

Ramanamaharishi20100414

- சக்தி விகடன் - 14 Apr, 2010

This is a translation from Tamil to English.
Original Tamil Authors are Balakumaran
and Sarukesi.

Sundaram [Iyer](#) (1848–1890) Died age 48 Father

Azakammai (1864-1922) Died age 58 Mother

Older Brother Nagaswami (1877–1900) Died age 23

Ramana Maharshi (30 December 1879 – 14 April 1950) Natal name: Venkatraman
(70Yr 3.5M)

Younger Brother Nagasundaram (1886–1953) = 67

Younger sister Alamelu (1887-1953) = 66

Born Dec 30, 1879 in the village Tiruchuzhi. Venkatraman , Smarta Brahmin

Family history: Paternal Great Uncle and paternal uncle: Sannyasins.

Upanayana at age 7.

Lived one year in Dindigul at age 11 with paternal uncle Subbaiyar. Learned English (1890)

Lived in Madurai at age 12 with uncle and brother Nagaswami (1891)

Father Sundaram Iyar died on 18 February 1892 (Venkatraman/Ramana's age 12 Plus.

Venkatraman and Nagaswami stayed with uncle Subbaiyar in Madurai.

November 1895, Experience of Sriya திருவிழா in Meenakshi Temple

July 1896 (16Y 7M) Fear of death. Discovery of soul.

September 1, 1896 (16Y 9M) Went to Tiruvannamalai for good.

ஸ்ரீரமண மகரிஷி Ramaṇa maharṣi புதிய தொடர்கள்

ஸ்ரீரமணார்ப்பணம்! SrīRamaṇārppaṇam



Author: Balakumar

Ramana MahaRishi as a Teenager



The sky flashed its blue sheen. It was pristine. Looking at the sky from the upper deck, it appeared the gigantic Egg of Brahma (Expansive Universe) must be the sky.

The mountain, the pond, the river, the ocean, the animal, the bird...feign no wonder. The earth's wonder is this sky, that too the sky without clouds and a sky in the blue yonder. This is an indescribable Pīramāṇḍam (Brahmā's Egg = Universe). Looking at the sky, Venkatraman sported a budding smile. It was like the familiar smile blossoming on the face when seeing a friend. It was that kind of smile that played on his lips, looking at the sky. Earth is the place for humanity. Sky is the place for God, the Inner Abider. To the Nāyaṇmārs, Śiva did not give Darśan on the top of the mountain, on the ocean, on the wall of the temple, or on the top of the Gōpuram (Temple Tower). The sky was wherefrom Siva gave Darśan as the Ṛṣapārūḍar (ரிஷபாரூடர் = the Rider of the Bull). Therefore, Sky is Śiva. The God is immobile; He is omnipresent and all-pervasive; He is all. Earth is mobile; Sakti is in the mobility. All planets move.

All mobiles are Sakti. The Immobile is Śiva. Śiva gives Darśan to all 63 Nāyaṇmārs. He gave his love. He held the hand of Kaṇṇappar and begged, 'Stop, Kaṇṇappa...'. He gave Darśan to Iyaṛpakai Nāyaṇār pervading and filling the whole sky. When giving Darśan to Tirunīlakaṇḍa Nāyaṇār, all the town's people received his vision. He extended his help to Sundarar. He bequeathed ambrosia to Tiruṅṇāṇasambandar. He gave Darśan to the warriors. He helped the gamblers. He raised his leg and danced for Kāraikkāl Ammaiyār in Tiruvālaṅkāttu, as she crawled to Kailās. Beholding God is easy. But there is a caveat. There is one must-do fulfilment. You must take the vow that 'God is my Refuge' and hold on to him firmly.

goo.gl/hg19Sc



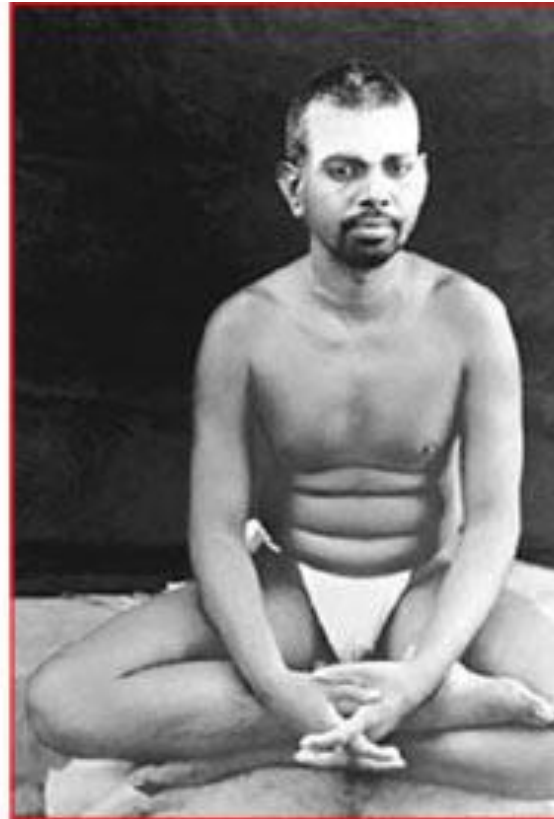
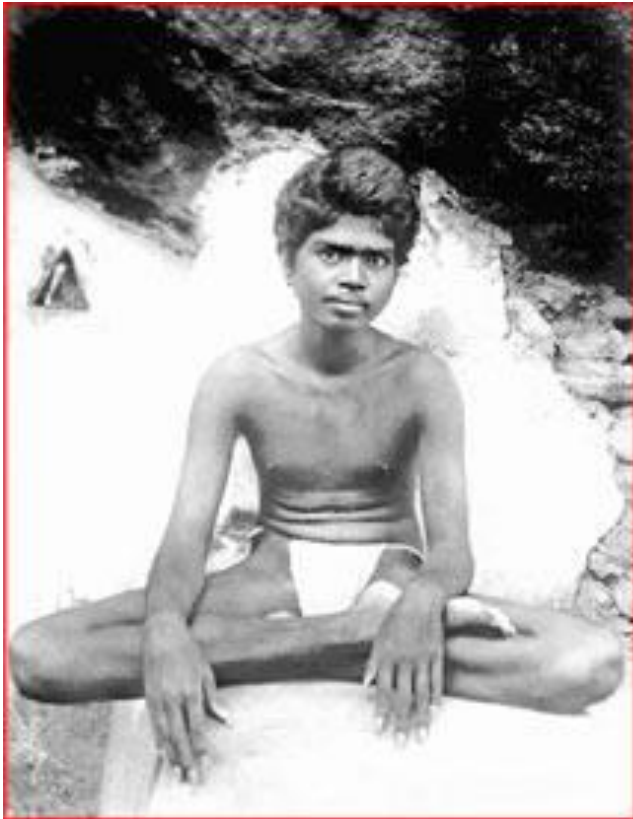
Nothing else is important. The determination should be, you are all; all that is mine are for you (God) only. The paddy to the very end will not change. If one remains with that thought, Śiva will for sure give you Darśan as Ṛṣapārūḍar.

Could I hold that stance? Giving up all, could you hold fast to the thought God as the only refuge? The thought arises it is possible, but fear hobbles the mind. Math homework to be done; commit English to memory; play football; go for a swim in the Māriammaṅ temple tank; game of Kapadi before swim or swim before the game: determination of choice must be made. With all these secular thoughts on the mind, how could Ṛṣapārūḍar give you Darśan? These tormenting thoughts

boiled over from the inside of Venkatraman. He developed an anxiety whether 'I lived a lie.'

Loving God, doing the math homework, scoring the first place in English, winning the game of Kapadi...: How could God give Darśan? That question popped in his mind. He was boiling angry with himself. He heard the inner voice, 'Venkatramanā, you are not all right. Then, he came down from the second floor of his house. Note: Venkatraman was tottering between the world of spirit and the world of matter.

He sat for a little while in a small room. He walked back and forth. He went one floor down, saw a bunch of bananas and broke of two bananas. He peeled and ate them. He went to the front gate of the house and saw bullock carts going towards the temple.



The bullocks had a hard time pulling the cart overloaded with people. That small bullock had to bear the big burden. Yet it pulled the weight towards the temple. He thought to himself: Like the bullock, I had to run, no matter the weight, towards the temple and God.

His older brother made fun of him: “They all performed austerities. You enjoy eating and sleeping. You sleep deep like Kumbakarna. How could that help you do Tapas? Enough is enough. Leave the God alone for now. Now pay attention to your studies.”

This admonition caused him much agony. It wrenched his stomach. Would I ever get Darśan of God? This despondency enveloped and pervaded his whole being and boiled over. He was restless going back and forth. He got the feeling to just walk away from home to wherever his feet took him.

Here in the new place, I have none to ridicule me. Such thoughts ran through his mind and he made fun of himself. He chided himself saying, ‘How could you ever get what you wished for?’

Could I reject the invitation to go for a swim in the lake? Could I object to dividing the boys into opposing teams in the game of Kapadi? Did you not stand there resting your hand on the hip?



Did you not shed your Vēṣṭi (waist wrap) and jump in with your loincloth? Did you not charge to the opposite side saying Kapadi-Kapadi? Those times, where was your God? When you played Kapadi, did Ṛṣapārūḍar show up? Sundarar, chanting Namasivaya-Namasivaya, gambled. God gave him Darśan irrespective of

what he did. God was Sundarar's friend. Can't he be my friend too? Why can't he join my team in Kapadi game?

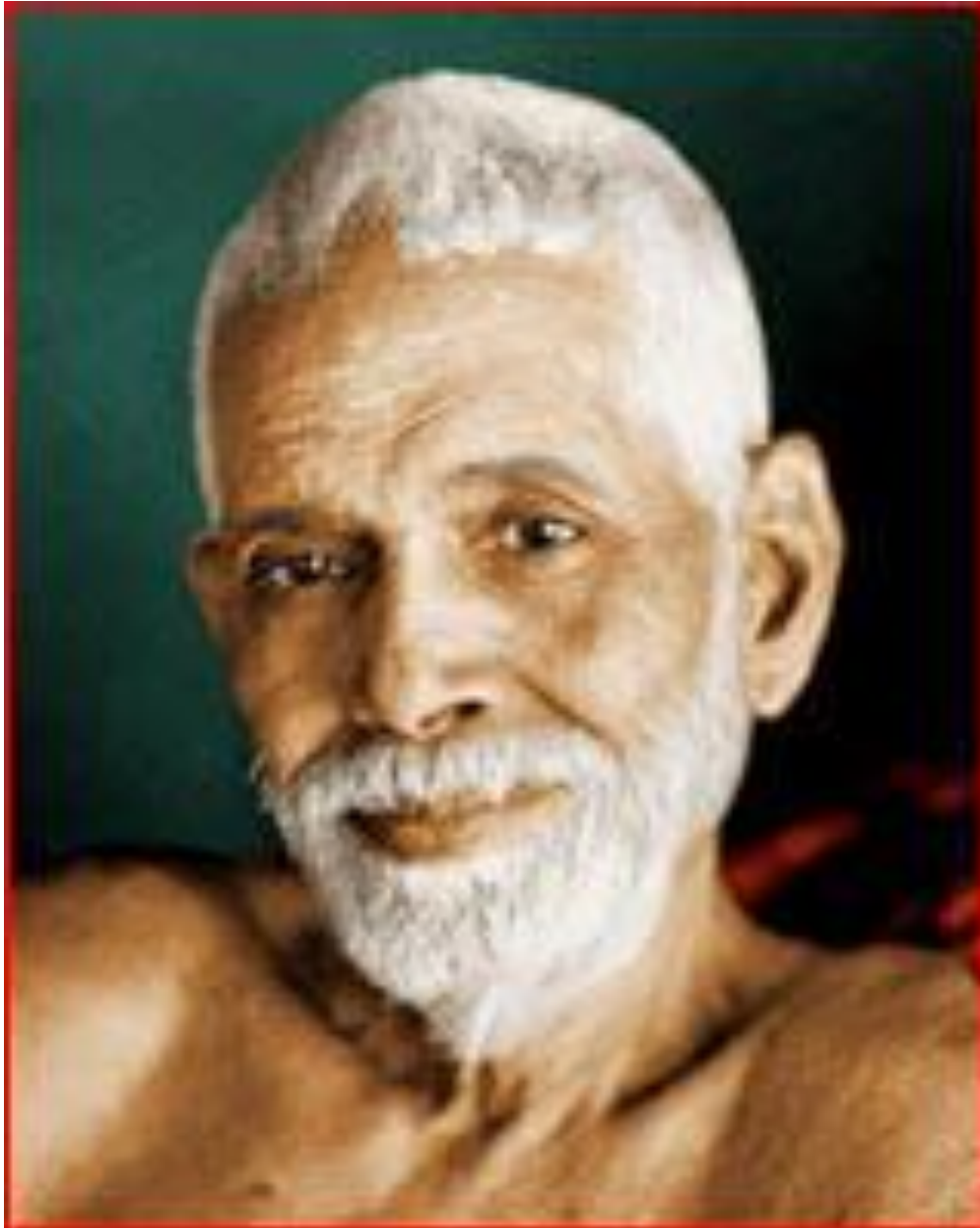
Inside his mind, despondency welled up. High anxiety took hold of him. Something is wrong. I am rudderless. Nothing works for me. These things caused rage and created grievance. When he sought help with this younger paternal uncle, he laughed it off and shifted the responsibility saying, "Go ask an elder."

If my father was living, I could have asked him. Father would have been patient and supportive in answering my questions. He had been dead for a long time. Because father died, I had to seek uncle's help, live and grow under his umbrella of support and go to Madurai.

This house on Sakkappa Nāyakkar Street is near the temple. I could run to the temple as and when I wished. I could stop at each shrine and pay homage. Remembering every Nāyaṅmār from my reading of Periyapurāṇam, I could touch each Nāyaṅmār's icon and offer homage.

If my father was alive, I could ask him to narrate the stories once again. My older brother knows but will not narrate. Uncle could be knowing them but will slip away saying, "I have work to do."

There is no one to teach me about God. My brother told me that knowledge of God came on its own accord and not from teaching. So, said my uncle. When the talk on God took place, my brother talks with uncle as if he is all-knowing. He paid no attention to Venkatraman. "These transcendent matters you would not understand." But Venkatraman paid attention to what his brother said and remembered them by frequent recollection.



The biggest loss in my life is my father's death. Family unit is split: Mother, sister, younger brother and Venkatraman (I in third person) and my older brother belong to different sides. The elder brother always said, "The responsibility to care for you is mine; therefore, you listen to me and do your math homework." My older brother was paternalistic and simultaneously pleading.

Grievous hurt. A hatred of Math comes over me. "There is a temple procession with a medley of drums and cymbals going down the street. Should you not move a little bit? Why sleep like this?" My older brother wondered aloud like that.

My aunt in a supportive move said, “He is only a child, let him sleep.” My brother in a mean spirit of accusatory finger pointing said, “His desire is to perform Tapas; right now, his Tapas is sleeping.” Shame and sadness boiled over. I blamed myself over my sleeping. I wanted to find way to avoid sleep.

What is the use of asking these people? Let me exercise my self-effort. Whom did Nāyaṇmārs ask about all these things? Where did they learn from about God? Did they not apprehend God on their own accord? I must do the inquiry myself. He jumped, ascended the staircase, reached a room in the upper floor and sat on the floor.

He looked at the wall with blank eyes until the excitement subsided. In a flash of introspection, he observed his own thoughts on the mind lake. His thoughts took him to a recollection of his father: his walk, his stand, his talk, his memory loss, stay on the bed and extension of his hand towards him.

The near and dear spoke among themselves of the deathbed he was lying in. Though they spoke in whispers, Venkatraman heard them all. It came as a sudden shock at the prospect of death of his father. His father held his hands tight and stared at him. His eyes welled with tears. The relatives embraced and took him out.

Dad’s hand fell on the bed like a dead weight. His last look seared in my memory. The relatives sat him down outside saying, “Don’t worry. Let it be.” They announced that his father died half hour since his last look. All this appeared as if I was abandoned in a jungle with eyes blind-folded.



The relatives got busy with arrangements. Many came rushing in anticipation of his death. Bamboo sticks and Palm leaves were gotten ready. There was a loud wailing in the house. Venkatraman embraced his mother. He cried and later came out.

In three hours since death, the body was already on the gurney. The elder brother went ahead of the gurney with a wet cloth and a fire-pot. They stopped Venkatraman. The paternal uncle cried loud, “I committed him to the pyre, committed him to the funeral pyre, I committed Sundaram to the funeral pyre.” That loud cry rang in my mind again. Grief boiled over. The eyes welled up with tears.

What are departure and death? How did they commit my father to funeral pyre? Did burning with fire not cause pain? Why did it not cause pain? What is present to cause pain? What is that which when lost is death? The answers to these questions, he looked into himself. He searched deliberately what is inside. Death means the exit of something. What is it? He analyzed life, death and exit of

something at death. If you sit and think, could you apprehend it? Only when you die, it becomes known.

Even the intellectuals do not like to think hard about death. The 16-year-old Venkatraman wanted to know what death is. Suddenly, fear enveloped him. Would death come seeking me? Though he was of good health, fear of death induced panic in him. 'It is fine, go! He got ready for death.

Let us get Darśan

Pictures S. Kumaresan

- தரிசிப்போம்... Let us worship.

படம் சு. குமரேசன்

- சக்தி விகடன் - 14 Apr, 2010 2010-04-14-Part 2
- தொடர்கள்

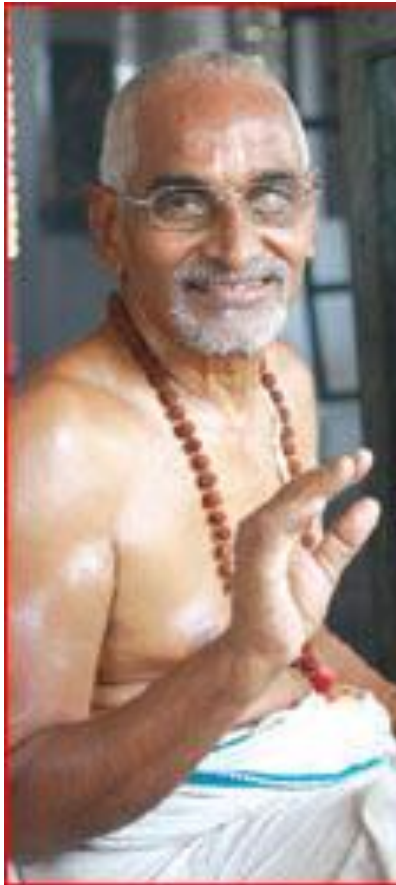
Posted Date : 06:00 (14/04/2010) **கருணை தெய்வம் காஞ்சி**

மகான் = Kānchi Mahān is god of mercy



குரு தரிசனம்! Guru Darśan

Author: Sarukesi



Periyavā means only Kānchi Periyavar (Elder). In Vizuppuram where Periyavā stayed, his close and constant companion was Lakshminarayanan, who since age

six years served him well. Presently at 76 years of age (1956), he cherishes the memory of Periyavā. He will share his exhilarating memories with the readers. Lakshminarayanan credits Periyavā as responsible for the establishment of a Veda Learning Center near Māngāḍu Kāmachi Amman Temple.

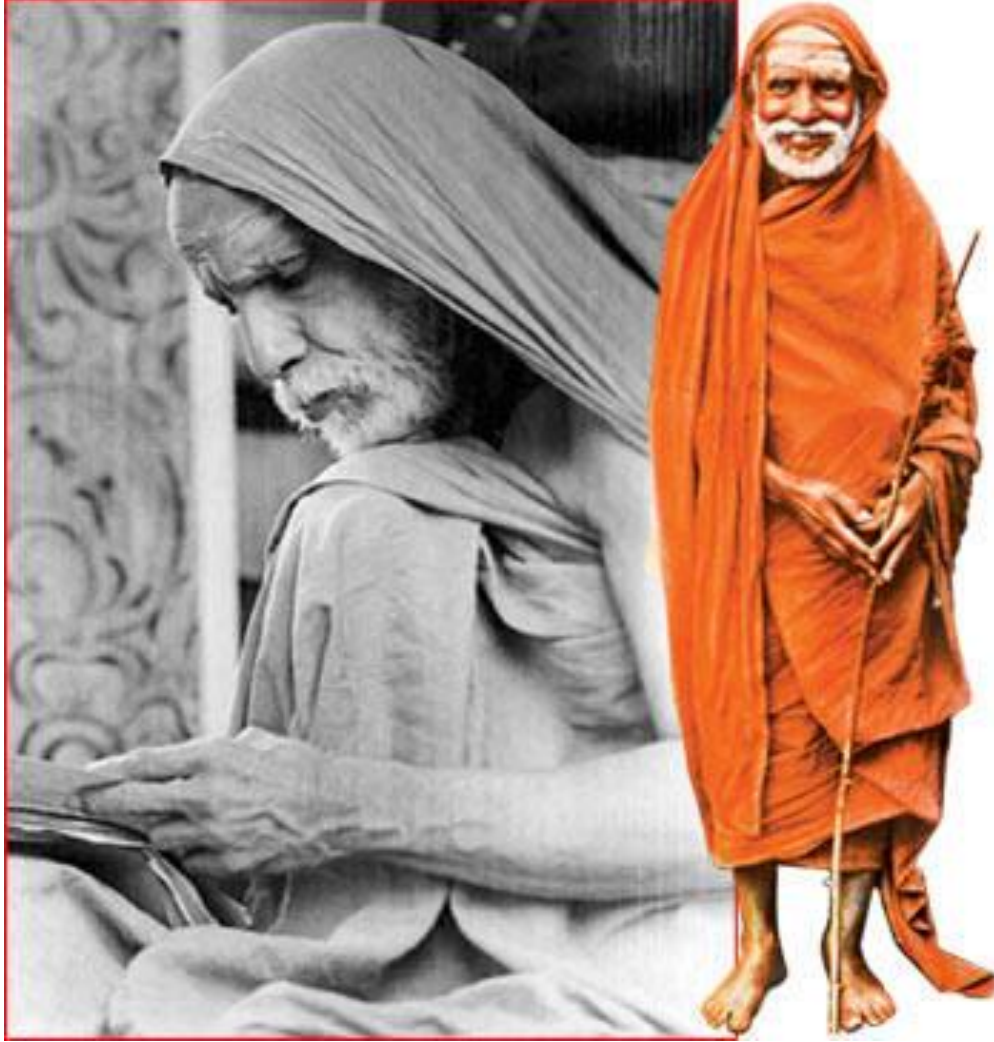
That was 1956. Every Thursday, we came to Kānchi to see Periyavar. On arrival on a Thursday, Periyavā said, “I had a dream yesterday. Because of the flame of Pañchāgni, my whole body is burning. Ambāl told me in the dream to perform redemptive ceremony. He added, “Somewhere around here there is an Ambā Temple in a rundown condition. Find it and let me know. I will give you a week to report back to me.”

Next week, when we saw him, he told us that Ambāl came again in his dream on the first night. That day an elephant took him by hand. Periyavā went with the elephant. To Periyavā, it did not appear as an elephant. It was Ambāl herself in his perception.

The elephant took him for a long time on a long journey. Periyavā went behind the elephant. After many hours of journey, the elephant made a turn on a mud road. After going for a while, the elephant disappeared. Periyavā guessed that the ruined Ambāl temple must be in the vicinity. He made up his mind to spend the night there. There was a cow shed nearby. Periyavā slept there for the night.

In that area, Ramakrishna Mudaliar was the chief. Finding out that Periyava was in the vicinity, he came to see him. He assured him, “Whatever that needs to be done, I will do it. Don’t worry.” Periyava told him that Samprōkṣaṇa (Purificatory ceremony) must be done within 24 hours. The wheels started rolling. He gave Rs.1000 to each worker. They cleared the area of weeds, bushes, snakes and anthills. A small tower became visible. Periyava said, “This is where Ādisankara stayed for 10 months continuously. Ardhameru was established there. Ambal is very angry now. We should appease her anger.

After Periyava oversaw the completion of all the events, he went back to Kanchi. Completing all the preliminary tasks, we brought Kumbabishekam to fruition. Ekāmbara Gurukkal was the officiating priest for the ceremony. Nobody knew anything about Māngāḍu Temple those days.



If Periyava asked for an exclusive private place, I would not have hesitated to do the same. The proposal never took place and got pushed back because of other commitments. In 1956, Periyava reminded me of my offer saying, “Did you forget to buy a place for me in Māngāḍu? Periyava imposed a condition saying, “You should never borrow money from anyone. Only your money can be used for the purpose.” Therefore, the proposal never found enactment. Periyava here and there kept reminding me of it. In 1976, I bought the land, 3.5 grounds in all at a cost of Rs.500,000.00. I sold my wife’s jewels and my house and bought the plot with the proceeds.

Here on this plot, Ambāl Temple should rise. As priority, wooden sandals representing Ādisankara should be put in place. Later a temple can rise. The foundation is 16 feet deep. One hundred eight crores of written five-letter Mantra

(NaMaSiVāYa) should be strewn in the pit. 1 crore = 10 million. The school children wrote the Mantras and gave the papers to the management. Periyava discussed about the foundation with Judge Balasubramaniya Aiyar. On his order, VIPs were waiting to act on it.

In 1982, I (Lakshminarayanan) bought a small plot, built a house and moved. I worked in the Accounts Section in Simson. After work, I go to the construction site for supervision and go back home late in the night.



The work dragged on and came to competition by the end of 1992. I hoped to have Periyava perform the consecration. “I did all these things. Why are you calling me? Call Jayendran. Jayendrar said, “The auspicious time for consecration should be a constellation of Guru Vāram, Pañchami and Aṇuṣam.”

On 8th January 1994, I fell ill with a sudden onset of high fever and my family admitted me in the hospital. The doctor pronounced that I sustained a heart attack. I stayed in the ICU for three days. On the fourth day, to the surprise of the doctors, I made a recovery. “We will discharge you. You cannot travel for 45 days. I came to know later that on the day I sustained a heart attack, Periyava attained Mukti (shuffled off his mortal coil).

Later, Vijayēnthirar performed the Consecration ceremony.

Periyava suggested Yajur Veda Pātasālai (school) conduct classes at this site. I carried out his instructions. To begin with, we had six students come from outlier villages. The student body grew to ten and twelve. The attendance gradually wilted and for the past one and half years, no one comes to the Vedic school. It is my

great deficiency. This is the temple built according to desire. The Vedic School started on his command. My desire is it continues to function.

Lakshminarayan's voice as he spoke showed a halting hesitation.

- தரிசனம் தொடரும்

படங்கள் கோகுலகிருஷ்ணன், ஆ.முத்துக்குமார்

Darśan will continue

Pictures by Gokulakrishnan, A, Muththukkumaran

2010-04-28-Part 1 & 2
Ramanamaharishi20100428

சக்தி விகடன் - 28 Apr, 2010 part 1

Posted Date : 06:00 (28/04/2010)

ஸ்ரீரமண மகரிஷி Ramana Maharishi



Author: Balakumaran



Fear mounted and grabbed me as I tried to desert it. I could not sit. Can I jerk and shed it? The mind stepped back. No, I will not let go, unless I know what it is.

What is it to die? If I was to die, I must lie stretched out.

He suddenly stretched out his legs and laid down. He made the body rigid. Then, the body died. Death came to the body. I died. Taking me, they will do the cremation. My older brother will again carry the fire-pot. (First time, he carried it for the cremation of their father.)



They carry bouncing the dead body on a gurney and commit it to the flames. This body licked by flames gradually gets reduced to ashes. Nothing will be left. The body will disappear (as I knew it). What is present that keeps me alive? What remains while I lay down? What was not present after death seizes me?

Venkatraman was deep in thought, looking at what is present. There was a change in his breathing. When the mind subsides, the breath subsides. The breath from the nostrils, usually extending to one foot shrank gradually. Diving deep inside to apprehend what there is, expiratory air was at its borderline. Considering what is deeper, losing which death is certainty, breath stood at standstill at the upper nose (Posterior Choanae).

Hey, here is the place wherein there is something. Its tempo orchestrates all bodily functions. When introspection got deeper, the breath in the upper windpipe at the neck not exiting went back and forth between lungs and throat. Deeper immersion made Venkatraman's body stiff. The sensory and motor organs in the body lost their innate domains. The blood flow changed into a different state. The stiffness of the living body was as in death.

Venkatraman stood aside and witnessed it. The breath moved from the lung for a short distance and went back into the lungs. The breath never reached the upper airways (The nose and the cervical trachea or windpipe). The breath moved a little distance along the bronchial tubes and returned to the lungs. There was a breath; it was not a complete respiration. The breath jumped up a few inches and promptly came back to the lungs. (regarding the movement of the breath, the breathing tube was compared to the young bull's horn.)

When the mind subsides, the breath subsides; when the breath subsides, the mind subsides. As the breath was moving along the bull's two horns (respiratory passages), suddenly great flash of light appeared. Unbearable shudder affected the body. Between the two breaths, between the two horns splendor neither steady nor moving, neither dancing nor still stood with great brilliance. The thought waves stood still. That Great Light swallowed the thinking faculty.

As the thinking faculty became still, the Ego Factor sporting the I-ness came to naught. As the consciousness of I-factor disappears, Venkatraman dissolved in the Great Splendor and became it.

This is permanence; this is completeness; this and here are the existence; this and here are all. This is the first and the foremost; this is freedom; this is Supreme Bliss; this is earth; this is universe; this is love; this is mercy; this is intellect; this is health; this is the inseparable, plenitudinous, and omnipresent wonder. This exists as the inseparable all-pervasive profusion.

This is the great Light in the shut eyes; this is the hum in the open ears; this is horripilation; this is amazement in the Buddhi; this is the pleasant feeling under the sole; as the anal sphincter contracts, this gives a push and sends the Kundali (up the spine) to the neck.

In the spinal column, there is a tingling sensation; there is tranquility in the mind; there is heaviness in the heart; in the throat, there is a whirl; in the forehead, there is briskness; in the crown, there is Agni (fire, heat). Āhā... THAT fills inseparably in all things and in all beings. THAT is THAT. Venkatraman's mind slowly awakens. He emitted a roar.

Wakefulness returned and half-hour elapsed. Venkatraman got up and sat cross-legged. He cried as he looked at the wall in front of him. Later, for no reason, he laughed. He cried again. He stood up and leaned on the corner of the wall.

He staggered and moved towards the entrance. The staircase, he used to run up, appeared to induce fear that day. It occurred to him whether he would fall and roll down the staircase.

'What happened to me, what happened to me.' He came down slowly one step at a time. What is inside is I. That is I. He came down one step. This body, I am not. This Buddhi is not I. My Sakti is not I. My mind is not I. As he came down one step at a time, he understood inside him the reality. The Great Light, the Great Flame is I. That is inside all... What is inside me is in all places. I am THAT. I am Siddhi. I am the younger uncle, I am the older brother, I am the street dog, I am the insect, I am the cow, I am the blue rock-pigeon, I am all.





How does Unity become multiplicity? This is a great mistake. The 'I' shines as a multitude and is born as all. What is the difference between me and them? What are the discrepancies? How could One become many?

He stood on the 10th step. He went back up. He laughed. Whom am I going to tell? Whom am I to ask for the meaning and explanation of what happened? Did I myself understand? Something happened to me... Did it happen properly? Was it a sleep state, bewilderment, or the manifestation of what was inside? He came down the steps and went to the temple. He opposed his palms in homage to Madurai Sundareśvarar. There was gratitude in the opposed palms. There was a melting of the heart. There was happiness. There was tranquility. There was love. There was a deluge of Bliss.

All melting with the mind becoming one whole, he paid homage to the God. It dawned on his mind to sit in deep meditation or lay down to experience it again.

He begged and pleaded with Sundareśvarar with opposed palms asking him, 'Again, you should come.' Returning after wandering through the town, Venkatraman walked like an empty vessel.

For the vessel to becoming a brimmer, the Grace of God was waiting.

Purification does not happen to everybody. Only to a few, it happens. Only those souls receive the title, Jñāni or Mahān.

Venkatraman of 16 years of age was later called SrīRamaṇa Mahaṛṣi. Millions of people worshipped him as Bhagavan.

Tirucchuzi was the place of his birth. It is part of the Ramanathapuram district. Surrounding area was a barren land. Sky was its canopy, though there was a beautiful Siva Temple.

When the world was deluged with floods, Siva dug a hole with his trident and the flood waters in a whirlpool disappeared in the hole: that is the reason for the village name: Tirucchuzi (Sacred Whirlpool).

Many years later, from the same whirlpool, a flood appeared. That deluge of love is Ramaṇānupavam (the experience of Ramaṇa. The whole world was soaked in the blessedness from the brimmer.

- தரிசிப்போம்...

Let us obtain Darsan...

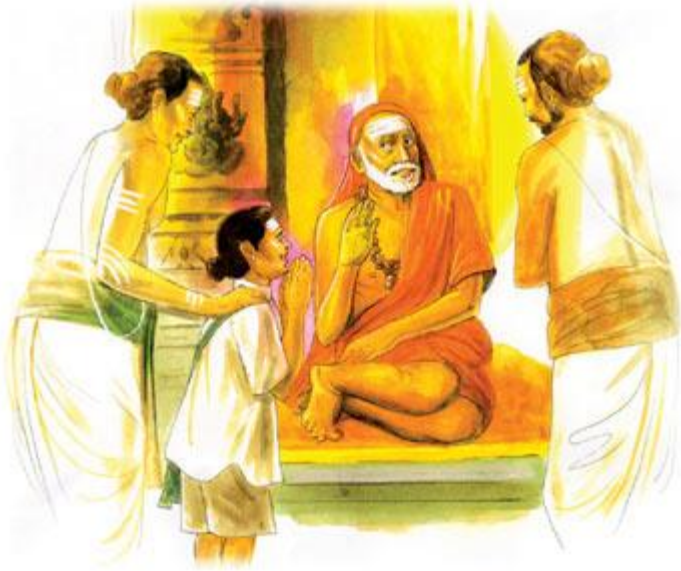
சக்தி விகடன் - 28 Apr, 2010 part 2

தொடர்கள்

Posted Date : 06:00 (28/04/2010)

கருணை தெய்வம் காஞ்சி மகான் Kanchi Mahan: God of Mercy

Author Sarukesi.



