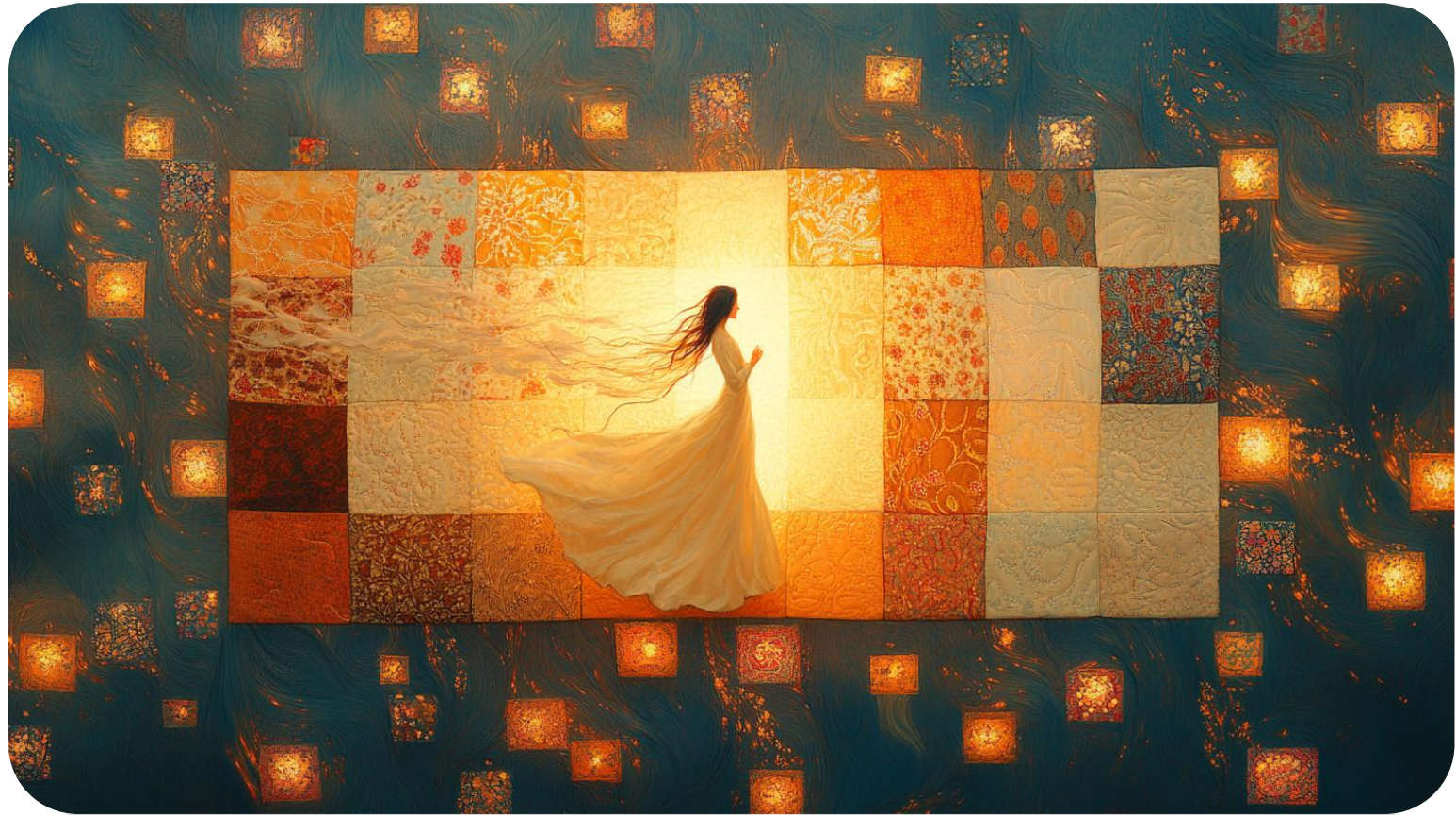


THE QUILT OF BECOMING: A TAPESTRY OF DHARMA AND TRANSFORMATION



Paper towards Associate Directorship

Submitted to Psychodrama in India (PiI) by Surbhi Tiwari

Acknowledgement

To acknowledge the multitude of hands and hearts that have guided me on this journey is to hold within my palms the delicate threads of a divine tapestry, woven lovingly by those who believed, who illuminated, and who gently nudged me toward myself.

To my father, Mr. Shyam Tiwari—your presence now fills the silent spaces between breaths, a boundless sky that holds me gently yet expansively. You taught me that love transcends form, time, and tangible touch; it lives forever in the spaces we allow it to inhabit. Your passing did not end our dialogue but transformed it into whispers of eternal wisdom that guide me daily.

My mother, Mrs. Radha Tiwari, whose strength is the quiet flame that burns unflickering in my heart, I bow deeply to you. Your resilience, grace, and unwavering love are the pillars upon which I lean and from which I rise.

To Vyas, whose epic wisdom offered me mirrors reflecting my innermost truths, and to Krishna—ever playful yet profound—who taught me to dance through life's complexities with grace and surrender, my eternal reverence.

Deep gratitude pours forth for my mentor, Meenakshi Kirtane—whose profound presence has been akin to a quiet river, flowing steadily, nourishing the roots of my being. Her insights and wisdom continue to ripple through my soul, shaping my understanding and refining my essence.

To my therapist, Anita, whose steady presence consistently guided me back to the path of purposeful action whenever I wandered astray—your patience and gentle encouragement have been essential anchors in my journey.

To Pil and Sue, whose workshops shone brilliantly like a lighthouse at the threshold of my voyage, your guidance was not merely instructive—it was revelatory. You opened doors within, allowing me to glimpse uncharted landscapes of my inner world, setting me firmly on the path toward growth and clarity.

To the corporate world and my managers, whose understanding, kindness, and generosity allowed me space amidst the whirlwind of corporate life—granting me precious time and support to immerse myself in workshops and personal growth. Your sensitivity and openness transformed professional boundaries into nurturing gateways of self-discovery.

Each of you has painted brushstrokes upon the canvas of my life, contributing uniquely to the masterpiece of my becoming. I carry your love, your lessons, your laughter, and your luminous wisdom forward into every unfolding moment.

With profound humility and endless gratitude,

Surbhi Tiwari

The Becoming Began When He Left

कर्मण्येवाधिकारस्ते मा फलेषु कदाचन।

मा कर्मफलहेतुर्भूर्मा ते सङ्गोऽस्त्वकर्मणि॥

**Karmanye vadhikaraste, ma phaleshu kadachana,
ma karma-phala-hetur bhur, ma te sango'stvakarmani.**

(You only have the right over your actions— Not over the outcomes they may produce. Don't let your motivation be tied only to what you might get from it.

And don't let the fear of results stop you from acting altogether)

— Bhagavad Gita¹ 2.47

My journey, like Arjun's², presented me with responsibilities, sorrow, and a literal and figurative inheritance that I was ill-equipped to handle. My father, my Krishna³, taught me to piece together the pieces of who I am, one decision at a time.

Even when he was living, his physical and spiritual presence was a silent force that shaped my steps and gently steered me in the direction of a path I had not yet recognized. This nudge, however, turned into an urgent pull and an exponential acceleration into the depths of self-discovery after he left this living world. His absence was an invocation—a silent command to take action—rather than a void.

