



RAMĀ ŚAKTI MISSION

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It is the svabhava of God to shine as chaithanya. Because He is the warp and woof of the universe, the insentient nature shines forth. Whereas the worldling gets attached to the world, the devotee, with his superior insight, perceives everywhere the effulgent Lord alone. It is this insight that forms the basis of his constant loving anusandhana of God.

Know that God alone is the basis of the world. He is your Friend and Saviour. No object other than Him is worthy of love. God should evoke in you the purest of your love and greatest of your adoration. This is the criterion of Bhakthi.

Devotees having one-pointed love for God are the highest exemplars of renunciation, for other than love, they set no value on any earthly attainment, celestial position or even on the spiritual end, namely, salvation. The Gopis of Vraja through their supreme devotion to Sree Krishna Paramatma, became objects of adoration even to Sages like Vyasa, Shuka, Sandhilya, Parasara and Narada.

Through intense and ecstatic love, Gopis forgot themselves and remained every moment in a state of identity with God like Sages absorbed in samadhi. With their hearts given to Him, they talked of Him alone; they imitated His boyhood leelas; they sang of His qualities. They could never think of themselves as different from God.

Whatever the mind thinks of, that verily it becomes. Such is the nature of the mind. By constant thinking of Krishna, Gopis felt they themselves are Krishna. This total absorption in the Divine as a result of supreme love is the highest form of Bhakti exemplified by those shepherd women of Vraja.

The joy in the empire of Bhakti is endless. It is the nectar that makes one immortal. Ecstatic love of God arises only after one has gone beyond the thrigunas. Bhakti is illumining and inspiring. Love obliterates all distance between the devotee and the Divine. This is a mystery not open to logic but known only to those who have experienced ecstatic love for God.

The time was when Bhagawan Sree Krishna was living in Dwapara Yuga in His divine city, Dwaraka, radiating His lustre and graces all around, in the company of His divine consorts Rukmini and Satyabhama and other sixteen thousand wives.

All these women always tried to win the favour of the Lord through their glances of love, sweet words, facial bhavas and pleasing services. Occasionally there used to crop up topics relating to Gopis of Vraja. Whenever such topics arose, a sudden change used to come in the Lord's countenance. He would become indrawn, remote, majestic, serious, pensive and totally aloof. Whereas the face would betray a trace of melancholy thoughtfulness, at the same time, it had poise, a divine dignity and a detached composure. Though every body around Him observed this, no one could fathom the heart of the Lord.

One day the sportive Lord, whose every act was as spontaneous as it was purposeful, became ill with fever and bodily pains. As the days passed, the pain went on increasing, which caused anxiety in the minds of the consorts. All treatments were tried, but to no purpose. Amidst all this, the Lord was serene; a ray of smile never left his countenance. The Chief Palace



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Physician finally said to the Lord's consorts: The Lord can be cured of His pains if we get the dust of the feet of a Pathivratha. This sacred dust mixed with a medicinal herb, should be given to the Lord.

Then, within seven days, He will be all right. Otherwise, let me warn you, the consequence will be disastrous. You, O mothers, can give the dust of your feet and the treatment can start forthwith.

The consorts were startled. They wanted the Lord to be all right soon, but they could not dream of giving their dust to the Lord, an act which will send them to hell. They were in a dilemma. The dust of the feet of a Pathivratha has to be secured somehow. Why not get the same from a celestial damsel. Who will go to Devaloka to procure this? Suddenly they thought of Narada Maharshi and the Sage appeared on the scene immediately, delighting everybody and purifying all the quarters with Hari's Name.

Narada was grieved to know of the Lord's indisposition. The Lord did not even deign to open His eyes to comfort Narada. In a way, Narada was mystified too. The Supreme who cures 'bhavaroga' of the jivas, now remains sick and bedridden! The Sage could not understand the inscrutable leelas of the Lord.

With swiftness of the air, Narada reached Kailas, the abode of Siva-Parvathi. To Devi he reported about Lord's illness and begged of Her the sacred dust of Her feet.

But Parvathi said: I have become the consort of Siva after so much of penance and do you want me, O Sage, to leave my Lord and go to hell? Krishna is Incarnation of Mahavishnu. It is sin if I give the dust of my feet to the Lord.