Lakshminarayanan's elder uncle Natesa Aiyar and Periyava went to Tindivanam American Arcot Mission High School. Whenever Periyava came to Vizuppuram, he stayed in Baburao Sattiram in Pāppāṅkuḷam in the outskirts of the city. Lakshminarayanan's father invited Periyava with Pūṇakumbham (auspicious water pot) and took him to Sattiram (Choultry, Inn). The Matam (Rest house) had elephants, horses... The Sattiram had the means to maintain them.

When Periyava stayed in the Baburao choultry, Lakshminarayanan had Darśan of

Periyava.

I was six years old then. My elder uncle took me to Periyava and introduced me to him, saying, 'This is my younger brother's son. He is in third grade.'

He enquired whether he had the Sacred Thread ceremony. I said, "No." 'Alright. Soon, conduct the thread ceremony. When the school closed for summer, send him to me.'

Four years later in 1946-47, Periyava stayed in the choultry. By then I was invested with the sacred thread. As Periyava suggested, I served in the Mutt during school holidays. That was the beginning of service. My duty was to weave Bael leaves.

Periyava stayed there for 10 days.

The high school headmaster was senior to my elder uncle. He came to Darśan Periyava. 'You should visit our town.' Periyava retorted, 'What will you give me when I come visiting. Will you gift me the house? I am going to stay here for 10 months.' It sounded like a trace of mischief coming from Periyava. There must have been a big plan behind such pronouncements.

Periyava said, 'I cannot go to Peṇṇaiyār daily by foot. Therefore, would you dig a lake or pond for me?'

Pāṇāmpattu was a town about two km away. Two hundred workers dug a pond over a three-day period and hit water at ten-foot depth. As the squirrel helped Rama, I participated in the sacred service of digging the pond. The water was only knee-deep, though it was clear. Periyava went into the pond for the ritual bath and performed Ganga Puja.

It is past 10 to 15 days. One day... Periyava said, 'There is a village by name Vadavāpalam about one and half km from here. Subramaniya Reddiar lives there. Bring him to me.' We told about Periyava's news. Reddiar did not understand why Periyava asked for him. He was prosperous. He came to Periyava and asked, 'What should I do?' He said, 'Bring the Tāsildār to me.' Those days, Tāsildār is like today's collector. He holds that kind of power.

Tāsildār came to Periyava. He was a Kumbhakoṇam Brahmin. Periyava said to him, 'What is special about this place? Look at the field map and let me know.'

Everybody pored over the field map and could find nothing special.

Periyava said, 'Two hundred years ago, Peṇṇaiyāru (River Peṇṇai) was flowing near Vadavāmbalam village. In a matter of time, the river moved far away.'



Periyav said, ‘A prominent Siddhar was living in Vadavambalam long time ago. He attained Siddhi there. There was one Bhōthēnthira pītam, washed away by the floods.

The tradition is River Ganges comes there until the fifth of the month of Thai (mid-January to mid-February). River festival was celebrated then. The pilgrims go there with parcels of food (for consumption while on the visit). That site housed Ātma Bhōthēnthira Samādhi (memorial), and Lingam with Adhiṣṭānam (*adhiṣṭhāna* = seat, building, infusion of life into the idol). An urgent plea came from Periyava in the middle of the night he wanted to visit the site that moment. We two walked with Periyava with torchlights. At a spot around 2 a.m., he sat down and performed Japam (muttering prayer) until 4 a.m in the morning. Before dawn we all came to our village.

Three months later, we went with Periyava to the same site. A great snake was coming towards us. We were in terror. Periyava said, ‘It will do no harm. Just stand your ground.’ It slithered away and disappeared far away. As before, Periyava sat in the same spot and performed Japam. He got up finishing the Japam at 4 a.m. We did not understand what was so special about that site.

He bid us to bring Subramaniya Reddiar, whom he asked for two acres of land. Reddiar assented to his request.

All the papers, Mr. Reddiar kept ready and registered in the name of Periyava two acres of land costing Rs.400.00. Reddiar refused to accept money. Periyava said, ‘No, you must accept the money. If not, there will be a dispute in the future.’

Periyava asked the Mutt to give Rs. 500 to Reddiar.

Periyava wanted to dig the land. He took his uncle’s son to the site. He selected a spot on the two-acre land and dug it with the crowbar, which showed blood stains at the sharp end.

Seeing it, he lost his breath and fell. Not knowing what to do, we were wringing our hands and stood there helpless. Half-hour later, he got up and sat on the spot saying, ‘Nothing happened. I am all right.’

We told Periyava our observations. He said, ‘Don’t be afraid, there is buried temple below. We will dig there tomorrow.’

- தரிசனம் தொடரும்

Next day, on digging the site, there was evidence of remnants of a temple from a bygone era. A Sivalingam was found and brought up. There itself, a renovated temple was built by Periyava and later left for Kanchipuram.

I was with Periyava for three or four months during renovation. Lakshminarayanan said, ‘Thinking of those events now gives me horripilation.’

Darśan will continue.

Ramanamaharishi2010-05-13

சக்தி விகடன் - 13 May, 2010 Part 1

தொடர்கள்

Posted Date : 06:00 (13/05/2010)

ஸ்ரீரமண மகரிஷி SrīRamaṇa Mahaṛṣi

ஸ்ரீரமணார்

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Author: Balakumaran

பாலகுமாரன்



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His clients are from the surrounding villages; the cases were land disputes, individual or communal violence, petition for judicial enquiry, judicial appeal... When the night falls, even the men in Tiruchuzi fear traversing the jungle paths. Therefore, the clients stay overnight, ready to leave at the break of dawn. That is the convenience provided by the advocate in his house.

Is lodging enough? How about boarding? Sundaramaiyar is a loving man: 'Eat dinner, stay overnight in our house, have breakfast of gruel and leave in the morning.' Hospitality sans deceit: His wife Azakammai takes the eyed cues from the husband and makes it happen.

The couple had a son, named Nagaswamy. The lawyer had an elder sister Lakshmi, who died postpartum after giving birth to a son. Sundaramaiyar adopted and raised the baby, Ramaswamy. Azakammai was pregnant with their second child. The family elders celebrated the event.

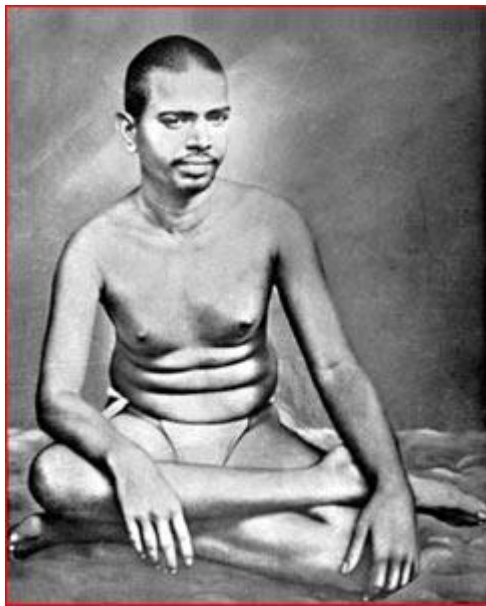
This time a girl was born. He already thought about her marriage. In those days, people entertained thoughts about love and living, and responsibility about weddings of the progeny even before birth. To them continuation of progeny down the ages into the future was important.

Azakammai in Labor. A girl was born



‘Azakammai, you are as beautiful as your name says. Your cheeks are high-colored. Your lips are full and ripe. It is all delightfully beautiful. This time it is a girl.’

To Azakammai, whatever is the sex of the baby, it brings joy. The baby should be hale and healthy. Sundaramaiyar was famous and privileged for being a lawyer. Not just that. A good man, a helping hand, a friend of the needy and the poor. Around this town, there was a fear of thieves because of penury and joblessness. Ambush, invasion of house through the roof, crowbar entry into the house...were common occurrences. The police search patrols caught and arrested them. Sundaramaiyar had them as his clients in the court. Even before the verdict, he arranged for out-of-court settlement for the clients.



Hey... You seemed to have burglarized the Chettiar's house.

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“Don’t tell me fibs. I have a witness. Your friend betrayed you. He is sitting inside the house. What am I to do?”

“You tell me, Swamy.”

“Give it back. It is like a warning.”

“They will ambush and beat me up.”

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booty at the entrance to the burglarized house and abscond.

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“The womenfolk of the household won't miss even one bead in the returned loot and will shed tears of joy and express gratitude.”

“There is no alternative to honest living. Stealing has become a necessary habit. Please give Dal and rice (to the thief). He (the thief) won't show up on this side of the town.”

One sack of rice, one bag of Dal, other provisions, some coins...are placed where the jewels were left (for the thief who returned the loot).

The thief wonders, "All this for me." They talk like children, "I invaded the home for food. I saw the jewels. I just lifted them." The thieves praise Sundaramaiyar as the manifest god, who rescued them from bodily harm.

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"The Iyar with the attached house... I have 40 acres of land. Own 6 to 7 houses. Stay away from me." (Hubris exhibitionism by the rich man)

The rich man stepped away, Sundaramaiyar paid respects and greetings, and the rich man turned his face away (not returning the greetings). As the hubris of moolah made a show (of arrogance), culture of education (Iyar) sported a faint smile.

A mile was traversed. There was a turn on the road. The cart made a turn. Ten to fifteen people surrounded the rich man's vehicle, removed the wheels' linchpins, one man flailed a blade before his face and threatened him.

“Give up your possessions. Do it now”, shouted the waylayers.

"Hey, another vehicle coming our way."

“Block it, go block it.”

“O my, it is the cart of the Iyar.” As soon as they sighted Sundaramaiyar’s cart, they scooted out of there and disappeared into a thicket of bramble.

“Who are you? Come out of there." Sundaramaiyar shouted with an authority.

Two ruffians came out of the bushes hands folded in respect and with obsequious humility and stood before the Aiyar.

"What did you take."

"We just started."

"Return it."

Whatever taken was returned.

"Beat the living daylights out of you and break your back." so roared the cultured (the upright Brahmin) to the thieves. The Moolah (the rich man) cringed in fear and moved to the side.

"If I see you fellows again on this side of town, I will destroy you. Iyar bared his teeth. The thieves withdrew and stood back.

"Hold there, your honor. Give each of us two rupees."

Two rupees are a large sum, enough to feed each for three days. The rich man destined to lose the gold and the diamonds but for Aiyar, gave two rupees each and expressed thanks to Aiyar.

The rich man opposing his palms in gratitude and respect, said, "I thought low of you earlier; forgive me."

Sundaramaiyar said, "You must have been distracted. You did not pay attention. You go and I will follow you as a companion."

Intellect and dignity are the jewels of a man. Sundaramaiyar shines as Alankāra Purusha (Bedecked, beautiful and worshipful man or God).

"I have no idea of worship and adoration. Sastri comes home and performs worship. My part in worship is all about sweet poṅgal (Sweet boiled rice, milk, cashews and condiments). I feel sorry for the poor. I pray to god," Can't these people have a better luck."

Aiyar has compassion right from his conception, infancy... Right living is more important than rituals. Love to fellow human beings is more important than observing religious rites and rituals. True love is more important than a false cloak of caste superiority. These qualities were innate to the unborn child. Since the seed was strong and healthy, the tree grew big and tall.

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Māragazi is the dawn of the Devas (one year of Devas is equal to one month of humans). Māragazi is associated with Tiruvāthirai star: Śaivar's auspicious day. It is the day Nataraja takes a procession in all Śiva temples. Tiruvāthirai festival was celebrated with ostentation in Tirucchuzi Sakāyavalli Samētha Bhūmināthar temple.

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The attendants informed Sundaramaiyar, 'it was a boy.' He turned to the temple tower and opposed his palms. That was 1879 December 30.

Let us obtain Darśan.

Pictures: S. Kumaresan

- தரிசிப்போம்...

படம் சு. குமரேசன்

சக்தி விகடன் - 13 May, 2010 Part 2

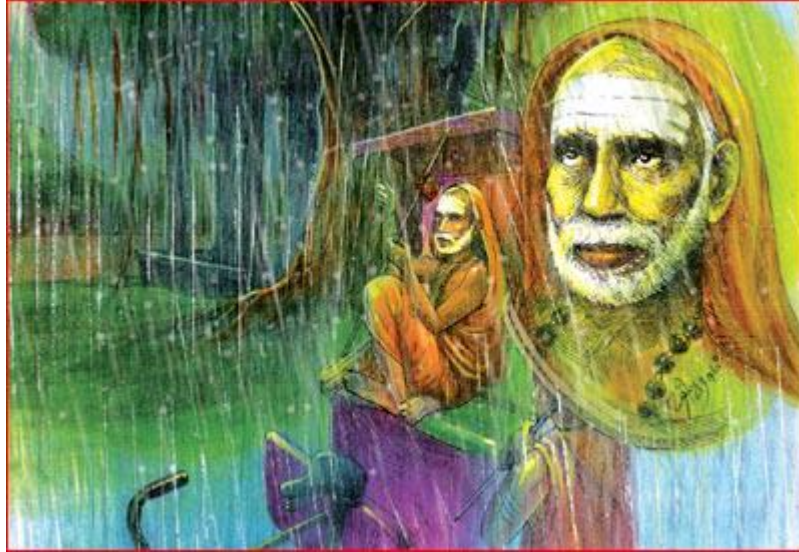
தொடர்கள்

Posted Date : 06:00 (13/05/2010)

கருணை தெய்வம் காஞ்சி மகான் Merciful

Kanchi Mahan ✦ சாருகேசி Author Sarukesi

Periyava brought rain to the parched land.



Lakshminarayanan described two episodes of the extent of Periyava's spiritual power.

“When Periyava was on a pilgrimage, it is a habit for him to stop at the villages along the way. Once he stopped at Hakri before reaching Gundakkal.

Within the city limits, there was a Śiva Temple. Next to it, there was a huge Banyan tree. Next to it was the riverside. As soon he saw it, he took a liking and decided to stay there.

It was a small town. It was a barren waste land. There was a time when a river with flotsam and froth flowed. When we were there, there was no rainfall and the land was fissured, dry and barren.

Sugarcane cultivation was the major agricultural occupation. There was a sugar factory. The factory general manager was from Tanjore Jilla (district). Periyava told him, “I intend to perform Vyasa Puja here. Could I stay in your town for a few days?”

The manager was shaken. He said with humility, “Swami! That is my blessings and luck. Periyava should stay here. You give us orders as to what we should do here for you. We will do them all here.”

Four truckloads of logs and thatches arrived. A 300 foot Pandal (a temporary shed made of casuarina logs and thatches) was built. Structure included Periyava quarters, his Darśan, and a seating with chairs for a thousand visitors were provided. “All went smoothly and in a grand scale. That night Periyava did not sleep.” Said Lakshmi Narayanan.



Why did Periyava not sleep? The town's Śiva temple and the town gave Periyava happiness. He worried because the river was dry for many years, the monsoon rains did not come, and the water shortage caused a great deal of misery to the people.

Lakshminarayanar continued, "Periyava did not speak to anybody. He was looking at the river walk with blank eyes. He got up in the evening and went to the riverbank. He stepped on the sand and was engrossed in thoughts. He began walking on the river sand for about a kilo meter. He called us and told us, "I am going to perform 'Sandiya Japam.' If anyone want to visit with me, tell them to see me in the morning." Dismissing the bystanders, he was engrossed in his Japam.

It was night. Those days, hurricane light was in use. There were two Petromax lights. We lighted them.

It was 10 p.m. in the night. The breeze was cool. One or two drops of rain fell on our body. Then, it rained lightly. In a little while, the rain came down hard and fast with flash floods. We sat Periyava on a cycle Riksha and I held a screw-pine umbrella.

Next day, just before dawn, the people wondering said, "Periyava brought rain for us." They all assembled in a great crowd and obtained Darśan of him. Periyava happily performed the Vyasa puja.

Periyava is a great Tapasvi (meditator). Vyasa Puja was a reason given to us. He said, " It gives me horripilation to think he gave the town the much needed rain. This is what happened, when Periyava and Lakshminarayanan went to Pandaripuram. This was one of his many miracles." Bhīma is the name of the river in Pandaripuram. That river was dry for over ten years.

"People dig wells to about 100 meters by the side of the river and obtain water. It is a chore to drop the roped vessel into the well, fill it with water over a 25-second period and draw it up. In the opposite bank of the river, there was a Mandapam in ruins. He stayed there."

Periyava sat inside the Mandapam and did his Japam. It must have an hour. A torrential rain came down with water running in the river. The rain continued for hours. Servants were called in and they helped bring Periyava to the other side of the river at about 12p.m.

A throng of people pressed close to him and paid homage, saying, “Swami, it was you who brought the rain.”

Lakshminarayanan narrated this episode in detail concluding, “Though Periyava says things with great humility and self-control, I know it well, he is the manifest Amsa (fragment) of Īśvara.

- தரிசனம் தொடரும்

Darśan will continue

Ramanamaharishi2010-05-13

சக்தி விகடன் - 13 May, 2010 Part 1

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Posted Date : 06:00 (13/05/2010)

ஸ்ரீரமண மகரிஷி SrīRamaṇa Maharṣi

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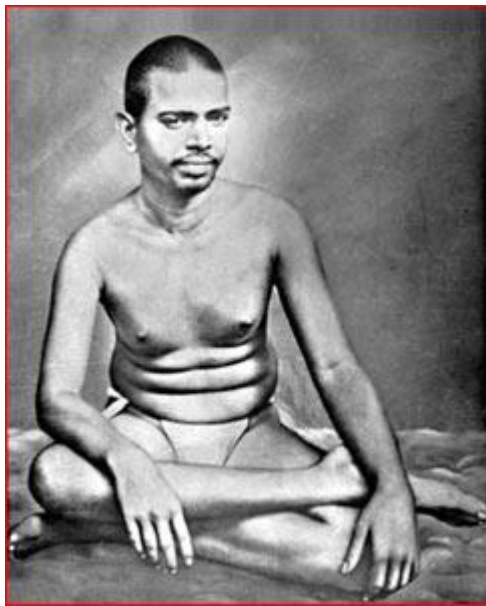
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- தரிசிப்போம்...

படம் சு. குமரேசன்

சக்தி விகடன் - 13 May, 2010 Part 2

தொடர்கள்

Posted Date : 06:00 (13/05/2010)

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Periyava sat inside the Mandapam and did his Japam. It must have an hour. A torrential rain came down with water running in the river. The rain continued for hours. Servants were called in and they helped bring Periyava to the other side of the river at about 12p.m.

A throng of people pressed close to him and paid homage, saying, “Swami, it was you who brought the rain.”

Lakshminarayanan narrated this episode in detail concluding, “Though Periyava says things with great humility and self-control, I know it well, he is the manifest Amsa (fragment) of Īśvara.

- தரிசனம் தொடரும்

Darśan will continue

Ramanamaharishi 2010-05-27

Part 1 and Part 2

சக்தி விகடன் - 27 May, 2010

தொடர்கள்

Posted Date : 06:00 (27/05/2010)

Dedication to Ramana Maharishi

♦ பாலகுமாரன்

ஸ்ரீரமண
மகரிஷி



In the cold winter month of December, many great men took birth in many parts of the world. In the Land of Bharata (India), Mārgazhi (Mid-December to mid-January) is an auspicious time. A wonderful birth took place in Mārgazhi to bring amity to the people.

Among the help, there was an elderly woman. She was a multiparous woman. She raised many children. Then, her eyesight was poor. She sat in a corner and was dispensing advice to others, which was of great help to others less experienced.

Though she had poor eyesight, her mind was on labor and delivery. She wished the baby emerged healthy.

As soon as the baby was born, they gave the baby in the hands of the elderly woman. Instantaneously, her vision came alive. She wondered, “Was this the baby or a Great Light?” In so dark a place, so bright is the child. The astrology announced the infant was a Mahān.

Budhan in the 2nd house, Sukkiran, in the 5th Guru, very special. This is the evidentiary proof for the birth of Jñavān (Wise man). The 5th place is the site for Pūrva Puṇṇiya Stānam (The place for merit from previous birth). The dominance of Guru in Pūrva Puṇṇiya Stānam is an evidence of very great man. Sundaram Iyar house had a demerit (சாபம் = curse). A recluse coming for food and lodging many generations ago was chased

and beaten; that predicated the fate that in each generation, one member would become a recluse. This time, no one worried about it.

Venkatraman, the future Ramana Maharishi is born.



Sundaramaiyar's Kuladaivam (Family deity) was Venkataramana Swami and therefore, the child was named Venkatraman. The child was plump. He grew up smart. What singing, what dancing...what an alacrity! He never stayed still. That worried the mother and made her tired. She raised him with love and tenderness.

The parents admitted him in Manṅar Sēthupathi School. It was fascinating to see him go to the school, strong of body, with a loin cloth, bare chest, a slate, ...

No day without learning.

No fault finding of anyone.

It was ecstasy to see him with folded hands and to hear him read aloud with other children. That child's praise, the whole world will announce. That child's words of grace, the world will hear. The people of the world give up all faults, fall prostrate at his feet and enjoy tranquility and rapturous joy. The town or the child's parents had no concept of the future of this blessed child.

“Hey... Shall we build a ship and launch it?

“We need a heavy paper!” -His friend said.



Venkatraman brought a few sheets of extra heavy paper (for legal documents) and built many ships. He took them and floated them in the temple pond. They floated and sailed the gentle waves propelled by the gentle breeze.

They were the home documents scribed on the Stamp paper.



தந்தை சுந்தரமய்யர்



“Let him shed the shirt here and leave town! He can’t come back home. That paper belonged to client of mine. What am I going to tell him?” – Sundaramaiyar coming to know of it, yelled loudly. Venkatraman, terrified, ran away, not to be found.

Evening came. The night was imminent. There was no Venkatraman. The neighborhood people went searching. The whole town went searching for him here and there.

There was not much of a crowd in the temple. Midnight service in the temple was over. The priest having performed Naivēttiyam to Ambal and extinguished the flaming wick, heard something move behind the Ambal idol, exited the premises and shouted, ‘Who is there?’ Venkatraman’s face stuck out from behind the idol.

“Little calf! Are you here? The whole town is looking for you, child! Your mother went around the temple twice. Poor woman is crying. What are you doing here?”

“Father will thrash me.”

“Fearing it, you are hiding. Is it the place to hide?”

Sivācchāriyār put the calf on his shoulder and took him home.

Venkatraman knew at that age without awareness to seek refuge with the omniscient God.

Venkatraman went to Dindukkal for higher education. Play first and read later were his modus operandi. Those who pay attention to the worldly activities, there was no need for education: That became his discipline in the future.

‘The sapling (is known) by the sprout.’ It is a proverb. Not all know how to scrutinize. The sprout does not reveal its secrets.

He played well like other children. He won in all play activities because he was of fit physique. Children wished to join him. They beg him to include them in his team.

Finishing fifth grade in Tirucchuzhi, he joined sixth grade in Dindukkal City School. Dindukkal is a bigger town and many friends joined his team.

A fort built by Kurunila kings was in Dindukkal. It went by the name Ūmaiyan Kōttai.’ Ūmaiyan ruled his kingdom from the fort. When the British laid seize on the fort, the king dug a hole in the wall and escaped. When Venkatraman and friends wanted to enter the court, the guards did not allow them in. They jumped the perimeter wall and played inside. The guards chased the boys. Venkatraman led the other boys to escape through that hole in the wall.

Because of these bold and innovative actions, Venkatraman’s fame heightened among his friends. He played hard and slept deep for long time. He was left home alone under an order to study and keep a watch on the house. Once they left the house, he pretended to read for a while, shut his book, the windows, the front doors, and the rear doors. He spread the sleeping mat. He went to sleep. The occupants, returning from the event, banged on the doors, yelled aloud...Venkatraman never woke up.

That sleep was more than deep sleep. It was a bodiless sleep; it was beyond mind; it was deeper than deep sleep. Somehow the occupants of the house found a way into the house, shook him hard and awakened him. Because of birth with a body, he spent his youth sleeping to satisfy the total needs of sleep for the rest of his life and after a certain age, he knew no phenomenal sleep but immersed in Conscious Sleep (‘Wakeful Sleep’). Nobody knew the wonder of Wakeful Sleep he experienced later in life.

They called him by unflattering names: SleepFace, Kumbakarna... Sleep haunted him not only at home but also in the classroom. The teacher twisted his ears, and hit him with the knuckles, to wake him up in the classroom. He was subjected to insults. To avoid going to sleep in the classroom, he tied a thread between his tuft and the nail in the wall and read his book. When he nodded his head with sleep, the pull of the string would wake him up. He had the God-given gift of sleep anywhere, anytime, at any cost...from his childhood.

Venkatraman's father died in Tiruchchuzi when Venkatraman lived in Dindukkal. He left for Tiruchchuzi and met his father on the deathbed. His father's death was traumatic to young Venkatraman and caused life changes. His father's premature death broke the family unit.

Mother remained in Tiruchchuzi; oldest brother, sister, older brother Nagaswamy and Venkatraman took refuge in uncle Subbiah's house. The uncle and the aunt embraced and supported them.

But, no one knew then Venkatraman would live without the support of the near and dear but only with that of God.

- தரிசிப்போம்... Let us get Darśan

டம் ச. குமரேசன். Pictures: S. Kumaresan

சக்தி விகடன் - 27 May, 2010 **Part 2**

தொடர்கள்

Posted Date : 06:00 (27/05/2010)

♦ சாருகேசி Author: Sarukesi



கருணை
தெய்வம்

காஞ்சி மகான்



Māngāḍu Lakshminarayanan talks about the beneficiaries who gained from the Darśan they had of Kanchi Periyava.

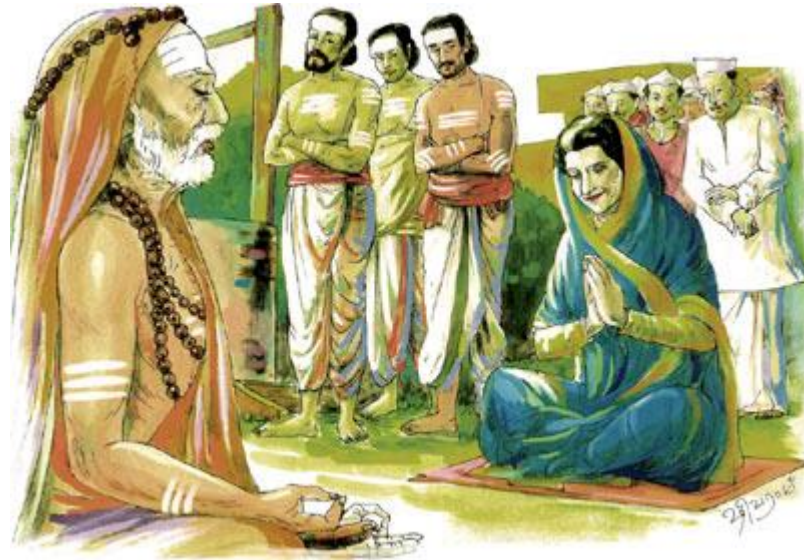
Periyava moderated a conference in Tiruvidaimaruthūr near Kumbhakoṇam and planned to go to Kanchi via Tiruvannamalai.

Having come to Tiruvannamalai and leaving without circumambulation of the hill are not proper. He performed the Girivalam starting early in the morning. He returned at three p.m.

On the path, Periyava plucked some leaves and asked, “See, whether there is any cardamom smell?” He would pluck another leaf and say, “look here, it has the green camphor smell.” He continued examining the leaves on the way. “In ancient times, there were many Siddhars. They being alchemists had the knowhow to make gold.” Periyava laughed and said, “They never revealed their alchemistic knowledge to the posterity.”

Later, passing by Tirukkōvilūr on the pilgrimage, we reached Kāñchipuram. We did not stay there long and soon came to Kalavai, wherein is the abode of Periyava’s Supreme Guru.

In Kalavai camp, a special event: VIPs like Indra Gandhi, MGR... came to Kalavai for Darśan. He went for a conference in Madurai and came to Chennai. Indra Gandhi was very hyperactive. She was insistent that she would have Darśan of Periyava, before she left. We told her he was in Mauna Viratam (Vow of Silence) and she could not engage him in a conversation.



Indra Gandhi had an audience and Darśan with Periyava.

She said, ‘It is alright. I will keep my supplication in my mind. Holding the thought in her mind in his presence was enough. He does not have to say anything!’

It happened just as said.



Periyava was sitting by a well and doing the Japam. As if seeing him, Indra Gandhi sat in front of him. She uttered no word.

When Indra Gandhi rose to take leave, Periyava presented her with a Rudrāksha garland, which we placed on a plate and gave it to her. That moment, she wore it around her neck.

It was then election time in Karnataka. Congress minister Gundu Rao came to see Periyava often. Periyava said, 'There is no need for you to obtain favors from me. Go, supplicate and worship Kāmākṣi Amman. Your supplication will come true.' Gundu Rao

won the election next month and became the chief minister of Karnataka. He habitually came by 5 p.m. on Thursdays. He talked little. One day, he brought a sack each of rice and sugar for making Prasadam for distribution to the public.

Elections in 1977 saw Indira Gandhi lose her seat. Next year, she stood in elections in Sikkim. That time Congress had a cow as its party symbol. She objected to the cow and instead wished for the lion symbol.

In Sikkim, when she met with Periyava, he raised his hand and blessed her. Impressed by the raised hand, she determined to have hand symbol for the Congress party. This is how Indira Gandhi won the elections in Sikkim.

For a special event, Periyava went to Ahōbhilam. Though he walked the distance, the Mutt workers rode the jeep with all the accouterments.

Ahōbhilam is in Andhra Pradesh. There are nine places of worship for Narasimha. They are scattered all over. It is hard to reach them. There are bamboo forests on the way. The snakes hang from the canopy of bamboo trees. Wild animals abound. Adi Samkara facing the Kapalis bent on killing him worshipped Narasimha and killings took place there.

The doors of the Ugra Narasimhar close at 6 p.m. No one can enter after the closing time. Periyava wanted to visit the temple. He had no fear. His Tapas was of supreme nature, which not only protected him but all the

attendants. He had the Mahā Sakthi that offered protection, and prevention of danger. Lakshminarasimhan said that.

- தரிசனம் தொடரும் = Darśan will continue.

Ramanamaharishi20100612

சக்தி விகடன் - 12 Jun, 2010 Part 1 Ramanamaharishi20100612

[தொடர்கள்](#)

Posted Date : 06:00 (12/06/2010)

ஸ்ரீரமண மகரிஷி

Author



Author: Balakumaran

Madurai City of Mīnākṣi Amman Temple

**ஸ்ரீரமண
மகரிஷி**



Venkatraman and Nagaswamy in Madurai

Madurai is a big city. Venkatraman and Nagaswamy from the village sought refuge in Madurai, which they explored well. They were surprised to see people everywhere.

Venkatraman went to two schools: Scot High School first and later American Mission School.

Their house was in Sokkappa Nāyakkār Street near the South Tower. The tower was visible from the upper floor of the house.

The town was busy with bullock carts, horse carts, mobile sweets stalls... The temple's geographic size, the paintings, the idols, the festoons and colored lights made everyone feel Madurai's greatness.

Mīnākṣi Amman Temple held daily festivities. Many other temples were near Madurai Temple. Azhagiya Perumāḷ Temple built on the namesake mountain enjoyed popularity among devotees. Sweet Poṅgal Prasādam served there was ambrosial.

Venkatraman went for Prasada to the temple where the presiding deity was Kaḷḷazhagar with people knowledgeable with Abhiṣēkam Ārāthanai (Ritual ablution and worship). When the passel of devotees returned home in the night, the burden of carrying the ambrosial Prasada fell on the head (literally) of well-built Venkatraman at their behest. He with a painful wry neck wobbled along in the dead of night carrying the load on his head. He put the load down and discovered his wry neck was swollen and hurting.



22 kilometers of Walk by Future Periyava and his Fellow Travelers With a Pot of Prasada on Periyava's Head.

From Kallazhagar Temple to Madurai

Venkatraman was harsh on himself thinking, 'I desired for Prasādam, is it not so...Bhagavan made my neck suffer pain. Suffer, suffer to the full extent.' Again, he carried on foot the mother lode of Prasādam on his head to Madurai. The workers, the ritual priests who performed the worship and Venkatraman shared the Pongal.

Older brother Anṇāsāmy and his peers were the playmates, as Venkatraman was house sitting. When Anṇā went for his studies, Venkatraman with his friends went to Māriammaṅ temple for swimming (in the temple pond). If his friends were not available, he went around the temple. He had a liking for all things except studies. Studies are important, if one wanted to be gainfully employed as a clerk and satiate his hunger from the salary. When his elder brother went away to play, Venkatraman read Periyapurāṇam laying around among other books. The written style was hard, though he found the content fascinating.



He wondered, 'What is this? As a tender child, he sang poetry.' 'தோடுடைய செவியன் விடையேறி யோர் தூவெண் மதி சூடி...' (= The ear-ringed One riding a bull and wearing a pure white moon...) How could Tiruṅṇānasambandar ever sing like this? Why did Śiva and Pārvati appear from nowhere and offer milk to a child? How wondrous, what a blessing!' He read the poem many times and became immersed in ecstasy.

A wedding for the daughter. Śiva Yogi stands at the entrance. He asks, 'What is special today.' The father invites the Yogi inside and tells him exuberantly, 'My daughter is getting married.' He calls his daughter and prospective son-in-law to pay homage to the Yogi. Yogi offering his blessings to the

couple, notices the long tresses and says, 'O my, What long tresses. If you give me the tresses, I will plait and wear them as sacred thread.' The father thinking there is no blessing greater than making an offering to a Śiva Yogi, sat his daughter, shears her head completely and offered the tresses to the Yogi.

Śivayogi was none other than manifest Śiva. Śivayogi disappears; Śiva himself offers his appearance; the bride's head appears full of tresses as before. All the people around the bride received great boons.

Venkatraman's eyes were welling with tears. What a condition of the mind! The mind which keeps nothing for itself. How did this ever happen to them?

An order to graze the cows. Chandēsvara Nāyaṇār grazed the cattle. He seated a Śivaliṅgam on the grassland. He milked the cows and used it for ritual ablution of Liṅgam. He had no mental satisfaction. He did another ritual ablution. He milked all the cows and used their milk for ritual ablution. The owners of the cows complained loudly about lack of milk.

One day, his father eyed him from a hiding. He became angry at him milking the milch cows for abhisekham. He caned and pushed him. The son put up with corporal punishment.

'What is this? Does this constitute God? Is this Śivaliṅgam?' Saying such blasphemous words, the father raised his leg to kick the lingam but the son immediately landed an axe heavily on his leg. The leg broke off and hit the grassland.

Though you are my father, I will tolerate killing by you. But, no one may abuse my God. Though he is my father, I will punish him.' Saying such words, he rose in anger. Śiva made his appearance and made him calm and composed.

