had left one day, never to return, she had known it had something to do with Babdad. She had been so distracted by his love towards her and her happiness in being loved by him that she did not seek after her sister.

Her daughter Happiness was aware of her mother's displeasure in her own life. Happiness could see that her mother, the Most Attractive One of all, was finding no pleasure in her great attractiveness. Happiness couldn't distract her mother from her painful longing with her fun and games and sudden surprises of hilarity. She didn't remember her father, but she was surprised at this later time of her mother's life that he was still much the source of her happiness and unhappiness as well, she thought. She told her about the latest update with her and her sisters' quest. When she mentioned that Premo met a woman that was helping her and that she would be staying at her ashram, Most Attractive One almost let the obvious clue slip by.

“Mom, Truth says the woman helping Premo might be an Enlightened One; that this woman is Source Light?”

“Source Light?” asked her mother.

“Yes, can a being be Source Light?” asked Happiness.

“I don't know, I do know that Source Light is the originator of all attraction. Who is this woman? You say she is with Premo?” asked Most Attractive One.

“Yes, she is staying with her, at her ashram.”

“Tell me, what is she like?”

“She is big, ancient but powerful in her presence. Freedom said when she gazed in her eyes she felt a freedom that scared even her.”

“What is her Name?” asked Most Attractive One.

“Premo called her Jo, her disciples call her Sri Mataji.”

“Can you and your sisters bring me to Premo’s realm? I must, I need to meet this woman.”

Happiness was surprised at her mother’s request. Her Goddess sisters could all appear temporarily, short intervals in earth realm but except for Freedom they usually preferred not to and watched at a distance.

“But mom, we will have to disguise your attractive nature, beings in earth realm will be overwhelmed by their attraction to you and that will put you and us and the quest in a very awkward, difficult position.

“Alright, I will go in disguise. When you and your sisters have it worked out, we will make the journey together.”

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Premo enjoyed her stay at the ashram. The food was as good and Jo said it was, the grounds were kept beautifully; the place was like a garden resort. Her room was minimal but the bed was comfortable. Jo visited her at times to discuss any new dreams or intuitions and then disappeared to be with her devotees or to escape her devotees. Sometimes, to pass the time, she browsed through some of the books Jo, or Sri Mataji, as she was called by her devotees, had written. She was unable to keep her attention on Sri Mataji’s explanation of enlightenment, it boggled her mind and her attention was obsessively engaged in finding her sisters. At times, especially when Jo visited her she could feel her sisters hovering in the rarified air that surrounds Jo. With Jo in the room they were all together, not visible, not heard, not seen or able to be touched, but she knew they were in the room—their presence was felt not just in her heart, in the room as well. So close, so felt but not alive, not here in the way she and Jo were. Today she remembered her dream and the numbers she was given. 11-11-2012. Was her interpretation that these numbers were a date, a prophecy of destiny that would occur? Tomorrow, she realized was the eleventh.

It started out the same as the last few days. She rose early, made her bed, and accomplished her hygiene. Her intention was to wander the garden as she usually did to clear her mind and open her senses.

Sri Mataji, Jo opened her window to breathe in the fragrances coming from the hibiscus bushes that were outside her window. She saw Premo walking by heading toward the avenue of Banyan trees. Her heartfelt regard went out to the young woman. There was a secret she held in her heart—a secret that she wanted to reveal to Premo but the words didn’t want to be spoken as yet. She put on a colorful dress that she usually only wore for special occasions with her devotees. She was about to call out to Premo, to invite her to a day of exploration of the sacred river; to play in the beauty of nature that they both loved. A knock on her door interrupted her invitation.



“Who is it?” she asked and Premo answered her by walking into the room. Premo came and sat by Jo’s side helping her to put on her gold bracelets that she loved to wear.

“Want to ...” Jo began to ask Premo when she was interrupted by a knock on the door.

“Should I open it? See who it is?” she asked Jo. The door opened before Premo even got up.

“Are you Sri Mataji?” asked the woman. The woman’s face was covered, as the rest of her body was in a long grey dress. She was not alone; there were four other women standing behind her, also covered from head to toe in grey veiling dresses.

“Yes, I am Mataji, but you know me by another name. Even veiled, I know who you are. Premo, Maya herself has come to visit us. The goddess herself, Maya the Most Attractive One is here and I suppose behind her are her four daughters. This is an auspicious moment.”

The four goddess daughters dropped their veils and Premo knew they were her four sisters that she had been longing to be reunited with.

“Alright girls, your mother and I must have our talk. The five of you, go be with each other.”

The young women left with Premo. Premo couldn’t believe the goddesses were here, finally with her. They introduced themselves to Premo.

“We have often played and had fun together in our dreams and felt each other in our hearts. I’m the Goddess of Happiness.”

Premo looked at the Goddess of Freedom. “You are so familiar, you are with me when I run.”

Freedom nodded and said, “Sometimes I have appeared in human form for brief periods of time to play.”

“And I am the Goddess of Truth.”

Premo said, “Yes, I feel you when I need to be honest, you are always right on.”

The Goddess of Love smiled and Premo hugged her and whispered, “You always gave me love even when I was sad, thank you. I have felt you all at different times being a support and inspiration. We are all together!” Premo laughed. “I knew I would find a way to be with you all, my sisters!” exclaimed Premo.

The Goddesses didn’t know how much longer they would be able to be materialized here in this realm. They wanted Premo to always be with them but they didn’t know how to accomplish it. They knew Premo believed in them and this was a turning to the opening of Love, Truth, Freedom, and Happiness being lived in the hearts of girls. It had returned as they were alive in Premo’s recognition of their presence and noble qualities. Premo’s need had called them forth and their need of Premo had turned the key and opened this doorway of Being relatedness. Who would stay, who would go?

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The two women faced each other. Each waited for the other to speak first. Finally, Most Attractive One spoke, unsure of how to proceed, as she was not completely sure of whom she was speaking to.

“Is it you?” she asked. Are you my sister Johnny Kara?” She came forward to give a closer look.

“And, it is you, my sister, the Great Goddess Maya—the one that moves us along in this dream world through crazy attraction.

Maya smiled. “It is you, my sister. Look what has become of us, Goddess, tell me what has happened to you. I am here to hear it.”

“Are you here for that purpose? Or am I here to help you with you story, sister? Sit, I will tell you something.”

“Why did you leave me?” Goddess Maya interrupted “So many cycles ago.”

“I left because of your heart husband. We both loved him. I never told you as you were so ecstatic in you attraction to him. I couldn’t hurt you. He told me of his plan to marry you and birth five great Goddess daughters. I kept quiet of my love for him but he knew of it anyways. He, then, devised a plan. It would involve a sacrifice which I didn’t understand at that time at all. Sister, did you ever wonder where he was when he was not with you?”

“Yes, at times, but as soon as I longed for him he always returned.”

“I wondered too and one night I followed him. I followed him to this dense place; this earth realm. And I found out something that truly shocked me. He lived here and only mind traveled to our realm. This place was his home; here he was revered as Avatar—as original Source Being. After that, I followed him here whenever I could and stayed as long as Goddess Light allowed me to stay here, I sat at his feet and felt his Source transmission and listened to his teaching of Love, Truth, Freedom, and Happiness along with his devotees. I loved him as my Guru now, not as a Goddess loves a God. I, like you sister, only wanted to be with him, to love him, to serve him but he was serving a greater truth. When I was ready he asked me to make the sacrifice my heart knew I had to make.”

“Sister, I too can’t live without him, Babdad, where is he?” asked Maya.

“He is here, always here,” Johnny Kara replied. “That is the sacrifice that is required to be with him.”

“What do you mean?” asked Maya.

“It is hard to understand, sister to be with our heart husband, the veil of our separation must be lifted.”

“How can that be done? I am the Goddess of Attraction, he must come to me.”

“Yes, so it seems, sister but I am a goddess too—I was a Goddess—the Goddess of Innocence. I followed him here, loved and trusted him, couldn’t leave him and then I couldn’t leave

here. I became an earth being. It was very difficult to stay and live here but he helped me by holding my innocence in the palm of his hand. When I could live here freely and truly, accept all the limitations of this place and experience I knew of the endless depth of his love for us and all beings. And then he lifted the veil of my ignorance or innocence and I know of no separation from him, from Source Light. I am, I am as He is.”

