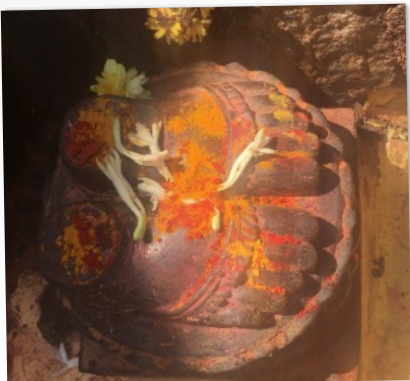




# INDIA NO. 4



Monday, February 18, 2019 . . . Reflections on asana



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## Reflections, continued . . .

Somehow I thought practicing in Mysore would be different, that my asana practice would be transformed here, that my consciousness would be elevated and I would gain some mysterious knowledge which had before been elusive. And yet, my body is the same. My struggles are the same. My consciousness is more or less the same. My practice...also the same.

What I have experienced however, is profound gratitude for the strong foundation that my practice stands upon. I have experienced many new awarenesses about yoga and practice and ultimately knowing I am right where I am supposed to be, as are all of us. It is no accident that I walked into my first yoga class in 1992 and my first Ashtanga Yoga class in 1995. All of these years of practice prepared me for this deep understanding of now. The understanding that my connection to the universe, to the Self, to the divine, is what keeps the light inside of me lit no matter where I go or what happens in life. Quieting the chatter through yoga is what gets us closer to that inner divine knowing, and in turn to our truth.

Since I've been here in Mysore, the teachings keep converging into the same message, that asana is *one* part of yoga and that Yoga is a way of life, that is so much more than what happens on the yoga mat. I knew that of course, and teach that philosophy weekly. But here in India it is woven into the fabric of thinking and being. It is not

something yogis have to remember. Instead it is something that is never forgotten.

I am trying to integrate a deeper level of *knowing* this, as I do my asana practice and feel the long line of importance that it has in my life. It is only part. It is only one limb. And, as I've said before, it is the doorway most of us walk through first. For many of us, this asana part has been a lifeline many times throughout life. The movement with breath, in the Ashtanga Vinyasa yoga system, has steadied me, when life has exploded with heartache and loss as well as joy and love. The grit of sweat and the miraculous grace through my fears, has unequivocally changed my life.

It is with steadfast experience in both abhyasa (practice) and vairagya (sacrifice) that ones yoga practice becomes sustainable and the chatter and churning quiet. Consistent practice, firmly grounded, without interruption, for a L O N G time, creates a practice that will last a lifetime.

Ultimately, I honor this body that holds the soul and mind and divine consciousness and take the best care of it that I can, with the food I eat, the decisions I make, the actions I take AND the way I practice. Since we have walked through the door, it is time to fully explore the rest of the house.

Om Shanti