



RAMĀ ŚAKTI MISSION

BULLETIN NO: 261B

29th April, 1979

Once upon a time, Samarth Ramdas, the famous saint of Maharashtra, was going to a place, accompanied by a band of his disciples. It was the summer season and there was difficulty for water everywhere. On the way, the saint came across a deep well. The face of the well remained covered with a big branch of a tree that had fallen on it.

The poor people in the locality found it impossible to draw water from the well. Seeing their plight, the saint felt pity. Turning towards the disciples, he asked: Who amongst you can cut down this branch, remove the obstruction and make it possible for the people to draw water from the well?

They were all learned and intelligent. First they vied with one another in offering to carry out Gurudev's bidding. But when they later on learnt that cutting the branch according to Guru's behests would cause their fall straight into the well, they quietly withdrew. Who would be prepared to give up his life!

There was however one amongst them, a simpleton, having no learning or intelligence. But he had the great quality of obedience and supreme devotion to the guru. His was a deep, unquestioning bhakti. For him, guru was God, and Guru's command, God's commandment. A man of unswerving shraddha, he came forward and started cutting the branch with an axe. After some time, as was expected, the branch was cut, but along with it, the poor disciple fell into the well. All others felt sad at heart. They felt pity for their fellow disciple's foolhardiness.

The saint moved on as though nothing had happened, the disciples following him in silence. On their return journey after some years (12 years) they reached the same place and the thought of his beloved disciple naturally came to the saint. He stood there, invoked the grace of his Deity, Sree Rama, called his disciple by his name.

Wonder of wonders, in a few seconds, there arose the disciple seated on the very branch of the tree he had cut down with his axe, hale and healthy, his mind filled with bliss, his face glowing in spiritual luster and with shouts of victory, jai jai Raghuveer Samarth on his lips!

The perceptorial seat, Gurupadam, is supremely exalted. He who worships it, who dedicates himself at the altar of Gurubhakti, becomes immortal. He, who violates the behests of the Guru, is hardly seen rising in spirituality. Guru, Self and God are one and the Self-same Power. The disciple who apprehends this truth becomes an embodiment of awakened spiritual force, which can shake the whole world. Such a disciple has no ego.

He is an instrument of God, a vehicle of Gurushakti. When the mind and heart are fixed on God, the latent adhyatmic shakti will blaze forth and the world will be surprised to watch such a tremendous manifestation. Guru is the protecting power. By obeying the guru's words, even the impossible becomes possible, miracles do happen and success and protection are ensured in every field of life.

During the Advent of God on earth, there is a flood of grace on earth. Those who come in contact with Him undergo transformation in a most mysterious manner. How, when and upon whom the grace will descend, no one can say. Even the most degenerate characters have



RAMĀ ŚAKTI MISSION

been redeemed through the grace of God, when the repentance came to them and they plaintively looked up to God for forgiveness and liberation.

History bears witness to such events. Years ago, when Divine Mother was living in tellicherry, there was a maid servant in Bhagawan's home. That woman was a person of violent temperament. Even without any provocation she would fly into rage. She would not listen to anybody and was arrogant and haughty. Of course, she did not know who Mother was. But one thing that surprised her was Mother's constant serenity, absolute imperturbability.

It was a Thursday, a day of Mouna (silence) for Mother. Mother's mouna was a unique observance. It was a state of spiritual solitude that transcended speech and thought. Mother's face itself would reveal Her indrawn nature during mouna. Such was the power of Her mouna that even those who lived with Her or those who happened to be in Her vicinity, would feel overwhelmed by Her silence. It was a mouna that quelled the waves of other approaching minds.

On that day of silence there were four ladies, devotees of Divine Mother, living with Her as Her guests. They knew that Mother would come down at a particular time in the evening, in order to do Her duties. But to their dismay, they saw that the arrogant maidservant seated with her legs stretched, blocking the way and leisurely grinding the nut and preparing the betel nut tamboolam (paan) for her. They were first hesitant to speak to the woman, being fully aware of her hot-tempered nature.

Finally, out of their concern for Mother, they made bold to tell her gently to get up and give way for Mother. But their entreaties were of no avail. The woman stuck to her position and angrily retorted to the devotees. The poor devotees now took resort to silent prayer. Soon Mother came down and was on Her way out. Even after seeing Mother, the maid servant did not get up. There she sat unmoved, going ahead with her paan-chewing. Mother took another way and after Her work She went back to Her room upstairs.

After some time, the woman wanted to get up from her seat, but she found her both legs glued as it were to the floor. However much she tried, she could not lift or fold her legs. She started crying. Bhagawan who was in the verandah outside, at once came in. So also the devotees rushed to her presence. Bhagawan asked her have you not known yet who she is? What did you do to Her? The woman, sobbing, admitted her mistake. Having realized her folly, she repented. Prayers now arose from her. At the instance of Bhagawan, prayer, lamentation and Nama Japa, perhaps moved Divine Mother's heart to compassion and at once the woman could get up from the floor.

This incident was a turning point in her life. She awoke to the truth of Mother's divine power. Her heart and mind turned to God. Her whole life pattern underwent a transformation. Her character and conduct changed. As her devotion increased by leaps and bounds, meditation came upon her as a matter of course and she would remain absorbed in dhyana for hours together, utterly oblivious of her body. She did her duties as though she was offering her naivedya to her deity. She started getting divine visions in meditation. Finally, Mother initiated her into Mahavakyha. The servant became the disciple. Her life became blessed.

By accumulation of merits of previous births, by the grace of God that comes during His advent on earth as saviour of souls, one may forget the body, behold divine visions and experience a rare bliss. But to make that state permanent, to attain the realization of God, one must put forth



RAMĀ ŚAKTI MISSION

one's best efforts. Maya does not spare anybody. The devotee should dwell in prayer and eternal vigilance. Even though Divinity became his consort, Shri Bhagawan always looked upon him as a child and his whole life was a prayer. Fear of Maya was with him and he took refuge at the feet of the Universal Mother. As water in a marshy pond gets evaporates with the heat of the sun, leaving the ground fresh and pure, so too, accumulated sins and sinful tendencies of the jivas get burnt in the fire of Divine grace.