



# RAMĀ ŚAKTI MISSION

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A state of non-separation from God is real Jnana. It is real Bhakthi also. Until this state is reached, all are in Maya only. Even jnanis and great Tapaswis have been tested on occasions. Who wins the test? The devotee who remains absorbed in contemplation of God's glory, who clings to God's name as a baby clings to its mother. He alone crosses the river of Maya. Whatever path that is suited to one's temperament one may follow, surrender to God should be there. Otherwise, one cannot rise above Maya; the path also is dry and risky.

After the epic war of Kurukshethra, Lord Krishna, taking leave of the faithful Pandavas, was returning to Dwaraka in a chariot. On the way He met the great ascetic Utthanga Muni. The lord, who always used to honour the Brahmanas, alighted from the chariot and paid His respects to the Muni. The Sage too paid his obeisance to the Lord and respectfully enquired:

O Great Hero! You have been in the company of the Pandavas and the Kauravas. Are they getting on well in mutual love, amity and goodwill?

The Lord replied: O Sage! The terrific war of Kurukshetra is just over and I am returning. I tried my level best to mediate between the two sides and to establish goodwill and peace. But the Kauravas did not listen to Me. Who can set aside the hand of destiny! The war became inevitable and all the Kauravas perished.

On hearing this news, the Sage Utthanga flew into a violent rage; his blood boiled; eyes became reddish with anger and the whole body quivered. Forgetting himself, the Muni blurted out:

Krishna! You have shown partiality towards Pandavas. Had you really willed and tried, you could have certainly averted this catastrophe. You have swerved from your duty. I hold you responsible for this terrible massacre and annihilation. I am going to curse you forthwith.

Could there be a greater Maya, a denser form of ignorance, than this! Where is gone the power of Tapas! Where is gone the much-boasted knowledge and understanding! The one for whose Grace the Muni has been doing Tapas for years together, Him the Muni now wants to curse! Such is the power of Maya, the deluding potency. There is no Maya outside your own mind. Mind is Maya.

In the realm of mind, there is no vision of Truth, no dawn of knowledge. Then what is the way for the aspirant? The way lies in constant remembrance of God. Forgetfulness of God should not come. Forgetfulness of God itself is Maya. Alertness and watchfulness are required. If pramada sets in, the downfall is imminent.

When Saguna Brahman appears as the Guru, remembrance becomes easy, for the Impersonal is seen as a Person. His Name and Form are both aids to remembrance, meditation and cultivation of devotion. The Saguna Form is not an object of your mental imagination. It is the Form chosen by God for His appearance as Man amidst mankind. It is permeated by pure sattwa. It is effulgent with divine lustre. It has the power to dissolve the mind itself, to destroy the vasanas stored up on the chittha. But you should understand the glory of the divinity and the divine presence.



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The immediate presence of the Divine is surcharged with spiritual holiness. But your mind should be receptive to the Divine in order to receive the silence force and subtle spiritual vibrations emanating from the Divine personality.

Proximity to the Divine, in the real sense, is devotional attunement of mind to God. What matters is the mind. You may be in the presence of your Guru; you may be living with the Guru. But if your mind is engrossed in the vishayas, if you are not conscious of the glory of Guru's presence, if you do not care to live in obedience to Guru's behests, then, you cannot reap the benefit of your contact with the Guru.

The dimension of the Guru's personality is beyond your intellectual comprehension. That does not matter. Faith is enough. You should have reverence and faith in the Teaching. That will put you in tune with the Divine. Do not erect a wall between you and the Guru. Resist not Grace. Submit and obey Him. Open yourselves. Let your mind be always with God wherever you are. The barrier of space can be overcome by devout remembrance. The Guru is always with you. When you remember the Guru, you are with the Guru.

Anger is the violent form of Rajoguna. Anger became the thickest veil for the Muni. Anger is the great destroyer, the destroyer of everything – peace, understanding, sanity and humanism. The ravages brought about by anger continue to warn humanity against this dire enemy of man.

Under the impulse of anger, Jamadagni got his wife killed by his son; Bhima smashed the head of his son with his mace. There is no sin which man cannot commit when madness of anger is in him. Unless anger is curbed, there is no hope of entering the realm of Atmic peace, even through hardest of tapascharia.

Listening without the least agitation, to the angry outburst of the Sage Utthanga, Krishna, the Lotus-eyed Lord of Beauty and Peace, calmly told the Sage:

O Sage! Be at peace. Let not your mind be ruffled. Ponder well with a collected mind on what I am telling you presently and then do, as you like. Bear in mind, your curse cannot touch Me, but you are a Tapaswi. Hence I would willingly accept your curse.

My divinity, purpose and deeds are all beyond human comprehension. When I take birth as God, Godlike is my conduct; if born as a Yaksha, my conduct will be like that of a Yaksha; if born as a man, like man I behave; and if I take an animal body, my conduct too will be likewise. I manifest such qualities as are needed to serve the purpose of My advent on each occasion.

Pandavas and Kauravas, O Sage, are alike to Me. I wanted them to be united in love and live in peace. I advised the Kauravas as best as I can, exhausting all my persuasive skill. What is more, I revealed My divine Form to them, which is very rare to behold. Yet, they did not trust My words and Me. They did not obey Me. By their own conduct they brought ruin upon themselves.