“But what about our daughters?” asked Goddess Maya. “Will they know their father as Babdad, as Source Light?”

“That is their story and journey and they are beginning it today, with Premo.”

“Who is this girl?” asked Maya.

“She is my daughter, called to this purpose just like your Goddess daughters were called by Babdad. He came to both of us, to love us both to birth this possibility. There are five daughters.”

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The Goddess of Happiness felt that her link and love for Premo was as strong as her link and love for her Goddess sisters. She didn’t know why, but an urge to stay with Premo, not to leave her was growing in her heart and happy bones. Babdad had turned the key towards happiness today and he knew his daughter of Happiness would come down and grant Premo the sister she so needed, the others would follow in time. All the girls in the world would come to know their hearts because happiness is their true nature. Premo would become the pivot that they would revolve around and they too would have their veil of separation lifted. But first, Premo would pass through the doors of Truth and gain Perfect freedom by granting, allowing the sacrifice of personal self—given in love by her mother—her guru—She is Source Being.

And Goddess Maya? Babdad loved the Most Attractive One and kept her strong and happy as creation rolled along and played out its desire through attraction in experience. When a soul yearned to know its true Self Source—Source Being, Babdad would specially love his wife that day and she could never say no to him when he asked, and another girl, spirit, soul would be freed to know herself as the Goddess of Happiness, Truth, Freedom, Love and then “awaken” to the truth that Source is our Being; that She Is Source Being.

# Goddess of Happiness

## Part 2

Premo never did go back home to the very small town of Big Trees. Never say never—likely the circle comes around to the place where she began. But for this part of the story, her relatives were with her in India. Not all of them yet—her four sisters did make their grand appearance on what she calls “the best day of her life” and she added, “thus far,” as she was working on her next plan, which was to find a way to live and play with them for all time.

“When will they come and stay with me?” Premo asked Jo.

Jo, Sri Mataji, smiled, “Oh I think there is a plan in motion. I’m sure of it.”

Premo wrinkled her brow, “What do you mean? How do I make it happen?”

Jo laughed, “How did it happen the first time?”

Premo thought about it, “I have no idea, except perhaps I was in the right time at the right place and ...”

“Poof!” Exclaimed Sri Mataji. “It just happened!”

Premo asked, “Does everything really happen that way? Don’t we make it happen?”

“Did you ever imagine that you had four goddess sisters and that they would come here from the heavenly realm to meet you?”

“I see what you mean. Perhaps there is a bigger mystery or someone who comes up with the best surprises—the ones that we or I couldn’t even imagine.”

“And I know who that someone is.” Jo winked at Premo.

Was Jo teasing me? Premo wondered.

The Goddess of Happiness couldn’t believe she could be any happier than she normally was. But she was. Her well of happiness was running deeper these days. She thought of her sister Premo, of meeting her for the first time. “Isn’t she great?” She exclaimed to her mother, the Most Attractive One. “I mean, did you know we had another sister?” asked Happiness.

Most Attractive One declared, “Well, I know it now! And you remember you met your aunt, my sister, for the first time, too.”

“Yes, she is very special, isn’t she?”

“Yes, her longing ran very deep. Her love is great, is a great sacrifice.”

“What do you mean?”

“We both loved your father, Babdad. You know how I am the most attracting? Your father was the only one, the only thing that I was most attracted by. My attraction and my love for him I

felt as a great pleasure that we enjoyed together. For my sister, Johnny, she experienced her love for Babdad as a great yearning that had to be fulfilled by giving her life in service to him.”

Happiness thought about it, “I think I understand. I think of happiness as being pleasurable, but I see my other sisters—they experience it differently—the Goddess of Love enjoys loving, but some unpleasurable things are asked of her at times to fulfill love. And Truth finds pleasure in being honest, but not everyone else does. And she carries the burden of always being right. And Freaky Fun is so wild and free and that is her happiness, but she scares us at times with her crazy edge and challenges.”

“And what about you?” asked Most Attractive One.

“Sometimes I can’t take suffering seriously and that bothers my sisters at times. I always want to enjoy! I guess ...”

“Yes, we are, the two of us are most alike!” answered Most Attractive.

Mother and daughter felt their pleasure in each other. Most Attractive knew that happiness was what all beings wanted to enjoy, and she would attract them to her daughter, the Goddess of Happiness, so their own happiness could be felt and lived. She wanted all her Goddess daughters to be known so all girls and women could experience themselves as happiness, as love, as truth, and as freedom. She wondered what her sister Johnny Kara’s daughter Premo had to give. What gift is she? What will she reveal and give to the women of the sad place called Earth?

Premo enjoyed her life in the ashram with Johnny Kara, whom she called Jo most of the time. But of late she started to call her Mataji like her devotees called her. Mataji was a revered form of the word “mother” and she felt that Jo, Mataji, was more like a mother to her than her own mother. Mataji was both encouraging and challenging, while her own mother always criticized her for being “the way she was”. She felt Mataji’s love for her, and her love was so big that she could give it to everyone else too and Premo still felt that Mataji’s love for her was deep and that she had a lot more growing to do to be filled up by it. Her own mother’s love stung with criticism and her lack of faith in her dreams and potential. Mataji believed in Premo and encouraged her potential.

Premo wanted to be with her sisters. She yearned to be with them. Her whole body ached to have this accomplished. She felt that if she was with them, they could accomplish something—something big, something important that had never been accomplished before. She had no idea what that was. She just knew she was being drawn to it and that Mataji knew and felt this too.

“Mataji?” she asked, “Can you show me how I know what I know? I know I am supposed to be with my sisters. How do I know that?”

Mataji smiled and raised her eyebrows. “Your power to know—to know this is inherent in you, in your heart. We all come here with an inherent knowledge, with a knowing that we came here for a reason, for a task we need to accomplish.”

“Does everyone have this?”

“Yes, but often it stays latent and doesn’t find a way to be heard and then lived.”

“Is that because we are not encouraged to listen to our own inherent knowledge?”

“Yes, often our culture and our families want us to fit in to the normal ideas of status quo, which don’t allow for growth and change—good change that serves the hearts of all to unify and prosper.”

Premo thought about it. Is this why I had to come to India? Is this why Jo, Mataji, found me, helped me? To bring what is in my heart—to be with my sisters—forward? Yes, it had to be this way. It had to happen this way. I wouldn’t have come to know what I know without coming here and meeting Mataji. She didn’t know why, but the strange man she had met when she was running popped into her mind. What had he told her? She tried to remember, what was it? He had told me that he gave me a free pass, a ticket to ride to anywhere I want. She wondered who that man really was. Could he see what was latent in my heart, like Mataji?

Grinsgiver, Babdad as he was called by his two wives, Most Attractive and Johnny Kara, being the God of all knowledge, did know what was latent in the heart of all his daughters, as he had planted the seeds. Time to sprout and grow, he commanded. We could well imagine him with a watering can, dosing the hearts of his girls with liquid sunshine, grinning from ear to ear. “How I love my work,” he sang. And we can well imagine the flowers growing, and opening, blossoming in those tender and strong hearts. Each daughter received his nurturing and felt it as an urge to grow, to discover themselves and realize their full potential. Freaky Fun, the Goddess of Freedom, felt it as an urge to break past all limits. The Goddess of Truth felt it as a need to tell the truth, to speak dharma to all beings. The Goddess of Happiness felt it as an urge to heal the women of Earth from their suffering. The Goddess of Love felt it as a need, and urge to give whatever she could to those who needed her love the most.

