

religious vocation, took his family name and went to University of Iowa where he earned his Ph. D. and became one of the pioneers in Electro-encephalogram research.

One of the compensations for being an only child is that one may adopt a family by choice, not by the accident of being bound to a family through birth. By harmonious mental and emotional qualities we draw certain people to us in lasting ties.

Even before I had come to think of Dhirananda as my brother, I had accepted Tara as my sister. I first saw her at the Vedanta Center on West Adams where Sister Daya was celebrating the Durga Puja, (a celebration which is a combination of our 4th of July, Thanksgiving, Christmas and Mother's Day all in one). There were Indian foods, fragrant with spices and since the Great Mother was being honored, Sister Daya had little gifts for all of us who came. There were a number of Indians there and a lovely girl about my own age who was wearing a royal blue sari, sprinkled with silver stars in the weaving. Her clear complexion, full sensitive mouth, and eyes, which were the same blue as the sari, made a living picture just to watch. When the sari slipped from her dark chestnut hair and firelight touched it as she turned I thought she was one of the most beautiful girls I had ever seen. She had taken the Indian name of Tara. Later I found she had been born in Colorado as I had been, and had followed much the same path in her search for a satisfying religious concept.

It isn't possible to describe friendships and how they form. It is more like accepting something already existing. Tara had seemed to have been my sister always. We studied together. We attended lectures together and when it was time for me to take my Krya initiation from Dhirananda, Tara was there.

Later, they were married in our home in Denver and they have remained a part of my family over the years. (Our philosophical and religious views may not always have been in full agreement but we have always loved one another.)

Yogananda's name is known around the world for his *Autobiography of a Yoga*. Dr. Basu Kumar Bagchi, (formerly Dhirananda, ) Professor Emeritus at University of Michigan, is perhaps as well known in the field of brain wave research. One afternoon, after he had retired, he and Tara took me to the little basement room which he had used for his first laboratory, a windowless, dismal backroom in which he was relegated to prove his theories about diagnostic and therapeutic benefits — at that time 35 years before, a doubtful and controversial field.

Then we walked out and through the entire wing of a new building which had been constructed to house the life-time work he had started. Outside I stopped to view it, thrilled at what satisfaction this must bring him.

“Kumar — look what you have accomplished! You set out to prove certain ancient Eastern concepts scientifically and now Yoga and Eastern philosophies are so interlaced in our culture that we accept them as having long been with us. Think what part you had in what has happened.”

Typical of the seeking, probing, never-satisfied mind, Kumar shrugged, “I don't know whether my little contribution has done anything really. There is still so much to know, to discover, to prove —”

Knowing him has enriched my life in so many ways. I wonder what my life might have been if I had not paused at that transfer point that day? Would I have become a disciple of Yogananda's? There are no accidents. The path of Devotion would not have held me for long, probably. I had to know — first. Then, in the “fullness of time, ” I could become a true devotee to the Lord, the Beloved, but it is doubtful that I could ever have surrendered in obedience to any human, no matter how godly he may have appeared.