As the Lord was telling this, He revealed to Sage Utthanga, His supremely auspicious Form Divine, which even gods desire to behold. The Vision dispelled the cloud of delusion from the Sage's intellectual horizon. Enthralled by the sudden revelation of Krishna's supreme divinity, Sage Utthanga reverently went round the Lord and eulogized (praised) the Lord as follows:



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O Supreme Lord of the Universe! Who can comprehend Thy infinite glory! Wonderful are Thy deeds. Thy mysterious Maya, which is very difficult to cross, blinded me in spite of all my tapas. Krishna! Deign to forgive me and lead me across Thy formidable Maya. Let not the cataract of Maya again come upon my eyes. Let Thy divine form ever shine in my inner vision. O Merciful Lord, I take refuge at Thy Lotus Feet.

The deep repentance and the profound mood of surrender that came upon the Sage pleased the Lord who now asked the Sage to choose a boon! Who else but the Lord can have such a heart ready to forgive and forget all the wrongs done by the jivas! The Sage replied: O Krishna! The Supreme Person in a bewitching form! Thy compassion is unbounded. Having seen Thy splendorous divine Form, what other boon is there for me to choose. Lord, I seek nothing else. When the Lord insisted again, the Sage Utthanga said:

O Lord, if Thou art bent upon granting me a boon, it is this that I seek: In my wanderings on foot, sometimes I will have to pass through deserts where water is very scarce. During such times O Lord, whenever I remember Thee, I should get water to quench my thirst. The Lord smiled significantly and said: Be it so.

Years passed and the Sage Utthanga forgot all about the boon. One day it so happened that he had to pass through a desert. In the blazing heat of the midday sun, his throat parched and the sage felt intensely thirsty. Nowhere could he find any water. Suddenly he recollected the boon granted by the Lord. When he lifted his heart in prayerful remembrance of Bhagawan Sree Krishna, he saw a hunter walking towards him holding some dogs by chain and carrying on his shoulders a leather bag filled with water. The hunter, with folded hands, said to the Muni: O ascetic, I find you are awfully fatigued and extremely thirsty. Here is pure water. Be pleased to accept this and quench your thirst.

Utthanga, the venerable Brahmana, disgusted at the very sight of the ghastly appearance of the low-born hunter, flatly refused the offer, though he was dying of thirst. The hunter repeated the offer thrice, but the Brahmana did not accept. Suddenly the hunter and his dogs vanished on the spot. Taken aback by this miraculous phenomenon, the Sage once again realized his folly and said to himself in a mood of utter penitence: Ah! Again, I was put to test. What a fool I was to reject the offer of water. Surely I committed a grave blunder. Fie upon my life of Tapas.

Stirred to depth by repentance, the Sage stood rooted on the ground, utterly helpless and dazed, when lo! There appeared before him in that lonely desert, the Omniscient Lord wielding conch, discus, mace and lotus, illuminating the heart of the Sage as well as the surroundings.

Saluting the Lord, Utthanga Maha Muni now complained to the Lord, as was his wont: O Krishna! What a test you have put me to again! You have insulted me by offering me water through a chandala.

The compassionate Lord, the Friend and Saviour of the Jivas, smilingly said: O ascetic! It is you who have insulted Me. Seeing you suffer in the midst of this desert, I asked Indra, the lord of celestials, to rush a vessel of ambrosia to you. Indra at first declined to supply ambrosia to a human being. But when I insisted, he said to Me with folded palms: O Lord, human mortals do not deserve a treat with ambrosia. It is Thy own law. But Thy command I am bound to carry out.



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However, O Krishna, allow me to test the Muni before I give him this rare thing of the Heaven. I will appear before him in the guise of a low-born hunter. Having full confidence in you, O Sage, I assured Indra: Look, Utthanga is a Jnani. He cannot be deluded by external appearance of a hunter. He has penetrating perception. He beholds only Brahma Chaithanya in every one. He has no sense of separateness and duality. Now, O Muni, think, what have you done to Me. Have you not insulted Me, falsifying my trust? You being one who has renounced everything, I never thought you would harbour notions of differences such as high and low.

Utthanga Muni was moved to tears by the touching prema bhava of the Lord. God's love is infinite, unforgettable. It is this love that gives the Formless One a form and makes Him appear again and again amidst humanity in the form of the Avatar.

Vasana and egoism- if a trace of any of these two remains, one cannot attain perfect enlightenment. By repeated process of samadhi and re-emergence, one should attain to the Natural State. Then alone one is above the realm of Maya. One should hold on to the name. This is the easiest way to mental purification. The fly sits on filth and all other things, but it cannot sit on a fireball. Name of God is the ball of fire. Where there is the Name, there mind cannot dwell on vishayas. Maya cannot delude. Even in sugarcane, sweetness is not uniformly present; but sugar candy is all-sweet, every particle of it. Name is all sweet. But he who has devotion to God, alone can taste this sweetness. In the final state of mature Bhakti, the Name, God and Bliss all become one, the ineffable experience of sweetness.