

## Jyothi's Séance

After Nitya's death in May of 1999, his longtime assistant Jyothi was inconsolable. She cried the blues from morning till night, year after year. Her fitful efforts to spark some new interests always sputtered and failed. She moved back to her parents' home, and took occasional trips to visit friends, but nothing seemed to lift her spirits for more than a few hours.

Being a single woman in India is tough enough, but being seriously depressed is even worse.

After a half dozen years or so of this, she spent a few weeks visiting her friends in Singapore. As she was reluctantly preparing to return home, her heart heavy, a messenger arrived at the door.

"My master is asking for someone named Jyothi, staying in this house," he said. "She should come right away."

Jyothi's friends were baffled. They knew the man who had sent the message slightly. He was Chinese, supposed to be a medium, and lived not too far away. They had basically had no contact with him, but he had a good reputation, so they sent Jyothi back to his house with the messenger. She herself was a little bit puzzled, but not especially suspicious.

When she went in, she was amazed to see that the man's whole body language looked exactly like Nitya. He was sitting just as Nitya used to sit, and he greeted her with a secret affectionate name that only Nitya knew. He asked her to sit near him.

"I am sorry I had to send you away," he told her. "I needed to be alone when I died." Part of Jyothi's sadness was that when Nitya knew he was going to die, he sent her on a false errand to town to get her away. He didn't want her around, distracting him from his final samadhi. She is very emotional and talkative, as well as worshipful. And they had a very loving relationship. It would have been very hard for both of them if she had been present. But she had always felt betrayed by missing the final moment.

"You have been very sad that I am gone," he said. She nodded. He went on. "I have not gone anywhere. I am now

everywhere. You should not be sad.” Jyothi looked at him in amazement. She couldn’t believe her eyes and ears. This guy even sounded like Nitya! He knew nothing about her or the Gurukula, and had never heard of Nitya, that was certain. But he *was* Nitya, in every detail.

“What is the matter with you? You should not be upset. I am everywhere. I am always with you. There is no end to life. Instead of mourning me, you should celebrate, celebrate, celebrate!” This last was said with great joy and strong emphasis. Jyothi promised she would mend her ways, and stumbled out in a daze. When she told us about it some months later, she would still light up from within, in great relief and joy. She took a firm vow to change her attitude, and ever after felt the certainty of Nitya’s presence always with her.

—as told to Scott Teitsworth