Psychodrama surreptitiously entered my life in 2018, offering me a sacred space where I could embody and witness these roles unfold. I was able to step into, face, and integrate the many selves I had been, the ones I was becoming, and the ones I needed to let go of. It turned into the silent rehearsal for the changes that would come. I was able to reframe my story with agency, negotiate my dharma⁴, and hold my grief in its enactments. What comes next is the creation of my personal dharma⁴, a tapestry made from rebirth, loss, and the silent acceptance of what is and what will never be. The below is analysis of those roles that I met in my journey – some I resisted, some I embraced, and some I have had to let go of with grace.

¹ **Bhagavad Gita** – Often referred to simply as *the Gita*, this is a 700-verse philosophical dialogue set within the larger Indian epic, the *Mahabharata*. It takes the form of a conversation between Prince Arjuna and his charioteer Krishna, who is revealed to be the divine guide. The Gita explores profound themes of duty (*dharma*), action (*karma*), devotion, self-realization, and inner conflict—offering a timeless manual for ethical and spiritual living amidst the chaos of life. It is considered one of the most important and widely studied texts in Indian and world philosophy.

² **Arjun** – A warrior prince in the Mahabharata, symbolizing the seeker or the struggling self who must navigate duty and moral dilemma with guidance from Krishna.

³ **Krishna** – A divine figure in Hindu philosophy, often regarded as a symbol of love, wisdom, and cosmic order. In the Gita, he serves as Arjuna's guide and spiritual teacher.

⁴ **Dharma** – A Sanskrit term that means one's sacred duty or moral path in life. It refers to the right course of action that upholds cosmic order, ethics, and personal integrity.

1. The Forsaken Keeper Evolving into The Liberated Guardian:

Inheriting Anxieties, Confronting Shadows, and Embracing Enduring Love



My life was once completely tainted by the burden of fear and desertion—an ancestry that transcended language and reason and became ingrained in my very being. Like the shadow of exile hanging over Yudhishtira⁵, it was a fear of isolation so intense that it molded the very fabric of my interactions. This was The Forsaken Keeper's role cluster, in this cluster one of the old deep seated role was of **"The Overworking Sentinel"** – who bore the intolerable weight of thinking that survival required perpetual watchfulness, a never-ending, raging worry

दुःखेष्वनुद्विग्नमनाः सुखेषु विगतस्पृहः ।

वीतरागभयक्रोधः स्थितधीर्मुनिरुच्यते ॥

duḥkheṣv anudvigna-manāḥ sukheṣu vigata-spr̥haḥ,

vīta-rāga-bhaya-krodhaḥ sthita-dhīr munir ucyate

(Bhagavad Gita 2.56: "One whose mind is undisturbed by sorrow, who does not crave pleasure, and who is free from attachment, fear, and anger, is called a sage of steady mind.")

Much like this verse, this role cluster had another role **"The Abandonment fear-er"**; in this I recognized that my constant fear and worry over potential abandonment prevented me from achieving a serene, steady mind. Yet over time, I was forced to confront a truth that had long been hidden beneath layers of inherited dread—many of these anxieties were not entirely my own. They had been passed down, woven into my existence by those who came before me, their burdens silently transferred through lineage, their unspoken fears finding a home in my bones. Others were projected onto me by the people in my life, their expectations and insecurities masquerading as my own. The realization shattered something within me, but in that rupture, I also found clarity.

⁵ **Yudhishtira** – The eldest Pandava brother, known for his unwavering commitment to truth and dharma, even amidst deep moral conflict.

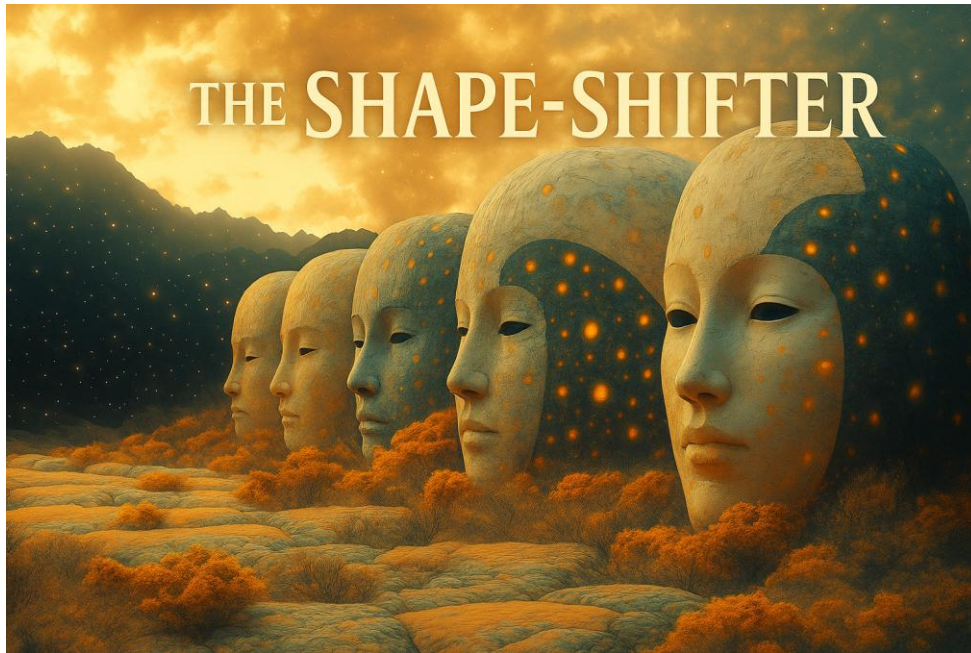
Eventually, this role of “**The Abandonment Fear-er**”; where ancestral and projected anxieties consumed me to the point where I realized I could no longer live as an overworking sentinel – A new role started emerging – **The Distancer Role** ; Distancing myself –was a necessary but painful act of self-preservation. Yet it was my father’s passing that ultimately revealed how transient these fears truly are. As I navigated the rawness of grief, I discovered that the anxieties I once saw as insurmountable began to subside in the presence of genuine love and safe human connections. Even when cherished people are no longer physically around, the warmth of their memory can outlast the illusions of fear. Slowly, another new role started emerging – I came to understand that stepping forward on my path did not mean leaving everything behind (**The Believer role**) ; rather, it meant carrying forward the bonds and truths that nurtured my becoming, no longer held hostage by inherited dread. The terror of abandonment softened into a quiet confidence that I have the inner resilience to endure changes, because true love and human connections stay deeper when I allow them to exist, rather than letting anxieties and fears drive them away.

I realized that letting go of my vigilant stance wasn’t about dismissing caution—it was about honoring the lessons I learned from it. (**The Relax-er role**) *In this moment, I felt all these new roles created a new cluster called: **The Liberated Guardian**.* I began to protect the most precious parts of my life not through fear, but through love. (**The Smart Guard Role**) I guarded the authentic connections that sustained me, despite the tides of loss. The terror of abandonment gradually gave way to a deeper trust in my own strength—an abiding sense that I can navigate change with open arms, for the people who truly care leave an imprint that transcends physical presence. Their legacy, like my father’s, guides me forward, stronger and more whole than before.



2. The Shape-Shifter Evolving into The Unbound Outsider:

Shedding Masks, Honoring Truth



Where The Forsaken Keeper clung to anxiety, **The Shape-Shifter** was born of the desire to fit in at any cost. It was an exhausting, unspoken contract with the world: *I will be who you need me to be, just do not abandon me.* Like Karna⁶, forever seeking acceptance, I tried to merge myself into the expectations of those around me.