Of all the stories Venkatraman read, the story of Kaṇṇappa Nāyaṇār was wonderful and impressive. The hunter named Thiṇṇaṇ chased a wild pig, killed it, cooked it and shared the meal with his friends. Something up in the mountain drew him from dinner guests. He saw a Liṅgam. "Are you not alone, you must be hungry." Saying such endearing words, he embraced the Liṅgam and bought the flesh of the pig and water to feed the Liṅgam. He placed the flowers from his head on the Liṅgam, poured the water from his mouth on Liṅgam as ritual ablution, placed the meat before the Liṅgam and begged Śiva, "Eat, Eat."

Next day, the priest in charge was shocked to see the meat before the Liṅgam. He cleaned up the place scolding the server of meat. Later, he performed Pūja with Bael leaves and left the site. A little while later, Thiṇṇaṇ came and said to himself, 'What is all this leafy garbage. Where is the meat I served yesterday? Did Śiva eat the meat? Or someone else took it away.'

It does not matter. I will bring the meat again.' So, it happens. Nonplussed and irritated Śivācchāriyār cleaned up the place. Leaf-worship happens. 'Who put these leaves again?' Getting upset, Thiṇṇaṇ clears the leaves and goes away to bring meat for liṅgam. There happened a wondrous event.

'Who in his right mind serves meat to Śivaliṅgam?' Entertaining such thoughts, the priest was lying in wait to catch the perpetrator



in the forbidden act. Blood was pouring out of one eye of Śivaliṅgam. Thiṇṇaṇ, thinking the remedy for the bleeding eye is another eye (an eye for an eye), enucleated his own eye with the arrow and placed it in the eye socket of the Liṅgam. The other eye also bled.

‘I have the cure in my hands.’ Wait, if I enucleate the other eye, I will be totally blind. How could I apply the donor eye in the place of the bleeding eye?’ Entertaining such thoughts, with no hesitation, he raised his leg and placed the big toe, where his eye had to go. He got ready to enucleate the other eye with his arrow. A hand shot out from the Liṅgam with a voice saying, “Stop Kaṇṇappa” and prevented him from going further. The title ‘Kaṇṇappa’ came from the mouth of Śiva. The Brahmin priest witnessed this wondrous event.

When Venkatraman finished reading the story, he placed the open book on his chest and remained mesmerized. Before God, there is no caste and no difference. Those with true love in them are the highest. There is no need for an ostentatious ritual worship. God takes in his good graces those who self-dedicate and surrender to God, by expelling ego. To them he presents himself in a vision of Ṛṣapārūḍar.

‘Is it possible, could I give myself to Śiva (dedicate my body, mind and soul to Siva)? Whom do I ask? God gave vision of himself to 64 Nāyaṅmārs. Would he give me his vision? What am I doing? Simply going to the temple, apply kumkum and ash on my body and return home.

Have I ever looked at God with an intense concentration? Have I ever opposed my palms and ask for any boons? There was a mad rush in all places. Sloth and slumber afflict me. Why did I not get involved?’ When fatigue came over him and he found himself helpless, he felt death experience.

The impact of Periyapurāṇam, the death of his father: they gave him fear he was incapable of doing anything. ‘Who am I?’ is the question that arose in the mind of a sixteen-year-old. Venkatraman thought assiduously about death.

He experienced death, he experienced death. What is known is knowledge; that he knew. That when attained gives loftiness, he attained that loftiness.

After he experienced what death is, Venkatraman did not know what to do next.

- தரிசிப்போம்... Let us have a Darśan

படம் சு. குமரேசன் Photos: S. Kumaresan

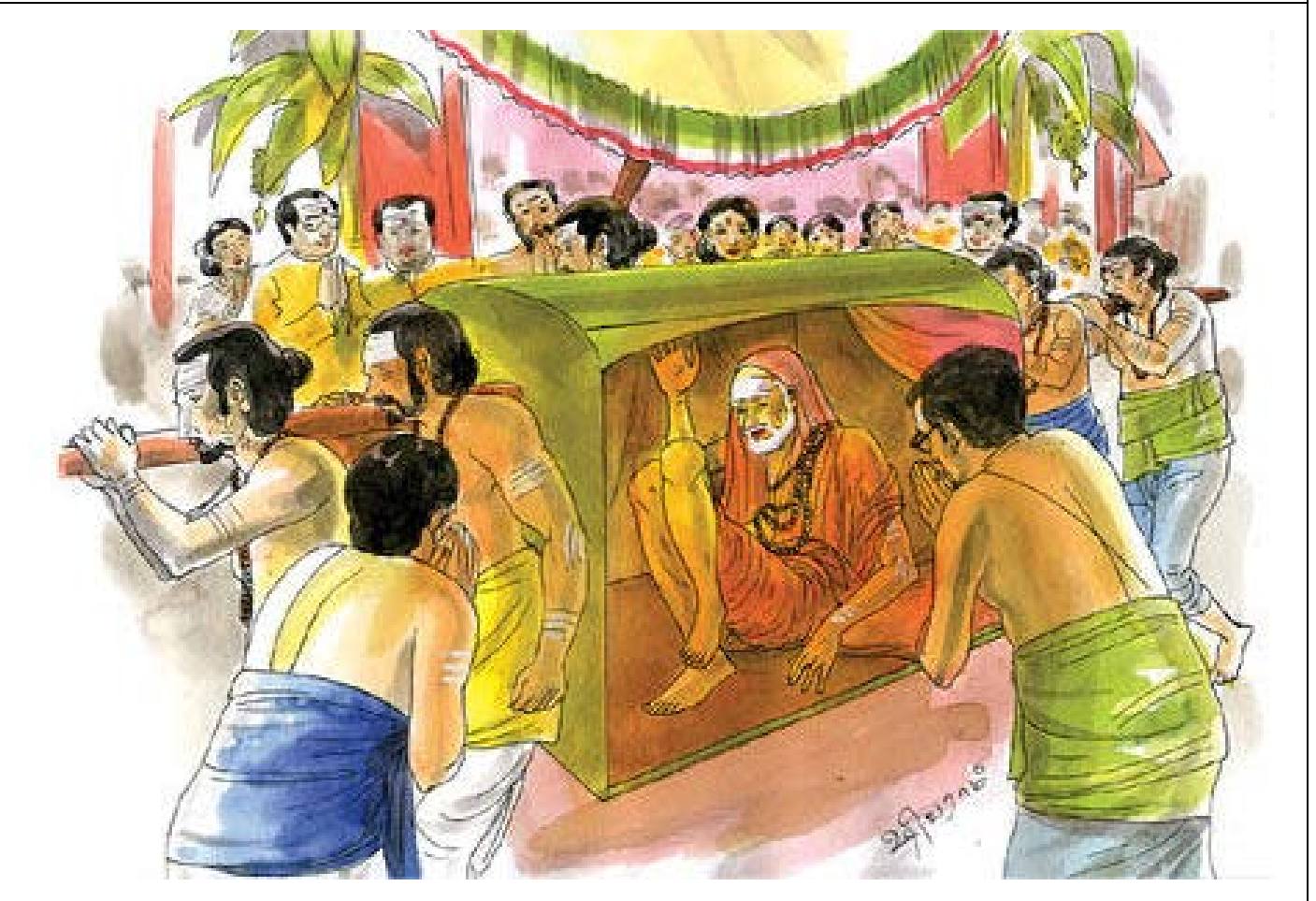
• சக்தி விகடன் - 12 Jun, 2010 part 2

• [தொடர்கள்](#)

Posted Date : 06:00 (12/06/2010)

The personification of compassion is Ramanamaharishi.

Author: Sarukesi



Lakshminarayanan describes an exciting event that took place when Periyava came to Chennai.

The Hindu Newspaper's author J. Kasturi invited Periyava to Chennai. Periyava asked him, "Why should I go to Chennai?"

"It was a long time since you came to Madras. I wish your footprints fall on Madras." Such was his compelling argument.

On his invitation, Periyava came to Chennai. Gindi was on the outskirts of the city. There, Kalki Sadasivam, Sudesmithran, Srinivasan...erected plantain trees, had Pūrṇa Kumbam ready and waited to invite Periyava. When Periyava arrived, they extended the usual reception and honor with the burst of firecrackers and took him on a procession.

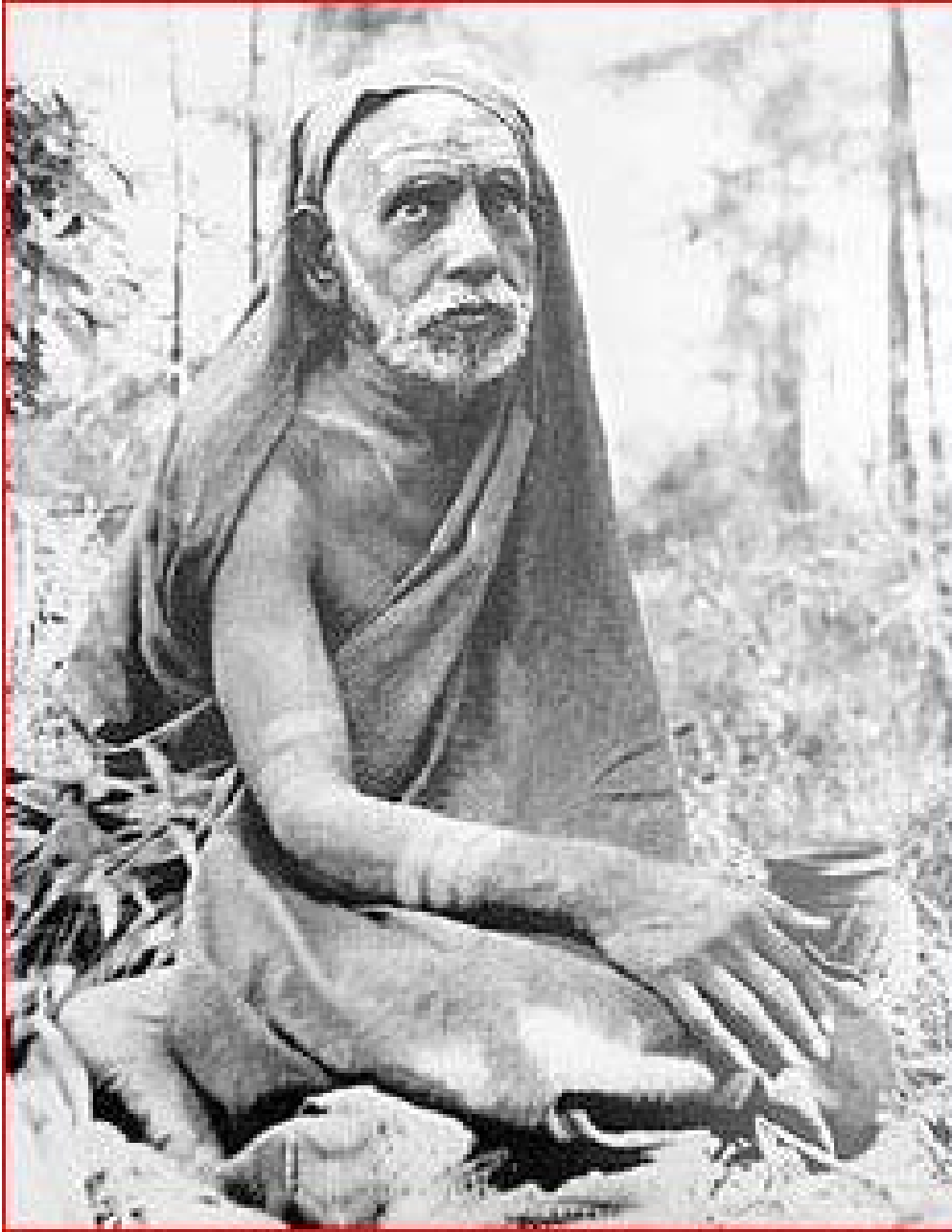
Then, Kasturi requested Periyava to visit 'Hindu' office. Periyava visited all departments in the office, spoke to the employees and blessed them. The employers were all happy. Srinivasan requested him to drop into the office of Sudesmithran. Yes, he went there too. Sadasivam took him to 'Kalki' office too.

On that occasion, he walked in a procession in Mylapore with his retinue. Devotees walked behind him.

Then, there was a proposed conference of Drāvidar Kazhakam in Māṅkollai. The party volunteers assembled there. They were waiting for Periyār.

The people accompanying Periyava were afraid that the Davida Kazhakam volunteers may talk with fury and bring old disputes to the fore. They worried about what to do with that eventuality as a possibility.

E.V.Rā. Periyār arrived at the conference. He enquired with the volunteers, 'What is the matter? Why all the excitement?'



They all said, “Kanchi Sankarachariar is in town going on a procession. The volunteers say they want to show the ‘Black Flag.’ We are waiting for your permission.”

Periyār said, “What, Black Flag. Nothing of the sort. Let the Sankarachariar procession proceed without any molestation. Don’t block him. Don’t show him the Black Flag. First, let him pass.”

Periyava’s procession with no interruption came to the Sanskrit College. No untoward incident took place.

When told to Periyava, he smiled and said, “Kamakshi will take care of it. Did I not tell you that before?”

Periyava usually travelled by ‘Mēṇā’ (= light coach). Like the palanquin, it was light, carried by four people. Periyava sits huddled inside.

Once in Drāvidar

Kazhakam gathering, a person was furious saying, 'He alone travels by palanquin. Others had to carry him. Aren't they people? Why can't he walk?'

That reached the ears of Periyava. Immediately he got down from the Mēṇa and walked. The people said, 'Periyava, please do not listen to him. It is our blessing and good fortune to bear you in the palanquin on our shoulders.' The devotees begged Periyava to get into the palanquin but he refused. Periyava said, 'what they say is true. This recluse does not need a palanquin.' Since then, he refused to travel by Mēṇā. Periyava, rain or shine, stayed where he could and then went on foot, come good weather. No matter the distance, he walked. He never gave up the mental resolve.



- தரிசனம் தொடரும் Darśan will continue.

Ramanamaharishi20100626

சக்தி விகடன் - 26 Jun. 2010 Part 1

Posted Date : 06:00 (26/06/2010)

ஸ்ரீரமண மகரிஷி

ஸ்ரீரமண ஆனந்தம் Srī Ramaṇa Ecstasy



Author: Balakumaran



To know a matter in depth, one needs the help of another (teacher or Guru). The explicator of such knowledge is 'Ācārya' and 'Guru.' The one who teaches knowledge is Ācārya.' He who makes you realize wisdom is Guru. Since it needs close proximity, many regard the father as Ācārya and Guru.

But Venkatraman at his tender age lost his father. Because of his death, the family broke up and members went to different places. There was an urgency that the older brother should remain a guide to the 16-year-old Venkatraman. The older brother Nagasamy thought he carried the responsibility for Venkatraman's welfare, schooling and employment. He mentored and monitored him. Often, he was counselled and corrected. That caused a conflict between the siblings. The perception by Venkatraman that no one was there to guide him but a brother was there to find fault with him, was hard on him.

Doubts can be cleared by anyone capable of explaining. Who can he trust to share his thoughts, and ask questions about life, death and the wondrous changes caused by them in his mind and psyche? If he shared his thoughts, would he be the object of ridicule? If the ridicule, levelled against him, affects him, and if he himself without intention ridicules his wondrous experience (explained later), he feared the negative consequences. Because of that possibility, he did not reveal his experience to anyone but remained calm.

The mind of man is the observer of the phenomenal world; the imagination makes the observed even bigger than what it is. Among men, these matters take a life of their own. The mind gets entangled.

Venkatraman was an introvert and never an extrovert. After he experienced the death of his father, he became more introspective about death and dying. He made self-enquiry and realized what dies and what never dies. He experienced, realized and received vision of that which never dies. Guarding against extroversion, his mind held fast that which he saw within himself, what he realized, what remained stable inside, and that which has no

attributes.

Who instructed Venkatraman on these things? He had no 'Guru.' He never asked God with opposed palms, 'This I need.'

He enquired into 'Who Am I?' (self-enquiry). He had his heart and mind in his enquiry. He explored the Truth. He delved deep into himself without distraction or dissipation to study what in truth happens inside of him. He saw a change in him. That change was a great bequeathal, Pūrvajāṇma Vāsanas (fragrance or past life's delayed effects of auspicious nature) a great bliss enjoyed by a great sage.

Tirugñāṇasambandar received Prasada of breast milk from Ambāl: The grace could be of this nature.

Holding fast to the Truth, Sattva pervades the inside and augments manifold. All colors have their individual qualities. White has no attribute or quality. What stands with no attributes, Sattva pervades and rules supreme. (God's constitution is Sattva.)

When Tirugñāṇasambandar (TS) found no sign of his father upon his submersion in the temple tank, the shock inside of TS revealed the Truth or Sattva.



Who am I? What is after death? Venkatraman cogitated about these questions, as he was lying on his back in a small room. Because of his Truth, Sattva or God's grace descended on him (Sakthinipātham = descent of Grace). A seed sown in the ground a long time ago, became a seedling, and then a tree with branches and since forgotten, dropped a fruit on the lap.

Could an introspector be involved in affairs of the phenomenal world? Yes, it is possible: eating, dressing, sleeping... But all those are different and on an alternate pathway. The eaten food, seen by the eyes, smelled by the nose, inducing salivation in the mouth, and satiating the hunger are phenomenal. (He does not live to eat. But he eats to live.) Eating without the mind of an epicure or gastronomer is of another kind.

When mind clings to the mind, all else is forgotten. Out of modesty we wear clothes, that shows no ostentation. They won't show off and do not invite compliments. That sleep is a different kind. **Though the body sleeps, the soul is awake. The soul is a**

witness, and apprehends its own nature. It experiences. Allowing this, what happens to the external behavior?

The mind becomes relaxed. It stands aside. It shows neither elation nor indifference. It takes a modest path.

Venkatraman always sought solitariness. The yen (longing) for play disappeared. The competitive spirit to win at any cost dissipated. All endeavors turned inside. Solitude was the name of his game. But, will the world leave him alone? The disputes are multitudinous.

The brother angrily slashed him with incisive words, "Read! Study the books. That is the reason for your birth!" In Venkatraman's mind, a question popped up, "Is that so?" The wonder in him swelled, "It is for this, we are born." Finding no escape, he opened the lazy books to lull and satisfy others. The mind had no interest in books. The contents of the book leave no impress on his mind. The mind was introspective on matters other than mundane books.

The aunt called on him, saying, "Go to the city water pipe at the corner of our street and bring me water in two vessels."

Previously, he hated doing it. He even became angry. He used to tell, "Aunty, you extract work from me only." That was then and not now.

He goes to the far side of the street, fills the vessel with water, returns home carrying it on his shoulder and pour it in a huge caldron. He does this about three times, fills the caldron and again sits in his room with the books.

If he wanders during the day, the fatigue impels him to lay down on the floor. The mind as a witness watches the body on the floor. That witness, not taking a wink of sleep, remains awake always. The body rested well. The soul remaining tranquil and equipoised was awake.

The sky's Piramāṇdam (Brahma's Egg = Universe) had an attraction for him. All puranas declare, "God the Inner Abider, appeared in the sky." Won't you appear for me now? Would you not stand before me as the Purana-fame Ṛṣapārūḍar with Ammai and call me, 'Venkatramā?' His mind aches for the moment, when he runs towards him (God), saying, "What, did you call me."



Venkatraman goes to temple.

The hastiness of the mind with which he used to jump from one shrine to the next after wearing Vibhūti and Kum-kum at each shrine abated. Temple is not an amusement park or the place for hastiness. Optimal mental state, proper place, and devout Darśan help ensure closeness to God. Whether the primary deity is Nataraja or Ammai, the message (Divine Wisdom) from either deity will in a flash descend into your soul. The dance with raised leg: you will know its merit and understand how the sculptor could infuse limitless ecstasy into the idol.

Mind to mind talk is convergence; inspiration and expiration are convergence; seeing and apprehending an object is convergence; two people talking is convergence; paying homage is convergence; going from the sun to the shade is convergence and vice versa. How else do you say it? What other words do you use to describe it?

Śiva and Lingam are one identity. The objects of the world interact and converge with one another in an uninterrupted fashion.

Before Mīnākṣi Amman temple shrines, Venkatraman sobbed from the perspective of 'self' looking towards 'God.' It was neither tears of grief, nor tears of ecstasy. It was an event depicting the merger of the individual self with the Universal Self. The individual self becomes all and enjoys ecstasy.

Let us receive Darśan.

• சக்த வகடன் - 26 Jun, 2010 Part 2

• ததவெர் கள்

Posted Date : 06:00 (26/06/2010)

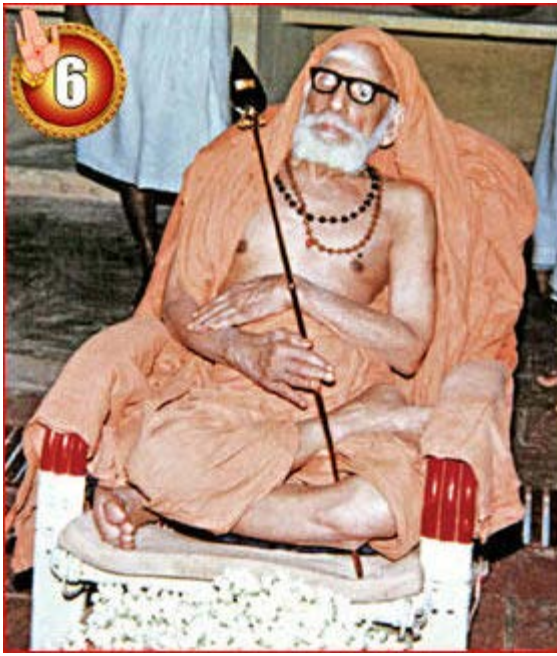
கரணை ததய்வம் கஞ்ச மகனெ Kanchi Mahan is deity of mercy.



Author: Sarukesi

Guru Vision

Though Periyava goes to all Temples on his pilgrimage, the citizens of Chidambaram for a long time had a complaint. 'Periyava did not come to our town. Do you know how Periyava addressed and made good on their complaint? That said, Lakshminarayanan continued his narrative. "That was 1933. Periyava took the pilgrimage on foot to Chidambaram. There are two Yantras in Chidambaram: Pañchātsara Yantra and Anna Ākarṣaṇa Yantra, which were worshipped by Ādisankarā after consecration.



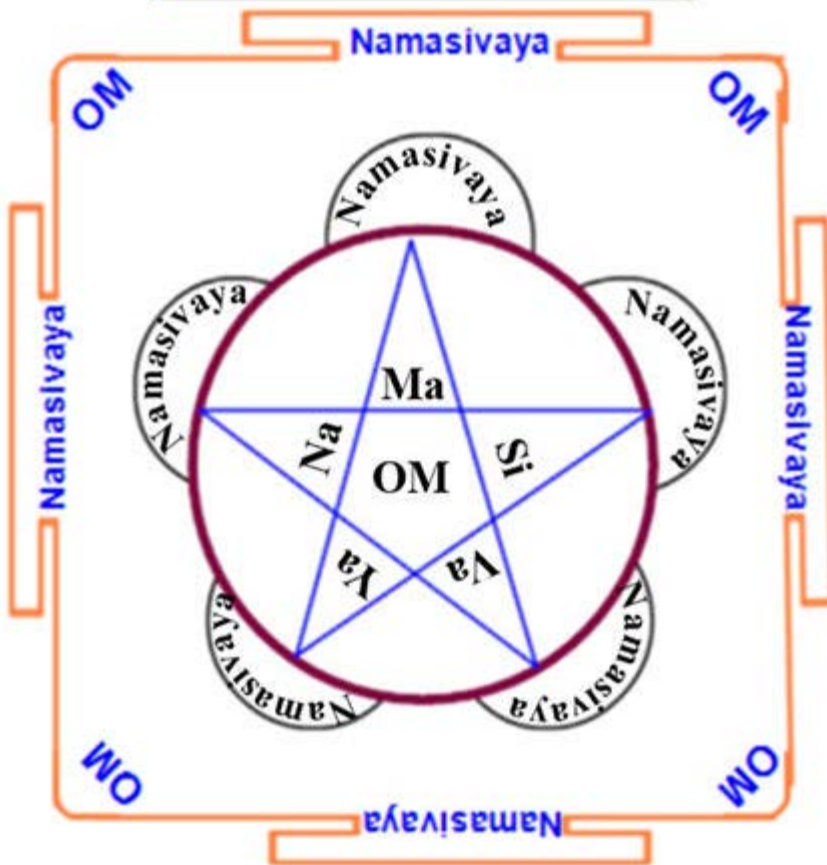
Ādisankarā's Guru was Govinda Bhagavat Pāthar; Supreme Guru, Kauda Pāthar. He was the pupil of Pathañjali Muni. Sthala Puranam states that Śiva-Nataraja not only gave Darśan to but also performed sacred dance for Patañjali Muni and Vyāghrapāda Muni. Chidambaram is Bhūlōka Kailāsam, which was not a creation of anyone.

All right ... Let me come to Periyava.

About 250 years ago, the Ācāryas of Sankara Mutt and Chidambaram Dīkshitar had a dispute. The Dīkshitar told the Ācāryas should receive the Vibhūti upon their offer. They added, "Dīkshitar, that we

are, belong to Kailāsa Parampara. We earned the right to dispense Vibhuti for others to receive. That was their argument.

Sri Panchakshari Mantra Yantra



Prepared by
Veeraswamy Krishnaraj

The Mutt members said, "Our Jagatguru will not extend his hand to receive anything that is contrary to our tradition." That the opinion of Kanchi Sankara Mutt.

The Dīkshitar were adamant, and the Kanchi Mutt Ācāryas never go to Chidambaram Temple. They receive Darśan from outside and leave the premises on their way to other towns and villages. This was what happened for years on end.

In 1933, Dīkshitar, whatever their thought was, expressed their desire to invite Periyava. The local citizens yearned for Periyava should be invited to the Temple.

Dīkshitar's request reached the ears of Periyava. Periyava was of the desire to forget about the bitter events of the past and start anew an amiable relationship and expressed his willingness to go the Chidambaram Temple. Kāñchi Mahān transcends resentment and is a deity of mercy (in human form).

Periyava came to Chidambaram leaving behind the past rancor, not of his making. It was early in the morning. Not telling anyone (of his identity) he went straight to the Temple in a rush.

There, he took ritual dips in the sacred pond, performed the daily religious austerities and went straight to the shrine of Nataraja.

It was at that moment Uṣat Kāla (Break of Dawn) pūjā was about to begin. Dīkshitar, on seeing Periyava were surprised. They were ecstatic as if Parameśvara was there in person offering Darśan. Seeing him at such proximity, they were beside themselves in joy, looking like fixed statues.

Thereafter, they regained their composure, performed Pūrṇa Kumbha rituals, paid homage to Periyava without faux pas and received his blessings.

The Madurai people got wind of Periyava's visit to the temple and came in droves into the temple. They had Darśan of Periyava and stood around in a state of horripilation and anxiety. People were waiting for this opportunity for many years. 'Will this event not happen? No way, it did happen. Are we not blessed and satisfied to see with our own eyes Kanchi Mahan? They were happy that their prayer was answered. The happiness of seeing him showed on all faces.

Periyava did not leave the temple right away because coming to Chidambaram after a long hiatus over many generations was accomplished and the people received the Darśan. He stayed in the 1000-pillar Mandapam for 15 days and delivered sermons. Chidambara Dīkshitar and the people were immersed in supreme happiness.

Kānchi Māhan is a mature Jñāni. For the visit to Koil, the credit goes to Periyava. For 250 years the head of the Mutt never once went to the Chidambaram Temple. He did not consider he would create problems by visiting the temple. There is a proverb: The great man does the impossible.' He was the perfect example of that proverb. When Periyava obtained Darśan of Nataraja Peruman, he made a solemn vow to make a coat of mail for the raised foot with nine kinds of diamonds.

Twenty years later, Periyava applied the Navaratna Kavasam to the raised leg of Lord Nataraja and made good on his vow.

Do you know the day of that event?

Tiruvāthirai! (= the sixth nakṣatra, a day sacred to Śiva.)

Dīkshitar were all exhilarated. Their faces lighted up and showed that happiness. Lakshminarayanan said, "The people of Chidambaram were beside themselves seeing the Lord of Dance Nataraja Peruman's diamond-studded Kavasam as an adornment.

- தரிசனம் தொடரும்

Darsan will Continue.



Ramanamaharishi20100711

2010-07-11-part1
சக்தி விகடன் - 11 Jul, 2010

Posted Date : 06:00 (11/07/2010)
ஸ்ரீரமண மகரிஷி SriRamana Maharishi

ஸ்ரீரமண ஆனந்தம் SriRamana Ecstasy

Author: Balakumaran



ஸ்ரீரமண மகரிஷி



Those who entertain the paradigm of separation, division of the I, This, and That do not understand unity. He who sublimated himself understands all as Self. As in the instance of seeing the opposite side from here, one can see himself from the opposite side. He can look at himself from all sides.

If you look at it from that perspective, I-ness is not important in every respect. Being is not this body. I-ness is Ātmā. It is all-pervasive. It is in all. It is all. Its omnipresence is clear and apprehended as Supreme Sakti. This solitude resulting from its apprehension gives fear as in a child.

The mind will have great tranquility as seen in a chick with permanent wide-open mouth, the shackled bull with downcast head, the lion taking refuge under a tree from the hot sun, and the immobile snake in concentric circles in a wet mountain

crevice.

What is the lesson for the changed mind? Amid a hurly-burly world, without a mote of hustle and bustle, with tranquility within oneself and immersed in it, it is one kind of state.

The soul after death, must cross the hot Vaitarani river (styx) and suffers during its passage in the river. Life on earth was a fiery experience. Exiting this world offers no relief and the fiery passage makes one fatigued and wobbly.

The Jñāpi's condition is also alike. Venkatraman experienced a great suffering.

How long can a self-realized soul live in this hurly-burly world? That soul waits to shed the life in the phenomenal world; within itself, it prepares for resolution.

That moment arrived for Venkatraman.

The school ordered him to commit to memory the English grammar. Since the mind was already mature, it did not like to memorize the grammar; it did not do it.

Here is What Sankara says about the relative values of 'Learning Grammar' and attaining God-realization.

भज गोविन्दं भज गोविन्दं
गोविन्दं भज मूढमते ।
सम्प्राप्ते सन्निहिते काले
नहि नहि रक्षति डुकृङ्करणे ॥ १ ॥

Bhaja govindam bhaja govindam
govindam bhaja mūḍhamate |
samprāpte sannihite kāle
nahi nahi rakṣati ḍukṛṅkaraṇe || 1 ||



Worship Govinda, worship Govinda, worship Govinda, O fool.
When the Time comes for departure, rules of grammar will not
rescue you.

External Sources.Arranged by Veeraswamy Krishnaraj

Bhajagovindam by Sanakara.

Verse 1. **Moha mudgara**: delusion hammer. (in everyday parlance, **delusion buster**)

Worship Govinda, worship Govinda, worship Govinda, O fool. When the Time comes for departure, rules of grammar will not rescue you.

Moha: Darkness or delusion of the mind preventing the discernment of truth and leading men to believe in the reality of worldly objects (and knowledge).

Mudgara: hammer

There is a story behind this verse. Sankara was walking along the Ganges River with a coterie of fourteen disciples. Upon hearing a grammarian pundit reciting the rules of grammar, Acharya went into a precipitous debunking (of utility) of grammar in his famous verses.

Rules of grammar refers to Pannini's book of grammar, which is euphemism for knowledge of the material world, (which) we need to make a living. This knowledge is known as Aparavidya as opposed to ParaVidya (Supreme knowledge or Brahma Vidya); only the latter will help us attain liberation. When death comes calling, material knowledge will not come to the rescue; doctors are at a loss; Yamaraja and his minions haul you away.

Venkatraman story continues. Why did you not commit it to memory? The school asked for a reason. It must be done; so saying, the school ordered him to write the grammar lesson three times.

What appears as a proper assignment in the phenomenal world, appears as a grave mistake in the world of a realized soul. How could unity become multiplicity? If there is no 'I', the 'you' carries no meaning. Is this not a big grammatical mistake? Venkatraman did not consider it as lesson. Feeling the imposition, he wrote the lesson once. He was in a sitting position. The self-seeing eyes closed spontaneously. The back became straight. The head, the neck, the back, and the hips were straight like straight line (like the Axis Mundi). The mind became tranquil.

'Brother... brother' – Elder brother's intimidating sound was heard.

"What are you doing... Is it Dhyānam? Who is going to write the grammar assignment? Simple grammar. Don't you understand? Why do you need Dhyānam? Why Dhyānam in the place of studies, graduation and job... If you are doing Dhyānam, why waste time going to school... Pay to study, moolah gone to waste."

Harsh words were flung at Venkatraman. Uncle and aunt felt that older brother could condemn and guide the younger one and were passive participants in the treatment of Venkatraman.

Yes, was not it a failure at studies? To live under our roof, grammar (It is Grammar, Ramar!) lesson must be completed. But, is my life's purpose writing the homework on grammar? What an absurdity. If I leave home, what can I do? Grammar homework can be skipped. Talking with anyone can be avoided. Dhyana can be performed as time allows. The internal light that dawned inside can be conserved and augmented repeatedly. Ecstasy can be enjoyed. There is no pleasure to draw from studies and grammar. (There is no divinity in Grammar.) School examination offers no happiness. Going to school offers no happiness. Job offers no happiness.

In this phenomenal world, attaining success is a loss (in the spiritual world). One should conquer oneself. That is the object of birth. Only the self-realized can realize and attain God. God-realized people are all self-realized persons. They became IT. That is the end all and be all. That is whole. The effort is for That. Living is for IT. For that (God) only, birth, eating, dressing, sleeping... We should keep God in sight. This world does not permit to keep God in sight. When you enjoy supreme bliss, all these worldly pleasures do not appear to measure up to it and offer happiness. Venkatraman already in the state of loosening his ties with the fostering parents the youth even thought of taking the body to the other world.

Breaking away from the control of his brother and the love of uncle and aunt, he thought, would help strengthen him and let him pursue his own path.

This Grammar assignment is a waste. How could Unity become Multiplicity? This must be a big lie. It is the hubris of 'I-ness.' (To him, Grammar is Faustian knowledge.)

