



RAMĀ ŚAKTI MISSION

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Bliss is your true nature. There should be no break in the continuous experience of bliss. If break happens, be sure, you have slipped into the mental domain, forgetting God. In the tidal wave of Bhakti, ego, vasanas, attachments, passions, are all washed away, there is no further obstacles to the manifestation of Atmic Bliss.

By the Grace of God only one can do tapas and transcend Maya. Nobody can claim that he has conquered Maya. Such a claim is a sign of egoism and when ego becomes powerful, Maya will come down heavily on him and humble him. The very thought that one has conquered Maya, is a sankalpa, which is in Maya. In wisdom there is no sankalpa.

Seek God's aid in your daily battle of life. For your own transformation and for bringing up of the children in the noblest of adhyatmic tradition, God's help is indispensable. While leading the family life you should have utmost care not to be bound by the fetters of Maya in the form of attachment, desires etc. Find contentment in a life devoted to God. Make your life itself a sincere form of tapas. Let home become your forest. Find solitude within. Have no desires. Only if there is desire, there is scope for frustration. Pray to God to free you from the yoke of desires. When you banish all desires, when you want nothing, then you will get everything; but if you crave for things, those very things will never come to you. Such is the law of nature.

With the blessings of the parents and with the fire of yearning burning in his heart, the little boy (in the story started in the previous bulletin) went to the forest. He selected a pure spot. Nearby flowed a river. In that quiet place, he raised a hut with leaves and twigs and started doing tapas.

As days, months and years passed by, his tapas grew in severity. Most of the time he was absorbed in meditation. Standing for long hours in the river and in the hot sun, he would perform penance. Fruits of the forest were his only food. In tune with nature, in meditation on the Divine, he lived in tapas, forgetting the external world.

One day, the King of that country, while on a hunting expedition, reached that place. Fatigued and exhausted, the King was taking rest under the cool shade of a tree.

Noticing signs of fatigue on the face of the sleeping King, our young ascetic accosted him with words of love and kindness and requested the King to accompany him to his hut.

The sight of the ascetic's countenance beaming with the lustre of tapas and the calm dignity of wisdom attracted the King. He rose up in reverence and duly prostrated himself before the shining being before him. The King then accompanied the sage to his hermitage. As they reached the precincts of that peaceful hut, an astonishing sight greeted the King's eyes. He saw the wild animals like lions and leopards, with the ferocious nature no longer with them, playing merrily with the ascetic with love and freedom and living in peace with him.

What a scene to behold! King's regard for the ascetic grew a thousand fold and he said to himself: This young sage, who has evidently drunk the ambrosia of wisdom, is eminently fit to be a spiritual Guru. The Sage extended his native hospitality to his royal guest, served him with pure and delicious fruits and gave him a mattress made of soft grass to rest on. In that setting



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of the serene forest, lying on the bare bed of grass, basking in the warmth of sage's kindness and hospitality, the King felt supremely happy.

Before this sacred joy of austere and tranquil surroundings, all the regal splendours and pleasures of the luxurious life of the palace, paled into insignificance. See, children, how the King reacts to this new situation, how his mind enjoys peace and happiness in the utter simplicity of the forest life. The reason is, he realized the greatness of tapas, the greatness of adhyatmic life. The mind alone creates heaven and hell. Whatever the idea the mind dwells upon, that verily it becomes. Such is the nature of the mind. It may be a sublime spiritual idea or an ignoble worldly craving.

The mind takes shape according to the idea that it feeds on. Hence fill the mind always with God-idea and spiritual truths. Think noble thoughts. Mind will not bind you. All depends on how you use your mind. Direct your mind to higher purposes. Bring it under control. Do not become a slave of its whims and fancies. It is no use declaring, I am not a slave of the mind and yet all the time continuing to be a bound slave. The mind must feel the pinch of bondage everywhere in samsara. Then it will awake. Aspiration itself is a sort of awakening. Such an awakened mind, detached from samsara, makes for liberation. You must strive when you are in the prime of youth, when you are in full possession of all your faculties.