उद्धरेदात्मनात्मानं नात्मानमवसादयेत्।

आत्मैव ह्यात्मनो बन्धुरात्मैव रिपुरात्मनः॥

Uddhared ātmanātmānaṁ nātmanam avasādayet,

ātmaiva hyātmano bandhur ātmaiva ripur ātmanah

(Bhagavad Gita 6.5: "Raise yourself, with your own hands.

Don't let your spirit be dragged down by your own thoughts or neglect.

Because—your truest ally lives within you. And sometimes, so does your fiercest opponent. You are your own companion, your own guide, your own guardian.

But you can also become your own chain, your own cage. Which one you become—That choice, too, rests in your hands.")

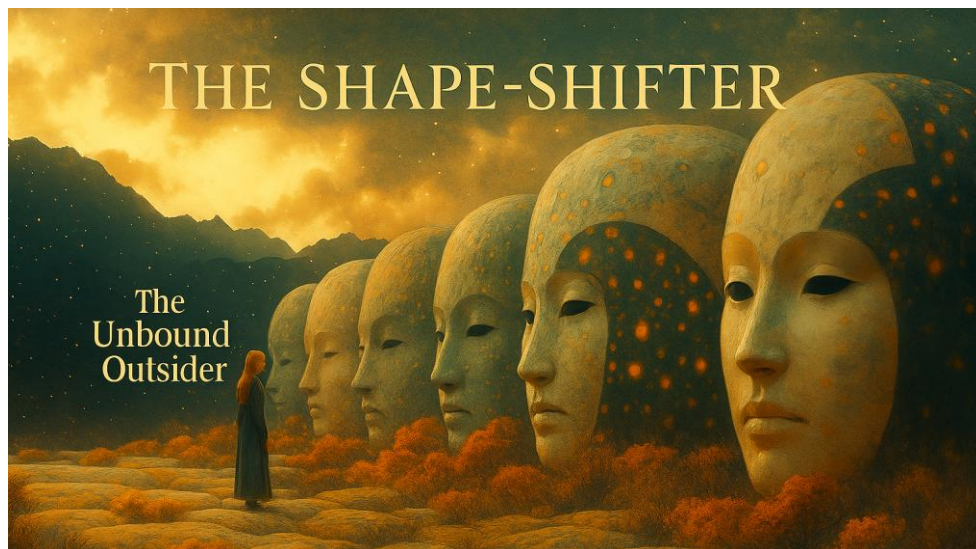
This verse reminds me that my own mind—my self-perception—can either entrap me in shape-shifting or liberate me to live honestly. The role's grip began to shatter when I made the decision to walk away from environments in which I felt compelled to conform: the relationships that demanded a version of me I no longer recognized, longstanding friendships that felt unsafe or stifling, and even certain family ties where I couldn't be fully myself. By distancing myself from people and places that

⁶ **Karna** – A tragic hero in the Mahabharata⁵, born to Kunti before her marriage and known for his loyalty, generosity, and struggle for acceptance.

perpetuated the need for constant self-contortion, I finally felt the room to breathe and rediscover my own contours.

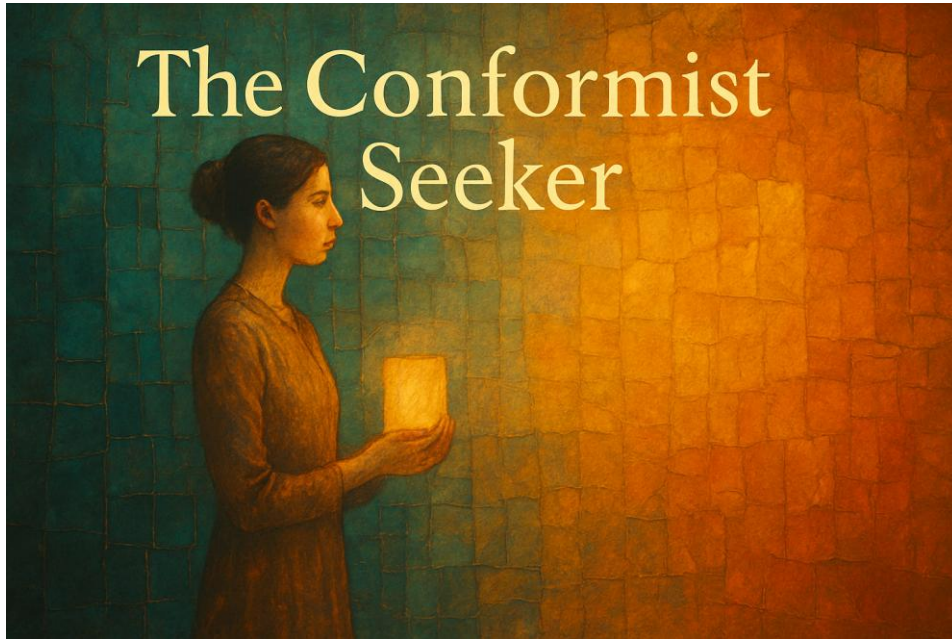
Here, my father's love and acceptance became an immense source of courage. Long before he passed, he assured me that my worth was never tied to marriage, motherhood, or any socially prescribed measure of success. His open, vocal validation showed me I could be the person I was—"different," perhaps—and still be profoundly loved. That realization offered a path out of constant masking; I began to see that my authenticity would neither repel the relationships that truly mattered nor annul my sense of belonging.

In the wake of these decisions, I recognized that my shape-shifting self could no longer thrive in the absence of external demands. Slowly but decisively, I stepped into a new role, which I've come to call **The Unbound Outsider**—someone learning to be at peace with a life that doesn't conform to society's bell curve. While this role remains a work in progress, each choice I make to honor my truth—rather than contort to others' expectations—feels like a living testament to my father's enduring gift of unconditional love.



3. The Conformist Seeker Evolving into The Serene Let-Go'er:

Redefining Companionship & Embracing Tyaag⁷



For much of my life, I worked tirelessly to fulfill the definitions handed down by society—marriage, a romantic partner, and eventually motherhood—believing these were necessary milestones for a “complete” human experience. As **The Conformist Seeker**, I pushed myself, often ignoring inner discomfort, to fit into these molds. Yet over time, and with repeated heartbreak, I realized that these external measures of success were neither universal truths nor personal necessities. The simple fact was: my soul found no peace in forcing a partnership that left me feeling fragmented.

It was my father who crystallized this insight. He once asked me outright: *“Has everyone in this world always had a marriage or a wife or a husband? Don’t some people choose differently and still live fulfilled lives?”* In his eyes, the aim of life was to enjoy and be free, and if certain paths brought constant pain, it made sense to let go of them. During my marriage and after its unraveling, his gentle questions echoed in my mind, prompting me to reconsider whether societal templates genuinely nourished my soul—or merely weighed it down with obligation. (**The Untemplater role**)

A profound moment arrived when my father lay in a coma. I told him it was okay to move on—that I would look after my mother and myself, and he needn’t worry. In that conversation, I confessed that if the universe granted me one wish, I would clone myself ten times over, each with flesh and bone, and still not have enough capacity to show him the depth of my love. My heart overflowed with the realization that love can transcend romantic or familial definitions; it can grow to dimensions we scarcely imagine. (**The Unconditional Lover role**)

⁷ **Tyaag** – Renunciation or conscious letting go. It refers to the act of releasing attachments and desires.

At first, letting go felt impossible. But I soon recognized it as an act of Tyaag⁸ (त्याग), a conscious release of attachments that no longer served my spirit. (**The Silent Surrenderer role**)

In the Bhagavad Gita¹, 2.71, we find:

विहाय कामान्यः सर्वान्पुमांश्चरति निःस्पृहः ।

निर्ममो निरहङ्कारः स शान्तिमधिगच्छति ॥

Vihāya kāmān yaḥ sarvān pumāñś carati niḥspṛhaḥ,

nirmamo nirahaṅkāraḥ sa śāntim adhigacchati.