And how did Premo feel Babdad’s liquid sunshine nurturing her heart? She felt it as an impulse to collect her sisters together, to empower the world and restore the feminine to its full expression as Happiness, Love, Truth, and Freedom. She was the fifth sister after all, and she would collect her sisters to bring them in the perpetual here and now on Mother Gaia. She was the completing sister in whom all her sisters’ expressions and gifts lay latent, waiting to sprout and grow and gain expression. But Babdad had to go slow, wait, and allow Premo to make her move, let her run through—let her fly and let her decide, let her choose, let her discover the how and the what to do. He knew everything and was responsible for everything, but he still loved the play, the actors (his daughters!) to come on to the stage as independent ones, to figure out their part and to play it to their remarkable best. Even though he knew everything, he was still surprised by those who had a part in his plays. Johnny Kara had surprised him with the depth of her passion—that she was willing to come down to this humble place (the Earth) and serve him here. That through her love for him she was even willing to give up her attachment to him, her attachment to her love for him, to realize herself as He is, as Source Being. And he was also surprised by Premo, who had none of the advantages of her sister Goddesses. She had endured an ordinary childhood in this realm, one in which she was not loved or recognized for her heart, where none of her strengths were encouraged or even noticed, where she was often criticized for being different—which was just being herself, which Babdad knew was pretty damn extraordinary.

Sometimes, yes, even being the God of all knowledge, people—beings, can surprise me, thought Babbad. “Premo,” he sent this message to her heart, “remember that free pass, that ticket to ride never expires.”

Premo ran every morning on the paths of the garden ashram. Her running was still developing. From time to time, her speed almost lifted her off the ground. Today she had a lift off. It was unexpected. She felt herself lift off the ground and she was running above the ground. She couldn't believe it, but it was truly happening! She tried to go higher but she didn't know how to propel herself upward. She wondered if she could float and stopped her forward running motion—and she didn't fall back to the earth, she floated! What a discovery, she thought. How am I able to do this? she wondered. She thought of going higher again and she began to rise higher and higher until she was above the ashram gardens. She could see Mataji sitting with her devotees. They were chanting Om and the mantra Sring for Maha Lakshmi. There was beatific smile on Mataji's face. She wondered what Mataji was experiencing—she was delighted! She thought of her sister, the Goddess of Freedom, and Freaky Fun appeared before her in a body of shimmering light. They landed together on a top branch of the old fig tree.

“Freedom!” exclaimed Premo. “How are you here?”

Freedom laughed, “I can duplicate the body of an earth being for a while and I can appear as an astral form.”

“What?” asked Premo.

Freedom laughed, “How did you accomplish your flying? People on Earth don't just go around running with a flying lift off.”

Premo scratched her head, “I don't know how it happened. How am I doing it?”

“Let me show you,” Freedom extended her hand to Premo. When Premo grasped her hand, she saw her body shimmer like Freedom's.

“Wow, am I like you now, an astral form?”

“Yes,” Freedom answered. “Now we can go anywhere and do anything we can think of. What would you like to do?” she asked Premo.

Premo, of course, wanted to see all her sisters again, but instead, another idea occurred to her first, “Can we meet mother Gaia, the Earth?”

Freedom was surprised at Premo's request. “I personally haven't met her yet, but let's give it a try.” The two sisters linked arms and chanted Ma Gaia, and their subtle bodies appeared before a tree that was standing on top of the Earth. Their hearts called out to Mother Gaia and the tree lifted up its roots and twirled around faster and faster. As the spinning decreased, Premo and Freedom could see the form of the mother Earth appearing before them. She was full and round and her body shined with green luminosity. Her hair was strands of rivers flowing, and her breast contained the heat of active volcanoes. Her body moved and changed like the Earth itself. She was the dance of the Earth and creatures made their way to her, passed into her and dissolved into her, and appeared again as new forms. When she opened her eyes and looked at the two young Goddesses, a call was felt by the two women.

"I am delighted to meet you two. I have called you here. Please introduce yourselves."

Freedom stepped forward and folded her hands to mother Gaia, "I am the Goddess of Freedom, and this is my sister Premo."

Gaia smiled, "Good to meet you, and your sister Premo, what is she the Goddess of?" asked Mother Gaia.

Premo stepped forward, "I am not a Goddess. I live on the earth."

Gaia studied Premo's face, "Not a Goddess, are you sure of that?"

"Pretty sure," Premo answered.

"Hmm," answered Mother Gaia. "I have called many to come to the heart of my abode, but only the two of you managed to find your way here." She looked at Premo again, "So you are not a Goddess? You are from my own being, made up of my earth elements. I am glad one of my own has finally heeded my call and has come to meet me here. There is something the two of you can do for me. I need your help."

Premo was astounded that Mother Gaia had called her and that she needed their help. "What can we do?" asked Premo "How can we help?" Freedom also nodded in agreement.

"There is a rumor going on that I am in my last cycle, that conditions created by human beings are destroying my viability."

"Is this true?" asked Premo.

"Yes and no" answered Gaia.

"What do you mean?" asked Freedom.

"The nature of my destruction has always birthed new life. No being can truly destroy another, only change can occur. You two can help with creating another kind of change that has never been seen before. Are you with me?" asked Mother Gaia.

Both women nodded yes. Mother Gaia called them to her arms and whispered into their hearts. "Free the women of Earth. Free the women of Earth, free the women of my heart." When Premo heard these words whispered into her heart, tears ran down her cheeks. Freedom also felt Gaia's words ring deep and true in her heart. Their hearts sang yes and Premo found herself sitting once again on the top branch of the fig tree with her sister Freedom. Both stared into each other's astonished faces.

Premo spoke up, "We must help, you are the Goddess of Freedom, how do we do it? How are the women of Earth imprisoned? What did Mother Gaia mean?"

"I don't know," answered Freedom. She did know what Mother Gaia meant, but she did not know what to do about it. She did know that her other sisters, the Goddess of Happiness, the Goddess of Love, and the Goddess of Truth—they would need all their help, they could only do it all together.

The chanting, Sring! Sring! Sring! drifted up to the fig tree. Premo found herself running again and as she ran past Mataji, that beatific smile was still on her lips.



The Goddess of Freedom moved on the winds of change. The promise that she and Premo had made to Gaia, Mother Earth, burned within her. Free the women! Free the women! She had to see for herself why the women of the Earth weren't free and she needed her sister, the Goddess of Truth, to show her. Truth would know, she would show her.

"That is what Mother Gaia asked us to do," concluded Freedom, "Do you know what she meant by it?"

The Goddess of Truth nodded her head. Could her sister, in her travels and appearances on Earth not notice how the women of Earth suffered under the rule of men? Surely she must have seen that women weren't given the same status and opportunities that men on Earth had, that they were ignored by history and often persecuted for their capabilities and talents.

Truth showed her the book she often carried with her. Curious, that Freedom never asked her what was in it. She never asked because she thought it was a book of philosophy, abstract concepts, moral judgements of what is right and wrong. She didn't want to be bound by any idea. She was freedom after all, and she only wanted to be free to move past all ideas of good and bad. She had to move and to dance and only the winds of change got her going. "What's in this book, sis?"

"Look, turn to chapter 1"

"Freedom turned the pages past the long table of contents. Gee, she thought, this book must have over 2000 pages in it and it's only book one.

She read out loud, "With the idea of other, self-interest arises and gives rise to power-dynamic, hierarchical relationships." Freedom wasn't sure what that meant and continued to read, "This led to the invention of man over women, and the creation of religious myths that hold women responsible for the fall from God." Freedom still wasn't following, "What does all this mean, sister?"

Truth couldn't believe that Freedom couldn't put 2 and 2 together—she could be so naïve in all her crazy free ways. "It means that a system that has been evolving and is now in place holds women subordinate to men's self-interest.

Freedom thought about it. "What are men's interests?" she asked.

"Let me show you," and Truth began to flip the pages of the book. Images of war, lust for greed and power, and domination over others, ugly images of the worst that has come about because of self-interest. Images of women being raped and beaten, used as sex slaves, women denied education, struggling for sustainability, for the lives of children, women pregnant and abandoned. Freedom couldn't take much more. This was a terrible story and a terrible history. She closed the book. She turned to her sister, "Is this, all this ugliness a result of selfishness, of self-interest? Is this why Mother Gaia asked us to promise her to free the women?"

"Yes" answered the Goddess of Truth.

"But do the women of Earth know that they aren't free, that they have been bound by the selfish interests of men?"

The Goddess of Love was standing by the door. She had heard most of her sisters' conversation. "They know that they aren't loved in the way they should be loved—in the way that love gladdens the heart. They have lost their faith in love and hope to win at the games of self-interest. They plan to win at the game, and strategize like men to be in the winning circle, to prosper above others."