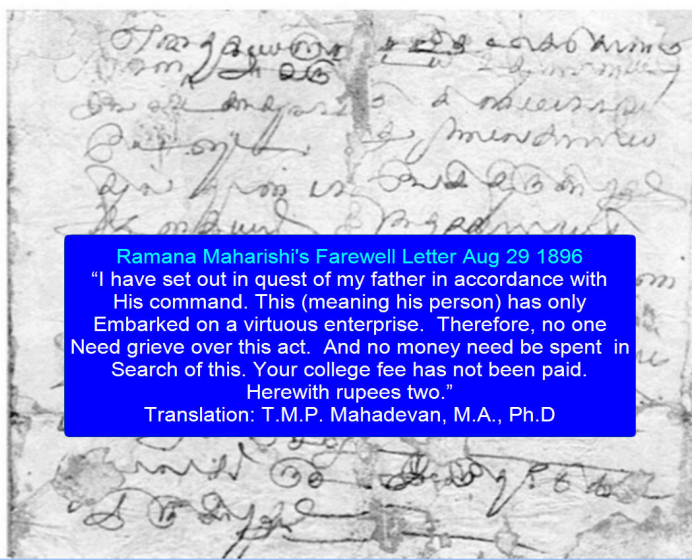
This world is a lie, an illusion and a delusion. It is meaningless to say (empty talk), 'I', 'You', 'That' and 'This.' It is Avidya or ignorance (nescience). If the proposition is life should be lived this way, then this is the life's art, science or rules; this life is garbage. All right, leaving this (living with brother, uncle and aunt), where am I to go? That question rose in his mind. 'Annāmalai' was the name that popped in his mind (as the panacea for the resolution of his conflicts).

Venkatraman once posed a question to a house visitor on where he came from, the answer was 'Anṇāmalai.' That precipitated ecstasy in him, which he remembered now. The idea to leave for Anṇāmalai came to him. Mere thought of it precipitated a flood of ecstasy. Someone known to him is there, but not seen. Now is the time to see him. That mounting desire struck him.

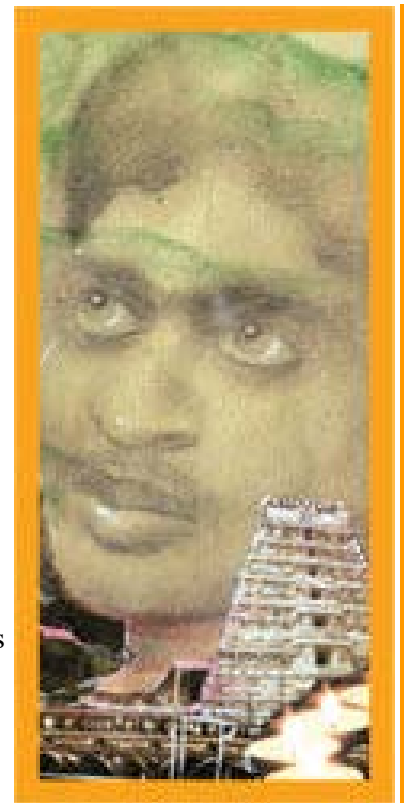
How to go there? Money should be had. First, where Tiruvannāmalai is should be known. He consulted an old railroad map for travel from Madurai to Tiruvannāmalai. He thought that Tindivanam was close to Tiruvannāmalai. He figured it took Rs.3. to go by rail.

He wondered where he would find the three rupees. He told his brother a lie: there was a class on electricity and he was leaving to attend the class.

His brother said, "Is that so? I have five rupees in the box downstairs. Take the money and pay the fees." Venkatraman was happy to get the five rupees from his brother. He thought only three rupees were needed to buy a ticket to Tindivanam. He decided to leave the house and wrote a parting letter to his brother. It was a short letter. The words were etched in Truth. He took the three rupees and left behind the two rupees. Venkatraman wrote a letter to his



Ramana Maharishi's Farewell Letter Aug 29 1896
 "I have set out in quest of my father in accordance with His command. This (meaning his person) has only Embarked on a virtuous enterprise. Therefore, no one Need grieve over this act. And no money need be spent in Search of this. Your college fee has not been paid. Herewith rupees two."
 Translation: T.M.P. Mahadevan, M.A., Ph.D



brother Nagasamy.

Now the letter. 'Searching for my Father and on his orders, I have left this place. This is an auspicious event. No one should feel unhappy about this matter. Do not spend any money looking for me. The fees are not paid. Two rupees are with this note. Yours,' Instead of signing his name, he drew a line. It was written on a scrap paper with a pencil. This letter was kept safe by the family and is a hoard in Ramanasramam.

This is God's act. This letter is Truth itself. Truth will never die. Its existence shows it.

- தரிசிப்போம்... Let us worship...

சக்தி விகடன் - 11 Jul, 2010 2010-07-11-part2

Posted Date : 06:00 (11/07/2010)

• கருணை தெய்வம் காஞ்சி மகான் Kanchi Mahan is God of Mercy.

குரு தரிசனம்! Darsan of Guru



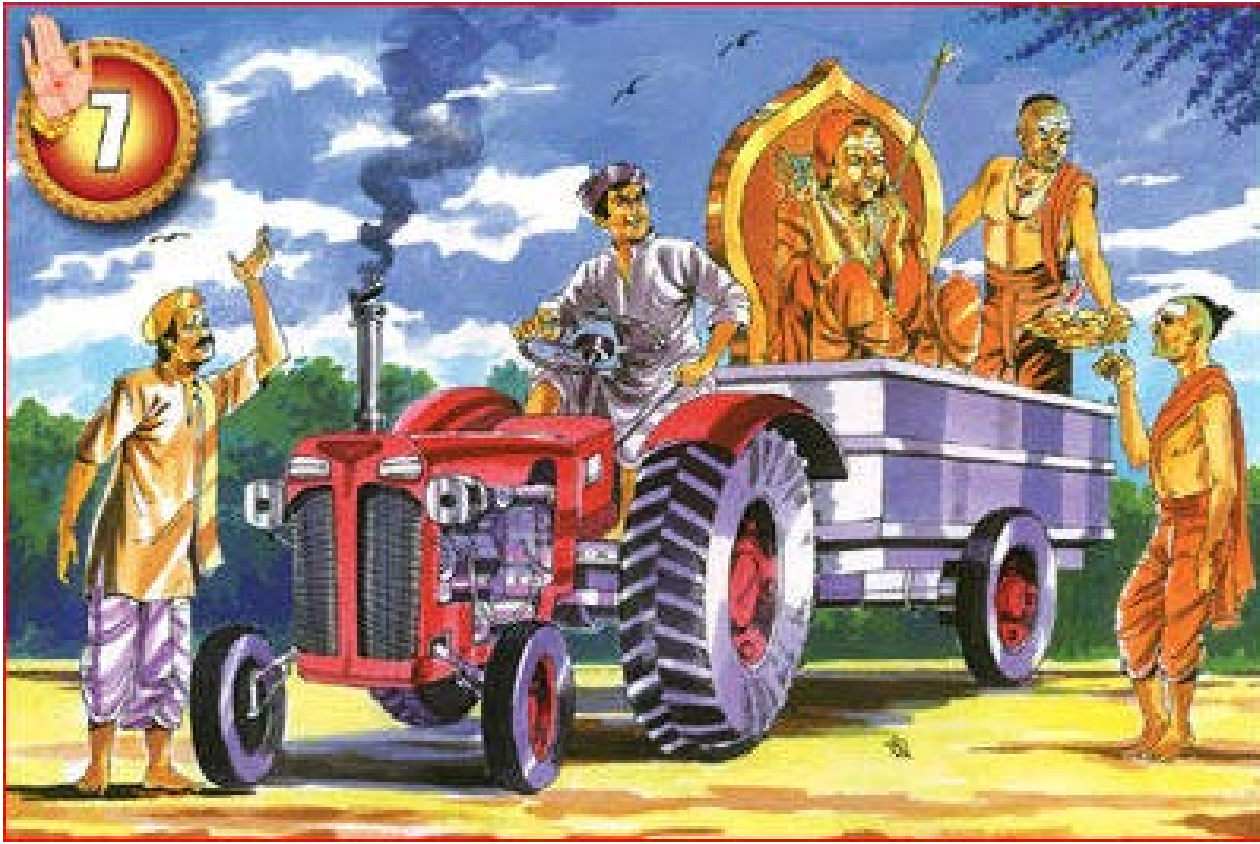
Author Sarukesi

Ramana Maharishi's letter on leaving home August 29, 1896

"நான் என் தகப்பனாரைத் தேடிக்கொண்டு அவருடைய உத்தரவின்படி இவ்விடத்தை விட்டுக் கிளம்பிவிட்டேன். இது நல்ல காரியத்தில் தான் பிரவேசித்திருக்கிறது. ஆகையால் இந்தக்காரியத்திற்கு ஒருவரும் விசனப் படவேண்டாம். இதைப் பார்ப்பதற்காகப் பணச்செலவும் செய்ய வேனாம். உன் சம்பளத்தை இன்னும் செலுத்தவில்லை. ரூ. இரண்டு இதோடு கூட இருக்கிறது. இப்படிக்கு....."

"I have set out in quest of my father in accordance with His command. This (meaning his person) has only Embarked on a virtuous enterprise. Therefore, no one Need grieve over this act. And no money need be spent in Search of this. Your college fee has not been paid. Herewith rupees two."

Translation: T.M.P. Mahadevan, M.A., Ph.D



Sri Pattu Sastri now 84 years of age knows Maha Periyava from 10 years of age, had the privilege of staying with him and established Sri Chandrasēkarēntira Sarasvati Baktha Jana Trust. He had been involved in the celebratory festival of Periyava as a processional deity. In Chennai West Mambalam Ayodhya Mandapam, the festival is held for 15 days starting on the auspicious day falling in Vaikāsi month (May 15 to June 15), Anuṣam Star. To witness this celebration a great number of devotees from Tamil Nadu gather in West Mambalam.

Sri Pattu Sastri (SPS) following Lakshmi Narayanan, shares with us his experiences with Kanchi Mahan.

SPS says, "I have been conducting without interruption yearly Anuṣa Jayanthi. A devotee came to the Ayodhya Mandapam on an evening. He introduced himself, 'My name is Swaminathan. Why are you celebrating Anusha Jayanti with just Maha Periyava's foot wears and his holy image? You could make a 5-metal idol, perform the appropriate worship and celebrate the Jayanti festival.

Not stopping with that commentary, he gave two brass vessels and said, 'Make an effort to obtain a five-metal Vighraha and it will certainly come to fruition. Staying in the temple in Mambalam, Periyava will shower his blessings. Just wait and see.' He moved to a corner and sat on a chair.

Ten minutes later, he was missing, not to be found anywhere in the Mandapam. Bringing the idea to the devotee-patrons, they with ebullience stepped up with contributions to make the five-metal holy body of Periyava.

We went to Swami mountain to fabricate the holy form of Mahāperiyava in five-metal Vighraha. We saw Deva Senatipati Sthapati near the temple. He had been a devotee of Periyava. He was elderly. He expressed his happiness to be asked to make the idol. He was counting his blessings. He started the work on an auspicious day and finished the work in a grand manner. Periyava Vighram was the last one he fabricated.

We were short on cash. To bring the idol home, the cost was Rs.5000.00. I depended on Periyava's blessings to pay the purchase price of the idol. One day Kañcirā Maestro Ganeshkumar placed a call from America to his father-in-law Subash Chandran (brother of Gatam Vinayakram).

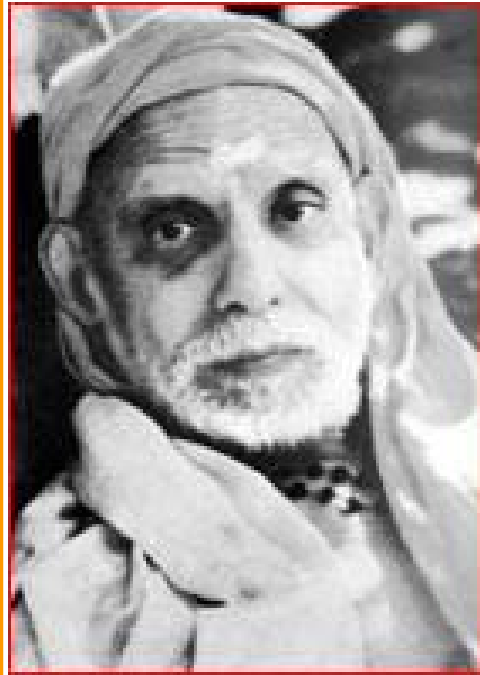
Ganeshkumar told, “Mambalam Mēcchēri Pattu Sastri has arranged for the fabrication of Periyava’s five-metal Vighram. Mahāperiyava came in my dream early in the morning and told me to offer monetary help.” The wife Gita of Subhash Chandra (the in-laws of Ganeshkumar) came in person to handover 6,000 rupees to Pattu Sastri, who was surprised by the turn of events.

I simply melted (was enthralled) to receive 6,000 rupees at a time, when I was hopeless. I told no one that I was desperately in need of money. How am I to describe the greatness of Mahāperiyava, who appeared himself in the dream of Ganeshkumar somewhere in America and told him to make the payment?

As soon as the money came into the hands, we went to receive Darśan of SrīSwaminatha Swami in Swami mountain. We came to Srī Ātma Bhōdēndira’s abode, placed the five-metal Vighraha of Mahāperiyava on a vehicle and performed worship and waved lamps.

The Pūja was over. It is time to move the vehicle (with the idol on it). No, it won’t move. We brought a tractor to pull it. We used a truck to pull it. The vehicle bearing the idol of Mahāperiyava did not budge. By this time, it was early in the morning, when a daily wage earner showed up with two of his friends. He came daily in the morning before his work schedule to worship at Srī Ātma Bhōdēndira’s Adhiṣṭānam.

He came asking what happened. ‘Don’t understand. The vehicle does not move.’ What he said gave us horripilation. The coolie (daily wage earner) said, ‘Mahāperiyava and his Guru are in spiritual conversation now. How could you interfere? How can you interrupt the conversation half-way and take him to Chennai? As of this moment they stopped the conversation. Now pull the vehicle. It will move with ease.’ Not stopping at that, he joined us in the chant, ‘Jaya Jaya Sankara; Hara Hara Sankara’ and helped us pull the Vāhaṇa. The vehicle moved with ease. There was no problem on the way and we reached Chennai.



Mahāperiyava was not an ordinary person. He is not only a Mahān but also a fragment of Īśvara. If it is not, will all these happen? Are we the ones who made this five-metal Vighraha? No, Never, Nada. He completed his own task. Now for our Darśan, there is the five-metal idol with the footwear. What remains to be accomplished is to build a temple for Periyava. It is the plea of the devotees to have a Periyava temple. Just wait and see. He himself will help build this temple.

Only one for sure is the Truth! Once you have the determination (solemn vow), Periyava will make it happen. All move because of his love. Mahaperiyav is face of mercy. Making such statements, Pattu Sastri worshipped the five-metal idol in its divine corporeal form.

- தரிசனம் தொடரும், Darsan will continue
படம் என்.விவேக் images by N. Vivek

Ramanamaharishi20100725

சக்தி விகடன் - 25 Jul, 2010 2010-07-25-part1 Ramanamaharishi20100725.html

Posted Date : 06:00 (25/07/2010)

ஸ்ரீரமண வழி SriRamana's Path

Author: Balakumaran



'The letter begins, 'I am searching for Father, on his orders...'. This is not an act of man. The omnipresent Bhagavan shining everywhere makes these events happen upon his orders. Why this move? The answer is, 'In search of Him...'

Leaving home: Is it a grievous act? Certainly not. It is a good deed. For every life, every Ān mā (soul), it is a must-do act. To go in search of God and to leave home for that express purpose is the grandest of all acts. Therefore, there is no sorrow in this separation. There is no need to waste time, money, effort... on this. This idea is expressed in a subtle manner in this letter.

This letter reveals beautifully and plainly, there is no return. Since he did not want to cause any grief to anyone else before his final goodbye, he wrote, 'I did not pay the fees from your salary.' Two rupees are herein left.' That tells his behavior has been of help to others (here his brother). The letter ends with no parting signature.

'Leaving one's identity aside and standing alone'- so goes a song. Such a person has no name. No address. No friends. The letter started as 'I', points later to 'This' referring to himself, rises in a stepwise fashion to a high point, blossoms and shatters. (Ego encompassing I-Me-Mine paradigm loses its intrinsic nature, becomes 'That' referring to himself as inanimate object and lastly is sacrificed in the presence of God: A total annihilation of Ego, if one wants to face God.)

'Aham' undergoes self-destruction. After it shatters irretrievably, it leaves with compassion, with no inconvenience to all and with a parting message. That message is materialism (the nature of the world), one of six external religions. It (materialism) is not applicable to the writer of the note. Venkatraman paid his debt to his brother in an amicable manner.

The Vedic scholars while performing Homam (Fire Sacrifice), commit the Dharba grass to the fire after wetting the tip, the middle and the base (of the grass). Many events and objects have this setup: The top, the middle and the beginning. It applies to all dimensions. We can see that growth (inclination of spirit and declination of matter) in this written note. 'I' is the top in the note; 'This' depicts the freedom without the I-Factor; lastly the absence of his signature indicates the root or the causal state. It starts with 'I', then to the impersonal 'That', and lastly to absolute absence of all phenomenal objects. The

mind ends in the nameless and the placeless.



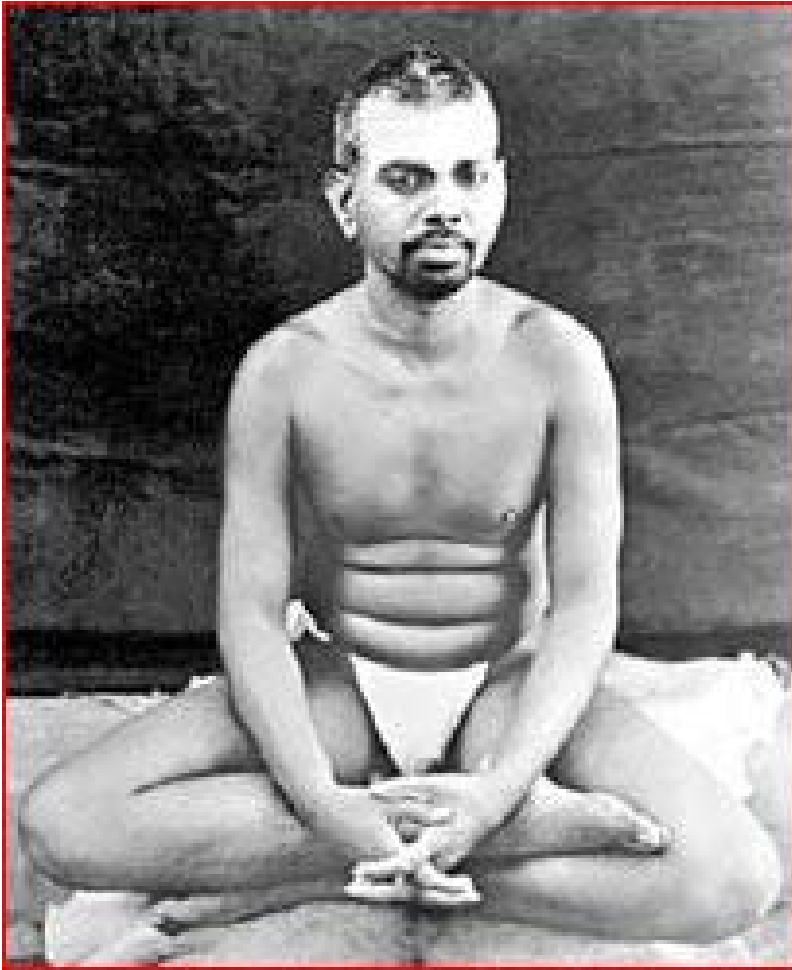
This letter easily shows the ‘Ramana path’ for the seekers and the spiritually inclined. This note explains, that the conceit of I-ness declines to the conceit of This-ness (an eviscerated state of I-ness), and eventually to the signature-free ending of the letter with total disappearance of I-factor and attainment of Mukti or liberation, which is the highest accomplishment (as shown in the letter). He made no reference to the Divine Command of Anṇāmalaiyār (the presiding deity in Tiruvannamalai). By saying, ‘Father’s Command’ he placed Anṇāmalaiyār in the highest place. ‘God is the basis of my existence. He implied the root of existence. What is happening is not according to my liking. Some possessive force keeps me in tow. The letter states with love and support that the near and dear should have no sorrow.

On 29th August, 1896, as the near and dear were in siesta at about 12 noon, Venkatraman left the house for good. He was nervous but felt he must go to Tiruvaṇṇāmalai. It is possible he was afraid. The time for arrival of the train on the way to Tindivanam was 12 noon. He was late in leaving the house. He was anxious whether he would miss the train. The train came late. On the platform, he looked at the price chart.

Tindivanam: 3 Rupees 13 Aṇās. He was excited and in a rush. He overlooked the entry: Tiruvaṇṇāmalai 3 Rupees on the pricing chart. In his anxiety and confusion, he missed seeing it. But, whatever happens to good people will turn out good.

The train came to the station and he got into the train with only a loin cloth, a shirt on his back, two earrings, and a feeling of exhilaration. The train moved out of the station after a little while. He was excited to know he would see his Father, to whom he paid homage in his mind. He sat cross-legged and closed his eyes. He looked inside the white empty space for the appearance of the root cause of ‘I’ thought.

On the way to Tindivanam, a thought of someone waiting to embrace him on his



arrival occurred to him. He lost his earthly father, separated from his mother, released himself from the excessive and possessive love of his brother and ran away from the confining environment of his uncle and aunt. He played hard, always wanting to succeed, though he

slept long and deep. He listened to the stories of gods. He remembered Nāyanmārs subjected to the trials and tribulations by God, their eventual success in overcoming them and the Darśan they received of the Father.

He searched for God in the temples and corridors. He desired to see God jump down from the sky. He experienced exhilaration on hearing the name Aṅṅāmalai. For wanting to know what death is, he shut his eyes and pretended to have died. When he continued to practice the death-mode, internal changes took place and he met with a shocking change and new conscience flowered. From then on, he was subdued like the extinguished flame. He was devoid of anger, no matter who and what.

He tried to move away from school studies as doubts rose about the utility and gain from formal education. He liked to close his eyes and do Dhyana. He liked solitariness. As he opened the books to read, something pulled from inside to induce shut eyes.

He sat with closed eyes in the train. He was the foremost among men going to the highest of realms, having the desire to offer salvation to the accomplished, and show the Path of Ramana to those in worldly pursuits. He had change amounting to 3 Aṅās tied in the end corner of his dhoti. He was on a journey with certainty of a life of no worries, and shut-eye Dhyana.

This is merely not a human effort. This is beyond human effort. A Sakti selects a few, draws him or her closer, makes him effulgent and helps remove the darkness of nescience in the world, with the Light of Wisdom.

‘He merged with the Thillai-space. Will he ever come back.’ – in line with the song, Venkatraman forgot Madurai that he left behind. As the train chugged along, the breeze was a welcome relief.

- தரிசிப்போம்... Let us Receive Darsan...

சக்தி விகடன் - 25 Jul, 2010 2010-07-25-part2

தொடர்கள்

Posted Date : 06:00 (25/07/2010)

கருணை தெய்வம் காஞ்சி மகான் KanchiMahan the deity of Mercy



Fiddle Sundara Sastrikal was an elderly gentleman, who conducted Ādisankara Jayanti for many years. Mahāperiyava called me to tell that Sastrikal was getting too old and ready to relinquish the responsibility to a younger person and asked me to take the responsibility. According to Periyava's bid, for about 50 years I conduct the Jayanti in the village of Kalavai. Periyava participated in the celebrations many times. Pattu Sastri narrated an event managed by him with no experience but with Maha Periyava's blessings.

The event took place about 45 years ago. Mahāperiyava went on a pilgrimage on foot and stayed in Solingapuram. It is a big Narasimha Kṣētra. There was an Anjaneya Temple too. It is a famous place. Knowing that Mahāperiyava was in a camp, the former president R. Venkatraman, his wife Janaki and Andhra Pradesh I.G Ramanathan came to visit with Periyava. From Valajapettai, Kottachetty Dr. Venugopal and others came to receive Darśan of Mahāperiyava. SriKandan was a member of the Mutt. He went begging for alms and cooked for Mahāperiyava. He begged only for Periyava and that was his assigned duty. We don't know what Periyava had on his mind. He sent for me and said, "Many people spent time and effort to come



here and visit with me. We should not let them go hungry. Do what you can to feed them.”

I was shocked to hear it from him. I stood there spellbound. I know no cooking. I am not a caterer. I could not tell him I knew no cooking and to look for someone else. I knew him since I was 10 years old. I was sure he would not put me in a position of embarrassment. I believed he would stand by me giving

me support.

I got pots and pans from the manager of the Chatram. I bought some provisions from a nearby shop. The campsite was in the foothills. Where am I to go for a roller and a grinding stone? I found a rock and use it for grinding condiments.

I brought some stones and sticks and prepared a fire. I made rice, Rasam... Someone donated rice. Periyava showed me the rice and said, “look at this. This rice looks royal.”

Narasimhar was on the top of one mountain. Anjaneyar was on a smaller mountain. Periyava, I and others climbed the mountains to receive Darśan of all deities.

We took some time to climb down. It was midday in the foothills; the chow line already formed. Everyone was hungry. I sat them all and served them meals. The visitors were all VIPs, holding high position in the Government. I have not cooked before in my life. Would they like the meal I prepared? With trepidation, I served them what I cooked. They ate and were satisfied. What a relief and supreme tranquility. I did not tell Periyava I knew only Vaidik traditional Sastras and I was no cook or chef. I did not stand there idle with folded hands. ‘This is the call of Mahāperiyava. Though I know no cooking, my inviolable belief was he will cast his divine influence. His divine favor only saved me from catastrophe. All the visitors declared that the meals were tasty, filling and satisfying.



Mahāperiyava called me. I was afraid and stood before him.

Periyava said, "You did a good job." Raising his hand, he blessed me saying, "You will be in good health." Periyava, complimenting me, offered his blessings. Pattu Sastri said, "His blessings were enough for me. What else do I need."

- தரிசனம் தொடரும் – Darśan will continue

Ramanamaharishi20100809.html

Sakti Vikatan Part 1 & 2

கருணை தெய்வம் காஞ்சி மகான் Kanch Mahan, The Divine Embodiment of Compassion

ஸ்ரீரமண மகரிஷி Ramana Maharishi

ஸ்ரீரமண வழி Ramana's way



Article By Balakumar



Amidst travelers in the train was seated a white-bearded Royal-lookalike: an elderly Muslim. After his speech, his eyes fell on tranquil Venkatraman seated with shut eyes. His physiognomy was a giveaway he was a young Brahmin boy. When Venkatraman opened his eyes, the Islamic elder man engaged him in a conversation.

Islamic Scholar addressed Venkatraman lovingly: "Brother, where are you going?"

Venkatraman replied happily, "To Tiruvannāmalai."

The Islamic scholar said, "I too am going to the previous station."

Venkatraman: "The previous station."

Scholar: "Yes, my destination is the Sacred Temple Town."

Venkatraman: "If so, does this train go to Tiruvannamalai?"

Islamic Scholar: Brother, what are you saying? Didn't buy the ticket to Tiruvannamalai?"

Venkatraman: I did not know this train goes to Tiruvannamalai? I have a ticket to Tindivanam."

Islamic Scholar: "Tindivanam is out of the route. This train does not go to Tiruvannamalai. But,

assuming you buy a ticket for Tiruvannamalai, you must change the train at Vizhuppuram."

Venkatraman: "Is that so? I never knew that!"

Venkatraman was perplexed.

Aṅṅamalaiyār without giving him a runaround showed how to reach him easily through the help of the Islamic scholar.

Since he was very hungry, he bought two pears for a small amount out of money, from his savings of three Aṅṅās. One bite into it calmed his hunger.

At three a.m. next day, the train came to Vizhuppuram. He got down and wandered about. He did not know how to reach Tiruvannamalai. He did not know whom to ask. There were very few at the time early in the day to know the details.

He went to the front door of an eating place and asked for food. The eatery manager asked him to wait until noon. At the entrance to the door, he went into Dhyana with closed eyes. When the food was ready, they served him food. He ate the food with gusto. When he asked to pay for the meal, the reply came: Two Aṅṅās.

He took out and gave him two Aṅṅās, the manager of the eatery asked, "How much money do you have?"

Venkatraman said, "Two and half Aṅṅās." The manager laughed.

The compassionate manager: "No, keep it for yourself."

The manager must have seen many grinning restless youngsters before him with Venkatraman sitting peacefully in Dhyana. That would have prompted him not to charge for the meal. He came back to the Vizhuppuram railway station. He found out he could buy a ticket up to Māmpazhappattu for two Aṅṅās. He got on the waiting train going to Kātpādi.



That was a Sunday with very few occupied seats. There were some vegetable vendors and some passengers. He was back in meditative posture on the train. He got down in Māmpazhappattu. He determined to walk the rest of the way to Tiruvannamalai.

The sun was beating down on him. He walked along the rail path, a ten-mile distance to Tiruvannamalai. Trials and tribulations plague all auspicious events.

The evening came and the night fell soon. It was impossible to walk along the rail path.

Therefore, he walked to the nearby village. That was Araiyaṅṅainallūr, where he found Athulya Nāthēsvarar temple, which was built on a rock by the Peṅṅai river bank. The temple was the object of praise and songs by Tiruñānasampanthar. He sat at the gate of that beautiful and wonderful temple.

The night Puja began. He went into the temple. Except for the lighted Sanctum sanctorum, the premises were dark. He sat at the side of the temple. Again, he delved deep inside himself. Suddenly a light beam appeared before him and spread throughout the temple. Venkatraman wondered, "What is this? Where is it coming from? A question arose in his mind, "Is it coming from the Sivalingam at the

Sanctum?” He went fast to Sivalingam and saw it. He found it is not coming from Sivalingam. That beam of light disappeared suddenly.

That youngster realized that the temple, the Sanctum, and the God are inside him. The walkway was closed. The Śivacchāriyār carried a bag of food on his shoulder. He told the priest he was very hungry and wanted some food and stuck out his empty hands. The Śivacchāriyār told him sternly, “No one is served food here.”

“Could I stay here? Could I sleep here tonight? The priest told him firmly, “No permission is granted to anyone to stay in the temple overnight. You should go out.” He joined others, crossed the river and walked towards Kīzhūr on the opposite bank. A fellowman told him, “Kīzhūr has a Siva Temple and food may be available after Ardha Jāma Pūja. Pointing the way to the temple and earning merit for a good deed, the man continued his journey.

Venkatraman walked towards Kīzhūr Vīrattēsvarar temple. The puja was over and waving of lights took place. The Gurukkal and the workers were ready to leave the premises. Waiting for the puja to finish, he sat in the Mandapam and delved deep into meditation. They woke him up and said, “Let us go out. We have to lock up the temple.”

Venkatraman raised his hungry hands for food. Gurukkal rejected his plea, “There is no food available for distribution.” The drummer watching the boy with an eye of scrutiny, he requested the Gurukkal to hand over his portion of food to the youngster. The food of the drummer was given to Venkatraman. The youngster sitting still in meditation must have impressed the drummer. 'something big is happening': that must have been his thought. That made his mind melt in compassion. Śivācchāriyār did not notice what the drummer saw in the boy.

Many of us see with half-open eyes, see fleetingly, see with derision, see without looking...and miss many things. Only a few look intently. The astute drummer was the man who earned merit.

Venkatraman rejected the long-held practices such as the mindless dialogue on caste differences, practice of caste discrimination, and became Sattvic by accepting food from anyone. This episode was the beginning of such attitude.

With the Prasada, he received from the drummer, Venkatraman went to the front door of a house in Kīzhūr and asked for water. Before the owner brought the water to him, he fell faint and lost the Prasada to a heap of mud. Finding the unconscious youngster, the people gathered around him, sprinkled water on him and withdrew once he recovered his senses.

Venkatraman drank the water and ate the food that remained uncontaminated by mud. The hunger ameliorated. He was used to eat many kinds of tasty food in the past. Now that he was picking off the street morsels of food was the beginning of rejection of taste in food.

After he ate the food, he rested his head on a raised platform (கூண்டை) in the front of a house. Kīzhūr received the greatest blessing of offering a sleeping berth.

- தரிசிப்போம்... Let us worship...

படங்கள் வி. செந்தில்குமார் Pictures: V. Senthilkumar

சக்தி விகடன் - 09 Aug, 2010 2010-08-09-Part 2. Sakthi Vikatan Part 2



குரு தரிசனம்! Guru Darsan Author:

கருணை தெய்வம்

காஞ்சி மகான்



“It is wrong to think that Periyava shows compassion to those around him. He loves all people at all times. He cannot tolerate their sufferings.” Pattu Sastri gives us the narrative of an incident to illustrate it.

Tirumazhisai Āzvār took his birth in Tirumazhisai. Village of Nūmpal was close to it. Once Periyava camped there.

One day, he took a dip in the sacred pond and went to the adjoining Perumal temple. It was 11 a.m. The sun was hot and ascendant.

At the temple entrance, there was a huge door with a wicket. Periyava entered the wicket and sat in a shade leaning against the wall. I answered all the questions he asked of me standing before him.

I was standing under the scorching sun. If I stood there a while longer, I would have been scorched to death. It was so hot I was standing shifting one hot foot after another alternately. Periyava is a Mahan who knows our mind. Does he not know that I was standing under the scorching sun shifting from one foot to another? Suddenly he stopped talking and asked me to find the source of a noise. I went to the temple entrance, craned the neck and saw about 200 people standing outside. It appeared to me, they were waiting to see Periyava. I reported back to Periyava. Mahāperiyava said, “Are they not waiting to see the resident god of the temple? Go and ask them.” I went out to enquire.

Thinking, ‘O my, is it not possible that the waiting crowd came for Swami Darśan.,’ I wondered why I did not think of it. How could I guess they all came to see Periyava? I came near the entrance.



“Is that so? Walk over and find out whether they are standing in shade or under the sun.

‘Are you the only one standing and talking to me with the feet under the hot sun? ‘Like you, many people are in the same predicament.’ – That was the idea he wanted to convey to me, I thought. I went where people assembled in a bunch. I asked them, “Are you here for temple Swamy or Mahāperiyava Darśan.”

They also said in a chorus, “We are here for Darśan of and Blessings from Periyava. I came running to Periyava to tell him of the people’s wish.

He ordered immediately to bring the devotees inside and said, “Here is the shade by the wall. Please be seated in the shade.”