("The one who has let go of all desires, who walks without the constant itch to get, without saying, mine, and without clinging to the I—That person finds a stillness no storm can touch. Not because they ran away from life, but because they stopped gripping it so tightly. Peace doesn't come from escape. It comes from release. From moving through the world without letting it stick to your skin.")

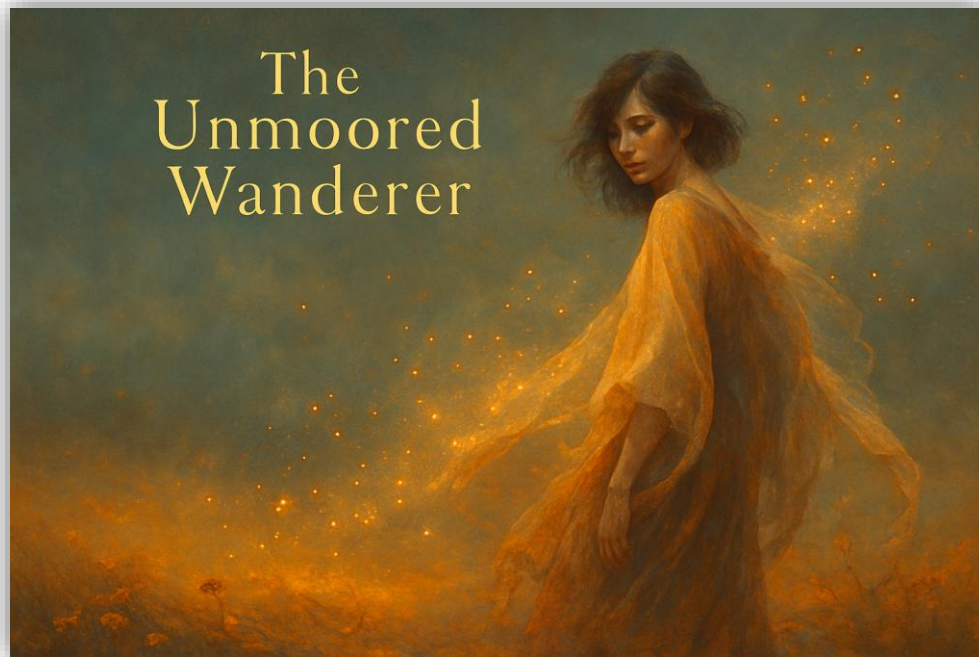
Collectively – The Untemplater, The Unconditional Lover and The Silent Surrenderer, created an impactful role cluster – **The Serene Let-Go'er** that helped me tackle deep seated- The Conformist Seeker role inside of me.

I wouldn't claim to have renounced every desire, but I've come to see that, in a few rare moments, letting go is the truest expression of love—and often, it's what allows space for something more honest, more human: genuine connection. In accepting this, I stepped into **The Serene Let-Go'er**: not as a rebel scorning tradition, but as someone who accepts, flows and doesn't cling to even love that is truest in its form, allowing it to arise wherever it can genuinely flourish. Through Tyaag⁸, I found that each farewell could be an act of compassion—for myself and those who are leaving, by choice or holding the hand of inevitable death. And in letting go, I discovered a deeper grace in navigating life's currents, trusting that genuine bonds remain while the rest can be released with love.



4. The Unmoored Wanderer Evolving into The Devoted Life–Anchor:

Confronting Mortality and Creating Structure



There was a time when responsibility felt like an unwanted chain, something that threatened my freedom. I floated through life as **The Unmoored Wanderer**, certain that avoiding firm commitments—or letting someone else handle the details—kept me safe from further heartbreak. However, when my father passed away, mortality was no longer an abstract concept; it stood before me with undeniable force, much like Arjun² confronting the battlefield's grim reality.

“जातस्य हि ध्रुवो मृत्युर्ध्रुवं जन्म मृतस्य च ।

तस्मादपरिहार्येऽर्थे न त्वं शोचितुमर्हसि ॥

jātasya hi dhruvo mṛtyur dhruvaṁ janma mṛtasya ca,

tasmād aparihārye'rthe na tvam śocitum arhasi”

(Bhagavad Gita' 2.27: “Death is not a surprise— it is the one promise that life always keeps. And just as surely, death opens the door to birth again.

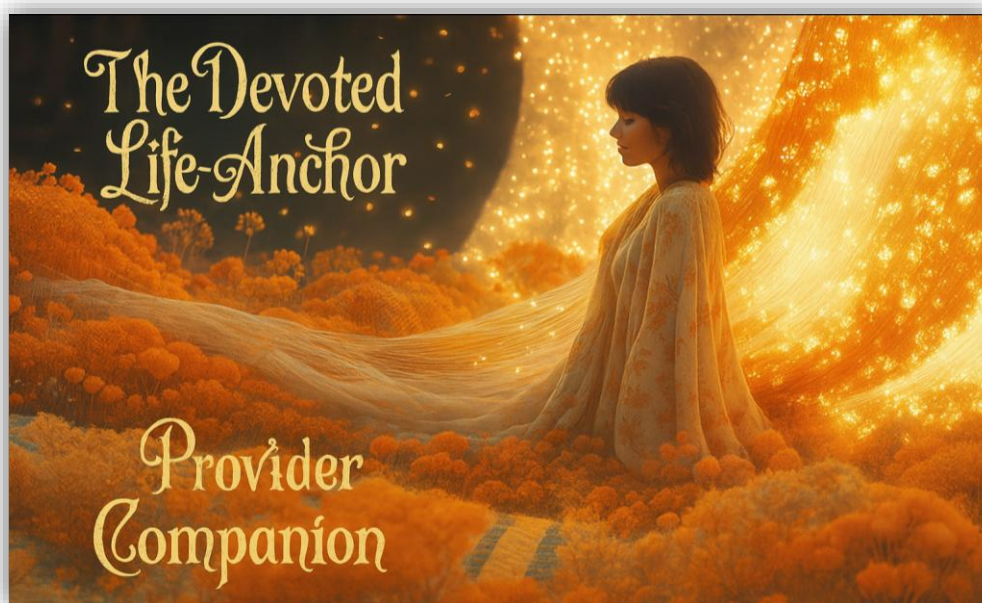
This cycle is inevitable, like the sun rising after night. So, when faced with what must happen, grief may visit your heart, but do not let it chain your spirit.

Krishna reminds Arjuna— and all of us— that there are truths beyond control, and in accepting them, we find the beginning of real strength.”)

This verse reminded me that all beings will face impermanence. I could no longer drift in sorrow or inertia; my mother relied on me, practically and emotionally, and I owed it to both of us to stand firm. Over time, I realized that discipline and structure—daily rituals, financial planning, and conscientious routines—allowed me to embrace life more fully. By ensuring we had resources for our future, I could savor the present without the looming dread of uncertainty.

Yet, I also knew I didn't want our days to vanish in mere survival. The Mahabharata⁴⁸ states, “काळो हि दुरतिक्रमः” (Kālo hi duratikramah)—“Time is unstoppable.” I resolved that if time could not be conquered, it should at least be cherished. My mother and I are travelling together, trying new adventures, and treasuring every shared laugh. In doing so, each memory is becoming an anchor against life's swift currents. We have learned that by pouring presence and love into our moments, letting go later on could be gentler, unburdened by regret.

