



*Everyday  
Excellence*

*The Art of Success*

Sadhana Singh

**The relationship of Sadhana Singh with the Teachings** is reflected in two relevant meetings with Yogi Bhajan, as described in the book “Everyday Excellence: The Art of Success“ written by Sadhana Singh.

*"Being at the feet of the Master is like being naked in front of your own conscious. His presence is a mirror that accurately reflects the distance between you and who you could be and that clearly shows you how you resist being yourself. As I listed all my difficulties, challenges, frictions in relationships, and complications at work, my discomfort grew more and more, because I became increasingly aware that my speech was ill founded. By stating my grievances out loud, I could obtain anyone's sympathy and condolences—even my own—but not his.*

*Until then, everyone I'd chosen to speak to had a precise weakness in their psyche that was receptive to my frequency, and they would always endorse my arguments and behavior in order to justify their own. After all, a trouble shared is a trouble halved. Until then, I had always “won,” but this time I had trapped myself. To awake from the dream, I had chosen the Master as my audience. A Master highlights all of your nonsense and brings you back to reality."*

...five years later...

*“I had no choice but to return again, a recidivist, to the presence of my Master, to let him slam the truth in my face, to hear him say what I already knew, and mostly, to ask him for a little love, something I felt I was missing because I thought it could only be found on the outside. And, judging by my ego's hunger, I would never have enough love to satiate me... I spent a month in the United States and attended all of Yogi Bhajan's workshops. However, my every attempt to meet him in person, whether upon his arrival, during breaks, or before he left the venue, gave no result... One day in October, my partner told me I had received a letter. I realized that my heart had felt like it had been in the trenches, waiting for a letter from his beloved, a thousand miles away. I asked if it was from Yogi Bhajan. She nodded... My heart felt full, but I was contained as I sat down to read. After the first three words, “I love you,” I could not contain myself anymore, and along with the joy, I released all I had held inside me—the physical pain, the stress of the last years spent in doubt, my father’s death four months earlier. My Master had waited for the exact moment when I was out of the crisis, the moment when I could find in myself the ability to transcend and make the decision to move forward. It would have been much easier for him to provoke me during my crisis, rather than handling me by letting me go.”*