



# The River Learns Its Name



DAAJI



Message on the occasion of the  
127th Birth Anniversary of

**PUJYA SHRI BABUJI MAHARAJ**

May 4,5 and 6, 2026, at Yogashram Shahjahanpur



# The River Learns Its Name

## How the Energy of Fear Becomes the Ground of Trust

Dear friends,

Some years ago, a young woman came to me after a morning meditation sitting. She had been practicing sincerely for several years, and the changes in her were visible to everyone around her. There was a softening, a deepening, and a quiet that was an expression of presence rather than passivity. Yet her face that morning carried a particular confusion, the kind that comes from standing at the edge of something she did not yet have words for.

She said, “Daaji, something strange happened in meditation today. My fear was there. I recognized the familiar tightening, but this time, instead of fighting it or trying to clean it away, I just watched it. And as I watched, I noticed that the fear felt like longing. It was like the same thing wearing a different face. Is that possible? Am I imagining it?”

She was not imagining it. She had discovered in one quiet sitting what the ancient sages spent lifetimes articulating. She had found the secret that fear guards most jealously: it does not come from outside the soul but from the soul’s own energy, turned in the wrong direction.

In the series of messages from the Basant Bhandara during January and February, we were asking a single question: What prevents a seeker from living the life that awaits? And we walked through seven shadows: desire's division, purpose's sleeping, doubt's corrosion, pride's invisible ceiling, envy's borrowed wound, prejudice's colored glass, and finally fear, which was hiding inside all the others, not as a seventh poison but as the first, wearing every costume in the wardrobe. Then, we ended at an open door.

Before we cross the threshold into what grows, it is worth pausing here to understand what the young woman actually found. What she glimpsed holds the key that connects everything we identified as obstacles in the previous messages with everything we are about to cultivate. And the capacity she discovered is not new. It has been there all along, waiting to be recognized for what it truly is.



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## The Word the Soul Already Knows

In Sanskrit, the word that names this capacity is *shraddha*. It is usually translated simply as "faith," but it is worth exploring the deeper meaning. The word comes from the combination of two roots. The first, *shrad*, is the heart's inner seat of recognition, the place in us that knows something as

real before the mind has finished deliberating. The second, *dha*, means to place, to establish firmly. Together they give us something that the ordinary understanding of “faith” does not reach: to place the heart somewhere, to establish ourselves in what is real.

We do not choose shraddha the way we choose an opinion. Rather, it arises the way a compass needle finds north; not by argument but by recognition. It is not a belief we hold, but the ground upon which we stand.

## Fear Is Not the Opposite of Trust

Let’s return to the young woman’s question, because she had found something genuinely important. She had noticed that fear and longing felt like the same thing wearing different faces. She was right, not metaphorically but structurally.

How does fear operate? It arises when the mind treats a threat as real and inevitable, below the threshold of conscious thought. The body tightens and decisions are shaped by the imagined catastrophe. Energy flows toward avoiding, protecting, and defending. Now, this is similar to the structure



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of shraddha, which has the same capacity for deep inner conviction, and the same ability to make something feel real before it has been proven. The only difference is the direction. In shraddha, the heart places itself toward truth, while in fear, the heart places itself toward threat.

Rightly understood, fear is not the enemy of shraddha, it is shraddha in exile. It is the soul's capacity for conviction, turned backward, pointing toward contraction instead of expansion. This is why every genuine spiritual tradition treats fearlessness not as the suppression of an inner enemy, but as a homecoming. It is the return of an energy that was always ours, finding its rightful direction at last.

The *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad* offers a clue that fits here like a key in a lock: “*Dvitiyād vai bhayam bhavati*,” meaning, “Fear arises from a second entity.” The second entity here refers to duality, the experience of being separate from the Source. So, fear arises from the experience of being



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separate. When the soul forgets its connection to the Source, it begins to protect the small, isolated self. That protection is understandable, deeply human, and it is precisely what keeps the soul from finding its way home. It is like a fortress that in keeping out the wind also keeps out the light.

Babuji spoke of this with the tenderness of a parent who knows that a child has simply lost their way home. The fear you have been carrying is not a flaw in your character, it is the soul's response to distance from its source. It is homesickness wearing the mask of anxiety. And the cure for homesickness is not argument but the experience of arriving.



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## Where the Heart Rests, Life Flows

The *Bhagavad Gita* captures this with a precision that remains astonishing even after centuries of reflection. In the seventeenth chapter, Krishna says, “*Yo yac-chraddha sa eva sah*,” meaning, “Whatever a person's shraddha rests upon, that they become.” I invite you to read those words slowly. They are not speaking about what you believe; they are speaking about where your heart is placed, and what your innermost being trusts. And the claim is radical: what the heart trusts at its deepest level shapes not just the direction of life but the very substance of the soul.

This is both sobering and liberating. It is sobering because it means that the life we are living is the expression of what we have trusted most deeply: not what we say we believe, but what the heart has quietly and persistently placed its weight upon. And if shraddha has been resting in fear, life will be shaped around protection and avoidance. It is liberating because it means the change required is not the exhausting work of

rewriting every action and every thought. It is the more fundamental shift of asking, “Where is my heart resting? And is that the direction I truly choose?”

When shraddha shifts, so that the heart places its weight toward truth rather than toward threat, everything that follows shifts with it. It does not happen all at once, and not without effort, but it happens naturally, the way a river does not need to be persuaded to keep flowing once it finds the sea.

## The River and Its Name

Do you remember *The Divided Heart*, the message from February 2, 2026? We complete it here by discovering that even the dividing force, fear, was never a foreign intruder, it was the river flowing the wrong way. And a river can learn its name.

Our young woman didn’t learn something new, she remembered something old. The capacity she discovered had been there all along, but it was expressed as fear for most of her life. Now, it was beginning to find its true direction, quietly and irreversibly. All that was needed was what she did: to sit still long enough for the river to learn its name.

Shraddha is not something to be generated by effort. In the deepest sense, it is the memory of the soul. Something within every one of us already knows the direction home. The longing we feel, the stirring that comes in the early morning, in the quiet after meditation, and in the inexplicable dissatisfaction with a life that looks complete from the outside, is the soul remembering. It is shraddha in its earliest form, not yet fully grown, but unmistakably alive.



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What it grows into, and what determines whether two people sitting side by side in the same meditation hall, receiving the same Transmission in the same silence, can emerge from that sitting as differently as a potato and an egg cooked in the same pot of boiling water, is the question we will turn to in the next message.

With love and prayers,

*Kamlesh*



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