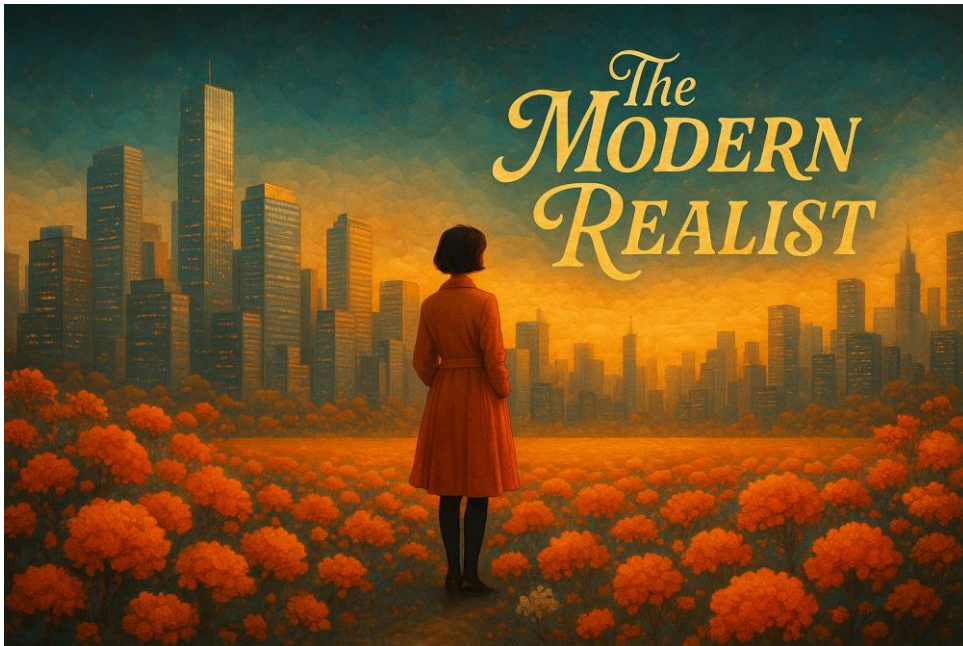
Slowly, this role solidified into cluster role of **The Devoted Life-Anchor**: I stepped up as both **Provider and Companion roles**, balancing responsibility with a fierce commitment to truly living. Securing insurance and savings did not negate spontaneity; rather, it gave us the freedom to explore the world, side by side. When the day comes that I must part with my mother, I'll do so knowing we shared a richness of experiences, woven from laughter, wonder, and mutual care. Accepting mortality—my father's and inevitably my own—became the impetus for crafting a life of depth and intention. By anchoring our daily realities in discipline, we bought ourselves the gift of a more wholehearted present, ensuring that time's onward march would find us with fewer regrets and far more stories of love.



⁸ **Mahabharata** – An ancient Indian epic that explores themes of duty, justice, war, love, and human complexity. It is one of the foundational texts of Indian philosophy and spirituality.

5. The Modern Realist Evolving into The Mystic & Fearless Voyager:

Immersing in Occult Wisdom and Embracing Adventure



Initially, I approached life from a modern, scientific, and often capitalistic perspective—relying on logic, empirical evidence, and measurable success. (**The Science Lover role**) But everything changed when I witnessed death at close range, when my father decided to leave for his adventure in afterlife. Confronting mortality at such an intimate level brought me face-to-face with a plane of existence that defied pure rationality. Some call this a metaphysical plane; I found that nothing on the standard, scientific wavelength could fully explain what I was feeling, nor did it answer the questions that tore at my soul.

When logic and measurable facts could no longer contain the scope of my grief and curiosity, I realized I had the option to remain confined to conventional explanations—or step into a realm where possibility extends beyond four dimensions. In the Bhagavad Gita¹, 11.8, Krishna³ tells Arjun²:

न तु मां शक्यसे द्रष्टुमनेनैव स्वचक्षुषा ।

दिव्यं ददामि ते चक्षुः पश्य मे योगमैश्वरम् ॥

na tu māṁ śakyase draṣṭum anenaiva sva-cakṣuṣā,

divyaṁ dadāmi te cakṣuḥ paśya me yogam aiśvaram

("You won't be able to see Me with your usual way of seeing. Your human eyes aren't enough. So I'll give you another kind of sight—a divine lens, through which you can witness the fullness of who I am, in all my vast, sacred, cosmic glory.

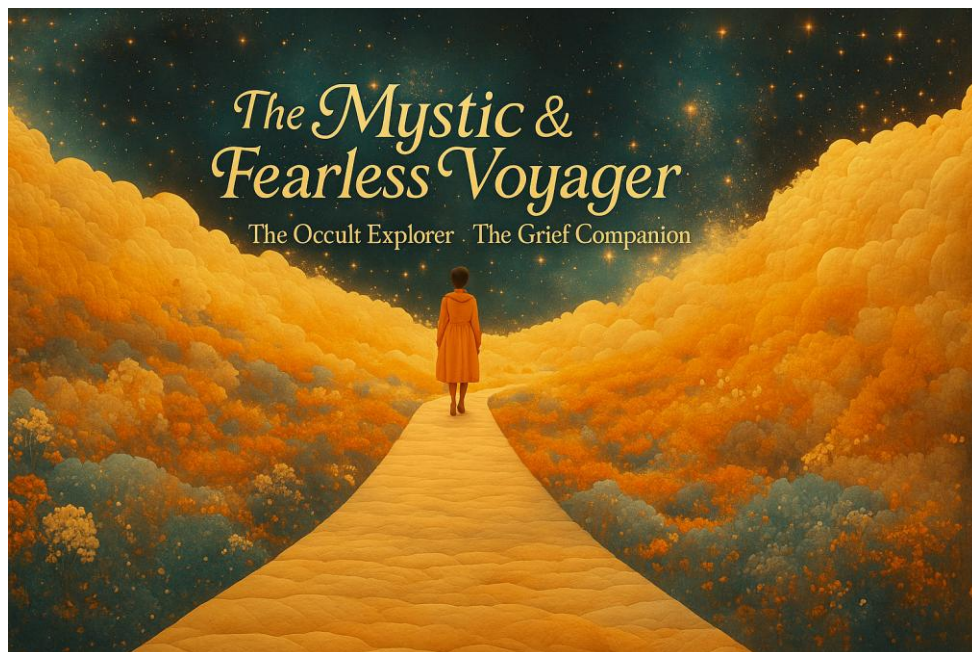
This is Krishna telling Arjuna: To perceive the truth deeply, you sometimes need a new way of seeing—not through logic or fear, but through grace.")

To behold life's deeper mysteries, divine eyes—or at least an openness beyond the mundane—are required. As I delved into astrology, past-life regression, and spiritual practices once dismissed as superstition (**The Occult Explorer Role**), I discovered profound truths emerging from hypnotherapy

and psychodrama alike. The micro-level sensations of this living realm turned into clues pointing toward a vast cosmic map I had never taken seriously. It wasn't that logic ceased to exist; rather, I recognized that rationality alone couldn't decode the universe's more subtle languages.

Thus was born **The Mystic & Fearless Voyager**. Having lost my father's mortal remains yet feeling his presence beyond the physical plane, I realized that my beliefs had transported to a new dimension I once mocked. Spirituality and occult wisdom, which I might have dismissed, emerged as pathways to make sense of my grief, fueling an inner metamorphosis. Like Vyasa⁹⁹, I hungered for meaning beyond the tangible, while an adventurous spirit (once overshadowed by anxieties) led me to explore fresh horizons—abroad with my mother, deep within astrological charts, and through each subtle revelation in psychodrama.

