

The Goddess of Happiness

A Story for Girls by Santosha Tantra

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 that 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 who 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 came to look for the four Goddesses and when she found them how she changed the world for all of us.

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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.

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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?

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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 their 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.



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?



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 Babdad many years ago. She didn't know him by the name Babdad; 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 a 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 he 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 lay 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 sister 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 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 know 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.