Periyava considering my intolerance of the heat, the oppressive heat outside and the suffering of people asked them sent inside to take refuge in the shade. That is the great compassion of Periyava.

It may sound like a minor matter. We should consider of the love and care he showed for people by looking into such small matters in a minute way.

As he was speaking to the people, he told me, “Go around the temple and look.” Periyava’s order has an inner meaning.

When I was circumambulating the Prākāram, I saw the Piḷḷaiyār Shrine, causing me surprise and confusion. Piḷḷaiyār appeared with a Tenkalai Namam. How is it that Piḷḷaiyār is in Perumal temple? I was pulling hair on the head and thinking, but no answer was forthcoming. After the walk-around, I showed up before Periyava. For a second, he looked at me intently. He laughed and said, “Were you surprised to see Piḷḷaiyār with Tenkalai Nāmam? Tradition tells he is Thumbhikai Āzvār (Āzvār with proboscis).”
- தரிசனம் தொடரும் Darśan will continue

Ramanamaharishi20100824.html

Sakti Vikaan 2010 August 24 Part 1

Author:  Balakumaran Part 1



Author

Vicissitudes hobble life's well-laid plans. Has the water seeking the pit cut a perfect predetermined path? Asceticism does not fit into any mold or plan. It is of the state of nature. It is devoid of ulterior motive. It is a great surrender. Venkatraman's past life Vāsaṇas (Fragrance, residuals) pushed him into an aimless state.

Next day August 31, 1896 was Gokulāṣṭami, the day of his birth when Kaṇṇaṇ reached Gōkulam. Early in the morning, Venkatraman struck by growling hunger was pacing up and down. He had no clue on how to reach Tiruvannamalai. He had no cash on hand. He stood at the doorstep of Muthukrishna Bhagavathar. He said, "I am hungry; I need food." They invited him into the house and served him meals. It was the leftover rice from yesterday. It pacified his hunger. To go further on his journey, he needed to buy a rail ticket. No cash,

what to do? He pawned his earrings to Muthukrishna Bhagavathar and asked him for money. Bhagavathar appraised the earrings and valued it at 20 rupees. Those days twenty Rupees is equal to 10,000 rupees in today's money. He took the earrings and gave Venkatraman four rupees. Bhagavathar gave him a piece of paper with his address. Happily, Venkatraman took the money and put it inside a knot at the end of his dhoti at waist level.



The wife of Muthukrishna Bhagavathar took him inside and gave him packets of victuals meant for service to the Lord. He took them and exited the house. Those who had the yearning to become Jñāni find it easy to identify his ilk. The Jñāni does not come with a label. Something impels: a platonic love, a movement. 'The guest must be Krishna Himself. These food preparations are meant for service to the Lord. Here I give.' The woman of the house gave the food to him in the same spirit she did to Krishna Himself and sent him on his way.

For Venkatraman, the waist cloth, the shirt, and a four-rupee fortune are his property. It may be small but he was bubbling with happiness. He walked from Kīzhūr to Tirukkōvilūr, slept on the Railway station platform, **the next day on September 1, 1896 boarded the train and went to Tiruvaṅṅāmalai.** The daybreak was dazzling through the dense mist as he got off the train in Tiruvaṅṅāmalai.

On September 1, 1896, the ancient city of Tiruvannamalai extended its invitation to a young man destined to blossom into its illustrious son.

It was a small town unlike what it is now. From the Railway Station, he witnessed the majestic mountain and the tall tower and opposed his palms offering homage.

The next stage of a Tapasvin Bhagavan Ramanar is taking refuge in the mountain. As we study Ramanar intensely, we discover. 'asceticism is not easy; leaving kith and kin, giving up good clothes, good food, house, friends, acquaintances...is not asceticism; abandoning hubris is the mark of an ascetic. We can rustle up hubris anytime. Instead of stirring up the hubris, it should be nipped in the bud and pulled by its roots. For living with no mental agitation, the cure is asceticism. If you lose cognition death is a certainty. Likewise, if there is even a little bit of mental agitation, the hubris is kindled, and experience loss at our endeavor. When we pay attention to Bhagavan Ramanar's life, we notice he remained well-balanced always.

An ascetic he was, starting at 16 years of age. Leaving the house, he is now in Tiruvannamalai. Before him is the majestic mountain; in the foothills, is the temple tower; around it is the small town. He was awe-struck and walked towards the Sanctum sanctorum.

That time, the sacred services were in progress. The temple is not open to the public yet. But there was a scattering of people. He went through the open doors and walked towards the sanctum. No one stopped him. No one queried him. Since he was invited by Aṅṅāmalaiyār, the Darśan was waiting for him with no impediment. He went to the sanctum, opposed his palms and had a Darśan of the Lord with mental satisfaction. A

great tranquility pervaded his mind.

What was inside was Sivalingam. Something made an appearance from beyond the idol. It was not just a room with granite walls. He had an inner feeling it was a special place. Peace prevailed.

All are for this place only. The dedication is to the God: A sense of relinquishment filled him. A sense of well-being came on him that accompanies relinquishing all. A plenitude filled him from abandonment of 'I' and 'Mine.' The face and the eyes, lighted up with a smile and a glow. The body felt weakened.



He did not know how long he stayed there. He filled the Sivalingam and the room so he and the objects in the room were undifferentiated mass of oneness.

'What exists everywhere is here. What is here is everywhere. It is inside me. What is inside me stands as Anṇāmalaiyār and invites me with monosyllabic 'Vā' (Come). Hereafter, there is none to call my own. There is nothing I possess. There is nothing that is my conduct. There is nothing that I desire. What is inside me is It: That Anṇāmalaiyār pulling me is acceptable to me. It does. It does whatever... This world revolves without impediment. It moves me. Let It move me anywhere.' When these thoughts dawned on him, a great freedom came upon him. On the way, a smile appeared. Buddhi was brimming with ecstasy.

When a person has a form, it is impossible to worship the one without form. If one rejects the notion he is of any form, realization of that beyond the forms (and names) is possible. Worship of a form (image, idol...) is not merely to see the form. Seeing the form helps seeing the inside. There is fire before your eyes. If you see the fire intently, close the eyes and oppose your hands, the fire will burn inside you; it should burn.

Sivalingam is a formless form. It is not a form. It is not formless without a form. It is a mere sign. It is showing the principle and proof of existence of God in a stone. If you look hard, that principle gains entrance inside you and blossoms big and strong. Finding Sivalingam everywhere is a certainty. We can apprehend the whole world is the principle of Sivalingam.

Venkatraman saw the Sivalingam, knowing neither the principle nor its explanation. Principle as a word was unknown to him. It became a brimming feeling or sentiment. The principle was not of the form of prose or poetry in his mind. It flashed as a news inside him. He fell prostrate flat on the floor in the worship of Anṇāmalaiyār, saying to himself, "Please accept me. This (I) is your property. This body, wealth, and soul, you own. There is no 'I.'"

Abandoning all, he fell like a wooden stick and paid homage. It was genuine.

As he went inside with no obstruction, he exited with ease. He went beyond the South Tower. He continued walking. There was no destination and no aim. What for did not register. What next was not a planned event. He just walked.

Periyōr (Great man) has no aim. The one with resolute aim, does not attain it.

- தரிசிப்போம்...Let us get Darśan

சக்தி விகடன் Sakthi Vikatan - 24 Aug, 2010 2010-08-24-part2

கருணை தெய்வம் காஞ்சி மகான் Kanchi Mahan is God of compassion.



குரு தரிசனம்! Guru Darśan Author Sarukesi Author:



There was a Keralite, Āññan (ஆஞ்ஞன்) Madhavan Nambudiri. He was a great pundit. Bhagavata explicator and a great scholar had much devotion to Periyava.

He told Nambudiri, pointing to me, “Buy him a book on Bhagavatam.”

Madhavan immediately left his presence, bought a book on Bhāgavatam, gave it to Periyava and asked him, ‘Please give this book to him yourself with your blessings.’ Mahāperiyava took the book held it on his head, overlaid the book with flower garland, after a while blessed the book and gave it to me.

From that gesture I knew he cared for me, had good wishes for me in life and blessed me for continued success. I was happy to know that his blessings will continue to guide me throughout my life. I thanked Nambudiri wholeheartedly.

It occurred in my mind I should sit by Ganges river in Rishikesh, perform Dhyana, and chant Bhagavatam. That would be nice, auspicious and satisfying to the mind. When I had opportune time, I took Bhagavatam and left for Rishikesh. There I stayed for many days and directed my mind in chanting Bhagavatam.

Vyāsar called his son ‘Sukhā.’ The trees, the plants, the vines, the rivers, the mountains...asked, ‘Why.’ Reading Bhagavatam in that vein, made reading, amazement and wonder.

I rose at 3 a.m., performed Sahasra Gayatri, sit on the bank of Ganges and chant Bhagavatam.

Vasiṣṭha Guhai (cave) there was a supernatural place. It was about 24 km from Rishikesh. The cave had a Sivalingam for worship.

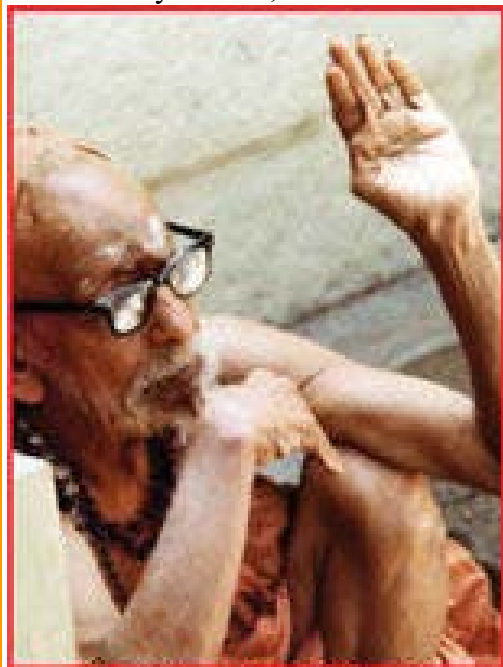


There Ganges was very sedate and tranquil. When I chanted Bhagavatam at the cave entrance, it gave me a feeling Ganges river ran silent with no ripples in my mind. It caused me

exhilaration.

Is it not that the tree, the plant, the vine asked 'Why?'

One day, I was early in the morning. Mahāperiyava came in my dream, 'Hey, I am Sukappirammmam. When I was in womb of my mother, I attained the state of Brahman. I am Sukappirammmam.'



I did not understand whether it was a dream, or he came to bless me with that narrative. But, there were no one on the banks of the River Ganges. I was overwhelmed with emotion and shed rivers of tears.

It appears even now as sure as the Truth in Vedas that Mahāperiyava came in person and told me so.

When I was seven years of age, I performed Pāda Pūjai (worshipful abluion of feet) to Mahāperiyava on the banks of Kāvēri River. He appeared effulgent as the idol made of molten gold. The same vision I had of Periyava on the banks of Ganges River.

For me to observe celibacy, Periyava's blessings, his divine grace and the Bhagavatam Book, I receive from Periyava and bought by Nambudiri, are responsible. I had been to many temples, river banks... and received Darśan. I still don't know whether there is a manifest God like Periyava. That should not be interpreted as disbelief or slander of God. In my estimate, Periyava is in par with God.

He tolerated and overcame many insults, many sufferings...He forged forward, the reason being the incomparable compassion.

I was the beneficiary of his mercy; so also, many others.

Pattābhi immersed in reverie of Kānchi Mahan after telling the Sakti Vikatan readers, "I have limitless joy in sharing with the readers my experience of Periyava."

- தரிசனம் தொடரும் Darśan will Continue.

Ramanamaharishi20100908.html

Ramanamaharishi 20100908

சக்தி விகடன் - 08 Sep, 2010 2010-09-08-part1

ஸ்ரீரமண மகரிஷி = SriRamana Maharishi

அண்ணாமலையே சரணம் = Surrender to Anṇāmalai



Extreme weariness and disgust are necessary to shed the creature comforts of the world. What other weariness could come to a youngster who knows nothing more than eating and sleeping. Here is a different chemistry. Once you regard the world as God, what other desire could afflict him? This divine sense can occasionally appear in people. Venkatraman plunged into the God-sense and was lost. This is fate. A great Divine Blessing.

He went past the Mandapam and the processional Temple Car; he went on the Sannidhi Street, nothing impressed his mind. At the end of the street, there was a big lake: Ayyan Kuḷam (Brahma's pond or

பட்டம்: ச. குமரேசன்

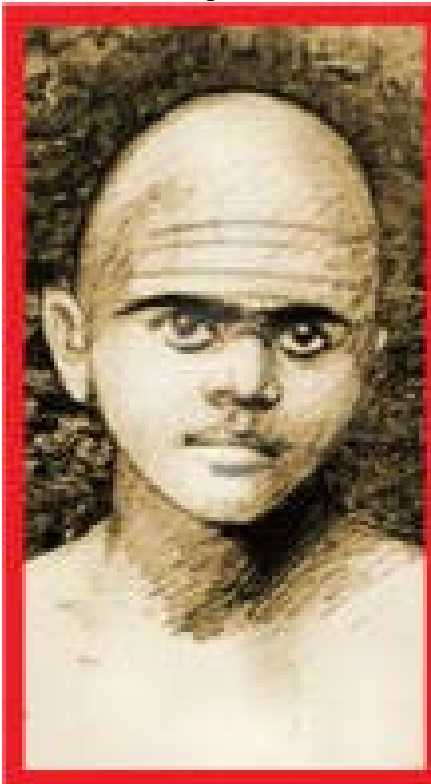


lake). Near the pond there was Aruṇagirināthar Temple, named after the presiding deity of the temple. It is a very ancient temple. He peeked at the temple and went to the lakeside. He had in his hands snacks and a few coins in the bag. Once he made up his mind that all is for Anṇāmalaiyār, he thought where the need was for snacks and coins. He threw the snacks in the lake, which the fish ate eagerly. The coins got stuck in the lakebed.

Standing on the lakeside and taking in the sights, someone came and asked, “Do you need a head shave.” His face had the markings of an out-of-towner. Where is the need now for the local boy to spend time at the lakeside? On the North side of the lake, the women from Agrahāram (Brahmin quarters) were cleaning the clothes. On the west side of the lake, he was the only visitor.

Hearing this, with no thought, he assented to the proposal with the shake of the head. He took him to a barber and the long black tuft was sheared off his occiput. Now the money for the shave. Yes, the money is in the bottom of the lake. The long tresses are the payment. There is big money in the sheared hair, when made into a braid. The barber left with the hair. Venkatraman stood there with the sheared bald head. He took off his shirt and threw it on the lakeshore. He tore his long loin cloth into loin pieces (கோமணம்) and wore it as a narrow loin cloth. He walked towards the temple.

How can you leave after a head shave without a bath? It did not occur to him. When he was walking towards the temple, Aruṇāchalēśvarar came down as rain and bathed him.



Having no rain for a long time in Tiruvannamalai, the scorched earth soaked up the rainwater. Upon the fall of the feet of the jñāni on the earth, the earth was happy to have received the blessings. Wet and dripping, Venkatraman came to 1000-pillar Mandapam and sat there. He was hungry. He did not want to ask for food from anyone. He closed his eyes and looked inside himself in silence.

Hunger was there but did not bother him. Later, he felt his hunger. But he did not have the thought to eat. Feeding him is the job for Aruṇāchalēśvarar. He was calm inside. He sat there throughout the night without eating a morsel of food. A Swamy charged with cleaning the premises saw the youngster sitting there motionless and having a famished look on his face.

Pazhaṇi Swamy communicated with another Sadhu in the language of silent gesture, ‘That child is sitting there motionless. He looks famished. Give him some food.’ Pazhaṇi Swamy was the caretaker of the temple gardens.

Pazhaṇi Swamy served him in a tin can old rice, a pinch of salt, and a pickle. Venkatraman ate the food. The hunger abated.

Aruṇāchalēśvarar gave him his first meal in the temple grounds. This is the first contact with the disciple. It was Prasada obtained without a request.

“See here the sheared head, motionless like a statue.” – a boy pointed to Venkatraman.

“Will he not move? If I fling a stone, he will move. See it now. I will make him move!” Another boy

challenged. The boy caught in the cruel hold of fate (Karma) was instigated by another boy. The rock thrown bounced off the stone pillar and grazed his head.

“He did not move!”

He cast another stone. That stone also flew without hitting Venkatraman. That stone missed its mark. Two more boys tried their luck. It is the nature of the world to drink seeing the drunks, get angry with angry people, doing harm to the sinner... Caught by fate, the boys continued to throw stones. Then, someone chased them out of there.

‘This location is not safe!’ Bālaswāmy (Venkatraman with shaved head) stood up. He was not sad. No face, he remembered. He moved out of that site, probably wishing that the urchins did not accumulate sins by casting stones on him.

That was a ruined Mandapam. Under the Mandapam, there was a subterranean Sivalingam, named as ‘Pātāla Liṅgeśvarar,’ a derivative name.

It was a Liṅgam placed on the grave of an unknown person. The site belonged to a sect, which a king bought, tore down and built the stone Mandapam in its place. The Sivalingam was left in place. Since the stone Mandapam was built around and above the

Lingam, it was easier for urchins to throw stones at Venkatraman, now called Bālaswāmy (young deity).

Hiding behind the columns, the urchins were throwing stones at Bālaswāmy. A few stones fell on him. He remained motionless. He knew little of what happened around him. He did not know what was around him. The seat was moist. The poisonous insects were abundant around him. Centipedes bore holes in his thighs. The ants bit him. Leeches attached to his body were sucking on the body fluids. Losing his body awareness, he delved deep into his mind, held on to it fast, and did not know the happenings around him and on his body.

“This Bald Pate did not come out though we threw stones at him, and remains motionless.

The boys looked into subterranean darkness intently. They found the person. They threw the collected stones at him with a passionate determination to make him move at least his eyelashes. Bālaswāmy was not the only one, the object of their stone-flinging malicious mischief; they did it to others too before him. They threw stones at Tiruvannamalai Śeṣādri Swamy looking at the sky laughing, resting his hands on his waist and talking to himself.

‘The insane talks to himself and to the sky.’ They heard such things from their elders. No one told them, talking in a self-introspective poise may appear as talking to oneself. Their elders did not have the wherewithal to teach them such things. So, throwing stones at Sadhus was an act of sports. Śeṣādri Swāmygaḷ himself a victim in the past under similar circumstances, hastened to the Mandapam and chased the miscreants out of there.

‘Who is there?’ The voice rang in the cave below. He saw the shadow of a person. There was no movement.

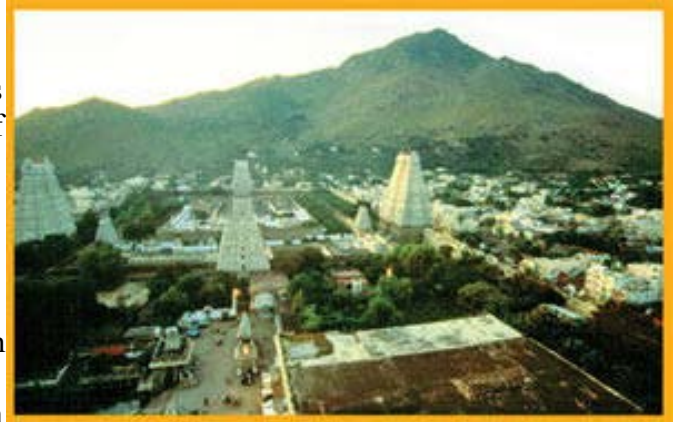
He called Maṇḍa Swamy and Pazhaṇi Swamy. All three went into the subterranean space and carried Bālaswāmy out of the dark space. They sat him down in the Mandapam. The ants and other insects ate his back. The back was raw, exuding pus.

‘This must have given him considerable pain!’ He put up with the pain and remained in Samadhi.

Could that be possible? What kind of a Swamy is he? What a Tapas this is! How did he ever perfect this Tapas?’

They wondered. They stood him up and applied medications. They supported him by the armpits, took him to the Nandavanam, sat him down and fed him rice.

Śeṣādri Swāmygaḷ told them not to interrupt his Tapas. They fed him at mealtimes. The trouble continued there too.

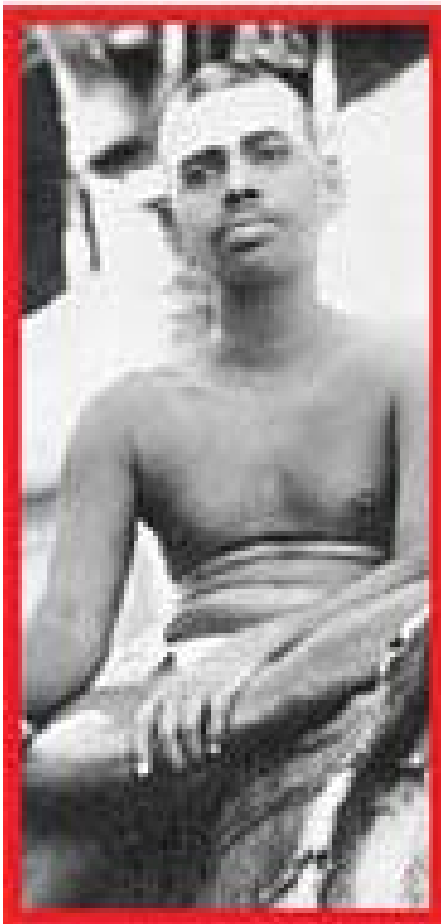




‘You escaped from there! We will never leave you here alone.’ Another mob of miscreants gathered. Once you find pleasure in malicious mischief, giving up the sport is hard. The cruel mind dwells on what else - cruelty. This is Pūrvajenma Karma (Past life Karma). It was the carry-over curse Karma from the past life to the present. The curse multiplies a hundredfold, becoming the instigator of the present malicious mischief.

Bālaswāmy remained with closed eyes under some tree in Nandavanam full of oleander plants. When he is awake with open eyes, he finds himself under another tree.

He sat with closed eyes, not knowing his earlier movement, what moved, how he moved... The Tapas faced no interruption, whatever may be the troubles and miseries. The mind was one-pointed, abiding and steady; asceticism never diminished.



No... This is not Tapas. Tapas has an object. There was no aim or ulterior motive. He was his own witness. He was immersed inside himself. He was in great ecstasy continuously. Anṇāmalaiyār desired to offer him a peaceful place for his use. People with those intents gravitated to him, (as impelled by Anṇāmalaiyār.

There is no worry for those who took refuge in God. God will save them. How does he save them? That secret is known only to God.

- ... Let us get Darśan

- தரிசிப்போம்... Let us get Darśan

Author: Sarukesi



Part 2 Sakthi Vikatan. 2010, September 8 கருணை தெய்வம் காஞ்சி மகான் = Kanchi Mahan offering compassion.

சுரு தரிசனம் Guru Daśan. Author

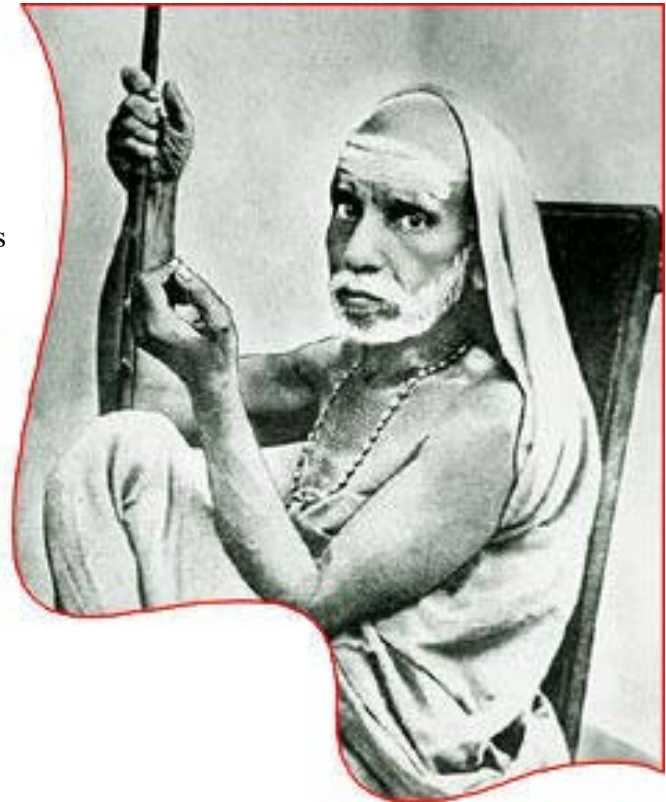
Pattābhi Iyar forgets himself immersed in old memories, when the talk delves on Kānchi Muṇivar. The eyes brim with tears.

He observed, “As public service pertains to Vedic injunctions, people should observe their own birth Dharma and perform Karmic injunctions without fail.” Periyava started 25-30 years ago an association ‘Jīvātmā Kaiṅkarya Sabhai’ - Final Rites. It is Periyava’s opinion is that the funeral rites are performed for the dead orphans. Sometimes, calls come from Hospitals and the police. They performed the final rites under the Government rules, sprinkle Ganges water on the Hindu body and committed it to crematory rites. This initiative by Periyava was of great help to the government. There were 50-60 volunteers in the outfit. They were all youngsters waiting and carrying out at the request of Periyava with no hesitation. To this day, the service is extant. Now, getting volunteers is difficult.

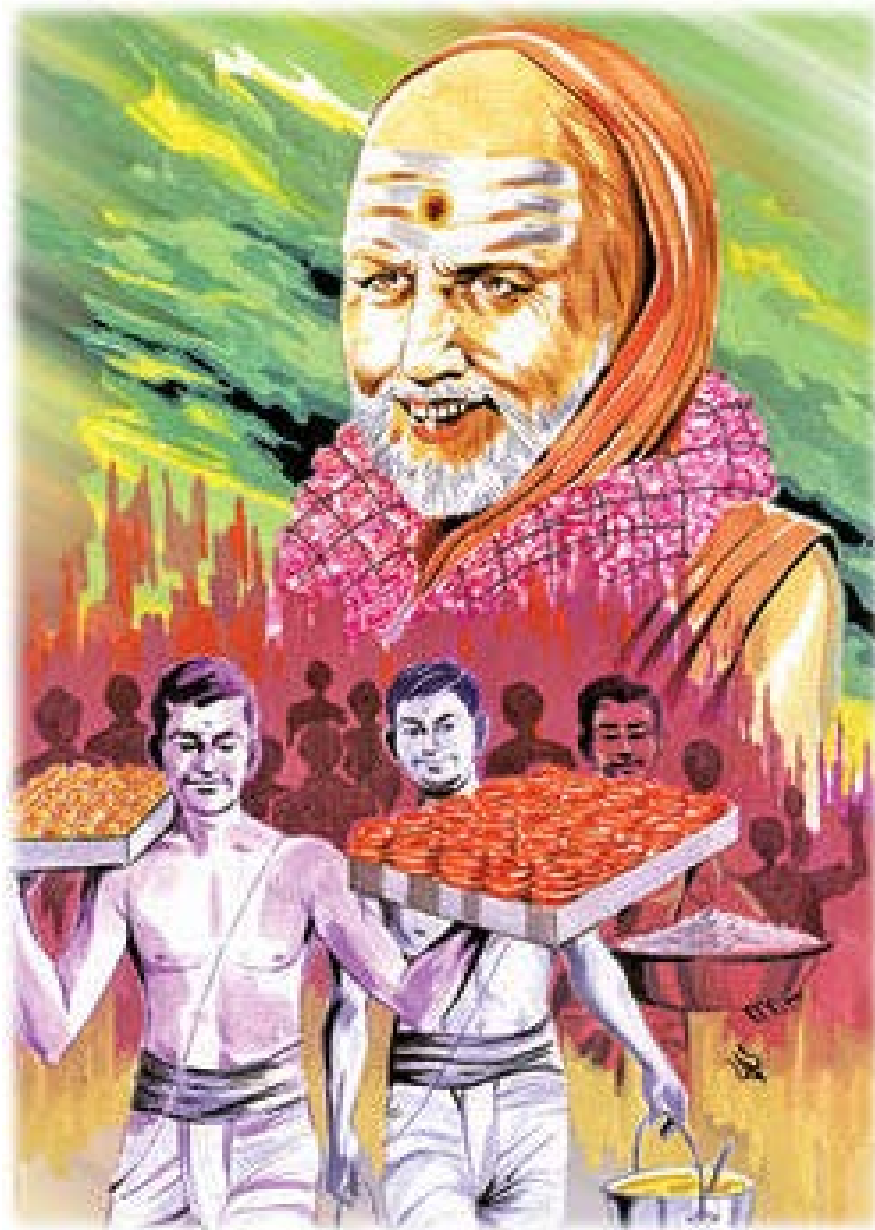
‘The dead is unknown to any one...that person is neither related nor close to any known person. That being so, should we remain aloof? If the dead is a Hindu, the relatives were grief-stricken. If Periyava was so compassionate towards the dead, think of the extent of his compassion to the living. He arranged for schooling, books, uniform...for the children of the incarcerated. He arranged for the health and welfare of the spouses of the jailed. For this purpose, in Kumbhakoṇam, he started and maintained Advaita Sabha.

Vākkīyārṭha Sathas (Chanting or explication of a sacred passage) happened there often. This was started by Periyava. Here the sacred passages receive minute analysis. On important holidays, the volunteers go to the jail house to improve their mental health, explain the importance of devotion to God, teach them good citizenship and wish them well.

Likewise, they went to the patients in the hospitals, chant Rāma Nāmam, Śiva Nāmam and give aṭcatai (rice mixed with turmeric), sacred ash, and Kum-kum as articles of benediction and worship. These alone cure half of their maladies. For the terminally ill patients, we sit by their side, recite Japam and make them drink 10 drops of Ganges water.



A cancer patient was restless with pain. We sat by his side daily and recited Siva Namam and Rama Namam. He told us movingly, “I don’t feel the pain. I am ready for death.” The 15 days he lived, he was free from pain. We learnt from Periyava only,



what a great service it is to give pain relief to a terminally ill fellow human being.

Another great plan from Periyava is to donate a measure of rice to the needy. We collected rice and cooked it in Kerukampākkam Sri Nīlaṇḍēśvarar Temple and offered it as Prasadam to all on the 2nd and the 4th Sundays. Periyava had similar desire to do the same on the last Friday of the month in Tiruchi Akilāṇḍēśvari Temple. A compatriot named Sundaram joined us in our service. When 10 bags of rice are cooked for Sweet Pongal, imagine the amount of raw unrefined sugar needed. Four people breaking the Sugar (Jagary)molds and four people cooking: We start cooking at 2:30 a.m. There is a choultry in North Street. Periyava conducted Gōsālai (Cow protection service). Rg Veda teaching was taking place on the side. The Prasada is distributed there. On the last

Friday in Ādi month (July-August), free food distribution takes place. In that celebration, the locals and even the North Indian devotees participate.

Periyava admonished saying, “Should only the family members eat the sweets?” In his free food distribution, South Indian Vegetarian Fare with sweets are given. We keep telling not to waste food. Periyava’s calculus is that the sign of satiation is some recognizable food remnants on the Banana leaf plate after the people engorged themselves with the food. To that extent one should serve food to satiate the hunger and find some leftovers on the plate. That was the holy posture of Periyava.

Katalādi is a village in the Tiruvannamalai district. It is a forested area with a mountain. In olden days, there were predatory animals. There were distant relatives of Periyava in that village. A few are still there now. The village was the source of Bamboo Cane for Periyava. They cut the bamboo and beat it in the water. If it does not break it is the thick male bamboo. We take only the young bamboo for Periyava. If the cane becomes impure, Periyava changes the cane. On his Yātrā, the retinue takes 25 staffs (குண்டம் = Thaṇḍam = daṇḍa = Staff = Bamboo sticks). Near Kānchi Katalādi, there is Parvatha Malai (mountain). It is a huge mountain, hard to climb and demanding utmost care. A little slip: That is the end. Mallikārjuna Swamy Temple is on the mountain. Ambal’s name is Brahmaṛāmbhikai. Circumambulation of

the mountain is a mere 36 km distance. Periyava had done it many times. We accompanied him many times. We had 25 big bags of rice. We prepared Tamarind rice. We made 15,000 Jāngri (sweets). We took the food by truck and distributed the food from three locations. We dispense Prasadam like this once a year as a custom. The inspiration and impetus came from Periyava. Only when a stream of love springs from the heart and mind, it finds expression in compassion. Periyava's mind is such. He is the god of mercy. If we are lucky to be soaking wet in his rain of mercy, what else do we need?



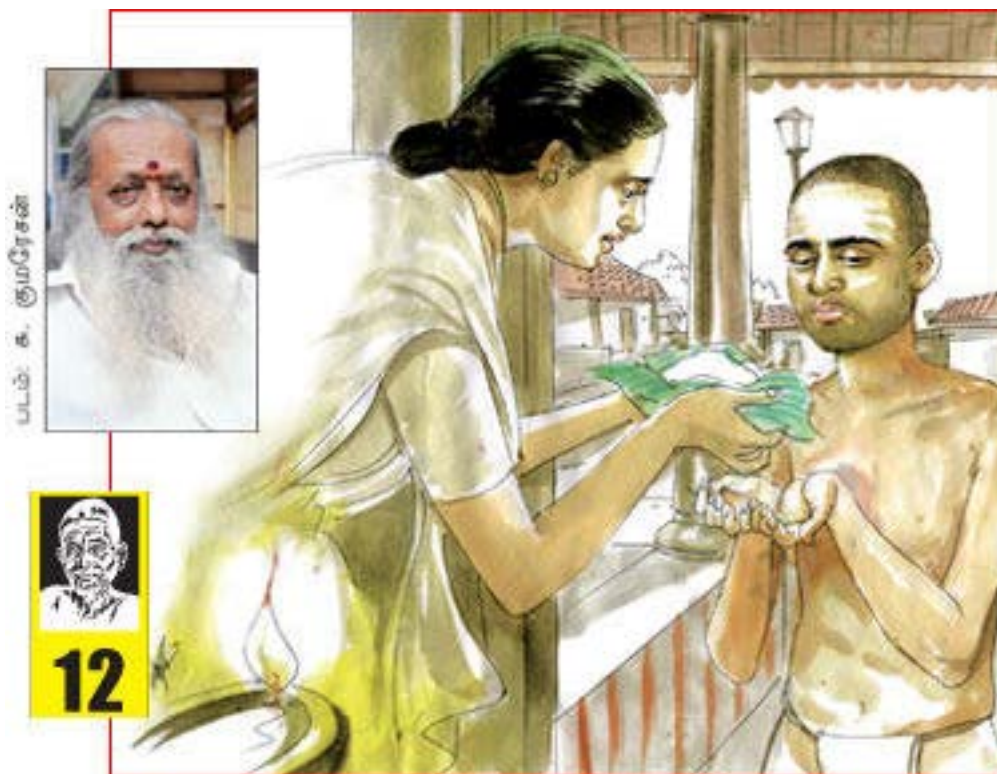
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Sakthi Vikatan - 22 Sep, 2010 **2010-09-22-part1 & 2.**

SriRamana Maharishi

Surrender to Aṅṅāmalai

Author: Balakumaran 



When Mahan walks under the sun, a cloud moves to give him shade; it protects him throughout the sunshine hours. The frothy rapids of a river approaching his house bends and runs a safe distance away in a different direction. When he walks in the forest, the cheetah, the lion, the male elephant...take intense look at him and retreat.