Freedom couldn't believe what she was hearing. Why didn't she see this when she spent time dropping in on an Earth experience?

The Goddess of Truth spoke up, "We only see when it is the time for us to see."

"We only feel when our hearts yearn to mend and to give again. Only love gives and is free of all the consequences of self-interest," added the Goddess of Love.

Freedom looked at her two sisters. She felt so grateful to be with such wise, loving sisters. I'm so dense at times, she thought. I should pay attention to the Truth, and to Love—my sisters can show me so much.

"It's getting so heavy in here!" laughed the Goddess of Happiness. We have each other, we have the truth, we can love and our sister Freedom always gets us moving, we can find a way to help Premo to free the women of Earth. And," added the Goddess of Happiness, "have fun while we are doing it!"

The sisters all laughed. "But how do we do it?" wondered Freedom. "How to free people who don't recognize that they have been imprisoned?"

Truth spoke up as she flipped the pages of her book, "Where is it?" Even for her it wasn't easy to find a particular passage in the book when she was looking for it. She closed the book, "There is a story told by a Source Being, a great enlightened woman on Earth, when asked what true freedom is. The master told the story of a bird asking to be free and the bird is put into a cage. The bird tries to fly but the cage bars prevent the bird from flying. It begins to adapt to the life of its imprisonment. It longs to fly free, to be unencumbered, but forgets about it as it is faithfully fed every day. After a while, another bird is placed in the cage and the bird enjoys the company, but must share the bird food every day with his new companion. The original bird resents that what was once an adequate amount of food for himself is now barely life sustaining when shared by two. He says that he was here first, so he has first rights to the food, and the second bird can only eat after he is satisfied. At first he shares equally, but then he takes more. The other bird grows thinner and thinner and longs for her freedom, and one day the cage door is opened and remains open. The thin bird sees her opportunity and flies out to regain her freedom. She calls out to the other bird, Fly! You can be free! But the bird remains behind, taunting her to come back and perhaps he will give her more food if she preens his beak after he feeds. She laughs and says, 'I am free now! Why should I live in a prison like you and serve you? Come experience your freedom.' The bird happily flies away, but the other bird remains in the cage and eventually dies, stuffing himself with food."

Freedom thought about the story that Truth told her. She had an idea, she wished that Premo was with her. She wanted to share it with all her sisters. First of all, she thought we have to solve the problem of all of us sisters being in the same room at the same time. Do we go there? But how? she wondered.

“Premo, I might have a way to bring all your sisters here if they want to come.” Mataji offered.

“You do?” asked Premo. “How?”

I told you the story of how I followed Babdad here and he asked me to stay. I stayed to serve him, his work of serving and enlightening Earth people, and in serving him I woke up to my True Self as Source Being. I have stayed here to serve in the same work.”

“Where is Babdad now?” Premo asked. “Can he help me?”

“I have not seen him in a very long time, ten years at least, but I feel his heart and it assures me that he is still embodied. I don’t know where he is, but I believe he knows how to bring your Goddess sisters here. There might be a big price they will have to pay to come here.”

“What is that, Mataji?” asked Premo.

“That they will be embodied as earth women and will have to live out a life span here.”

“Oh, that is a big price to pay, especially for a Goddess.” Premo imagined how wonderful it was to be a Goddess and live in the heavenly realms. “Do you think they will want to do it, to live here?” she asked.

“I don’t know.” Mataji answered. She thought of her sister Most Attractive. She wouldn’t be happy about it. She always wanted her daughters to stay in the heavenly realms with her.

“How can Babdad help? I mean, if my Goddess sisters agree to come here, Mataji?”

“Well, after you and Freedom met Mother Gaia and she asked you what she did ask you, I would think that all the Goddess sisters would want to help. Would they be willing to sacrifice their beautiful home and lives there to take upon themselves this most difficult task in the most difficult place?

“Their father Babdad is the source of all knowledge and he tends to the knowledge that all beings must realize themselves as Source Being. If he knows that it is the time for Earth women to be free of the self-interest of the dominating male culture here, I’m sure he will guide you and your sisters along to be able to accomplish Mother Gaia’s request.”

“Where can I find him?” Premo asked.

Mataji yearned to tell Premo of her real inheritance, but now was not the time. She knew that some of Premo’s latent powers were trying to surface. She was aware of her floating up and meeting sister Freedom in the top branches of the fig tree. That was one of the reasons for that beatific smile on her face.

“When he wants to be found, you will find him,” answered Mataji.

“Oh, Mataji!” exclaimed Premo, “The mystery of being at the right place at the right time again!”

Mataji laughed, “What needs to happen will. What will happen,” she continued to laugh “is that you will be relentlessly asking him to appear!”

Premo laughed, “Please appear! Om Sri Babdad please appear!”

“So that is your mantra now?” teased Mataji.

“Yes! I must see him! I must find him.” Can he bring my sisters here? Will they want to come here? Will they have to pay the price that Mataji paid? Will they want to? Premo got on her running shoes and she stopped and kissed Mataji on the cheek before she closed the door and started to run like the wind.

Mataji could feel Babdad’s presence in her heart, in the room of where they lived together. “Yes, she is quite wonderful dear. She is, after all, our girl.”

The Goddess of Happiness sacrificed enjoying the pleasure of her happiness to study her sister Truth’s book about the conditions on Earth for women in particular. It wasn’t fun reading, nor was it a page turner as she was shocked at the information she was reading. She had to read it more than once to take it in. I knew it was bad, but I didn’t know it was this bad, she thought. She wondered why she never paid any attention to it before. Was her own happiness too enjoyable to notice anything else? she wondered. Did I only care about enjoying my own happiness?

Goddess Truth read her thoughts, “No sis, your happiness matters. That’s who you are. You are happiness. Happiness matters.”

“I know you’ve explained it to me before, but why are Earth beings so unhappy? Why do they create all this unnecessary suffering for each other?”

“It’s their strange way of trying to get happy,” answered the Goddess of Truth.

“What a strange, terrible way of going about it,” argued Happiness.

“Yes, Earth is a place where souls go to learn through suffering, so they can understand their truer happiness.”

The Goddess of Happiness thought about it. “I am always happy. I didn’t have to learn how to get happy, and if I wasn’t happy how would I learn from suffering?”

The Goddess of Love joined in, “At times it hurts to love, to give something of yourself. Perhaps you know you must give, but you are not inclined to, but ...”

Truth cut in, “But you know you have to anyways.”

“Yes, I see,” the Goddess of Happiness spoke up, “We all learn through some suffering, don’t we?”

Happiness thought about it some more and turned the pages of the book. She allowed herself to feel the suffering of the struggling souls on Earth. She forgot about enjoying her happiness and tears began to form and flow from her eyes. “We have to do something about this. We must help Premo. We must help to free the women of Earth. We must answer the call of Mother Gaia.”

The four Goddess sisters looked at each other and nodded, “We’ll find a way with Premo’s help. We can do our best, we’ll find a way.”

The Goddess of Happiness looked at her sisters’ faces. Love was ready to give everything, Truth was sobered and ready to ride that winged horse of hers, and Freedom was on fire with breaking all the self-imposed limits of Earth people and she—she was happy again! And again—somehow happiness would be what she could give and teach—that growth can be learned and lived in happiness too. After all, she was the one who had the first impulse to awaken all the girls on Earth to show them their own happiness. She had found Premo first. She looked at her sisters. What was a simple enough impulse was turning into a quest that would take all their strengths combined. A quest that would test them and change them in ways they knew not yet. Yes, she was tired of laying latent in the heart of all girls and she could see it in the faces of her sisters. Truth, Freedom, and Love also wanted to come alive in the hearts of all the women on Earth. Yes, Premo is our girl, thought the Goddess of Happiness. She knows what it is like to live without us. She wants to live with us now. And I don’t want to live without her, without knowing her in my heart as well. Yes, Premo is our girl, and our true heart sister as well.

Most Attractive wanted to go down, to materialize on Earth. She wanted to meet her aspect that lived in the lower realm. She had to know what became of her. She felt this was the key to finding Babdad. She could not wait any longer. Why did I pick the only Being that could actually resist the force of my attraction? she wondered. Babdad, I must see you again. I must be with you.