It is said, the blood of the youth is hot and old age is full of cares and anxieties. When is one going to strive for liberation then? After the body is reduced to ashes? It is surprising that the jivas do not awake to the truth that samsara is full of miseries.

The mind of the ascetic in our story was set once for all on God. He had brought with him that abundance of favourable spiritual samskaras from his earlier lives. He did not swerve an inch from his resolve. He knew for certain that life had only one supreme purpose, God-realization. This knowledge was the source of his strong will power, determination, courage and persistent penance.

Mere intellectual curiosity and half-hearted sadhanas do not go by the name of quest. You should hunger and thirst for God. You should feel acutely the pangs of bondage and the need for divine grace. If mind is satisfied with worldly happiness, it cannot have any higher urge.

The intellect and the heart should be united. This heart is saguna hridaya, from which springs up finer emotions and sublime love for God. Pure emotion is a force. It is not a mental mode. When it is combined with pure intellect, the quest becomes intense, the inner path becomes radiant, the obstacles are surmounted easily and one reaches the stage of anusandhana. Final spiritual experience is in nirguna hridaya, in the mystic region above Broomadhia. It is the transcendental abode of the Supreme.

While taking leave of the hermitage, the King requested the ascetic to honour him with a visit to the palace and to bless his country. The King was really impressed with the spiritual attainments of the young Sage and was immensely happy at heart that his presence was a benediction to the whole country.

The tapaswi had no mind to go anywhere. He was contented with the secluded life of meditation and enjoyed the bliss within his own Self. However, to oblige the King on whom was the burden of ruling the country, he paid a visit to the palace. The Sage was welcomed in all honour by the royal couple. The King was all joy. He introduced his son, the young prince, the



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heir apparent to the throne, to the Sage and begged blessing on his behalf. The Sage blessed the boy and gave him advices. The young prince was profoundly influenced by the holiness of the Sagely personage.

The King entreated the guest to be with him for a few days, but the Sage was bent upon returning to his hut for tapas. The real and earnest sannyasis do not stay in one place for long for fear of attachment. They go on wandering from place to place. If they stick to one place and enjoy hospitality of the householders continuously, the hidden bhoga vasana is bound to become manifest. For them, tapas is the source of sustenance, the secret of strength, and solitude the source of joy. They do not mix much with the society. They do not swerve from anushtana.

The Sage returned to his hermitage. After sometime it was learnt that the boy prince was missing. A thorough search was made everywhere, yet the boy's whereabouts were not to be ascertained. The royal couple was worried; and so were the Minister and the members of the household. The Minister, co-relating the two events, namely, the departure of the Sage and the disappearance of the prince, said to the King: These saffron-robed fake sannyasis should never be trusted. At once the King silenced him by admonishing him with the words: 'Stop. If you cannot earn merit and do good, at least desist from sin. Without knowing the truth of things, one should not jump into hasty conclusions.'

With the object of ascertaining the whereabouts of his dear son, the King now sent for the ascetic. The ascetic, in response to the King's summons, came to the palace. Around his neck was found the costly and the most beautiful necklace of pearls, which the boy used to wear. That aroused suspicion in the mind of the King. Still, intelligent and self-controlled as he was, the King tactfully, without losing his balance of mind, said to the Sage: Holy Sir! If thou had expressed the desire for the necklace of pearls, I would have given thee, not one necklace, but several of them. To this the youthful Sage, with his calm demeanor unaffected, replied: 'O King, if I really wanted to possess a necklace of pearls, hundreds would have come to me.'