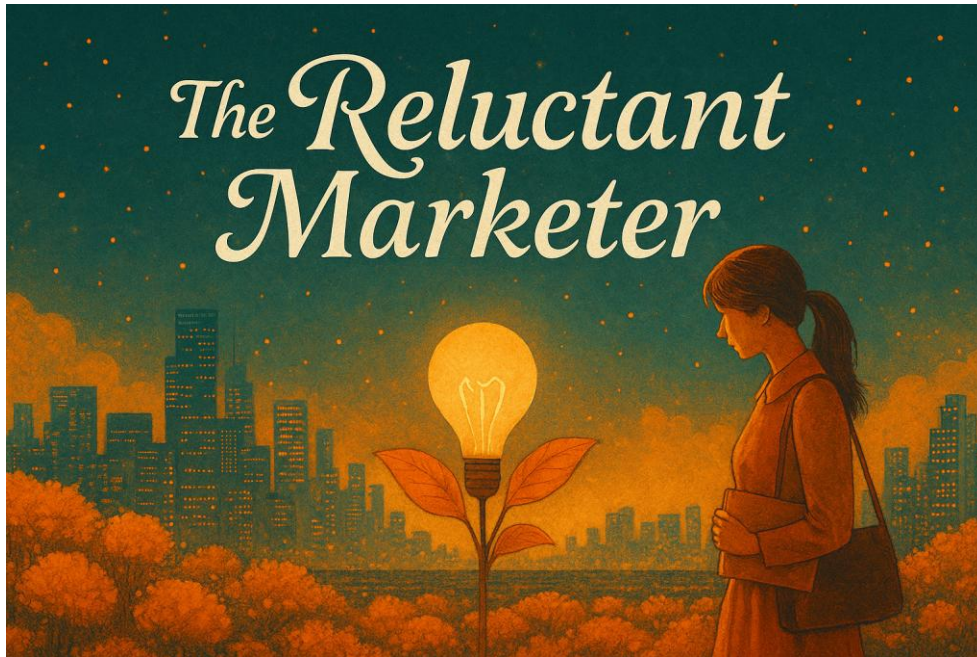
Here, wonder and wisdom revealed themselves as two sides of the same coin, an interconnected dance that used my grief as kindling for profound growth. (**The Grief Companion Role**) By bridging these planes—the microscopic tangibility of our daily reality with the telescopic lens of metaphysics—I found a broader clarity. No longer purely modern and capitalistic, my role transformed into a fearless exploration of worlds seen and unseen, forging a new path that blended faith, depth, and a willingness to embrace the inexplicable.



⁹ **Vyasa** – The sage and author of the Mahabharata. Often considered the seer who brought forth deep spiritual and philosophical insights through narrative.

6. The Reluctant Marketer Evolving into The Assured Creator:

Embracing Entrepreneurship & Psychodrama



There was a time when I distanced myself from any identity tied to business or professional strategy. As **The Reluctant Marketer**, I viewed entrepreneurial ventures as somehow incompatible with deeper, spiritual, or therapeutic work. My priority was inner transformation, and I feared that delving into “marketing” or “business planning” might dilute the purity of that pursuit. Yet my father often reminded me to diversify—to expand my skills, earn from multiple avenues, and ensure my material well-being alongside my personal growth.

“धर्म एव हतो हन्ति धर्मो रक्षति रक्षितः।

तस्माद्धर्मो न हन्तव्यो मा नो धर्मो हतोऽवधीत्॥

dharma eva hato hanti dharmo rakṣati rakṣitaḥ,

tasmāddharmo na hantavyo mā no dharmo hato’vadheet”

(Mahabharata, Vana Parva: “If we abandon what is right, that very rightness will turn against us. But if we stand by what is right, it will shield and stand by us.

So let us not betray Dharma— because once Dharma is broken, it breaks us in return.

This verse reminds us that Dharma is not just a duty we uphold—it’s a living force. If we dishonor it, it will collapse from within and take us with it.

But if we honor it, even in silence and suffering, it becomes our greatest ally.”)

When my father was here with us in his physical body – he always reminded me of diversifying my skills and work areas. Though my father’s words were practical, they carried dharma⁵ at their core, reminding me that caring for myself financially is an integral part of a balanced, righteous life. Over time, I saw that entrepreneurship could serve as a channel of service, not merely a means of self-enrichment. This shift began to form a bridge between my spiritual or therapeutic work in psychodrama and the essential skill set needed to sustain it.

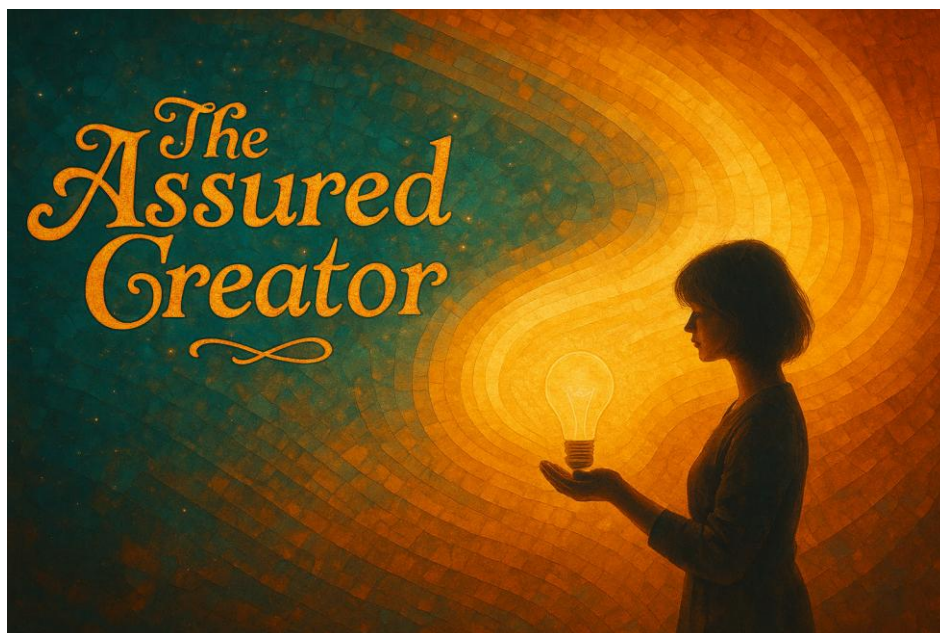
“योगः कर्मसु कौशलम्।

yogaḥ karmasu kauśalam”

(Bhagavad Gita 2.50: “True yoga isn’t just about silence or stillness—it’s about doing what needs to be done, with presence, precision, and grace.”)