Moreover, I am indispensable to my Lord in His cosmic work. How can I afford to go? Please approach Lakshmi.

The Sage went to Vaikunta. He saw Goddess Lakshmi absorbed in the service of the Lord's Feet. Slowly, the Sage explained the purpose of his visit. Lakshmi said: O Sage, you know the dire destiny that awaits me if I oblige you. Moreover, my Lord is the Sustainer of the Universe and in this work I have to be always with Him. However, I advise you, please approach Brahma's consort, Saraswathi. She will help you.

That was Narada's last resort. Who else can help if not the Shaktis of the Trinity! The Sage went to Satyaloka. Saraswathi patiently listened to the Sage. She was amused to find a messenger from Bhooloka, with a strange mission, to get the dust of the feet of a Pathivratha. Devi said: O Narada, tell me which physician on earth has prescribed this strange treatment. Could it be that you are testing me? You have forgotten O Sage, that this is Satyaloka, pure and resplendent. Where is dust in this Loka! When there is no soil at all in our Loka, how can there be dust on my Feet? Bhooloka has plenty of soil. You please seek there itself.

The Apostle of Bhakti now approached other spheres and sought the dust from the wives of the deities Surya, Chandra, Agni, Vayu and Indra, but no one was prepared to give him the dust. Who will willingly court a life in the hell! Frustrated in his Mission, the Devarshi returned to Dwaraka. He had not to explain anything. His sorrowful face revealed everything.



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The consorts wept bitterly. Narada too followed suit. With folded palms the Sage addressed the Lord who still kept His eyes closed. O Krishna! Inscrutable are your leelas! I am bewildered to see this human drama of Yours. O Lord, no one is prepared to give her dust for Your sake, for fear of hell. Deign to transform me into a woman so that I can give the dust of my feet for Your sake.

The Lord was pleased. Despite excruciating pain, smile bloomed on His lips. Soothing the anguished heart of His Bhaktha with a gracious glance, the Lord said: Narada! Be comforted. Go thou to Gokul. Gopis are there. They will surely oblige Me.

The Lord was visibly moved by the remembrance of Gopis. Narada observed this and wondered what great love the Lord was bearing for the women of Vraja and how deeply the Gopis also loved the Lord. Without wasting a second, the Sage hastened towards the blessed Gokul. Hearing from afar the Hari Kirtan of Narada Maharshi and knowing that he was coming from Dwaraka, the Gopis ran towards him and surrounded him.

With tears of love overflowing their eyes, hairs standing on end, with their throats choked with emotion, each one poured forth a shower of question about the Lord's welfare. Seeing their bhava of supreme devotion, tears of ecstasy, faces resembling the orb of the rising sun, Narada stood rooted to the ground marveling at the wonders of Krishna Prem these women had attained to.

Collecting himself, the Sage told them about the Lord's illness and added: The physician is there; the medicine prescribed by him is also there. It is with every one. But alas! No one is prepared to part with it. The medicine is with you too, O beloveds of Hari. But you will find it impossible to offer it to the Lord. Surprised at the words of Devarshi Narada, the Gopis replied:

O Sage! How can anything that cannot be offered to Krishna, ever remain with us! This is a profound statement. The Gopis had surrendered everything to Krishna, their body, mind, ego, intellect and soul. In this integral surrender and total consecration, there was no place for a separative 'I' in them. If there is no 'I', how can there be a 'Mine'? The ideas of I and Mine had lost their meaning to the Gopis. They were conscious only of Krishna. Therefore Narada's words surprised them.

When finally Narada said what he wanted was the dust of their Feet for the sake of the Lord, without any hesitation, every one of them readily offered it. Let our Krishna become all right. We want Krishna, we want Krishna, exclaimed the Gopis in one voice. When the Sage reminded them of Krishna's divinity and that the consequence of giving dust of their feet to the Almighty Lord would be attainment of the terrible hell, the Gopis said:

O Great Sage, Our enjoyment and salvation, heaven and hell, happiness and misery, life and death, smile and tears are all Krishna and Krishna alone. He is our All. If that bewitching divine body can be brought to health, we are ready to go to hell and dwell there eternally with perfect joy.