Babdad, sitting on a protruding rock overlooking a vast plain, felt the rumblings of his Goddess-Wife Most Attractive. He truly loved her and was most attracted to her, but he also loved his work. He didn’t know how much longer Most Attractive would put up with his absence. There is so much work still to and he felt it was at a crucial turning point. “Hang on a little longer, my love. I am looking forward to your kisses.” He sent his warm rays of affection to her.

He gazed down at the valley below and observed the vibrant life that was going on there. He assumed that Most Attractive did not care about the suffering and struggle here. This was his work and he felt the cries of the souls here struggling for the light of understanding. He also knew that Most Attractive could come to understand that she too could lend a helping hand—her attracting force was a powerful force after all. She would help in her time, when it was needed and necessary. He thought of contacting her lower aspect, her descended aspect. His gaze fixed on the valley below and he searched to find Most Attractive’s descended aspect. One of the names she went by was Maya. His gaze penetrated and searched each road, each neighborhood. His x-ray vision could see inside temples and inside homes and businesses. He found her holding court in the grand mall of the grand city.

This mall was no ordinary mall. It housed only the best shops with only the top designers in the world. You had to be invited in, no wandering tourists could enter for some stimulating window shopping. Only the elite with inexhaustible credit cards were allowed in. The mall was called the “Source of all Fulfillment”. Babdad laughed at that presumptuous declaration. He dressed himself in a handsome Gucci suit and materialized his ID and platinum American Express card. As he was not listed on the register of clients for that day, he gifted the receptionist with his all-knowing, beguiling smile and she made an exception for him.

“Is the top lady, her royalness Maya, here?” he enquired.

The receptionist was surprised that this handsome man was asking for Maya. No one ever asked for her. She looked into his eyes and it occurred to her that she must tell him the truth. She herself had never seen Maya but she knew that she stayed in her own food court on the top level. She instructed Babdad how to find his way there.

On his way up, he purchased a dozen red roses and a box of Godiva chocolates. He knew this was a cliché. He thought it best he didn’t make his entrance empty handed.

He almost burst out laughing when he saw her. She was gobbling down a hot fudge sundae and there were blotches of chocolate sauce that had escaped her spoon and were darkening her red velvet robe. There was every possible food there, she was surrounded by the all the best cuisine from around the world. Babdad imagined that she enjoyed quite a bit of it because she was, simply put, fat. These are the best of times, these are the worst of times came to mind.

She finally looked up when she finished her sundae and dropped the spoon into the ice cream dish. She looked at him with a surprised look and wiped the ice cream off her lips with her hand.

“So the Great Babdad has finally come to see me!” she exclaimed.

“Yes, I felt it was time we finally met.”

She motioned to him to pull up a chair, which he did. He offered her the roses and chocolates. She accepted them and then tossed them behind her.

“Well, well, how is she? How is my other aspect? Haven’t seen her in a forever either. This certainly is a momentous day. The God of all knowing is paying me a visit.” Damn, she thought, he probably knows everything about me. She felt somewhat embarrassed and ego shamed. Perhaps I should morph into a more desirous form. Fuck it, she thought. I am so tired of pleasing the male aspect. What you see is what you get. This was her last thought before he spoke up.

“She has been well, busy all this time with our daughters.”

“Oh, yes. I heard about it. It seems like centuries already. Four Goddess daughters. I forget, what are they Goddess of?” Maya asked.

Babdad answered simply, “Goddess of Happiness, Goddess of Love, Goddess of Truth, and the Goddess of Freedom.”

Maya snorted, “Not much of that going on down here. Maybe they should come around once in a while.”

Babdad studied Maya and the situation she was in. He didn’t know how to ask her what he needed to ask her. All possible scenarios flashed before him. Finally, he decided to be blunt and asked her, “What has happened to you?”

She stared him down and since she knew he knew everything, she decided that he wanted her to take on things, so she proceeded.

“Well, let me tell you. It’s not all what it seems. There are two sides to every story. You could say the right or wrong side, the true or false side, but for me and my other aspect, Most Attractive, it was more of a matter of the difference. We both had different impulses how to live and express our attracting ability and attracting nature. She saw it as her nature and I saw it as my ability. We constantly fought over how to live, express and use what we were given, or as she would say, ‘what my nature is’. I wasn’t able to pursue my impulse, to understand and use my attracting force with her around. I decided I would come to Earth to get experience, to live and learn how to be and use my attracting force. When I first got here, it wasn’t so bad, people were innocent enough. There were good centuries and not so good centuries. There was always one development that was growing, gaining strength and momentum. Simply put, and of course you already know this, a strong patriarchy developed and served its own interest. And that interest used my attracting force in many clever, strategic ways to create a culture of top guys. My force and I were called over and over to bend and yield and deliver, to serve the lust and greed of the male ruling class. The word got out that Maya should be controlled and sublimated to the male force because I am the one crazy deluding force. They even created religions that enforced that I could not be trusted, that I was the cause of everything that goes wrong! Imagine that! I am the cause, as if I am responsible for their greed! Imagine that! And these women here, knowing of their own power of attraction, what little they understand of it, they accepted the shame and blame of the mistakes and selfishness of mankind.”

Maya took a pause to see if Babdad was at all interested in what she was saying. He had an earnest expression on his face, so she continued. “I learned that I might be full of attraction, of the attracting force, but I was not welcomed and accepted as myself. At times I made my presence known and at times I remained hidden, tucked away in mystery schools. Barely, even in the mystery schools did anybody ever recognize me. At times I wondered how my other aspect was faring, how Most Attractive was doing. I never heard a word. As the patriarchy was all anyone knew, I was so corrupted by the philosophy of men that I didn’t even recognize myself. I was believed to represent everything that was bad about desire. I was the deluding force of mankind! Imagine that! Mind became the ideal of mankind, so-called rational thought. Attraction was reduced to irrational desire. Very strange how mankind learned how to rationalize their worst desires, to justify them at every turn, to justify their self-interests that were polluting and corrupting this world. I saw the worst everywhere. Look around,” Maya pointed to the extravagance of her food court. “This place and all its special foods, special desires to please the rich and special few. This is what I am supposed to be, how I am used in the rational minds of mankind. This is what happened to me, this is what happens to the feminine aspect of attraction. This is what happens to desire here.” Maya thought she would burst with frustration, but it actually felt good to get all this off her chest.

Babdad could sympathize. He knew the truth, that everything she was saying was true. “The question is how do we end it? How do we use attraction to show people the true power of attraction—its true possibilities?”

Maya was surprised at Babdad’s question. She turned up her power, her transmission of attraction. It felt good to be able to breathe this deeply. She actually sighed out loud. She was tired of being reduced to being responsible for a bunch of lousy desires that had big, bad consequences to them. She was not out-of-control desire, she was the force of attraction!

Babdad could see her force magnifying. She was more herself as she is, beautiful and yes, dangerous, but the kind of danger everyone needs to face and experience for growth’s sake. As she

felt her force, she began to look more like Most Attractive at her most attracting. They are after all, not just two aspects, the higher and lower, they are the one, the attracting force of the Divine Feminine. He could see that Maya was more experienced in understanding the force of attraction than Most Attractive One was. Most Attractive was still mainly naïve—naïve and very endearing. Maya was experienced—no longer naïve, and Babdad could see that she was the wiser aspect.

Maya, now enjoying her full force of attracting transmission, spoke up, “I know you have a plan,” she laughed, “You might as well fill me in on it.” And she leaned in closer. Babdad resisted his impulse, his attraction to give her a big, wet kiss on her lips. “I’ll need your help, it involves my daughters, a certain impulse has been implanted in them by Mother Gaia.”

“Mother Gaia is in on it?” laughed Maya. “Do tell.”

Babadad filled Maya in on the destinies and journeys that lay ahead for his daughters and his wife (both aspects!). Maya loved a good plan. She was happy to move along destinies with her attracting force. I haven’t felt this happy in eons, she thought. She looked at Babdad. He was all on fire with moving his work along. He sure did love his job, she thought. Look at us, she thought, the God of all knowing and the force of attraction, hatching a plan, planning destinies again. What a team we make. Would it work? she wondered. She was tired of being confined by the fears of these earth people.

Time for freedom!