Venkatraman of Madurai, now Bālaswāmy of Tiruvannamalai was deep in Mōṇa Tapas (Silent Tapas), there were his obstructionists and facilitators. A Gurukkal in Aṅṅāmalaiyār Shrine gave not only Prasada from the temple, but also brought home-cooked meals; He

begged and made him eat the meals.

Bālaswāmy's loincloth was ragged and torn. The loin cord was ripped and caused pressure sore in the hip. Gurukkaḷ tore his dhoti into a loincloth, applied it on a cord away from the sore. He said," Kārttikai month mid-Nov to mid-Dec) is due soon. There will be an assembly of devotees. If you are naked, the police will condemn such appearance and may even arrest you. Keep the loincloth on you. That youngster had no concern about the loincloth in place or absent on his body. To Bālaswāmy, wearing or not wearing clothes was not an important issue.

For Kārttikai month Brahmōrsavam, people in droves came to Tiruvannamalai. A section of the visitors attracted to Bālaswāmy for an unknown reason saw him and sat before him for a while and left.



Uththaṇḍi Nāyaṇār attended the Kārttikai festival from the village of Poṇmaṇi, near Vanthavāsi. He was a scholar in spiritual matters. He was hobbled with discomposure and worries. Peace was episodic. Anger burst forth sometimes as a sign of past-life Vāsanas. Shame and worry accompanied his anger. He was critical of himself stating, 'What kind of birth is this!'

Sometimes he was so

effulgent that his behavior deserved worship.

When he saw Bālaswāmy, surprise took him. O My, here is a beatific ecstasy on its rise. Standing here causes happiness. I experience tranquillity, never had by me. If his external tranquillity causes so much comfort, the inside must have great ecstasy.

'God... Aṅṅāmalaiyārē...! It is for this moment, I performed austerity all these years. I was convinced this will never be available to humans. I suspected Divine Darśan was mere fantasy. He is not a mere youngster. He is a Jñāṇi. He is not just a boy. He is the paragon of divinity. This is not mere human body. It is a repository of divinity.

Heart and soul of Uththaṇḍi Nāyaṇār melted. Returning home never occurred to him. He slept near him, provided small help and saw that no one bothered him.

This was of great help to Bālaswāmy. When Bālaswāmy and Uththaṇḍi Nāyaṇār were under the Madhuca indica, one woman named Rajammal desired to offer food. She was young. She belonged to woman of the courtesan class. She came with a related boy, offering food. Since she was a nubile girl, she could not touch Swamy and so she brought a related boy with her. After a while, the boy stopped from coming. Rajammal did not give up. She came with her elderly mother, who would touch to wake Bālaswāmy and offered food. Bālaswāmy accepted a small share of the food. Uththaṇḍi Nāyaṇār also received food.

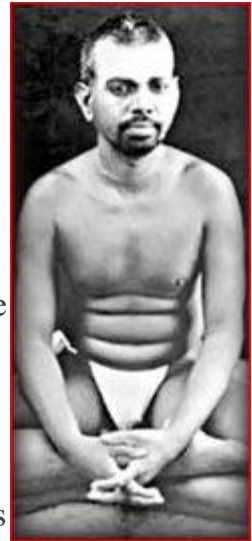
Seeking no recompense, Rajammal, motivated by an inner urge, performed service to Bālaswāmy, which made it possible for a boon. Though she was born in the courtesan class, a rich man fell in love with her and married her. He treated her with respect. Rajammal's daughter married high. The stigma of Courtesan class disappeared from their family history.

Raththinamal, wife of Velurar offered food to Bālaswāmy. She used to feed him by opening and putting the food in his mouth.

A woman holding it as a duty to offer food to the Sadhus extended a dinner invitation to Bālaswāmy. He did not accept her invitation. He by sign language told her, 'I will eat only by begging. I will not go to anybody's house as a dinner guest.' The woman left unhappy.

Bālaswāmy got up, walked along the curbside of the street. He stood before a house and clapped his hands. That was the home of the Gurukkal. The woman of the house came running and served him food. She felt that her own dead son came back alive. When the food fell on his hands, he ate it without tasting it, wiped his hands on his head and walked by the side of the street.

It was four months since he came to Tiruvannamalai. He never bathed. A woman forcefully applied bath-oil on his body, scrubbed him with soap pod wattle powder and cleansed him with water. That is the first bath since he arrived in Tiruvannamalai. Since then, he took no bath for one whole year. One devotee arranged for a shave, which he refused.



Vīrasikāmaṇi Paramāchāriyār was a 13th Century Sadhu. He performed many wonders, having devotion to Aṇṇāmalaiyār. When he shuffled off his mortal coil, he was buried in Tiruvannamalai with installation of a Lingam and a grave. They built a Mutt (monastery) around his burial site, after buying the land around it. His progeny moved away, and the Mutt became Kuṇṇrakuḍi Āthīṇam.

In that Saiva Mutt, the Thambirān (Non-Brahman monk of Śaiva mutt) had a disagreement, moved from there and performed Pūja to Gurusūtham (God as Guru) in Tiruvannamalai. He spent his time with the founder of the Mutt. In Tiruvannamalai, they sang Thēvāram, Thiruvāsakam... received food and articles with which they maintained their lives. Annamalai was the name of Thambirān.

When Annamalai Thambirān was walking towards the Tiruvannamalai temple, he saw Bālaswāmy meditating in silence under the Iluppai tree.

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Bālaswāmy drank a mixture made of Kanchi (porridge), Pāyāsam (Sweet milk and boiled rice), fruit juice only once a day. It was enough for him. That was enough for life sustenance. He never needed or asked for tasty foods. It was natural for him to be in ecstatic meditation. Under those circumstances, there was no mind (with likes and dislikes...). There was no concern about his physical body. Therefore, he had no concern for food. He did not bother with clothes.

Anṇāmalai Thambirān wanted to smear his head with oil, clean it with wattle detergent powder and give him a bath. He wanted to perform ritual ablution with application of sandalwood paste. He prepared for these events. These were a great nuisance for Bālaswāmy.

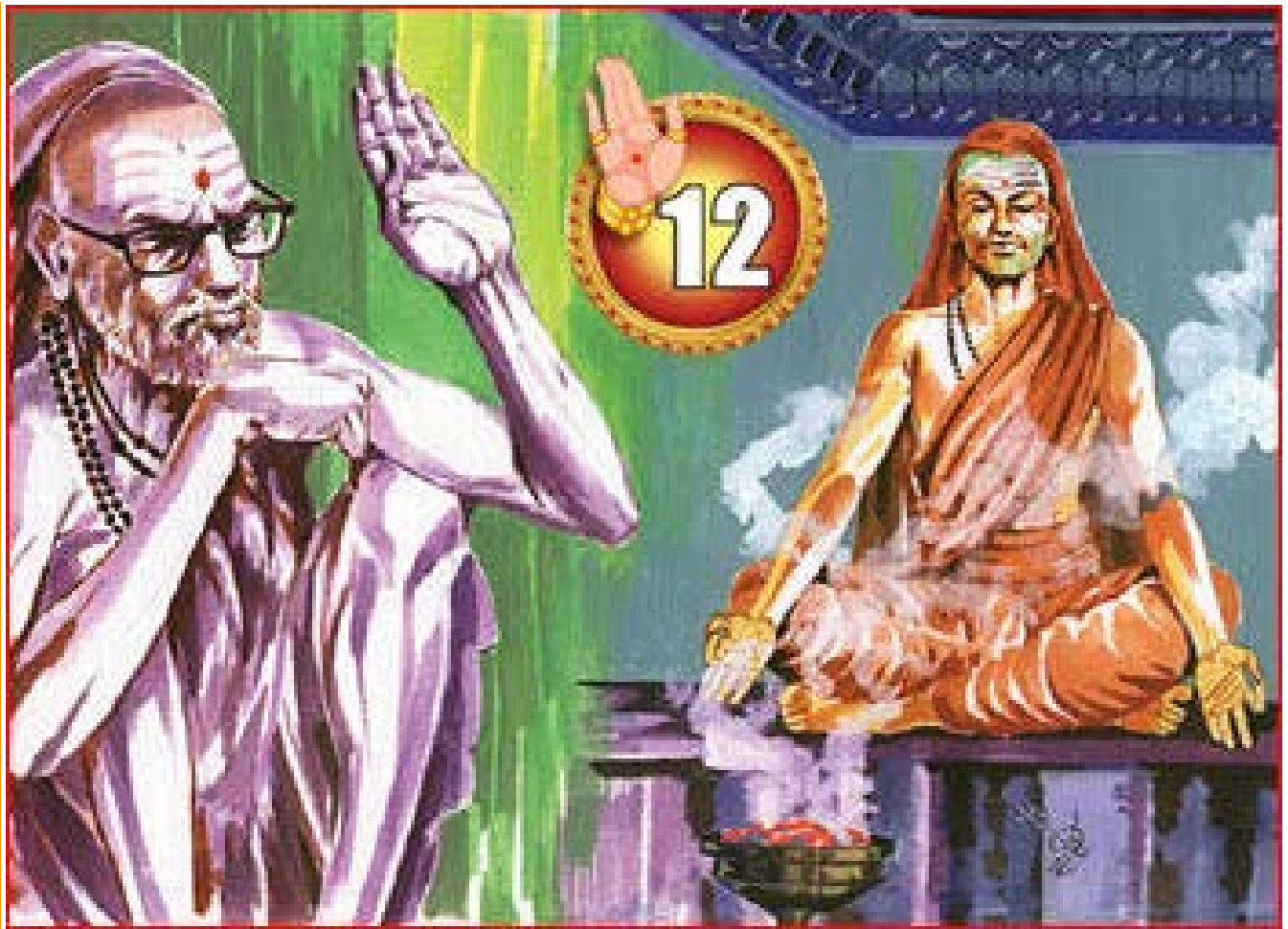
Sakthi Vikatan - [22 Sep. 2010](#)

2010-09-22-part2 **Kanchi Mahan, the Lord of Compassion**

Guru Darśan



Author



Pattābhi, the confidant of Maha Periyava and the close associate of Kanchi Sankara Mutt had shared a narrative of horripilation with us.

“When Periyava came to the Mutt to ascend the Pitam (Papal chair), difficult circumstances prevailed. The Mutt had to borrow money from the bank for daily expenditure. Periyava brought this to the attention of my grandfather, Mahāliṅgaiyar. Since they did not have the means to buy vegetables for cooking, they scrounged around for Orange skins and used them to prepare Sambar.

Those days, the farmers used to give paddy (unhusked rice), plantain unripe fruits, plantain stem, plantain flower...or whatever they could afford. They could not afford to offer cash. Periyava said, “We should not expect anything from them.’

Periyava came to ascend the papal chair in teenage years. Sri Mahāthēvēnthira Sarasvati died, so he did not learn from Ācārya. Periyava grew up as a ‘Suyam Ācārya Puruṣa (Self-taught Acharya)’ as seen in the Vaishnava tradition. On the first day of installation, Periyava performed Gayatri worship and on the next day, all the rites intended for the Guru.

Those days, there was a saying in the Brahmana households, Country one half; Nangavaram is the other half.’ What is the meaning?



Nangavaram Jamīn Rajappa Aiyar owned 15,000 acres of land on the banks of Kāvēri River. With passing time, all were gone. The family members established a Pātasālai (school) and arranged for Vidvāns for teaching and pupils learning of religious texts. Periya the student mastered all the subjects and books. The saying was that Nangavaram and Udaiyarpalayam Jamīns prepared for the education (= vittiyāppiyācam) of Periyava.

Periyava's Tapas, Pilgrimage, lecture and his fame became well known to people; the Mutt also became prosperous. Knowing his greatness, there were many people coming to know of it. The Mutt became prosperous. With financial matters, he was very careful. He did not accept donations because the VIPs and the rich want to



support his Mutt monetarily. Whom to take from and whom not to

take from, he knew. Those days, a very rich man wanted to contribute 10 million rupees; he is the Mahan who refused to accept this largess.

If contributions in fruits, rice, pulses were made...he accepted them. Hard cash, he never touched. He walked from one village to another village on his pilgrimage. He did not look for luxury or facilities such as bus stand, school, the shade of a tree, the river bank... Wherever he found a place to stay, Periyava stayed there.



We stayed with him during his travels. We take rice, dahl... with us for cooking. Once when we crossed the Chittoor Check Post, the authorities confiscated the last bag of rice. Periyava said, 'The Government is asking for it; give it.' We were worried about the next meal. When the chief minister of Andhra Pradesh heard about it, he was shocked. He not only asked the authorities to return the bag of rice, but came in person to apologize to Periyava and ask for forgiveness. That was a great respect towards Periyava.

Periyava said to the CM, 'What is there for an apology and forgiveness?' The government servants did their job. We should not find fault with them. He blessed the CM saying, 'Your love and respect for the Kanchi Mutt should remain unchanged for ever.'

NTR Chenna Reddy, MGR...were great devotees of Periyava. Pattābhi commented, 'It is not that they have a high regard for our Mutt; we should earn their trust and safeguard it in our Mutt. He also mentioned about the interactions between Periyava and other Mahāns.

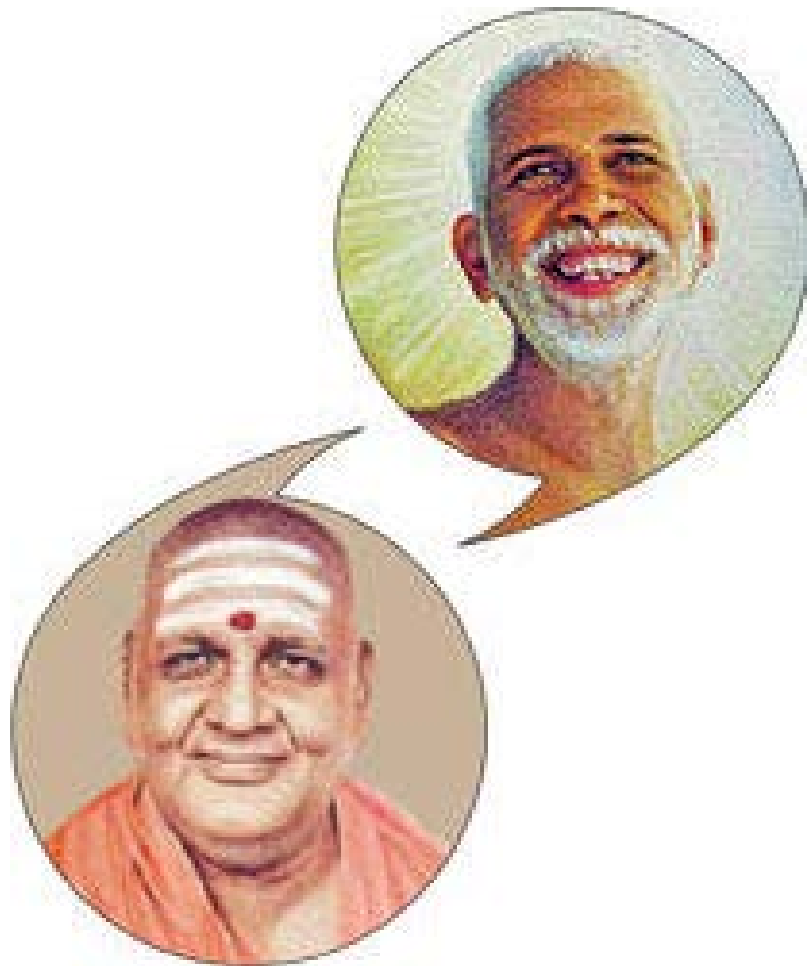
Mahan Tirukkōvilūr Jñāṇdagiri Swāmygaḷ lived in a place called 'Thapōvaṇam.' He knew the past, the present and the future. He dispenses Grace to many devotees and saved them, from where he sits. He always had a smiling visage. He is a Jñāṇi endowed with Divine qualities. He was the root cause (primary mover) for the most popular Nāmasaṅkīrttaṇam (= memorial services =nāma-caṅkīrttaṇam)

Once the devotees worried about Mahān Tirukkōvilūr Jñāṇdagiri Swāmygaḷ. Swāmygaḷ sat in one place and remained with no movement. All were worried about him. That too, he was motionless like a statue for five or six days. That concerned everybody.

The devotees did not know what to do and who to seek help with. Some suggested, 'All of you go to Kanchi Periyava and tell him, asking for suggestion. They went to Periyava and told him.

Periyava listened to them intently and informed them, 'He is in Samadhi. Light up some smoking incense sticks. That is like a ceremony before temple worship. He will snap out of Samadhi. The Bhaktas were happy.

Knowing that Swāmygaḷ was in no danger, they ran back to Tirukkōvilūr. According to Periyava's instructions, the raised smoke from the incense sticks and made ceremonial offerings. After that, Swāmygaḷ came out of Samadhi. Once, when Periyava went to Tiruvaṅṅāmalai, he performed Giri pirataṭṭaṇam (Mountain circumambulation from left to right), accompanied by five people. A little while later, a congregation of Bhagavan Ramana's devotees were coming from the opposite direction.



Seeing Periyava, they paid homage and said, ‘We are on our way to see Bhagavan Ramana who we were informed was in the Āśramas.’ In assent with them, Periyava shook the head, said, ‘Is that so?’ offered blessings to them and continued his walk.

The Ramana devotees hesitated a little and continued their journey. They were unhappy because they did not enquire about the health of Ramana and that Periyava expressed no interest in them. He did not identify himself as Periyava.

The devotees ascended the mountain, presented alms to Sri Ramana Bhagavan, mentioned about meeting Periyava on the way and expressed their unhappiness.

When he heard their story, Ramana laughed loud, and said, ‘Have you lost your marbles? We spoke before. We are now talking. You are unhappy. About what?’ They stood there spellbound.

I was moved when an 88-year-old married woman (with living husband) told me this episode.

Kanchi Periyava and Sri Ramanar are great sages. When we found they were always in conversation with each other, our tenderness and happiness knew no bounds.

Paul Brunton came to see Maha Periyava to discuss spiritual topics. Periya said, ‘He is on a spiritual path and I am in Karma mārga. The person who could answer your questions is in Tiruvannamalai. You could clear your doubts with his help. ‘He sent Paul on his way to

Ramana. Paul Britton came to Ramanar, cleared all his doubts, became his pupil and wrote a book.

If Periyava and Bhagavan Ramanar did not have mutual love, could this have happened? In totality, Kanchi Mahan and Sri Ramana Bhagavan brought great blessings to our country.

-Darśan will continue

Ramanamaharishi20101007

07 Oct, 2010 2010-10-07-part-1-2

Author: பாலகுமார்ன்



ஸ்ரீரமண
மகரிஷி

Ordinary people cannot fathom a Jñāṇi's needs. What is his need? A Jñāṇi has no need. A Jñāṇi has no desire. His needs are just to sustain life: a handful of cooked rice, a cup of water or a lota of fruit juice.

He eats to live and his needs are few. Adornment and Jñāṇa are unrelated.

He feared whether the ablutions will become a nuisance. He wrote on the wall, 'Service unto itself.' He pointed the writing on the wall to Annamalai Thambirān at meal time. That It was enough to stop with meals and spare other services (nuisance) was the unsaid cue; Thambirān understood. Thambirān insisted the visitors to eat.

Ramana Maharishi in later years with a smile narrated the difficulties (of unwanted attention and services) when he was Bālaswāmy.

“Everyone insisting on him to eat, ‘let her feed a bolus; let the other feed another bolus,’ insisting the force-feeds were cruel. It is not easy to live the life of an ascetic. In asceticism, there are intrinsic problems. It became necessary to tolerate in silence near-molestations and the intrusions of officious well-wishers who had no idea of the meditative state I was in.”

The world’s language is hustle and bustle. Upon seeing the tranquil souls, the bustling crowd become fearful and jealous.

புலிடம்: ச. குமரேசன்



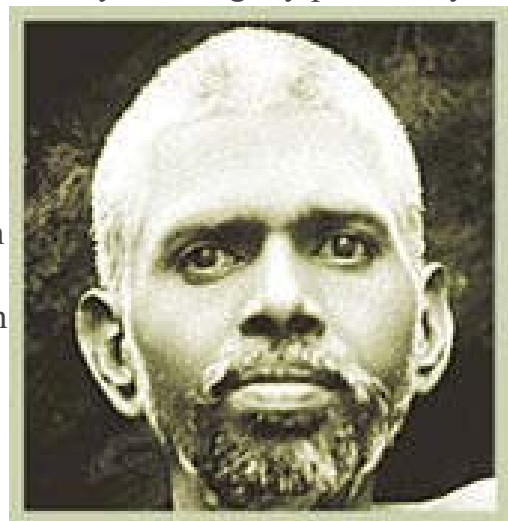
How could you ever stay in a tranquil state? I have no tranquility. I this happiness? My endeavor for meditative solitariness makes me shed tears (from external interference). My mind is distressed. When I see this interference, my mind and body become fatigued. I must have desired to be in this state. I cannot do it: That is my cry, that is my call.

I can’t do it (Mediation). I can’t sit like you. You can do it. I will do what I can for you. Let us do these: You want fruit, how about some milk, have a bolus of rice, let me fan you, let me offer you a loincloth, I will sweep this place and earn some merits... They hold an umbrella, while I walk and utter their yearning to earn merits. By cleaning my place, they say they will attain peace, and circumambulate me.

Ordinary people think of Suddham and Asuddham (Purity and Impurity); Mahan transcended both and meditated with no awareness of such concept.

What is the status of Bālaswāmy hailing from Madurai in the name of Venkatraman? Why is he immersed within himself with no external awareness? Why does he remain silent without worrying about eating or sleeping?

Is it self-harm or the highest spiritual state? If it is the highest state, why are all people unable to practice it? Question arises why only a few people can pursue it?



If the nature of the world is sound or noise, the nature of Prapañcam (Spiritual World) is silence. Humming is its sound. Most people are born making sound, live in a world of sound and leave the world with sound. Humanity cannot live without sound. Some among us discover the sanctity of silence, the humming of the spiritual world. When the mind

makes that sound its own, the spiritual world becomes one with him.



This Prapañca Sakti descends to earth with people like this. This Prapañca Sakti becomes one with these people and keeps all things in balance: The wind moves, the sun shines, the rain falls, the seas are not turbulent, the volcanos are contained, the earth's rotation is in synch, night and day follow each other, four seasons come in succession. This resists and transcends self-aggrandizement and propaganda. It is not for revelation to others. They happen secretly, and are eternal and natural.

There is no bluff and bluster; they simply do them. The same is true of those in touch with the spiritual world. The volunteers (servitors) of the Mahāns engage in bluster. Their egoism goes to the head.

The bluster-heads in their puerile talk say, "I am looking after this Mahan. If it is not for me, there is no Mahan."

Bhagavan Ramanar spoke regretfully of the arrogance and egoism of those who came giving him food.

If you pay homage to Mahan, happiness and tranquility become part of psyche. Those qualities help resolve issues. Success comes to them without effort. They think that one homage brings in so much profit, and many more of them must bring in multiples of profit. They go around Mahan multiple times and cause great inconvenience, which results in deep disappointments and punishments.

It is helpful to sit at a proper distance from live coals. The farther you sit, the colder it gets. The closer you sit, you get burnt. Mahāns are like burning live coals. Sit at a respectable and comfortable distance from the live coals of Mahan and be happy obtaining Darśan. That brings tranquility for sure.

Upon seeing these people, the first instinct is to become a spiritual Mahan. You can become a high official, politician, an actor... The effort does not make you a Mahan. All efforts come to nil, the love bursts forth from inside and unbound compassion pours forth. No cerebral cells function. It is the silence that chokes. It is the kindness devoid of I-factor. It is the greatest and the brightest effulgence. It is the gem that reflects the rays of the sun. The rays of light that entered inside radiates light. A Mahan is self-effulgent as the red gem shines inside and outside.



Having failed to become a Mahān and acting like one are the beginning of ugliness. Offering one meal to Periyava is not a sign of purity and does not qualify you for emancipation.

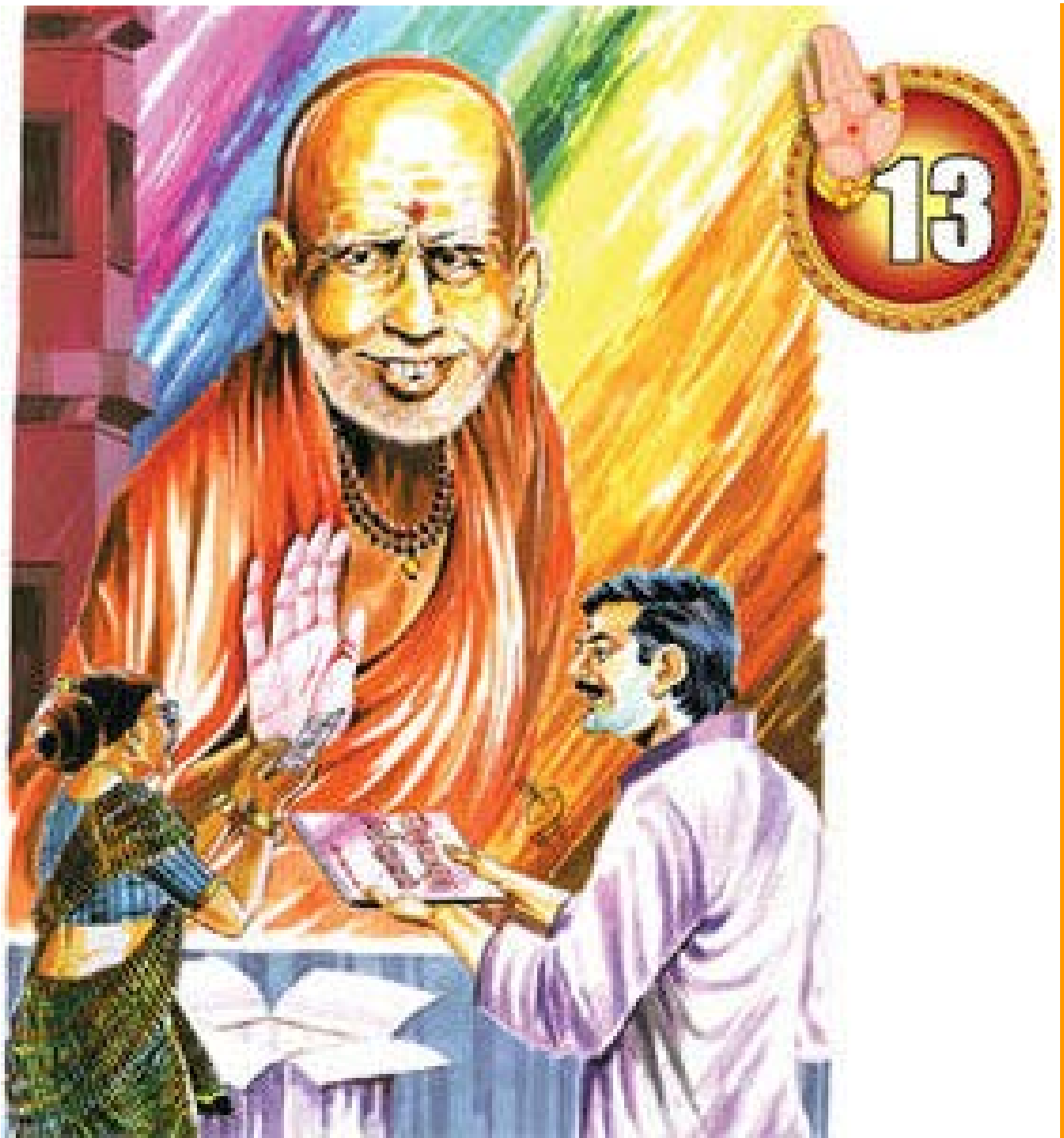
After a few weeks of service and proximity to Bhagavan, the attendants develop hubris. They think they became omniscient. They have a false sense of majesty, because they clasped hands with Bhagavan in the daily chores. How does one become a Mahan? What is the end? A Mahān knows the prospective Mahan. He calls the promising person, rubs his head, inculcates his wisdom into him and makes him a Mahan.

Let us get Darśan



- 07 Oct, 2010 2010-10-07-part2 Author:

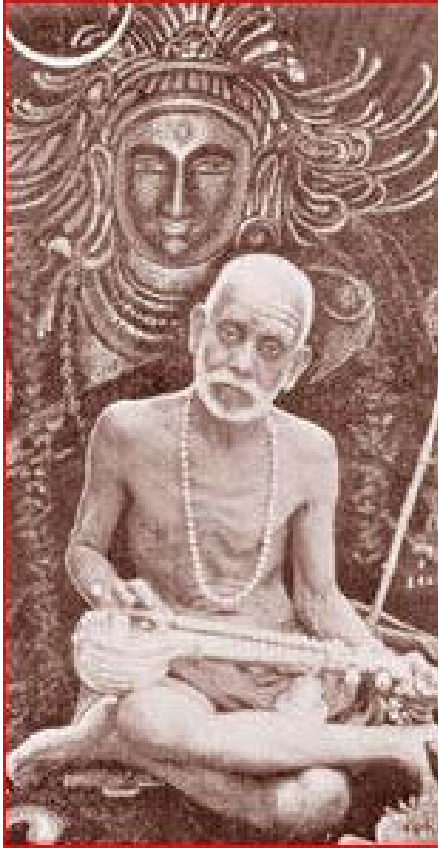
Kānchi Mahān is a god of compassion. Guru Darsan



Pattābhi says, “The period I served Maha Periyava is to me the best part of my life’s goals. What happened during Periyava’s participation in the festival of book publishing? Pattābhi himself explains.

Mahāperiyava’s seeking of alms sometimes goes until 1p.m. or sometimes until 2:30 p.m. There is no recording it took any less time.

Once the Alms-rounds are over, Periyava takes rest for 30 to 45 minutes and later gives Darśan.



I seek the personal information about the Darśan-visitors. He talks with the Darśan visitors with a mediator/moderator on hand. Bapu, Kaṇṇan or I do the mediation.

Periyava is easy of approach. He has the mind of a child. Those who are familiar with his holiness speak with obeisance. They stumble while speaking to him. Some others do not seem to understand Periyava and look confused. I help them.

An elderly man aged 65 years of age from the Village of Ilanji in Tirunelveli Jilla. He had land big enough for two harvests in a year. He is a lover of Tamil. He knew Sanskrit. He spoke in Sanskrit with proper grammar.

Bhagavadgītā, Upanishad, and Vedas are the three sources or canonical texts. Ācārya has done Bhāṣyam or commentary, expressing the advaitic interpretation of the works.

All that he wrote in a poetry form, he put them in print book and brought it to Periyava. He requested Periyava to publish these works.

Periya immediately asked the attendants to produce him before him ahead of all others. He stood before him. 'He should invite the big shot ministers in the air-conditioned room and publish the book. What do I have? Tell him that, Pattābhi.'

The elderly visitor said, "How come you said that! Your Grace has the wherewithal. If Ayyā (ஐயா = respected gentleman) publishes it, that should be acceptable to me."

Hearing it, he laughed a little. He said, "What do you want to do with it?"

Periyava was concerned about the loss the elderly man will sustain by publishing the book.

The elderly writer said, 'Whosoever comes to see him are the intended beneficiaries of these printed books.'

Periyava thought for a while and said, 'Don't you have to put a price on the book? You may apply a price of 10 rupees.'

The Tirunelveli elderly man was bubbling with happiness, as if Periyava accepted the book for publication.'

He submitted the book at the feet of Periyava. Like a child, he asked Pattābhi, 'Give him a ten rupee note.'



The village elderly man was agitated and said, ‘Accepting money from Periyava is a great demerit. No, I won’t take it.’

Addressing Pattābhi, Periyava with a smile said, ‘ You don’t have any money. Why did I ever ask you for money? I already owe you money.’ There was a Poḷḷāchi Jayam Māmi there. She stayed in the Mutt most of the time.

Addressing Māmi. Periyava said, ‘I gave him the word. Should I not keep my word? Give the elderly man the ten-rupee note.’ She felt elated at being asked to give by Periyava and considering it as a great fortune and merit. I took the money and gave it to the villager, who fell on the floor in eight-limb prostration and homage to Periyava. He took the note and applied it on his eyes as a sign of sanctity and happiness. His visage was one of happiness.

The elderly man from Nellai has done a great merit. It is an act of greatness. He put in a great effort in compiling the work, brought it to Periyava after a long trip and sought blessings from Periyava.

He came seeking Mahan in full faith, convinced that Ayyā was all. If he had not seen him that day, his mind and soul would have been broken.

The elder wrote Advaita Tattva in a poetic form in Tamil, made it into a book and moved Periyava much. Periyava knew some people may take the book offered free of charge, put it aside with disdain and not read it. Periyava at that instance did not want the village scholar to suffer monetary loss and exercised great care.

Later the elderly scholar went to Kāmākṣiamman and Ekāmbārēśvarar Temples, offered worship and returned.

Next day, the village scholar had Darśan of Periyava, obtained his blessings and was on his way back to Ilanji village. His happy visage and his brisk walk showed a complete satisfaction.

[Darśan to continue](#)

Ramanamaharishi20101022.html

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- Sakthi Vikatan - 22 Oct, 2010 **2010-10-22-part 1 and 2**

Ramanamaharishi God of Compassion. Guru's Grace

Author: Balakumaran



Uththaṇḍi Nāyaṇār had an urgent call to leave Bālaswāmy for his town. He was worried about who will take care of Bālaswāmy in his absence. There was no dearth for food. Someone will bring the food for Bālaswāmy. He worried about having a person to safeguard Bālaswāmy from the intrusive and bothersome visitors.