But Sage, don't you know that the Lord has annihilated the asuras of sin and hell, Aghasura and Narakasura, long ago. Hence we have no fear from any quarter, either fear of hell or of sin. We know neither heaven nor hell, O Narada. All we know is that divine face of the entrancing beauty only. His captivating words are ringing in our ears. Our minds revel in the bliss of His



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constant presence. That alone is our happiness. To court hell for our Beloved's sake, is Brahmic Bliss for us. To die for Him is life eternal.

Here is a picture of the most exalted Bhakthi in which there is no place for self, or dualities and for samsaric separateness. Enthroned in renunciation, this highest and the purest form of Gopi's selfless love has no peer at all. Gopis lived in God, for God. Wisdom and Yoga, sacrifice and penance, occult powers and salvation, Veda and dharma, all pay their obeisance to this marvelous love for love's sake.

Narada's chest got drenched in tears that flowed incessantly, moved as he was by the most powerful emotion. Ah! What blessed love supreme! What grand and matchless wisdom! Nothing exists in all the worlds that can approach the ideal of Gopi's love for Krishna. Narada, in their presence, was reborn. His heart overflowed. Hairs stood on end. He besmeared the sacred dust of the Gopi's feet all over his body and felt blessed. Singing aloud the Name of Sri Hari, the Sage returned to Dwaraka with the treasured dust of the Gopi's feet.

Narada reached the abode of the Lord. The whole city became agog. The consorts of the Lord and the citizens welcomed Narada, who held on his head in all reverence a tiny casket, which contained the invaluable treasure. Soon the Lord became all right. The flag of Gopi's fame fluttered majestically, proclaiming in endless eloquence, the supremacy of Gopi's Bhakti. The consorts were ashamed of themselves. They realized they were only wives and not devotees. The image of the Gopi, the consecrated idol of selfless love that knows no fear or selfishness, shone luminous in his or her heart. It was a moment of purification for them. Hail, all hail, to pure, unselfish and ecstatic love.

All limbs of the body participate in rapturous communion with the Divine. Breaking the cage of personality, heart expands in a torrential outpouring of the most blessed emotion. The dormant power of the spirit awakes and inundates every fiber of one's being. Bliss percolates through every pore. Within and without, purity reigns triumphant.

Knowledge should dawn, the knowledge, which reveals the greatness of God. Then the power of God becomes awake in man. A fountain of inspiration, spiritual zeal, energy and joy opens up in the mind. The radiations of this power strike the brain and from there vibrations reach every part of the body. Then not only your body becomes a vehicle of divine energy and effulgence, but the whole atmosphere becomes surcharged with uplifting holiness. Not only that, the subtle vibrations envelops the whole cosmos. Thus, one who realizes God makes the greatest contribution to the general well being of entire creation.

The vibratory power of great Thoughts, of Tapas, and of realizations, of the ancient Rishis does exist in the universe. They are imperishable. Being extremely subtle, they can be received only if one withdraws his mind from external wanderings and concentrate it on the Self in quiet meditation.

What you need in life is unbroken remembrance of God, His shaping Hand behind events and His inexorable law. This remembrance should diligently keep up amidst changing situations of life, amidst happiness as well as sorrow. Then dawns Smriti, the memory of God, an insight that belongs to the spiritual order.

Budhi shorn of gunas should shine as steady consciousness, Nischala Prajna. Then alone blooms prathibha, the efflorescence of spiritual perfection that is creative in its potency.



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Until Enlightenment dawns one is no doubt in ignorance. But as initiates, you have Mother's Word to guide you, to show you the light in the enveloping darkness. Hold on to the Word in ardent faith and unflinching loyalty. Do not allow the veil to obscure the light on the inner path.

When knowledge ripens and deepens, it takes the form of love divine. Love is therefore not distinct from knowledge or devoid of knowledge. Knowledge reveals the Reality.

But love alone experiences the Reality in the form of Satchidananda. That means, God can be intimately known only in supreme love, a love that seeks no return or reward.

Such was the nature of Gopi's love for Krishna. They did not love Krishna for any other gain, worldly or spiritual. Their knowledge of Krishna's divinity had no admixture of doubt.

Unless allurements of the sense life have evaporated, one cannot get even a glimpse of the Gopi's Heart.