Time for Love

Time for real Truth

And finally a time and era for happiness! In the era of happiness she would be loved openly as She Is!

Premo sat with Mataji and her group of devotees. Mataji was leading a chant and her devotees responded. They were chanting the Lakshmi Gayatri Mantra. She didn’t understand the words or meaning of the chant. She felt its attraction fill her heart and it made her think of her sister, the Goddess of Happiness. This made her feel happy indeed. To everyone’s surprise, she got up and waved her arms and moved around the room. She was ecstatic, her eyes rolled up and her hands moved and created mudra forms. She was laughing and crying at the same time. The drummer and the percussionist increased the beat, faster and louder, and Premo’s dancing grew wilder and wilder. She felt her sister, the Goddess of Freedom, take over her form. Her body contorted and flowed in ways that were seemingly impossible. Her heart began to dance her and everyone felt love in the room fill their hearts. How sweet to be filled with Love, with my sister the Goddess of Love. Devotees were crying, filled with love. Truth was here, dancing as Premo’s form and all felt the Truth that they were free to be love as happiness. When everyone was exhausted in the bliss of the Goddesses, Premo dropped to the floor. Her body went limp and she appeared not to be breathing. Sri Mataji went to her and held her on her lap. She signaled to everyone to sit still and meditate. The room was vibrant with stillness and barely a breath could be heard. When the silence was rich, the room began to disappear in the brightness of white light. A form appeared through the heart of the light.



Mataji smiled and thought, “She still knows how to make an appearance.” Most attractive one stepped into the room. Everyone gasped at the appearance of such a beautiful luminous being. Most Attractive raised her hand in blessing and turned to her sister Johnny Kara (Sri Mataji). She talked telepathically to her sister, “My daughters are coming to this realm. Our heart husband has seen to it. They must find their way here. Look after them. I understand they have important work to do to help beings here. I know Babdad gave them to me for this purpose.”

Mataji smiled and also spoke internally to her sister, “Yes, I will serve his work as well, as I always have, and I will serve our daughters. They will find their way here, to me and to Premo.”

Most Attractive was reassured. She turned to Mataji’s devotees and raised her hand in blessing once again and her form dissolved into the brilliance of the light.

Premo opened her eyes and saw Mataji smiling at her. “What happened, Mataji?” she asked.

Mataji stroked her hair, “Your sisters are coming. They are here.”

Premo smiled and fell into a deep sleep. No one could move, as stunned as they were by Premo’s ecstatic dancing and the appearance of the luminous being. Mataji signaled for them to quietly leave the room while she sat with Premo’s head on her lap for a while.

Truth was the first Goddess sister to be born. She made her appearance in a hospital in London, England. She was born to intellectual parents who did not believe in higher beings, Source Beings. They believed in their minds to solve and understand the problems of existence. They were humorless, judgmental and felt themselves to be superior to all believers of transcendental wisdom. She was given the best education, sent to the best schools, and was encouraged to study science and medicine. She was a lonely child, but always knew when someone was lying. She was obsessive about not ever lying and prided herself on her firm resolve to always tell the truth, even when it got her into trouble. When she was in her teens, she found the teachings of enlightened beings on the internet and studied them in the privacy of her bedroom. She was drawn to their truth and it resonated with her. There was one teacher, a spiritual master who was revered in India called Sri Mataji. She was very old now, and Truth (now called True) wanted to see and meet with her.

Goddess Freedom was born on the same day as her sister True in another country far away from England. She was born the fourth daughter in a Muslim family in the Middle East. Her family was very strict and she had to tend to the men and household duties at a young age. She was not encouraged to be anything but a wife and mother. Her education was limited. When she was a teen, she wanted to learn how to drive, but no one would teach her. She washed and shined the family car, hoping that her father would reward her with lessons, but he never did. She was restless. The world of her house and neighborhood felt like confinement to her. She wanted to be able to travel and see the rest of the world. She especially wanted to go to India. She heard (through her older sister) that they still believed in Goddesses there. Her older sister, who was married with two sons, had shown her about other cultures through the internet. This is where she learned about the Indian Goddesses—that people actually worshipped them. When she turned sixteen, she was to be married. That was the only way she would be able to leave home, but that would just be another confinement of its own. She didn’t want to have children or to be a man’s wife. She wanted to be

free. She wanted to be free, but didn't know how to be free or what freedom is. Still, she ached for it. She knew she had to escape her confinement. She sold her jewelry for money and left quietly one night, leaving a note on her pillow that read, "I must be free, love your fourth daughter, Hurra."

The Goddess of Love was also born on the same day as her Goddess sisters, True and Hurra. She grew up on a farm in western Massachusetts. She enjoyed the forest beyond the fields and loved riding horses. She was the favorite of the family, the youngest of five children, all of the others being boys. Her brothers teased her mercilessly. They all protected her and spoiled her with extra sweets. She loved her brothers wholeheartedly. At times, she did wish for a sister. As her nature was very kind and caring, people and all the farm animals and the creatures in the woods and sky were drawn to her. Her name was Amara. She loved her life on the farm, her family were good, caring people. It was devastating to her and her brothers when their parents were killed in a car accident. Each brother grieved in his own way. Two of the older ones went off to college in California. The two brothers closer to her age tried to make a go of the farm, but after two years of drought, they decided to sell the farm and split it. At 18, Amara had no home and small fortune (for someone that age).

"What are you going to do?" asked her brother Jared.

She wanted to be of some help to others. "Maybe I'll be a missionary or join the Peace Corps."

Her brother laughed, "I can't see you doing either." After all, he thought of her as his little, at-times spoiled sister. "Why don't you travel, see the world before you make up your mind on anything so serious."

Amara thought about it, "Maybe to be useful, to do some kind of good in the world, I should see the world first, see what it's like, and where I fit in." She decided to travel and was attracted to going to India. She didn't know why. She made her plans and would set out in the fall.

The Goddess of Happiness was also born on the same day as her sisters, Amara, Hurra, and True. Her mother gave birth to her outdoors in a birthing tub under the bright light of the full moon. An owl was hooting in the tree and her parents caught her in the warm waters and held her to them and whispered in her ear, "Welcome dear one, we love you already." She didn't cry, she smiled and giggled with joy. She was named Joy, and she grew up on the continent of Australia. Her parents were artists and musicians and she learned how to sing and dance at a very early age. Her nature was easy going and she had a lot of friends. She had the knack of making even the moodiest person laugh. She was always voted as the happiest and most popular. Her parents thought because she was so easy going, that she was not ambitious, and would be a wonderful daughter companion in their aging years. Joy did have ambition. She did have plans of her own. She wanted to become a "serious" artist, which meant to her that she wanted to create images that revealed happiness. She had heard about ecstatic dance and wanted to dance the dance of happiness as well. She thought that the best place to learn was in India. Her parents were shocked that she wanted to leave their happy home to travel and study in India. They didn't see it coming. They tried to scare her off with warnings about terrible diseases and the poverty there. Joy didn't listen to any of that. She had been watching videos of Indian dance and art on the internet for a while. She also loved the paintings of the Gods and Goddesses, particularly the Goddess Lakshmi, and she felt

very drawn to drawing her. Her parents relaxed all their concerns and gave up sabotaging what she wanted, and she wanted to go and study art in India. “You know, if you don’t like it, you can always come back home.” Yes, she knew she could always go back home and that was the true reason she was going to India. Her usual happy self felt even happier when she boarded the plane to India.

The Goddess sisters, having made the great sacrifice of incarnating here as Earth women, would make their way to India, to begin their journey of gathering their power to remember who they are and what it is they must do.