Author Balakumaran

Pazhaṇisāmi, a Malayali and the officiating priest at Tiruvaṇṇāmalai Vinayakar Temple in AyanKuḷam Street very often met Bālaswāmy. Thirty-seven year old Pazhaṇisāmi brings no-salt-added Naivēttiyam to Bālaswāmy. Vinayakar Puja was important for him.

Pazhaṇisāmi was an acquaintance of Srinivasa Iyer. The latter told the former, “You shed tears holding on to a rock idol as God. There you see a God (future Maharishi) sitting in the human form. He who knows Braḥmam is equal to God. Go help him. Perform Puja.” His outlook and direction changed; Pazhaṇisāmi developed deep love for Bālaswāmy. With a view to help him, he sat by his side and experienced an inexpressible deep spiritual transformation.

Pazhaṇisāmi is not a youngster. He is not a mere man, but realized the Brahma Tejas. Pazhaṇisāmi lived in a small town near Palakkad and in search of spiritual liberation, could not stay at home and came to Tiruvannamalai as the place for his spiritual development. The mountain, the temple, and the Sadhus made him ecstatic.

AyanKuḷam Vinayakar Puja had a sparse crowd only and gave him a deep tranquility. He enjoyed the solitude and helped him control his sensual impulses. It was a stepwise progress.

Spiritual and mature, Pazhaṇisāmi surrendered to Bālaswāmy. For the mature-minded, Jñāni’s proximity gave comfort. Sitting close to him brought on a flood of laughter; compassion sprang forth; love was brimming. For all these, there was no need for them to see face to face. There was no compulsion for a talk. Singing or reading... are non-events.

At mealtime, the daily duty of the caretaker is giving food to Bālaswāmy, wiping the face, hands and feet, changing the loincloth, cleaning the sitting place and sitting him back in his place. That completes the daily duty. When a devotee supplicates loudly, the caretaker discourages and removes him gently and prevent people from prostrating before Bālaswāmy and touching him.



Pazhanisami paying homage
to Balaswamy

Pazhanisāmi's customary duty is to offer solace by saying, 'What is the use of seeking material welfare? Ask yourself the cause of desire and grief. Think deeply of what really undergoes pain and suffering?' He makes the supplicants sit there a while and send them on their way.

Pazhanisāmi does not know reading and writing of Tamil. He knows only Malayalam. He used to borrow Tamil spiritual books (Vivēka Sūdāmaṇi, Kaivalya Navanītham...) from the Mutt Library and tried to read them. Those books are hard to read even for the Tamil speakers. Pazhanisāmi did not understand the head or tail of what he read. He read them again and again and tried to keep them in his memory.

Pazhanisāmi inability, Bālaswāmy understood. One day, Bālaswāmy took the book from him and turned each page applying a sweeping motion on each page and gave it back to him. A sudden change was inside of him. He thought, he understood everything in the book.



‘There is nothing new in these books. I have realized all that in the books. All these are in my experience and knowledge. Such was his understanding. Movingly, he opposed his palms at Bālaswāmy, who smiled back at him ever so slightly.

Pazhaṅṣāmi is a blessed person. He is where he should be. He received what he needed. Guru’s compassion and grace were great. Knowing the pupil’s needs, the Guru satiates his spiritual thirst. A good Guru talks little. He does not engage in elaborate long-winded discussions and lectures. He does not order pupils to do physical exercises. He does not show off pranayama exercises and self-enquiry. He instructs the pupil by saying without telling, and by thought transfer. The transformation takes place in the devotee.

He who is in touch with himself, who immerses deep into his self, and who knows who he is, he can touch and change the mind of the other. Guru’s proximity is ecstasy. The continuous mirth and laughter inside oneself is supreme joy. A hubris-free majesty. A control with no anger. A state with no desire. Whatever one needs, he will get (by God's grace): a trust replete with the essence of solitariness and a fertile mind.

The great disciple close to the Guru will know his lifespan with clarity. He knows the time of his death. The big question shatters, the answer appears from inside as a pearl, the determined lifespan become known, there is cessation of conflict with others and desire for things does not afflict.

Your calculus ends before mine. What fight I have with you? Come and sit down. No one to call an enemy of mine. No one to call as a relative. The calculus that everyone comes and goes is easily understood. That is a great liberation.

You can realize inside the godliness well up into a flood. Then, you will know and understand clearly the meaning of Great Sayings (Mahāvākyas = Great Sayings).

The mind is immersed in solitary tranquility. It feels things as they are. All these do not come from teaching. It is not learnt from lectures. The hubris of the lecturer and the listener’s impatience are in head to head rivalry, all are liable for misinterpretation. Silence is the good stratagem.

The Jñāni can bring about internal changes in a disciple and make a mature one.

Pazhaṅṣāmi is a mature disciple. He was intensely pursuant in finding God. Finding Bālaswāmy

after a long wandering and looking for God as his Guru was the end of his journey.

Thāyumānaswāmy in his poem says, “You are the mountain caught in the hold called love.” Bālaswāmy was in the love-hold of Pazhaṅisāmi and taught him.

The primary impetus for this outcome is love. No one outside of yourself can teach love for all. It is a natural stream coming from inside. Once you remove the impediments, the stream by itself becomes a flood.

Bālaswāmy amazed Venkatrama Iyar working in the Taluk Post office in Tiruvannamalai.

He developed a healthy curiosity to find the inner source of this Rishi and of the river of love. Where did this youngster come from? Who are his birth parents? Who raised him? Who are the parents? Under whose merit did this child take birth? He is immersed in Brahma Laya. What is the beginning of this? These are the questions, he wanted answers for.

The teenager-the future Periyava and the presently dubbed Bālaswāmy- was unknown to anybody there.

Who are you? What is your name? He presented him with a paper and a pencil and waited for answers. He said to himself, ‘I am not going to the office today. I don’t care if the superiors become angry with me. It must be known who you are. So, he presented the loving order mixed with some nagging.

He saw a writing on the wall, ‘Service is the reward for service. (For this, this is the service.) That was written by Bālaswāmy. That means the youngster knows his three R’s. He must have been from a good family. He must have gone to school. He insisted on knowing his natal name.

Assenting to Venkatrama Iyar’s request, Bālaswāmy wrote in English, ‘Venkatraman, Tirucchuzhi.’ ‘Tirucchuzhi-Where is it? Iyar did not understand. It is a place of Siva’s temple. Sundarar wrote poems on the temple. Bhagavan himself pointed to the name as Tirucchuzhi.

The town came to know of his name and town: Venkatraman and Tirucchuzhi. This is the first time the world came to know of him, Bālaswāmy the youngster in search of himself and immersed within himself. This was when he became known to the outside world for the first time.

... Let us get Darśan

- Sakthi Vikatan 2010-10-22-part2 Kanchi Mahan, the god of compassion.

Author:





Pattābhi raked his memory and presented it as an interesting story. There are many nuggets of information and lessons in those narratives.

This is the same story of one who hails from Tirunelveli side. His name is Sivan. He visited the Mutt from his village often.

He belonged to Vīra Saiva sect. He had broad strokes of ash stripes on his forehead. He looked like ‘Siva Pazham (=Siva Fruit).’ He was a stickler to purity. He was strict in Caste and Sectarian Convenances.

(Convenances = the social proprieties or conventionalities). He won’t use or eat onion in his food. That strict- observance.

When Sivan goes to Kanchipuram, Periyava is all. He was about 80. Very rich. Mahāperiyava was his God. What Periyava said was Vedas (=Holy Testament). Coming to Kanchi, he brought a turmeric-colored bag with loincloth, holy ashes, some currency notes...

When he sat in Periyava’s Sanctum, he was unaware of passing time. Ten days of Darśana was not enough. OK, will he talk to Periyava. No. Will he ask questions? Not even that. “Periyavar does not have to talk to me. What is important is that I am in his thoughts. Outside of the Mutt, he never eats or drinks.

Once, Siva went to receive orders from Periyava, after Darśan.



Usually, Periyava moves his hand in a gesture of blessings. But that day, he said, “Are you leaving for your place? Won’t you have a drink of soda? OK, you are leaving. At least do it.” Periyava gave him permission to leave, mentioning about the drink.

Sivan boarded a bus in Chengalput going to Tirunelveli. There were four youngsters causing hue and cry. Sivan could not take the ruckus. Who will discipline that rowdy gang?

As the bus was nearing Madurai, the driver stopped the bus at a village. There was a convenience store at the bus stop. Sivan saw soda bottles piled high at the shop. Periyava’s advice to drink soda came to his mind.

He felt thirsty. He got down from the bus following the advice of Periyava and quenching his thirst. He came back to his seat after the drink.

He did not find his yellow bag left on his seat. There was nothing of value in the bag.

The rowdy youngsters mocked him and said, “Hey, Old man, are you looking for your yellow bag? See the bag on the seat behind yours. Go and sit there.”

The yellow bag was on the seat in front of the last row seat in the bus. Sivan thought to himself, “OK, it is good enough to reach home. Why should I engage in any altercation with these boys? Sivan sat where the boys asked him to sit.

Two of the four youngsters sat on his original seat on the bus.

It was dark of night. It was an hour since the bus moved from the store. What happened? A bus coming from the opposite direction at high speed crashed on this bus.

The youngsters who confiscated his seat earlier on the bus and talked to him mockingly, died on the spot. The elderly Sivan escaped without even a scratch.

Why did Periyava say, ‘Go have a soda before you leave.’? Why did the bus driver stop at a hamlet opposite to the convenience store? The stacked bottles were visible to Sivan from the bus. Why so? He escaped death because he got down from the bus for a drink and found he lost his seat to the youngsters upon re-boarding.



How do these things happen? Thinking of it... On one side is the instance, when he escaped death. On another side, the two youngsters lost their lives. His mind and soul were hobbled by their death.

He understood that ten days of Darśan of Periyavar saved him from the catastrophe. ‘Have a soda’ rang in his mind and was a direct voice from God himself, a clue.

This event happened in 1983, when Periyava returned to Kanchi from a pilgrimage.

When I was talking to Siva, he described the event in great detail to me. I brought this event to the attention of Periyava.

Periyava enquired, “Is Sivan in good health?” He must have told, “I saved him.” Stupid. When and where I saved him? Paramesvara saved him.”

Hearing this, I was horripilated.

Darśan will continue.

Ramanamaharishi20101105.html

Sakthi Vikatan 2010-11-05-part1-2

Ramanamaharishi. Guru's Grace.

Author Balakumaran  பாலகும்பரன்



After the family members discovered the letter of departure from home, the family was on tenterhooks. We had no anger issues with him. We were never hard on him. Why did he leave? Where did he go?

Venkatraman's mother was wailing from losing her son to the world. Being a widow, whom was she going to ask for help? She sought help from the relatives. They were busy with their own needs, responsibilities and duties. Everyone showed concern about the disappearance of Venkatraman.



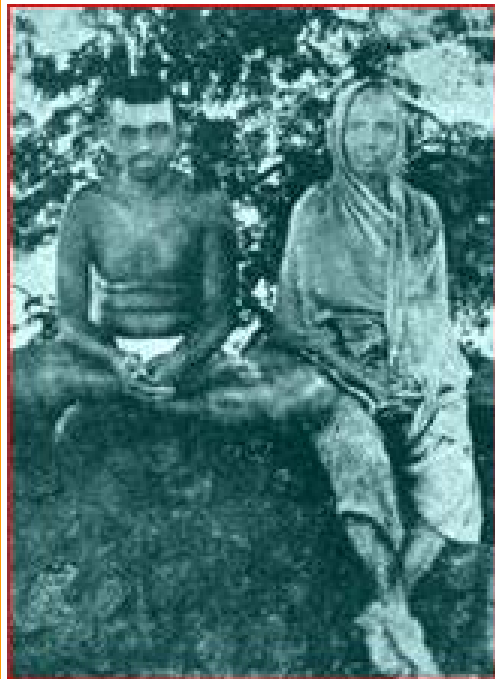
Author Balakumaran

Hearing that a boy participating in a play in a local theater looked like Venkatraman, they attended the play and discovered it was not him. They ran to Thiruvananthapuram on false news, discovered it was not him and came back disappointed.

They did not know where else to go in search of him. There were no transportation facilities, no roads and no highways those days as seen nowadays. Travel was difficult. These factors put a brake on further search. Azakammai went into grief and deep depression.

Annamalai Thambirān addressed a group of people after arriving from Tiruvannamalai. He said, Bālaswāmy was Venkatraman from Tiruchchuzhi. A boy in the audience, related to Venkatraman, informed his family of the good news. They were surprised. There was no other Venkatraman in Tiruchchuzhi. Thinking, it must be him, Sundaramaiyar's younger brother, Venkatraman's uncle went to Tiruvannamalai.

The crowd was big in Gurumūrtham, one Venkatrama Nāyakkar invited Pazhaṇisāmi to stay in his mango grove. Pazhaṇisāmi informed Bālaswāmy about it, both left the Gurumūrtham and moved to the mango grove. There was a sturdy fence around the mango grove. A guard was on duty at the gate. There was a serious reduction in the number of people gaining entrance into the grove. Venkatraman Nāyakkar told the guard not to let anyone inside without permission from Pazhaṇisāmi.



With no troubles, Bālaswāmy lived solitarily on a raised platform under a mango tree. Below the platform Pazhaṇisāmi sat. Bālaswāmy and Pazhaṇisāmi ate the food brought by Darśan-visitors, asked the visitors not to bother Bālaswāmy and arranged for Bālaswāmy to remain in seclusion.

The family came visiting.

The watchman on duty refused admission to Sundaramaiyar's brother Nellaiyappar accompanied by a friend Nārāyaṇasāmy Iyar. Nellaiyappar sent a note about his credentials (paternal uncle). Bālaswāmy himself came to the gate and invited them. Seeing Bālaswāmy, Nellaiyappar felt suspicion, 'could he be really the son of my older brother? Long nails, matted hair, gaunt appearance...

Venkatraman (presently Bālaswāmy, future Ramana) had a large congenital flat mole on the sole of his foot. Nellaiyappar intently

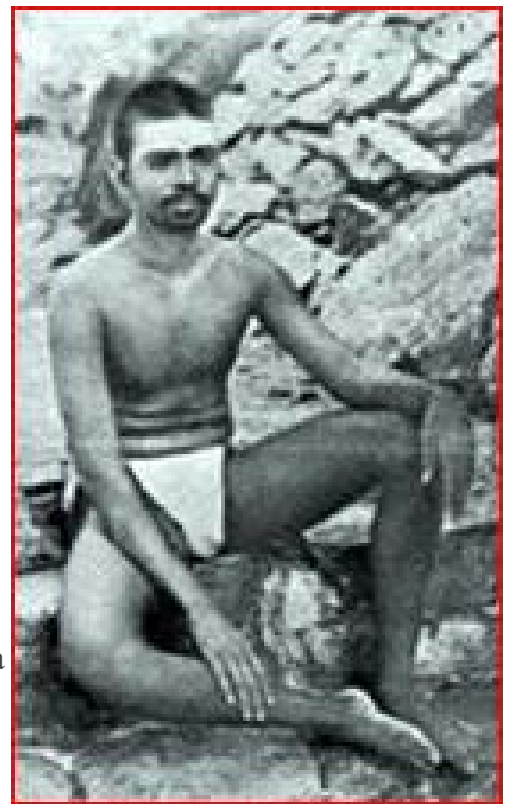
looked for the mole and finding it, he was satisfied in his mind about the authenticity of Venkatraman. He could not fathom the state Bālaswāmy was in. He thought he was practicing Hata Yoga.

He begged Bālaswāmy to go back to Madurai and said, “Why are you suffering like this here? Come home. I will arrange for a place where you can continue to practice Samadhi.”

Bālaswāmy did not reply to him. Nellaiyappar was a great Sadhu and soft-spoken. He thought no one should be pressured and manipulated. He was in a predicament with these thoughts. “Why is this child sitting here like this? It is not proper. This state of Samadhi comes only after complete study and elucidation of Vedas and Tattvas. This is most likely a spurious asceticism, leading to an unknown consequence. I am in the dark.”

Nearby, an elderly man was lecturing; Nellaiyappar enquired about Bālaswāmy. The lecturer gave a portrayal of Bālaswāmy in derogatory manner saying, “O that Bālaswāmy, it is sitting there in a stubborn fashion. He does not know a thing. Those who have no Vedic knowledge cannot perform Tapas. It is a false pretense for him to sit there with clenched jaws. To Nellaiyappar, it sounded plausible. The world easily falls into the belief that one is an exponent of Vedas with appearances: Rudrāksha beads, sheared head, Sacred Ash across the forehead, water vessel... His matted hair, dirty body, thin famished frame, long nails, perennial silence, blank looks... give a spectator the impression of mental aberration in Bālaswāmy.

Māyai is a decorative piece. It is falsity. It hides the true nature and projects false appearances. It has no truth. Truth (Satyam) is not bound to anything. Those who are deceived by decorations or external appearances, it is hard for them to understand and comprehend Satya Sorūpam (True form). Those who speak loud like thunder think they are great intellectuals and Jñavāns (Paragons of Wisdom). A raft of comparisons, spouting of songs with loud accompaniments...give them a feeling of omniscience. Bālaswāmy with silence and controlled breathing, no one understands.



There was a continued flow of visitors. There were about 10 to 20 people standing around near the gate for Darśan of Bālaswāmy. A little movement precipitated a divine appeal, acclaim and call: ‘Hail Annamalai.’ It became necessary to appeal to the crowd to tone down the clarion call of the divine.

Arunagiri Nāthar Temple was near the Ayyan Lake. For some time Bālaswāmy stayed in the temple. It was a beautiful, cool, ancient Temple. He went to the nearby houses, clapped his hands, got the alms of food, ate it, washed his hands and returned. He asked Pazhaṇisāmi to go in the opposite direction for receiving alms. Bālaswāmy kept even the close friends at arm's length. He had lived a separate life without developing a braided relationship with others.

That brother-in-law Nellaiyappar failed to bring back Venkatraman caused Azakammai disappointment and grief. She developed a great desire to go forthwith to her son and compel him to go home. Not trusting anyone, she decided to take her older son Nagasamy, but he could not take leave from his work. That Christmas, Nagasamy and Azakammai came to Tiruvannamalai.



Before their arrival, Bālaswāmy moved to another place. On the east side of Tiruvannamalai, there was Pavazhakkunṛu. On the top of the mountain, there was a temple and a cave. When Bālaswāmy went into the temple, the officiating priest not knowing Bālaswāmy was inside, locked him up inside the temple many times. Pavazhakkunṛu was more peaceful. Thereto, some came. The crowd thinned out. He experienced and enjoyed the solitary life there. A test of that experience came.

Bālaswāmy's mother Azakambikai and her brother-in-law came to Tiruvannamalai, searched for him in the mango grove and Gurumūrtham and finally came to Pavazhakkunṛu. As cotton catches

fire, mother Azakambikai caught sight of his son. She exploded with crying, sobbing and welling of tears. She was happy to see her son but cried with sorrow. Anyone with heart, mind, soul, eyes, ears... will be perplexed and disturbed.

'This is my son. This is my son. Yes, he is my son! Venkatrāmā! Venkatrāmā, my son you are... You are my son. Azakambikai cried aloud to the surprise of the assembled motley crowd. But, Bālaswāmy stirred little and sat there like a stone idol.

A few other Mahāns had this ordeal. 'Go anywhere, do anything! When I die, you must stand by my side and take me to the shore. I don't want to be an unclaimed helpless dead body, Saṅkarā! As the mother made this plea, the Jñāni gave his assurance to his mother, came by air and according to her desire lighted the funeral pyre and performed the funeral Saṃskāras.

That Sannyasi could dismiss the pleas of others. How could he reject the pleas of his mother? How could he reject Satyam asked of him? The mother had him on her breasts, shoulders... held him on her waist, on her lap, embraced him, helped him stand and walk, put him to bed keeping awake until he went to sleep, fed him, clothed him, (changed his diaper) loved him more than life. How could he reject her request?

The mother stood before the recluse, 'My son you are! Venkatramā, come home. I will serve you rice. You can sit in my room. No one will bother you. Come home. You are my son, right... Do not give up on your mother. What mistake did I ever make? What sins did I commit? Why did you abandon me? I never said a word in anger. Don't study, Venkatramā! Don't have to go to school, Venkatramā. I will prepare and serve you the Kuzhambhu and curried Brinjal preparations for you.

You sit on a mountain wearing matted hair. I carried you in my womb. Now it is burning. What... (addressing her dead husband) You went out in comfort, leaving me to witness these cruel things Have you seen the condition of your son? Why don't you give him some advice? You are the boy who grew up without a father. The townspeople will blame you for dying and leaving him without a father. The blame on you: is it not a blame one me?

With no stirring of body or soul, and no tears in the eyes, Bālaswāmy sat like a statue. That he was totally detached caused his lack of empathy with his mother.

Azakambikai anger and frustration took a turn.

- தரிசிப்போம்... Let us get Darśan.

Sakthi Vikatan 2010-11-05-part2

Kanchi Mahan the God of Mercy



Author Sarukesi



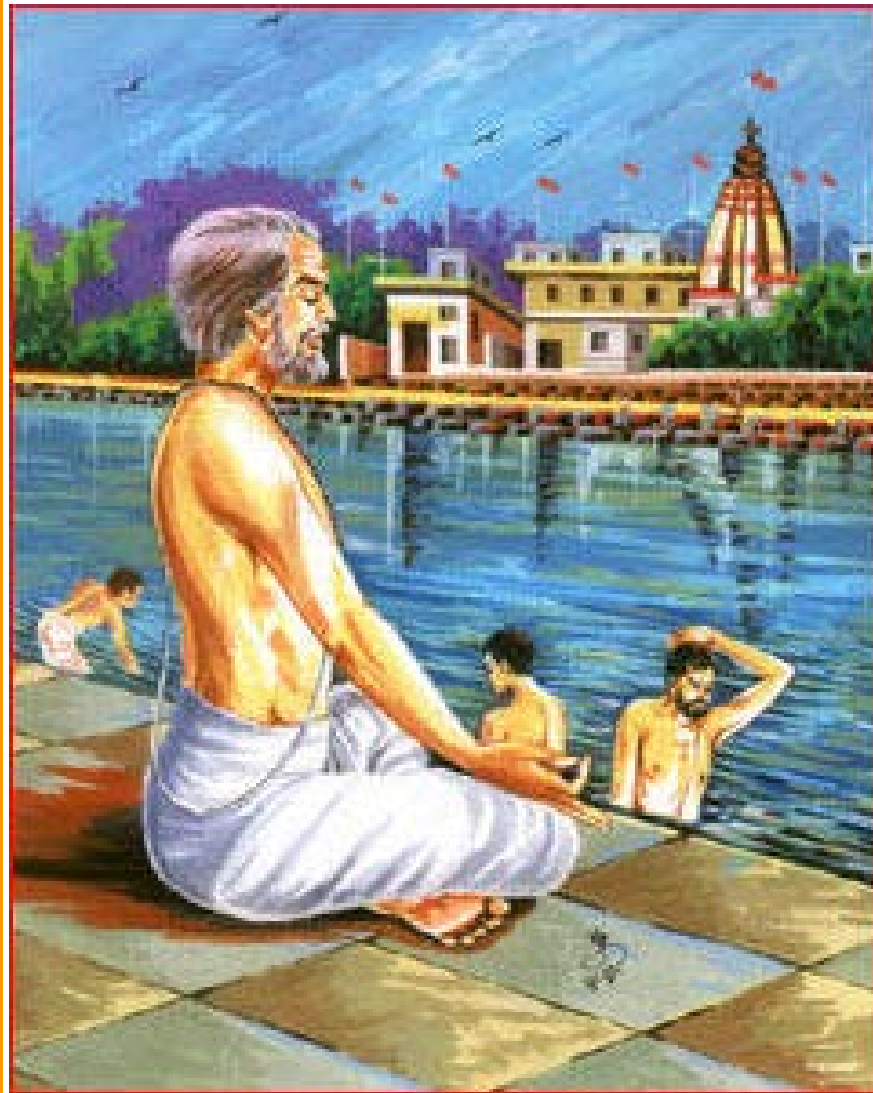
Pattābhi (the live-in caretaker) had been to many places with Periyava. He rendered service to him to his heart's content, both in and out of Mutt.

“With Periyava, Guru Mahādēvēndra Sarasvati Swāmygaḷ Ārāṭhaṇai took place on the banks of river in

Ṣahābhāth town. That Ārāthanai is called Guru Ārāthanai. Periyava took ritual Śnānam (bath) twice a day.

Mettur Chemical Ramaṇi was the grandson of engineer Vaidya Nāthaiyar. The Mumbaikars used to come to him bringing Dhoti, fruits...

Wherever Periyava stays, the Guru Ārāthanai was conducted with fanfare. Mettur Rajagopal was responsible for the proper conduct of the ceremony. He made all the arrangement for the conduct of the Ārāthanai in the traditional fashion and according to injunctions. He lives in Govindapuram, having received Sannyasa vows from Periyava.



Guru Ārāthanai involves much work: Dakṣiṇa, Vēṣṭi. I was of help to Rajagopal in the conduct of Ārāthanai.

Once it is over, Periyava conducts the evening services. After completion, he called Rajagopal and told him, “Bring a couple of Vēṣṭis (Waist cloth, Dhoti) and 101 Rupees.

He received and gave them to me with blessings saying, “This is Guru’s Prasadam. You remain hale and healthy always.”

In my joy, I did not know what to tell. I am blessed and lucky to receive with felicitation Guru Prasadam, that too from Periyava on his own accord.

It is not just the clothes. I have never to this day worked hard in my life. Because of grace, all my needs are fulfilled.

‘I am the servitor of the servitor. That is my oft-repeated phrase. That is the way I conducted myself in and out of Mutt including during pilgrimages.

Stop and Reign (தடுத்தாட்கொள்வது). Use of

this phrase is in vogue. Bhagavan stops his Bhakta from following the path of Māyā (மாயை தடுத்தல் =

prevent, obstruct, stop Māyā) and extend God’s Reign (ஆட்கொள்வது

) over you (for your own good). Guru employs the same stratagem on you. Likewise, Lord Periyava exercised ‘Stop and Reign.’ He played with me. He did his līlai (God’s sportive act). Even now, it appears Periyava touches me on my head with his staff and blesses me.

In Rishikesh, I used to bathe in the Ganges and performed daily Sahasra Gayatri. But the mind deters one-pointed mode. Why so? Ganga has Power that draws the mind towards it.

Once Periyava told me, “Until the day you die, do not give up Gayatri and Gangā Sahasra Gayatri. To this day, I kept my vow. It has its power. It offers protection to me.

Telling this, the tears were welling up in his eyes.

Darśan will continue.



Ramanamaharishi20101116.html

Sakthi Vikatan 2010-11-16-part1 and 2

Sri Ramanamaharishi Language of Silence



Author: Balakumaran



“I am the mother having given birth to him. He grew up inside my belly. Nagasamy was the older son. He is the second one. He (my husband) is gone. The older son in his love for his

younger brother said we had to look after him, when necessary. This son of mine took the money meant for college tuition fees, boarded the train and went to Tiruvannamalai. He got angry when asked to study, the advice coming from his older brother. Ask him to come home. You are all mature adults and know household affairs. You had children. Don't you understand the anguish of the mother? Why don't you tell this child? He is still a child. He is of the age of innocence and immaturity."

"You celebrate his way of life: No eating, shut eyes and his meditative Āsanās. This is very upsetting to a mother. The nails are long on the fingers and toes. The eyes are sunken. Just think how a mother feels, looking at her child like this. There is no one to give him an oil-bath. No one to feed him boiled rice. No one there to dress him. What is this? Won't you say a word of support to me." She sobbed and cried.

Sukki approached ever so gently and slowly and said, "A mother is crying. Don't you hear her? When we come visiting with you in your place, love ascends. Peace abounds. For those reasons, we go circumambulating you. Did not that love and that compassion rise in you? Sukki spoke ever so endearingly to win him over to their side."

புதி. ச. குமரன்



Author Balakumaran



தாய் அழகம்மையுடன் ஸ்ரீரமணர்

Ramanar with his mother and others

bound relatives. The mind is hiding (immersed) in the Truth beyond life: that fact is not

This is a tricky world. It is capable of distortion: Depicting the good as bad and the bad as good. It speaks with a pretense of omniscience and a facile tongue.

The fruit-bearing elder, the youngster bringing curd-rice, the lass bringing the milk, the old woman with a store-bought Roti: All the assembled people spoke in support of Azakammai

Bālaswāmy's mind merged with the Relative (God) who transcended the earth-

apparent. The mind, getting caught in the Māyic notion that only the maker of the earthly body is important, babbles, ‘Mother, mother.’

Pazhaṇisāmi, observing everyone remained a witness. Wondering and worrying how Bālaswāmy will cross this razor wire fence, Pazhaṇisāmi sat down with his eyes fixed on him. No one should take sides and offer support to Bālaswāmy in that place (and time). This is not a debate forum or a court house with lawyers talking the fine points of law. It is not a gathering of elders discussing rules, law, Dharma, and back and forth bandying of Tantra. There is no judge here; there can’t be one.

Those who venture to debate should know both sides of the argument.

The judge should have the lofty wisdom in the elucidation of this matter. The lawyers and the judge understand a mother’s screams of pain and incapacity (to resolve the situation). Which judge or lawyer can understand the Jīvātman in merger with Parabrahmam? How can a judgement be pronounced by knowing one side and not knowing the other side? What kind of limbo would the judgement be in?

Who can in truth pass the judgement? Whoever is in the highest state, only he can deliver that judgement. The loftiest, the highest and the most virtuous only can pass the judgement.

Azakammai is an ordinary woman. She gave birth to several children, lost her husband and makes barely a living with the sons’ help. She has desires and passion That an enthused child with a well-built body going astray makes her feel desperate, fearful, upset and worried.

The son sitting before her is just not a child but a blessed Jñāni. His Jīvaṇ has merged with Braḥmam. Famous sun. A Full moon. He is a Guru for all who came near him, making everyone engage in pensee (reflective thought). Mahatma. But, the mother does not understand. Māyai drew blindfold on her.

Anonymous interlocutor: “Your mother is crying hard and you keep mum!

You don’t have to give up your vow of silence. Write something that is soothing to her.” They gave a paper and a pencil (to Bālaswāmy).

Bālaswāmy remaining peaceful for some time patiently wrote on the paper.

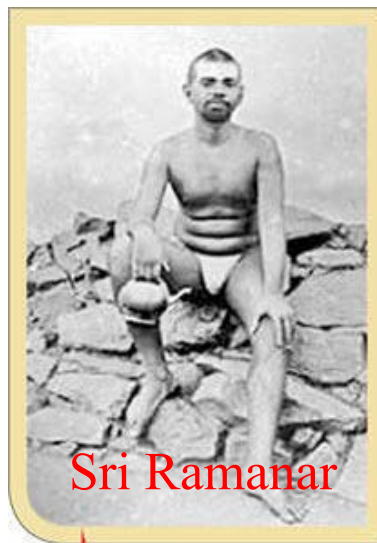
Bālaswāmy: ‘The Puppeteer manipulates and moves people according to their Prarabda Karma. What should not happen will not happen even when I try hard. What must happen, though I block it, will happen. It is an invariable certainty. Be silent.’

Azakammai : ‘I will change my son’s mind. Am I not a birth mother? You gave up on him. You do not understand the fiery burn in my parturient womb. Azakammai hissed at and challenged the naysayers. She took a vow and boarded the train: ‘Will my son not come back/ I will bring him back.’ That obstinacy is alive.

Pazhaṇisāmi: Bālaswāmy wrote a wondrous Vedāntic idea that answered her obstinacy.

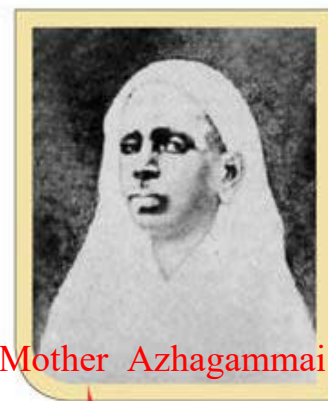
Bālaswāmy: ‘Everyone’s Prarabda Karmic onslaught—these life-matters—happens because of the past life Karma. That is called Prarabdham. It is not a sudden event. The present life is a continuation of the past life. If you comprehend it, the notion, ‘I will change the outcome.’ will not come into play.

Nobody can explain the nature of life and living with examples more beautifully. Venkatraman known as Bālaswāmy leaving Madurai at a tender age clearly understood this principle. This clarity elevated him to the level of Ramana Maharishi.



Sri Ramanar

ஸ்ரீராமணர்



Mother Azhagammai

அழகம்மை

It sits me in a place; it sits you in another place. It sends you to MānāMadurai. It chases me to Tiruvannamalai. Coming here is not my deed. Going to MānāMadurai is not your volition or choice. It is a drama conducted by the strong hands of fate. That which is determined (by the fate-dispenser) as not happening will be an absolute nonevent, no matter how great the effort is. What is destined to happen cannot be prevented from happening by any means. This is the conclusion. This is the final state. This is Satyam (Truth). This is certainty. Therefore, silence is sapient.

This is not growth. The dawn rises, spreads and pervades. Everywhere there is brightness like the rays of the sun. That dawn (of wisdom) became a Brahmāṇḍam (Brahma's egg = the Universe; huge) lighting up the whole sky; at one point in time Bālaswāmy became Ramana Maharishi, the sun in its procession.

In matters of Jnana, there is neither waxing nor waning. It was all pre-determined. Life and fate were recorded earlier. Whoever had the temerity of making a vow to effect a change is a laughing stock. We move as a small straw, under a great power. Hubris and vows have no place. Every man's life and path were laid out long time ago! If you hold it in mind, there is no rise of any arrogance.

There are no likes or dislikes in doing deeds. No anticipation of fruits. Then, the deed will come to fruition in a perfect fashion. Righteous acts sans hubris are the signs of a lofty life. That is life. Everything else is mere confusion.

Sakthi Vikatan 2010-11-16-part2

Kanchi Mahan: the God of Mercy. Guru Darśan



Author: Sarukesi



Staying with Periyava and performing Kaiṅkaryam to him, Pattābhi brings to memory a real-life event.

“That was a Mārgazhi month (mid-Dec to mid-Jan). In Kumbhakoṇam, I performed a commemorative death anniversary function for my father and left for Govindapuram, 12 km away. That was the abode of Kāmakoṭi Pīdam Acharya SrīBhōthēnthira.

I made 108 circumambulations of the abode chanting the Mantra, ‘Rāma Rāma.’ Chanting of Rāma Nāmam there begets siddhi (= success, power and fulfilment). The chanting generates echoes in that place. It is special. For that reason, I go there very often.