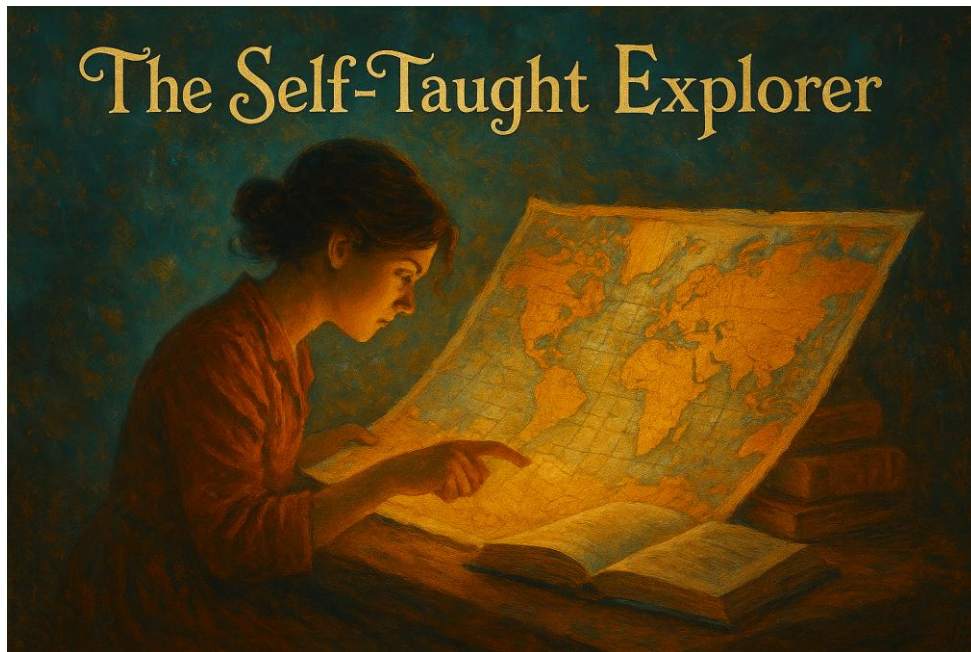
Inspired by this verse, I realized that merging strategic planning with heartfelt creativity embodies its own form of yoga—skill in action. No longer the reluctant marketer, I found the threads of professional expertise and spiritual devotion converging in a new role: **The Assured Creator**, I blended creative vision with structured planning, developing workshops and practices that fostered both personal and collective healing. These endeavours, I discovered, could become an extension of my dharma⁵ rather than a detour from it.

At the heart of this evolution was my father’s presence—both in life and beyond—spurring me to thrive on multiple levels: spiritually, emotionally, and financially. Honoring his wish to “diversify” led me to embrace entrepreneurial talents I once resisted. By weaving them into my psychodrama practice, I realized that meaningful transformation can be bolstered by responsible, well-structured initiatives. In that sense, stepping into the role of The Assured Creator was my way of fulfilling my father’s blessing, ensuring that I could continue serving others without sacrificing my own stability or the deeper calling of my soul.



7. The Self-Taught Explorer Evolving into The Scholar of the Psyche:

Formalizing Academic and Psychological Inquiry



For over a decade, I dabbled in countless psychological modalities, keen to understand myself and continually refine my emotional landscape. As **The Self-Taught Explorer**, I believed that practical exploration—trying different therapies and techniques—was enough. Formal qualifications felt like an unnecessary formality; I was convinced real growth came from direct experience, not classroom theory. Yet my father, grounded in both practicality and love, gently urged me to formalize my skills. He saw how deeply invested I was in the field, and he believed that in a materialistic world, credentials could serve as both validation and a broader platform to share my insights.

“न हि ज्ञानेन सदृशं पवित्रमिह विद्यते ।

तत्त्वयं योगसंमिद्धः कालेनात्मनि विन्दति ॥

na hi jñānena sadṛśaṃ pavitramiha vidyate,

tat svayaṃ yogasaṃsiddhaḥ kālenātmani vindati”

(Bhagavad Gita 4.38: “There is nothing in this world more sacred or cleansing than true knowledge— not just the knowledge of books, but the inner knowing that slowly blossoms when you live in alignment with your soul. With time, as you walk the path of awareness, as you grow through experiences, this deep wisdom begins to reveal itself—within you. You don’t have to chase it. You become it..”)

My father believed that structured learning under skilled mentors would deepen and refine the abilities I’d been honing on my own. Eventually, I recognized he was right: knowledge gleaned from direct experience becomes even more potent when anchored by academic rigor. Enrolling in an MSc in Psychology bridged intuition and intellect, allowing me to synthesize personal exploration with established theory.

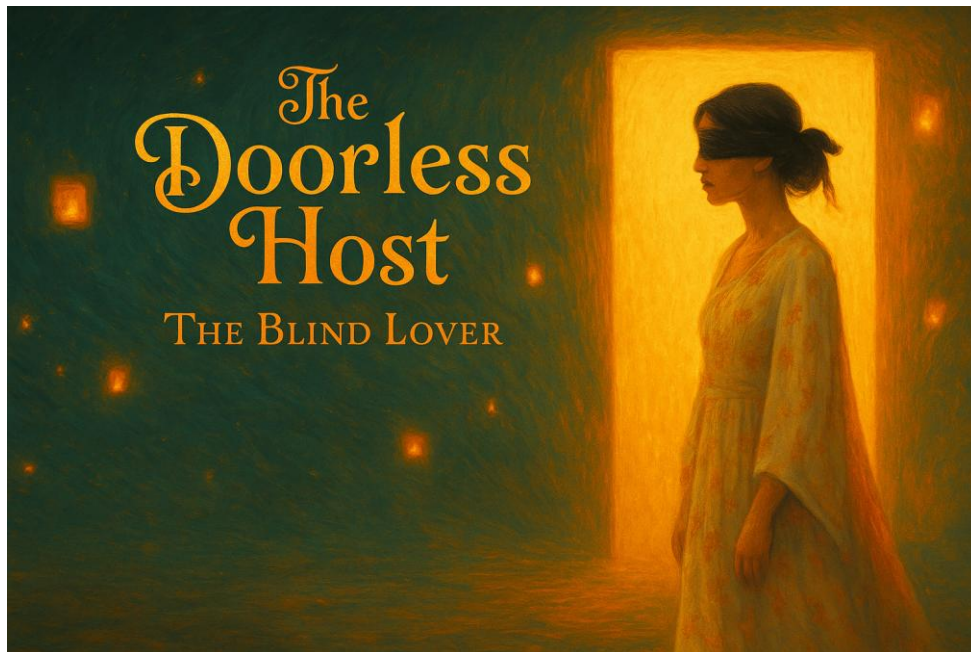
As I stepped into **The Scholar of the Psyche**, I saw how formal study didn’t negate or diminish my spiritual pursuits; it complemented them. Understanding the mechanics of the mind—cognitive

processes, developmental patterns, and clinical insights—offered fresh layers of empathy and self-awareness. My father’s vision for me materialized: yes, the intangible realms of personal growth matter deeply, but so do the tangible credentials that help share these insights more widely and credibly. In honoring his guidance, I discovered that “knowing myself” was only the beginning; learning from the broader discipline of psychology unlocked a platform from which I could integrate both inner discovery and scholarly depth—a union that continues to propel me forward.



8. The Doorless Host Evolving into The Guardian of Sacred Spaces:

Establishing Boundaries, Protecting Energy



Before my father passed, I often played a role cluster **The Doorless Host**—welcoming everyone into my emotional realm without question. I believed love was abundant only if freely offered to all, no matter their intentions or the toll on my well-being. (**The Blind Lover Role**) In time, however, I saw how limitless openness depleted my energy, leaving me entangled in old traumas, draining relationships, and influences that offered little growth.