Premo waited for them. While she waited, she served Mataji and helped in her work by taking on any work that needed to be done in the ashram. Some days she cleaned vegetables, some days she tended to the vegetable and flower gardens. She struggled to fit in and get along. Mataji encouraged her to be herself and stay true to her purpose and promise to Mother Gaia. “They’ll be here when they are ready.” Whenever Premo got restless, she ran, and learned how to manage her lift offs. She was an oddity at the ashram, a western woman who had “certain” powers, and was close to Mataji. She didn’t like it when people revered her, it made her uncomfortable, because she thought she was anything but special. She knew she was full of flaws. She could be lazy at times, and was often unaware of how to care for others. Mataji gave her the service of working in the day care. The two-year-olds particularly gave her a hard time, always stomping their feet and yelling, “No! No! No!” There was a young girl named Carly who was particularly hard to get along with and Mataji advised her on how to serve Carly, how to include her so Carly could learn to be cooperative. So Premo learned how to serve others and some of her rough edges smoothed out. In this smoothing process, her own hurt, defiant ego healed and she became kinder and her other latent good qualities began to surface. She had a way of using humor to teach others. Her intuitive nature grew stronger and she learned to trust her impulses more and her own way of knowing things. At times, her intuition told her that her sisters were here and that they were coming to her. She knew it would take the time it needed and she accepted that happily. She could feel them. They were growing in life experience. They would choose to come to her “at the right time”. After many years, Mataji initiated Premo in the art of higher meditation. She learned how to travel to higher realms with Mataji, and on her own. She had many deep meditations that showed her that who she thought she was, a separate one, an ego, was not the truth of who she is, or who anyone is for that matter. Her intuition grew stronger as her meditations went deeper. She became perfect and knew happiness as contentment, as satisfaction. Her ego-self dissolved and she understood herself to Be—as She Is. Mataji recognized her awakening and bestowed her with a true name.

She was called Santosha, the source of contentment, of satisfaction. And as Santosha she still waited for her Goddess sisters to come. She understood that Mother Gaia’s request to “Free the Women” was the work she and her sisters came to do. They would usher in another era, a new story would be emerging. The time was getting close at hand. She and Mataji often talked about the signs that were occurring. She could see that Mataji’s health was getting frail. She could barely walk any more. Still, her love and blessing of others did not diminish, it only magnified and grew brighter. When her time was close, Mataji told her how deep her love was for her, and that she and Babdad knew her as their spiritual daughter. “He is here.” She pointed to her heart. “He is with us,” and she smiled a sweet smile as she breathed her last.

The night they put Sri Mataji's body into the temple of her final resting place, Santosha dreamt that Mataji appeared in her luminous form and her heart husband was with her. The God of all knowing gazed deeply into her eyes, into her heart, and she could feel him say to her, "Do you know who you are?"

"Yes," she answered, "I am Source Being."

"Did you know that you came here also as a Goddess, the fifth Goddess, that you descended here to do your great work with your great sisters?"

Santosha put her hands together and bowed to the Mother and Father of all knowing.

"Your sisters will be with you soon. Serve them to understanding, to true knowledge. Do the great work that all of you came to do." Babdad added, "We are serving this work as well."

True was the first sister to make her way to the ashram. She had in her suitcase a few changes of clothes and Sri Mataji's biography and teaching books. She was tired of information, tired of repeating back and learning knowledge for the sake of grades. The truth she learned in school did not free her. She was looking for the knowledge that would free her from the ache in her heart—to know herself as she is. She had heard that the truth would set her free. She wanted to meet herself as Freedom. She signed in and found her accommodation, a small room with a cot and a chair and a small table. She was weary from the long travel and also eager to sit with Sri Mataji and have her darshan. She did not know that the great mother had dropped her body six months ago. She slept deeply and arose just in time for the 7 o'clock darshan at the meditation hall. She heard the singing of mantras. It eased her mind even though she did not understand the language. The room was already filled up and she sat against the back wall. When the singing ended, a woman made her way to the front of the room and sat down. True edged forward to try to see Mataji. She felt this to be the most important moment in her life. Who she saw was someone unexpected but so familiar and true. Who is this woman? This is not Mataji.

Santosha closed her eyes and everyone sat with her in the silence of the heart. True's heart was beating fast. She tried to relax but felt very disoriented until she heard Santosha speak to her from within. "Hello sister, you are finally here! I am so happy to meet you as you are now. There is so much to remember."

True opened her eyes and saw Santosha gazing at her. What was she supposed to remember? She gazed back into Santosha's eyes and her heart recognized her, but her mind could not understand how that could be. I know her, how can that be? I have never seen her before.

Santosha wanted to run to True's side and give her a big sisterly hug. The recognition would come in stages, she knew that. How can she tell her she is the Goddess of Truth? When would be the right time? She laughed and thought to herself, the right time will come, this is only the beginning of the remembering.

A few months later, Amara came to the ashram to volunteer, to do any service that might be needed. She had been traveling for a long while. She had enjoyed Europe and had volunteered at day cares, hospitals, and nursing homes. When she reached India, she had a feeling that she would

find the place for her to be and serve. Her heart was drawn to Sri Mataji's ashram. She had made her inquiries as to how she could serve and learned that Mataji had dropped her body, but Sri Santosha Ma was present as Mataji's successor. "There is always a lot to do here," she was told. "Come sit in darshan tonight and tomorrow we will give you a service."

She arrived early and sat in the front. An English woman was sitting in the front and they smiled at each other. She looked at the picture of Mataji decorated with flowers. Her heart felt happy. When Sri Santosha Ma came into the room and sat down, Amara was surprised that she was a western woman in an eastern ashram. Everyone closed their eyes as Santosha sat. The meditation began and Amara could not take her eyes off of Santosha. She felt her heart burst open. I love her already, was all she could think. Santosha opened her eyes and smiled. Here she is, the Goddess of Love is sitting here right before me, and she is sitting next to her sister, the Goddess of Truth! They are arriving at last, thought Santosha. How much longer? When will all the Goddess sisters arrive and be reunited and remember the call?

Within a month, the Goddess of Freedom (now called Hurra) arrived at the ashram. Her journey there had been a wild ride, full of hardship and danger. She was accosted by people with bad designs. She always managed to escape from them, to get free. She was not a naïve, cloistered young girl anymore. She knew how to make her stand, to find her way. She had learned and earned her freedom. She thought she would stay at the ashram for a short time to recoup and travel on. She heard that there were good people there, that she could earn a rest there by doing some service, then she could move on. She settled in to helping in the kitchen and met another woman about her age. Her name was Amara. They hit it off right away, like they had always known each other. Amara soothed her restless spirit and for the first time in a very long time, she was contented to stay awhile.

"What do you think of Sri Santosha Ma?" asked Amara.

Hurra didn't want to hurt Amara, she could see that she had strong devotional feelings for Santosha that made her feel uncomfortable. "She seems nice," answered Hurra.

"Nice!" answered Amara, "She is wild fire!"

"What do you mean?"

"I've been here for a little bit of time. Her love is big, like a wildfire that burns everything in its path. It's burning away what I thought I knew and replacing it ..."

"With what?" asked Hurra.

"It's hard to describe. She is uncovering a deeper truth or knowing that I have about myself."

Hurra grew frustrated with Amara. What was she talking about? To her Santosha appeared to be congenial.

True came into the kitchen. "I know what you mean, Amara, I feel I too am on the verge of remembering something about myself—that Santosha is instructing me to understand."

"Yes," answered Amara. "True, this is Hurra."

True nodded her hello. "Have we met before?" she asked.

Hurra shook her head no. She felt uncomfortable and wanted to leave, but Amara grabbed her hand and held it like it was the most natural thing to do. Hurra relaxed a bit. She was intimidated by True, she was an obviously well bred, educated woman and she was only a girl who ran away from home.

"What led you here?" True asked of Hurra.

Amara was still holding her hand and she was still enjoying it. "I left, I felt confined and my life was already picked out for me at 16. Who I was going to marry, where I was going to live, which was only a block away from where I grew up."

Amara spoke up, "I guess we have all felt confined by the life we grew up in and we somehow ended up here." She pointed to True, "You in search of the true knowledge. Myself in search of how to love, to give, and Hurra..."

Hurra spoke up, "I am in search of freedom. I want to be free."

True thought about it, "Yes, it's like we were called here to learn and find out about ourselves. Me through knowledge of truth," she pointed at Amara, "You want to know yourself as love by learning to love, and Hurra, do you know the saying that the truth will set you free?"

Hurra shook her head no. "Do you mean that my impulse, my running away, my need to be free is my search to know freedom?"

The three sisters looked at each other. Another layer of self-deception and self-forgetting was falling away. Hurra did something she hadn't done much in this life thus far: she laughed and squeezed Amara's hand tight.