The Minister, who was standing close by listening to the dialogue, could bear no longer. He blurted out: 'This charlatan should be put to death.' The King again admonished him and said: 'No. Such a thing should not be done, for the simple reason that I had once the occasion to enjoy hospitality at his hermitage. This statement of the King drew applause from the Sage, who said: 'Sabash! You, O King, are worthy of your crown, for you know the course of justice and fairplay. Kingship is a position of enormous responsibility. King should preserve dharma. He should be a person of discrimination. He should have the power to judge aright. I bless you.'

So saying he waved his hand and called out the name of the prince and lo! Mysteriously, at the mere will of the Sage, there appears the missing prince in smiles, who had on his person the same necklace of pearls, which he always wore. Astounded beyond words, the King and all the members of his retinue fell prostrate before the Rishi.

Here was a test for the King, and he went through it successfully. Ancient Kings had great faith in God. When they go to war, they used to pray to Mother Shakti for grace and strength. They were just rulers. By their rule of law, they preserved dharma in the country. They loved their subjects as their own sons and were always mindful of the welfare of the subjects. But they meted out appropriate punishment to the criminals. Because of their spiritual force they had



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right discrimination. They did not indulge in unholy pleasures, but did tapas for promotion of their spiritual welfare.

Among the Kings were many Rajarshis, royal sages, who ruled the vast kingdom efficiently. Such faith in God, devotion to dharma and power of tapas has become a rarity nowadays. It is absence of faith and want of tapas that gave birth to all kinds of weaknesses and social ills.

Grateful remembrance of the favours done by others is a great quality. One's reliance should be only on God; but at the same time, one should be grateful to those who have helped him in times of distress. Had the King in the story been devoid of this quality, he would have thoughtlessly acted on the advice of his Minister. Even Yama, the Lord of justice, upholds this moral virtue of gratefully acknowledging the favour done by others. In this connection there is an incident. This event took place long long ago.

Those days, cows had the power of speech. Once a housewife noticed her cow shedding tears. She went to comfort her and asked: 'O gentle one, why are you weeping? Has anything happened to your calf? What is the cause of your sorrow? Do tell me.' To this the mother cow replied: 'O mother, nothing has happened to me. I have been all these years under your protection. I am now deeply sad about something, which I am reluctant to tell you. Anyway, now that you insist upon my telling it, let me tell you with a painful heart. Your husband, the master of this family, will pass away tomorrow.'

Though deeply soar at heart at the news, the housewife collected herself and asked the mother cow: 'Mother, please tell me, is there no way of escape from the clutches of death? How can this impending calamity be averted?' The Gomatha replied: 'Death is inevitable for all. Yet, mother, there is one way. The emissaries of Yamaraja will arrive tomorrow morning. You please do one thing. At the entrance door, keep a vessel of water and towels nearby. At the next threshold keep two pots of pure milk. You sit by the side of your husband and keep yourself busy with the Japa.'

The lady of the house carried out Gomatha's instructions. As expected the Yama's envoys arrived and were happy to notice signs of welcome. They washed their feet with the water and wiped them with the towel. Then, as they entered they saw the milk and helped themselves with it to their heart's content. Then, when they were about to enter the chamber in order to carry out their duty, namely, taking away the life of the man, they suddenly remembered the widely popular ethical norm: 'One should not bring disaster to a home where one has been served with milk.'

Here, they have already drunk the milk. How then can they cast the shadow of gloom in that hospitable home? They were in a dilemma. They retraced their steps, went back to Yama's abode and reported everything to their Master. Yama Raja was nonplussed. This was an incident, first of its kind in his long life of experience. This involved a moral issue, which could be settled only by a higher authority. The law must be fulfilled. So Yama went to the Creator Brahmadeva and presented the case.

Brahma was amused. Who could have advised a mortal the way of escaping from the jaws of death, thought He. Brahma then divined that the cow was the brain behind it. Well, it was because the cow could speak out that such a problem cropped up. 'The cows should be devoid of the power of articulation' so willed Brahma. Thereafter it is said, the cows lost once for all the faculty of speech.