

# The Spirit of Giving Back ...

In the spring of 2008 a poor family migrated to the city of Varanasi looking for a job. Not knowing anyone in the city and not having any resources they found shelter in a make shift colony of other migrant workers living under tarps that was like this.



One winter day at Bal Ashram, a few of us were just sitting having tea when three people entered the Ashram carrying

two babies. The parents of these children had died recently leaving no one behind to take care of them.



We had no choice but to take the babies. The older one was two and half year old and her baby brother was most likely a year younger than her.





The boy was named **Indra, the king of gods**, as he entered the family of Bal Ashram and soon became part of the family.



A neighbor, who was also a migrant worker but had settled with her family in the neighborhood of the Ashram played the role of the mother for them for a short while until they were old enough to be assimilated into the life of the Ashram with other children.

The sister was named  
Vidya, meaning  
knowledge.



Over the years, both children grew healthy and strong and thrived in the Ashram...





Ten years later from the time of their arrival at the Bal Ashram, one winter morning when the temperature had dropped and the Bal Ashram team was bringing warm food, clothing and blankets to a nearby encampment of migrant workers.





Indra was eager to join the team.





Every night Indra helps to bring firewood to the encampment, so that those living there could light a fire to warm themselves in the cold of the night.



Through the love and generosity of Bal Ashram supporters, Indra has grown into a compassionate and kindhearted person. In such a short time, he has grown from being an infant who was in need to being a boy who is eager to help others.



Please know that you were a part of this. It warms my heart to see how the lives of the children of Bal Ashram have been transformed. It would not have been possible without the love and trust of friends of the Ashram over the years.



*I send you my warmest wishes and prayers for your continued good health, wellbeing and a meaningful life ahead.*

*Babaji*