True intuited, "Somehow we have all gotten bound to find out who we truly are! How bizarre!" she added. All three sisters felt it was no coincidence that they all ended here at Santosha's door. One more sister would come and find out it was no coincidence at all. The Goddess of Happiness, Joy, would arrive soon and the Goddess sisters would know that they all landed at the right place at the right time, but for what purpose?

Joy really enjoyed India. She attended dance classes and painting classes. To dance and paint every day gave her such happiness that she was often ecstatic. Some of the students wanted to come to class just to experience her happiness. Some of the students began to paint her. Joy also studied and created beautiful images of the Indian Goddesses such as Durga, Saraswati, and Kali. Her favorite Goddess to paint was the Goddess Lakshmi. She learned her mantra and danced in her footsteps. It was enthralling to watch her. When summer vacation came and classes were suspended until fall, she decided to go north to visit a certain ashram. Her arrival at Sri Mataji's ashram was not an ordinary day. She felt the Mother-Goddess Lakshmi holding her hand and bringing her through the gates. Immediately she saw a woman sitting with her women devotees underneath a banyan tree, and immediately she recognized the Guru figure. Immediately the veil of self forgetting was lifted. Before her was her sister Premo and sitting with Premo was her Goddess sisters Freedom, Truth, and Love. She was a bit dazed by her recollection. The Mother Goddess appeared before her and she knew her too as her own mother, Most Attractive.

Most Attractive spoke, “Yes, all your sisters are here. Your sisters, Truth, Freedom, and Love have not fully remembered who they are. Premo, who is Source Being now, is aiding them. Go to them, my dear daughter.”

Joy, the Goddess of Happiness, went and sat quietly in the circle. All her sisters’ eyes were closed as they sat in meditation with their guru Sri Santosha Ma. She wanted to embrace all her sisters, but she remained in the meditation posture. She felt Sri Santosha Ma talk to her inwardly, “Hello, my dear sister, you have arrived.” Santosha was surprised when Joy, the Goddess of Happiness, responded with, “Yes, Premo, and we are all here—together at last.”

Santosha opened her eyes and smiled a very big, delighted smile. She then spoke to the Goddess of Happiness inwardly once again. “You know who you are, you have remembered.”

The Goddess of Happiness nodded her head yes. “Didn’t we all come here, descend to do the work we are meant to do? Shouldn’t we begin?”

True, Hurra, and Amara opened their eyes and turned to look at the woman who had entered the circle. Slowly, each one looked, stared, and struggled with their recognition. Then in sync, all three called out, “It Hap—It’s Happiness!” They looked at each other and called out their names to each other—Truth! Love! Freedom! Happiness!

Sri Santosha Ma, the fifth sister, clapped her hands. All were recognized and knew who they were. All came to their power and their heart recognition. The Goddess sisters could see that their fifth sister Premo was different now, that she was not just a struggling earth girl. She had fully heart-recognized herself as Source Being. They folded their hands to her and she grabbed all her sisters and enfolded them into one big hug.

The work would now begin.

Maya also walked through the gates of Sri Mataji’s ashram. To everyone there, she looked like an aging overweight woman, not the Goddess of Desire. She too settled into the life at the ashram, working in the kitchen during the day. She did not attend Sri Santosha Ma’s satsangs in the evenings. She felt she could learn more and appraise the situation better by hearing the gossip as devotees worked in the kitchen. Anyway, she liked being in the kitchen around the food, the smells and the spices. She had learned that Sri Mataji had dropped her body. She had longed to know her as she was her sister. She only had Most Attractive’s version of the story. Everyone has their version of their story. Where did the truth lie? She had learned that understanding anyone could only be learned through sympathy with them, to be able to make the gesture of sympathetic hearing. She had also seen that Sri Mataji’s successor, a western woman with the title Sri Santosha Ma, was well liked and revered. She knew why she was there, a plan that she was part of was in motion. She was waiting for all the parts to show up and be put into play.

On the fourth day in the ashram kitchen, as she was cutting cauliflower, four young women came into the kitchen. They were quite animated, chatting with each other like they were close friends who were catching up with each other after a long absence. As she watched them, she felt Babdad’s presence pointing them out to her. Yes, yes, it was their daughters, she could recognize them in any form. How beautiful they are, she thought. She could see that they had come into their remembrance, knew who they were. She did not want them to recognize her at this time. When the

Goddess of Love, Amara, turned and looked at her, she looked down at the cauliflower and resumed her chopping. She could not introduce herself to them at this time. There was someone else she had to meet first.

In the evening as Maya laid down to rest on her uncomfortable cot, she saw a glow come from the window, and a luminous being descended into the room. It was herself, her other aspect that had remained in the higher worlds. “Well, well, my very self, my other aspect has come here into the room.”

Most Attractive faced her. “Hello my other self. I’ve come to understand that we need each other, that attraction and desire are both part of the attracting force. I was uncaring and naïve to leave you here to suffer desire without the force of true attraction. You suffered much—how desire is used in this realm.”

“Yes, desire has been used to blame and to justify the worst, the most selfish motives of mankind—that desire is out of control attraction.”

Most Attractive paused and nodded, “Now we are here together. Let us use what we are and what we can give to the benefit of all here.”

Maya agreed, “It is time for the great change. Our daughters are here to bring it about. We are not really two aspects, higher and lower. I have been wrongly perceived to be the deluding force. Our true nature and true quality is the attracting force, the Divine Force of Unification.

The two aspects of the attracting force merged in understanding. Maya and Most Attractive knew their Self as the attracting creative force at play, as the energy of all that is.

Sri Santosha Ma felt the waves of energy, of attracting force. She felt it animating her and everything. Mother has come to herself, she thought. The last act was about to begin. It would not be a great war of men fighting for their righteous hold on the world, to rule and dictate their self-interests.

It began with Maya, with the Most Attracting force. She, complete as herself, set her energy force to direct desire to the impulse to know freedom. The Goddess of Freedom was called first. She took to her task well. Strong with the help of the great attracting force, she called to the women of the world. Together with the force of attraction, she created a desire, a most ardent need for women to know their freedom, to be out of the cage of the men’s culture of selfish self-interest. The Goddess of Truth was called second. With the need for freedom, the Goddess of Truth showed the women (and men) the sad history of the patriarchy, the suffering that women in particular had incurred as a result of man’s rule, of his lower nature, his selfish arrogant ways. Women yearned to be free, not bound by the cage of the patriarchy. Women understood that their imprisonment in the cage was never given by their permission, and they understood they could be free. The third Goddess, the Goddess of Love, came forward and through great attraction force, showed the people of Earth how love could change everything, how love gave and served the needs of each, how love enlivened the heart and play of life and relationship. The fourth Goddess, the Goddess of Happiness, with the force of true attraction, revealed in the hearts of humankind the joy that is inherent in everyone, the joy that all can live and know when they understand the Truth that they are Free. The four Goddesses radiated with the great force of attraction within the hearts of all and



magnified what every heart inherently knew. The fifth Goddess, now Source Being, Sri Santosha Ma, opened the door of the cage, and all the women of the world flew out, free at last.

The Goddess of Happiness saw the one bird, still in the cage, preening his wings, bewildered and frightened that all had abandoned the cage. She laughed and said, “Surely even you want to be happy,” and he looked at her amazed that a Goddess was talking to him, because he thought he really knew that Goddesses don’t exist. He sat on his perch, unreasonably afraid of what his heart wants and needs to do. Mother Gaia laughed and shook the world and his non-existent cage, comprised of only a perch, swayed and tossed him into the world and he flew! He flew into a world where women enjoyed and lived their great attracting force with great creative ingenuity. A world where all prospered and knew the Goddess of Truth, the Goddess of Freedom, the Goddess of Love, the Goddess of Happiness. A world where children felt love, felt happiness, could be free, and the truth mattered. A world where all the children knew the Goddesses.

Babdad was most satisfied that his work was completed. He always knew Premo was his girl, the one who would open the cage door for all. She was the fifth sister, the one who came first to complete the work that he and the Goddesses and the Most Attractive One came to serve. She was his Santosha. He was ready to take a long holiday and spend some time with his family, all his daughters and his Most Attractive One. He couldn’t wait to enjoy her kisses any longer.