My father's absence magnified this realization. With him gone, I had limited reserves to manage life's demands—supporting my mother, tending to my own grief, and pursuing my personal calling. If I continued to allow every person or old story to stake a claim on my time and spirit, I risked exhaustion and shut down. (**The Realistic Acceptor Role**)

“तस्माद्यस्य महाबाहो निगृहीतानि सर्वशः ।

इन्द्रियाणीन्द्रियार्थेभ्यस्तस्य प्रज्ञा प्रतिष्ठिता ॥

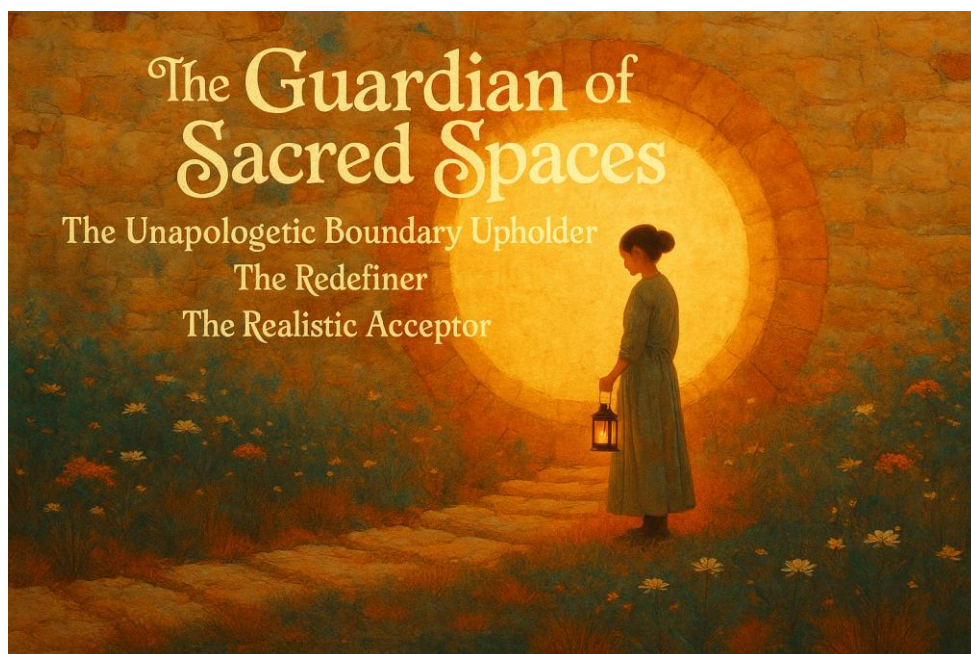
tasmād yasya mahā-bāho nigṛhītāni sarvaśaḥ

indriyāṇāṁ indriyārthebhyas tasya prajñā pratiṣṭhitā”

(Bhagavad Gita 2.68: “Therefore, O mighty-armed, when someone learns to pause before every impulse, to not just blindly run after every craving, every shiny thing, every distraction— that person begins to stand on solid ground within themselves. True wisdom isn't loud. It's stable. It belongs to the one who doesn't let their senses run the show, who can say, “Not every urge deserves my energy.” That's when your inner knowing becomes strong—rooted. Like a tree whose roots go deep enough not to shake in the storm..”)

Like Bhima¹⁰ standing guard at the Pandava camp, I recognized the need for vigilance and discernment—not to deny love, but to grant access only to those who nurtured my journey. With this acceptance emerged a new role **The Guardian of Sacred Spaces**, I learned that boundless love doesn't mean sacrificing personal integrity. Solitude, once feared, became a sanctum where I could reclaim my limited energy for pursuits that truly mattered: caring for my mother, finding peace with the possibility of growing old without a conventional family, and shaping a sense of home on my own terms. (**The Unapologetic Boundary Upholder Role**) Upholding boundaries grew into an act of deep self-respect—an affirmation that while I can offer compassion broadly, not everyone deserves a seat at the most intimate corners of my life. By guarding these sacred spaces, I ensure that the energy I do have is spent on relationships that resonate with mutual growth, shared respect, and genuine care, echoing my father's unspoken lesson: if our time and spirit are finite, we must invest them wisely, guided by love but protected by intention.

In redefining companionship and solitude (**The Redefiner Role**), I realized that love can be abundant, but access to my inner sanctum must be granted with care. This was Bhima¹⁰ standing guard at the gates—no longer allowing old traumas or unworthy influences to enter unchecked. Embracing solitude as a sanctum, I invited only those who nurtured growth and respected the integrity of my journey. This acceptance included my own truths: the possibility of growing old without a conventional family and making peace with the notion that home is what I create for myself.



¹⁰ **Bhima** – One of the Pandava brothers in the Mahabharata, known for his strength, loyalty, and role as a protector.

Weaving It All Together: The Eternal Thread of Becoming

Each role did not exist in isolation; they formed an intricate weave—an ever-evolving quilt. Like the Mahabharata⁴, my journey moved through destruction, realization, discipline, expansion, and transcendence, shaping the fabric of my existence. Ritual and structure became anchors, offering a sense of stability even amid the storms of transformation. Psychodrama, once a quiet presence, grew into a profound tool for witnessing and integrating the many parts of myself.

न जायते म्रियते वा कदाचिन,
नायं भूत्वा भविता वा न भूयः॥

**Na jayate mriyate va kadachin,
nayam bhutva bhavita va na bhuyah.**

(The soul—your deepest self— was never really “born,” and it never truly “dies.”

*It didn't start with your birth, and it won't end when your body does. It just **is**—eternal, beyond beginnings and endings. You are more than flesh and breath. There's a part of you that was always here, and always will be. Time can change your story, but it can't touch your essence..) — Bhagavad Gita 2.20*

I am not just this body, this moment, or this lifetime. I am a weaver across time, an artist whose medium is transformation itself.

My father and I began this quilt together, but now, with his absence as my silent guide, I continue in solitude, and his deepened presence. Each stitch I place is not merely an act of preservation, nor just a remembrance of him. It is an offering—one to the past, to the future, and to the vast, unknowable weave of existence itself.

This is my dharma. This is the Quilt of Becoming.



Glossary:

1. **Bhagavad Gita** –Often referred to simply as *the Gita*, this is a 700-verse philosophical dialogue set within the larger Indian epic, the *Mahabharata*. It takes the form of a conversation between Prince Arjuna and his charioteer Krishna, who is revealed to be the divine guide.
The Gita explores profound themes of duty (*dharma*), action (*karma*), devotion, self-realization, and inner conflict—offering a timeless manual for ethical and spiritual living amidst the chaos of life. It is considered one of the most important and widely studied texts in Indian and world philosophy.
2. **Arjun** – A warrior prince in the Mahabharata, symbolizing the seeker or the struggling self who must navigate duty and moral dilemma with guidance from Krishna.
3. **Krishna** – A divine figure in Hindu philosophy, often regarded as a symbol of love, wisdom, and cosmic order. In the Gita, he serves as Arjuna's guide and spiritual teacher.
4. **Dharma** – A Sanskrit term that means one's sacred duty or moral path in life. It refers to the right course of action that upholds cosmic order, ethics, and personal integrity.
5. **Yudhishtira** – The eldest Pandava brother, known for his unwavering commitment to truth and dharma, even amidst deep moral conflict.
6. **Karna** – A tragic hero in the Mahabharata, born to Kunti before her marriage and known for his loyalty, generosity, and struggle for acceptance.
7. **Tyaag** – Renunciation or conscious letting go. It refers to the act of releasing attachments and desires.
8. **Mahabharata** – An ancient Indian epic that explores themes of duty, justice, war, love, and human complexity. It is one of the foundational texts of Indian philosophy and spirituality.
9. **Vyasa** – The sage and author of the Mahabharata. Often considered the seer who brought forth deep spiritual and philosophical insights through narrative.
10. **Bhima** – One of the Pandava brothers in the Mahabharata, known for his strength, loyalty, and role as a protector.