On 2nd January, 1994, I sat for meditation. I thought I heard a sudden voice coming from the Adhiṣṭāṇam. It sounded like this: ‘Hey, hereafter you have to see me in this fashion.’ That voice was like that of Periyava.

I was shaken up. I am used to the echoes of Rāma Rāma. This sounded strange. ‘Like this only, you have to see me.’ That was Periyava talking. If that is so, I must see Periyava as having attained Siddhi.

My head was spinning, the more I thought about it. The event broke my mind and caused pain.

I had no appetite. It thought if I closed my eyes and slept for a while, that might put me into a better frame of mind. I could not sleep. My mind had echoes of the same question which caused a great agony. I said to myself to cease asking the same question and not lose

sleep over it. I boarded a bus and came to Kumbhakoṇam. A thought came to me that I should go to Kanchipuram for a Darśan of Periyava.

“What is the rush... stay for two days and then go. Why are you behaving like a loony? His mother told him, ‘If you do rest and relaxation for a couple of days, all will be dandy.’ I went to Kanchi two days later. I did the usual services to Periyava as always.

On January 8, 1994, Mahāperiyava attained Siddhi (death).



What Periyava said in Govindapuram Pīdam came true. No one other than Periyava could have foretold this event so emphatically.

Since his death, for about four months, I had no thoughts other than the thoughts of Periyava. My mind was in distress. ‘Periyava’s face, I can’t see any more. I comforted myself. It did not work. How could I?’

I kept thinking what Periyava said in that place as a voice from nowhere. I remembered what K.V.I told me once.

“Two people live for Dharma. One we saw. We did not see the other one. What we did not see was Rama. What we saw as Mahāperiyava, was the personification of Sannyasa Dharma, and an ascetic with Dharmic life. Now he has attained Siddhi. Srīrāma lived for and upheld King’s Dharma. There are two persons who did Ātma Pūja. One, we saw; one we did not. KVI asked a rhetorical question, “Who is he?” He himself answered the question.

“One is Anjaneyar. He made Ātma Lingam and performed Pūja in Ramesvaram. We see Mahā Periyava who performed Ātma Pūja. How many people sanctified Ātma? He is the only one. He performed Pūja to himself. We were joyous seeing that.

Many such words of Truth! Did I not tell that Periyava attained Siddhi?



Since 1990s, Periyava was bedridden and wasting away. Once he escaped death. All were sunk in grief.

Rajiv Gandhi was the prime minister then. On his arrangements, a total body scanner was brought for a thorough examination. A panel of experts examined him.

At one stage, body consciousness leaves completely from Jñānis, so it is said. They go on Yoga Mārga. They control breathing. Periyava was in that state. I understood it. Not saying anything, I kept silent.

I saw Periyava in Yogic state. He had no physical pain or discomfort. He never had bedsores. He had a rose-colored body.

He never emitted bad odor from his body. Only people afflicted with sexuality and anger emit bad odors.

Periyava never had sweating problems. In May, he slept with a bedcover and never had a sweat. I noticed its absence in person.

Before he attained Siddhi, he called me and said, “I am going to sleep. What are you going to do?”

I cried, “I don’t know myself what I will do? Periyava must tell me.”

Periyava looked at me with compassion. He said, “Don’t worry. My consciousness will safeguard you. Chant Sahasra Gayatri. Take a dip in the Ganges, sit on the shore and chant. That will be enough.”

I am living my life with my Lord’s consciousness. That is his Anugraham (favor).

Remember I heard Periyava’s voice in Govindapuram Adhiṣṭānam... “That I cannot forget. I have no doubt he prepared me by his voice to face his Siddhi without any agitation.” Pattābhi, having said that, immersed in thoughts of Periyava, and in his anguish, his body shook with tears rolling down from his eyes.

[Darśan will continue](#)

Ramanamaharishi20101130.html

Sri Ramanamaharishi. Who am I?

Sakthi Vikatan 2010-11-30-part1-2



Only one year was left for the birth of 20th century. The world will witness many wars. Men would die like insects. Famine and natural disasters will make the world suffer.

At the start of the 20th century, Bālaswāmy, the future Ramanamaharishi, abandoned the Pavalak Kunrai mountain cave and moved into Virūpākṣi cave.

The south side of Tiruvannamalai had many caves. One was called Virūpākṣi cave. A Vīraśaiva Thēvar, an ascetic from Karnataka lived in that cave and hence the cave was called by its eponymous name, Virūpākṣi cave. As Bālaswāmy moved into the cave, so did Pazhaṇisāmi (Periyava's personal caretaker).

புதி: ச. குமரன்



Author Balakumaran

Pazhaṇisāmi, went down to the town for receiving alms, which both shared (and ate). As days went by, the visiting crowd got bigger. They went up the mountain, sat before Bālaswāmy, talked with him for a while and cleared their doubts. A few people ate the food they brought, obtained Swamy-Darśan, felt a sense of freshness and left for home with a sense of spiritual gratification.

Those who experienced such rejuvenation and exhilaration came back for more. Asking no questions, opposing their palms in homage to Bālaswāmy, paying obsequious salutation, they moved to a side and just intently eyed him. They experienced a sense of peace in that environment. They brought their close friends. By word of mouth, the crowd swelled. It dawned on Bālaswāmy to feed the visitors. Pazhaṇisāmi went on seeking alms and shared the food with the visitors. The food was aplenty for sharing with them.

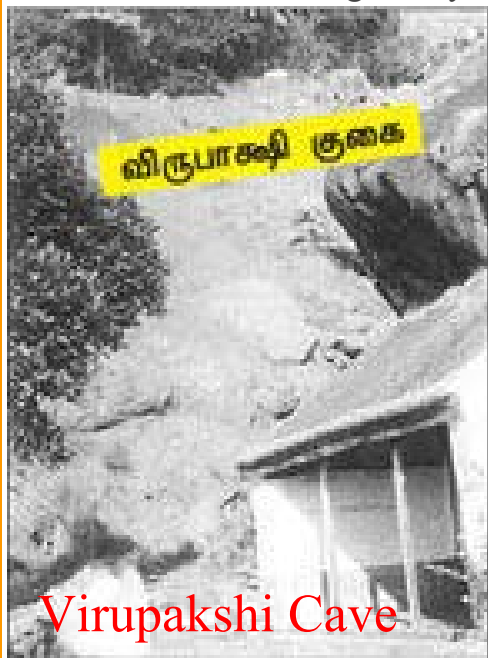
People: Āhā, how wondrous is this? No one celebrated it. Neither they were indifferent to the wondrous events. They enjoyed all the facilities in the place where a Jñāni lived. The mind liable for entanglements and destructive tendencies, became free slowly and began to examine the life's problems; getting two mouthfuls of food was easy. They received food. Darśan of Bālaswāmy, they got. Love blossomed in all the visitors.

People are different. The crowds are larger during Kārttikai (Mid-Nov to Mid-Dec) Lamp Festival. One entrepreneur drew up a list of the mountain caves and their occupants and collected money from mountain-climbing and cave-popping pilgrims to facilitate Darśan of Bālaswāmy. He claimed he was the owner of Virūpākṣi cave. He behaved as if he had the hereditary right to collect entrance fees. The devotees paid a quarter Aṇā (one part of 64 parts to a Rupee) received Darśan of Bālaswāmy with utmost devotion and left for home. Some visitors demanded to have Bālaswāmy come out of the cave to redeem the full value for the money they paid. This gave Bālaswāmy some distress.

Bālaswāmy: Just because I was in the cave, he collected entrance fee. He came out of the cave and sat under a tree. The fake owner still collected his fee. Bālaswāmy did not want to threaten or oppose him. Since he was asking for Virūpākṣi cave fees, Bālaswāmy went down the mountain from his cave and occupied the Cave Namasivayam. The crowd turned away from the mountain cave. No one came to Virūpākṣi cave. Realizing his mistake, he ran to Bālaswāmy, fell prostrate at his feet, promised him he will collect no fees and he could return to the cave in the mountain.

Bālaswāmy: Just because I was in the cave, he collected entrance fee. He came out of the cave and sat under a tree. The fake owner still collected his fee. Periyava did not want to threaten or oppose him. Since he was asking for Virūpāṣi cave fees, Periyava went down the mountain from his cave and occupied the Cave Namasivayam. The crowd turned away from the mountain cave. No one came to Virūpāṣi cave. Realizing his mistake, he ran to Periyava, fell prostrate at his feet, promised him he will collect no fees and Periyava could return to the cave in the mountain.

‘You did such a thing! Did you get your sense back?’ Bālaswāmy did not crow. ‘Is that



so? Will you not collect fees from now on?’ So saying, he came back to Virūpāṣi cave. That is the sign of a Jñāni.

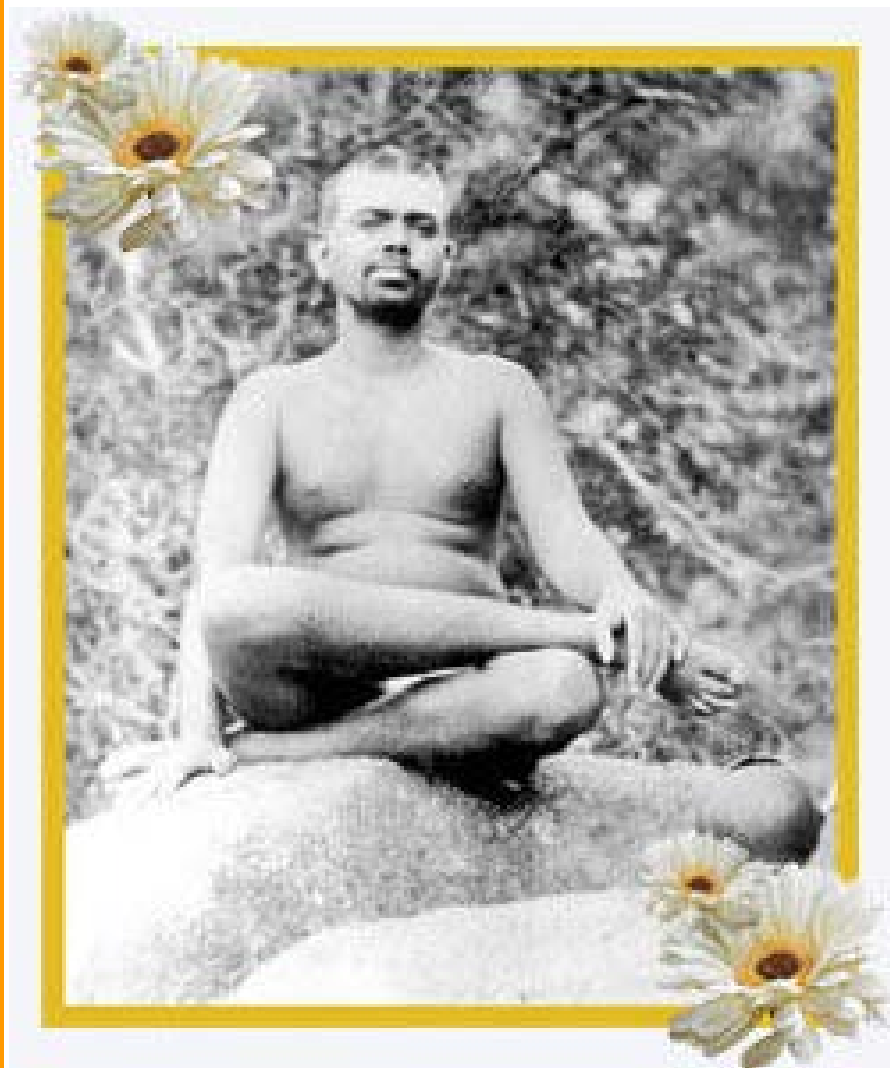
He did not have the arrogance that he taught a lesson. ‘You collect fees; I move out. You stopped collecting fees; I move back in the cave.’ Bālaswāmy did not have even a germ of hubris in him and remained a person with lofty ideals.

From 1899 to 1922 he lived for 23 years in multiple caves in the south side of Tiruvannamalai. Forced by circumstances, his life ended here. His (sun-like) effulgence and moon-like coolness were telling. His loving fans were of clear mind. They held conversations with him. They knew what to ask. They sat with him for some time and gradually asked him questions. They brought spiritual books, made him read and questioned him with a view to expand their own knowledge.

He could explain abstruse Tattvas in a clear simple language for easy understanding. He never debated on a stage. He never delivered sermons in a circumferential long-winded speech. Many times, his presence, looks...were the answers to questions. Many devotees understood matters without a spoken word in his shrine.

Śivaprakāsam Pillai to have a good impress of Ramana’s speeches on his mind and for the benefit of others including Ramana’s readers, held written question and answer sessions. No sooner he asked the questions, the answers came down like glistening pearls. A long article was written to answer the eternal question, ‘Who am I?’ Sivaprakasam’s long article on

‘Who am I?’ based on Bālaswāmy's thoughts and words, was rendered as question and answer presentation.



Bālaswāmy's life events as in this series of articles by me (Balakumaran) will stop. Hereafter, the opinions of devotees and disciples will be in print. The perceptions of the interlocutors, the changes, wondrous in themselves waiting to be told, events and inquiry into Tattvas will follow.

Bhagavan Ramana Maharishi, erstwhile Bālaswāmy, led no life of a king. It is not battles, invasions, ocean voyage and yearlong new endeavors. There is peace and stability; there is no movement; there is no agitation: that is the mountain named Ramanamaharishi. Hereafter, the herbal wind blowing from the mountain will appear as life events of Bhagavan.

All beings want happiness. Each life loves self. That desire is happiness, which the mind enjoys during sleep. It involutes and serves as its own witness. It awakens with happiness and satiety and slept well. In the awake state, involution into oneself (avoiding the mad rush of the external world) and self-knowledge must take place.

Ask yourself ‘Who am I?’ and find the answer in yourself. That is the easy way. Are you the body? Where was the body, when you slept? Where was the awareness of the body? Something slept, something involuted inside; body awareness was not present, or forgotten.

Under this premise, ‘I’ is not the body. The respective experiences by the sensory organs, because of the memory power of the brain, constitute the mind: Is that mind, the ‘I?’ What can the mind do? It thinks of something. The mind experiences dreams during Dream Sleep. It does fighting. It is happy. It goes up; it goes down. It wanders. All Dream Reveries. But, wasn't there a time spent in Dreamless Sleep? We say, the dreamless sleep is good sleep; we slept with great joy. That being so, the restless mind during the awake period and in the dream sleep are not the ‘I’ but something else: What is that?

Not knowing, the ‘I,’ who stands there? Is that the ‘I.’ No. It is not the ‘you.’ That is not it. I

am not this. 'I'...whatever you think as 'I' is shoved off and whatever you cannot shove off with the remaining leftover remnant is 'I.'

Your intellect and experience help you perceive this world. You conclude what is good and what is evil in this world. Yet, you don't perceive the Truth. In any matter, its truth and its power are incomprehensible to you (because they are hidden from you).

For example, in the night you see a rope, mistake it for a snake and run away in fear. Your soul-friend helps restore calm in you and picks up the rope to show its innocuous nature to you; in your mind the snake disappears, cognition of the rope takes place and peace prevails in your mind. All were your imagination.

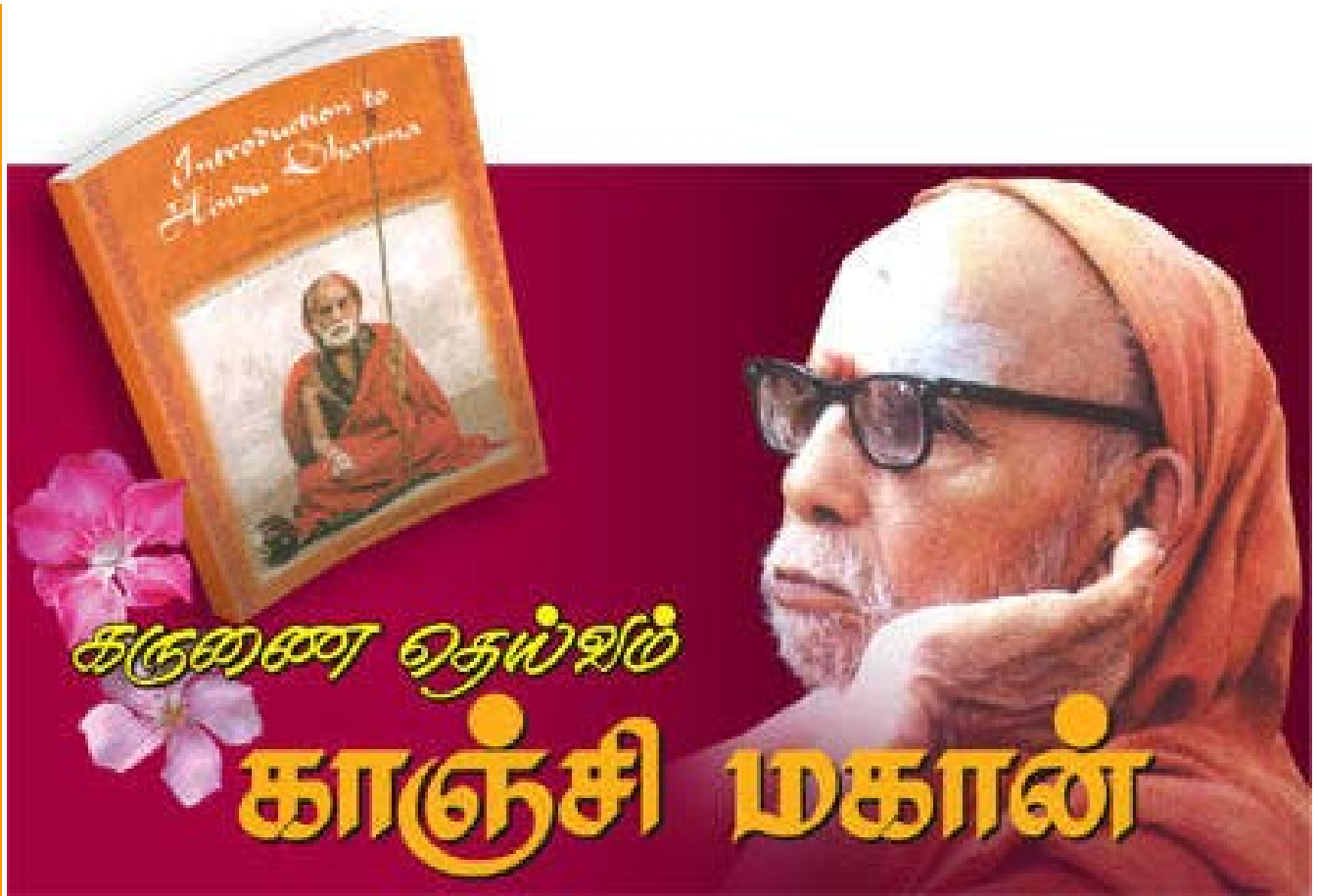
When history of Bhagavan Ramanamaharishi is written, there is no gain in describing the linked events. SriRamanar's enquiry is titled 'Who am I?' Elucidating it is knowing SriRamaṇa.

- தரிசிப்போம்... -Let us get Darśan.



30 Nov, 2010 2010-11-30-part2 Author Sarukesi

Kanchi Mahan is God of Mercy.

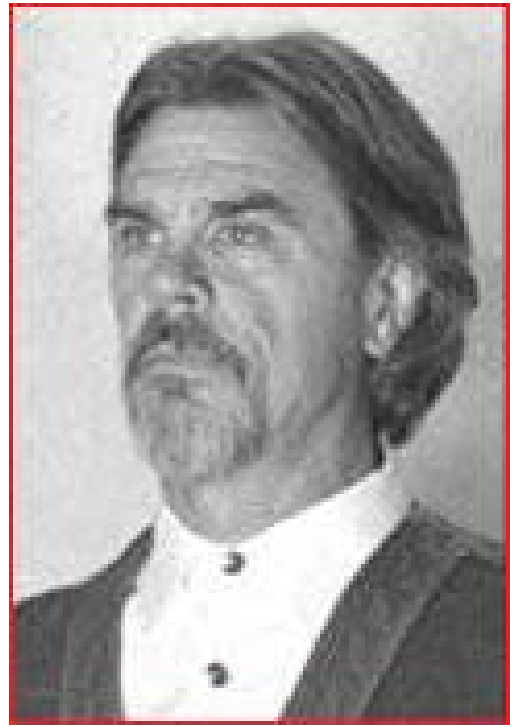


Michael Oren Fitzgerald served as a professor in America's Indiana University. He has written 12 books on world's many religions. They received many accolades. His eight books and two short films are used even today in American Universities.

Recently, he published, 'Introduction to Hindu Dharma'. He said, "I translated all talks of Kanchi Mahāperiyava into English amounting to 6,500 pages and wrote this book."

Over 70 years, kings, ministers, the street sweepers... sat before Kanchi Muṇivar and enjoyed hearing his words of wisdom. At his camp sites, he took a topic and elucidated and explained it. People belonging to multiple sects (and religions) sat at his holy feet and made their time well spent. People considered learning Hindu Dharma through the 20th century's greatest Jñāni Kanchi Swāmigaḷ. It is easy to know, Darśan of Kānchimahān helps visitors' spiritual perception and feelings rise and effervesce. In this book, we published Mahān's photos enhanced by modern professional photo-editing techniques. Michael tells with great pride, "For the devotees of Mahāperiyava, this will be a treasure trove."

It is not a simple matter when Periyavar compiled over 10 topics of his lectures in a concise and clear manner.



All right... Shall we delve into his books?

Periyavāḷ explicates the control of the mind under the general section, ‘Dharma, common to all.’

“What stands opposed to a single-pointed thought or Dhyāna? Agitated mind. Desires arise in the mind and cause problems. Abandoning desires and controlling the mind are not easy. You can close the mouth and the eyes. But, just tell the mind not to entertain any thoughts. It won’t listen.

There are two ways to control the mind: **Antaraṅgam** and **Bahiraṅgam**. **Niyama** = Ethical rules: restraint, vow; self-imposed [religious] observance, and **Yama** = Morality, Self-restraint and observance. **Antaraṅgam** = Inner impulses of virtuous nature. **Bahiraṅgam** = Outer impulses of virtuous nature. In **Bahiraṅgam**, Ahimsa (non-injury), Satyam (Truth), Asthēyam (Non-stealing), Svachcham (Purity), Indriya Nigraha (Control of senses). Periyava explains clearly god worship with the presentation of **Antaraṅgam** and **Bahiraṅgam**.

“All religions accept God as the creator of the world. He is the grace-giving savior. A question may arise, “Having created the world according to his will and protecting it by his desire, why should we extend our worship to him? Patanjali gives the answer in Yoga Sutra.

Prayer’s purpose should not be for fruits, boons and benefits. The all-pervasive God knows what our needs are. To think he is waiting for our eulogies is a mistake. He is not ordinary like we are. If he is, where is the need for incantation and supplication? The creator knows he is resident in our mind (and soul). If we do not do supplication and incantation, that makes our mind and soul feel deceitful. If we engage in incantation, the knot of deceit will disappear and our mind will be in peace. Incantation and supplication will not change what God has in store for us. We do it for the purification of the mind. Tiruvalluvar says, ‘If we do not resort to the feet of the incomparable Lord, it is rare (difficult) to shed the mental agony.’ The thought and devotion that God exists is the knowledge that will cleanse our thoughts.



Of all Dharmas, the loftiest is Ahimsa (non-injury). Jaina and Buddhist religions say that Total Ahimsa should be our practice. In Hinduism, there are exceptions. Animals sacrifice and killing the enemies are accepted practice. The military hero losing life for the country in the battlefield is better than doing nothing and sitting on our fat rear ends. Pursuing misplaced Ahimsa all over the world in a mindless perverse fashion causes many problems. It is hard always to practice Ahimsa by all. Therefore, the heretics fall into the category of sinners. Periyava comments on the practical man, ‘our religion takes a practical approach (with regards to Ahimsa).’



It is a common practice in speech and writing to point out the mistakes and exaggerate them. The more educated, one is, more is his enthusiasm to fault-finding. Fault finding is the job of person with a faulty knowledge. Who is he? He is the fault-finder and exaggerator engaged in finding faults in others. If one has faults, tell him the faults in a friendly manner. He can correct himself. It is improper to spread the news.

Bhagavan Krishna says in Bhagavadgita, ‘Desire and anger induce one to commit sin. If the desire is excessive on an object, there is no hesitation to getting it by hook or crook. If it is not attainable, we get angry towards the obstructionist. Unfulfilled desire becomes anger.

The object of human birth is to live to shower love on others. There is no greater joy than loving others. When we love others, the joy pervades us and heightens our mood. The life without love of others is useless. True love has no reason, and no motive. If you pose a question, ‘is there anyone like that?’ there is one. He is God, the Inner Abider. Mahāperiyava declares, “That is God; In Him only there is plenitudinous love.”

The saying of Periyava, ‘Dharma only is a savior,’ is applicable to any individual person. No religion declares, “we can conduct ourselves according to our likes and dislikes.” No religion says, we should accumulate wealth and property for our own use. He lives for himself, if one thinks only he is important (the center of the universe). That is why all religions espouse the principle of ‘Inner Abider.’ They declare one should destroy the ego. ‘O child, you are nothing before the Māyāsakti.’ That Sakti only gave you the intellect. Helped by the intellect, one should follow the path of Dharma. Seek the help of Sakti and hold on to it (her) for your life depends on her.

Jñāna (wisdom) makes a true man and elevates him from the position of an animal. All religions hold the hope to elevate man to a divine status. The methods may be different among religions in that effort. Their concern is to prevent man from being entangled in the net of desire and anger and instead cultivate love, modesty (humility), peace and selfless service in him. This is what Periyava says in reference with Hindu Religion. (This is a Tantric portrayal of stages of man: Paśu-animal; Vīra-Hero; Divya-Devine.)

There was no name initially for Hinduism. Our ancient sacred texts have no mention of 'Hindu Religion.' The foreigners called us 'Hindus.' The foreigners crossing the River Sindhu named it 'Indus' and 'Hint.' The land beyond the river was named 'India.' The native inhabitants were called 'Hindus.' Other religions excepting Hinduism were created by individuals: Buddhism by The Buddha; Jainism by Mahāvīrar; Christianity by Jesus Christ... Long before the birth of these religions, our religion was the only existing religion and found no need for a name.

Who created this ageless religion called Hinduism? Vyāsar? Kṛṣṇar? Both say Vedas predate them. Does that mean whether Jñānis and Ṛṣis gave us Veda Mantras? They state they were not the formulators of Vedas, Mantras... but were the medium through whom they (Vedas, Mantras...) were revealed. When they controlled the minds and meditated, Vedas, Mantras... appeared on the outer regions. All sounds originate in the outer regions. Therefrom, creation took place. It is the power of Ṛṣis that made the Mantras reveal themselves to them. That is the view of Periyava.

Michael Oren Fitzgerald has compiled in detail Periyava's own words with English translation of Sanskrit words and phrases: Upanishad, Brahma Sutras, Veda-Vedāntams, Pantheon of gods, Dharma Sastras, rights and responsibilities, Saṃskāras, Duty of Brahmacharin, Gayatri-Sandhyāvandhana Mantras, rights of women, conduct of marriage on a budget...

It appears page after page in his careful presentation of Periyava's spiritual instructions, a clarity of expression intended for easy understanding by the readers. Some photos of Periyava are rare in the book, a must-have in every Periyava's devotee's home.

- -Darśan will continue.

[Ramanamaharishi20101214](#)

2010-12-14-part1-2

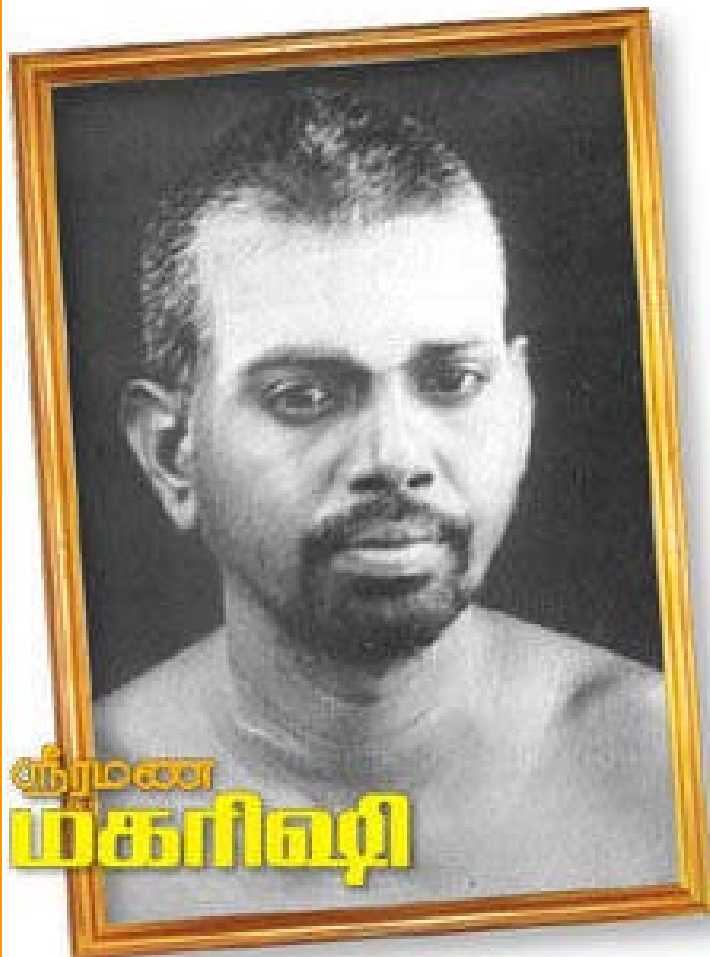
[Ramanamaharishi – Who am I?](#)



Maṇam or mind is the wonderful product of Ātmā. Mind generates thoughts. There are many layers of thinking and perception: He is good, he is bad; this is right, that is wrong; this is lofty, that is low. If these thoughts are removed, mind as an entity does not exist. Mind is multiple layers of thoughts.

Those thoughts are your creations. You look at the world through the prism of thoughts. Deep sleep has no thoughts. Therefore, there is no world. As the spider extrudes silk (to make a web), you create the world by your thoughts. The

spider makes and eats the silk. Likewise, you withdraw the thoughts into yourself. You think, 'This is the world.' You separate people into the good and the bad. This process multiplies and magnifies. The world loses its natural state in your perspective and becomes the world of your creation. What you regard as evil, another determines as good and vice versa.



Every man creates a world of his own, fails to see the real world, and undergoes suffering. The Jñāni who involuted his mind can see the reality of the world as the real.

Where are these remembrances? Where is this 'I'? The mind is where the 'I' is. That 'I' comes from the heart. That subtle spiritual heart is not made of flesh, a fingertip to the right side of the pit of the chest (xiphisternum). That is where the 'I-thought' resides. "I" is the mind. See diagram. If there is no "I" there is no mind. Only after the I-ness appears, other thoughts arise:

‘After the I-Thought (First person) only, other thoughts appear: **Muṅṅilai** (= **Second person**) and **Paṭarkkai** (= **Third person**). Without the first person, there are no second or third persons.

In “Who am I?” enquiry, the mind dies. The mind looks intently to the mind (itself), questions, “Who are you?” makes enquiry and dies along with the “I.”

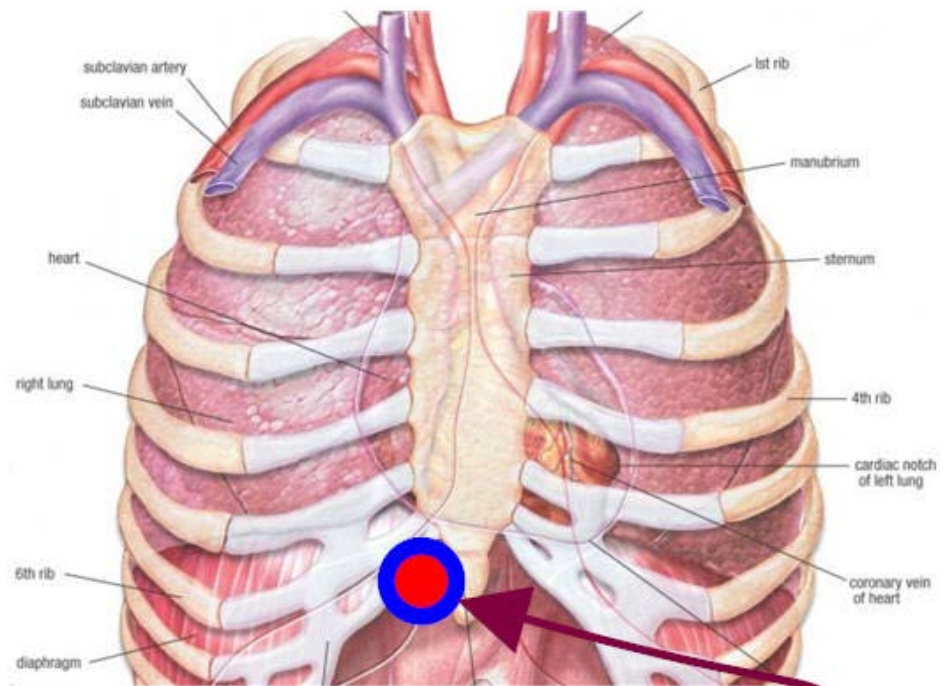
The staff (the stick) used to turn the burning dead body in a pyre is cast off in the fire after the burning of the body. Likewise, the enquiring mind like the staff disappears. Not following the lead of the thought streams, not thinking of transforming thoughts into deeds, not analyzing the consequences of one’s thoughts and not enquiring into who originates these thoughts, the mind comes back to its beginning

and resting state. That thought vanishes. With constant practice, the mind’s power to involute in the place of origin increases. The wonder is the place where there is no “I” even in a minute amount. That is Silence. That itself is Jñānadrīṣṭi (Spiritual perception, occult vision). That is the seat of Truth. That is Ānma Sorūpam (Nature of soul). All else are the imaginations of the mind.

To curb the mind, besides “Who am I?” enquiry, there is no another way. Observing other modalities, the mind’s tranquility of short duration takes place only to rise again.

Pranayama curbs the mind. It is true. The benefits last if the breath is controlled (for the duration of breath control); from thereon, the mind runs helter-skelter. **Mind and breath have common origin.** Where ego takes its origin, that being also the origin of “I” is the origin of breath.

During deep sleep, the mind is tranquil; the breathing is active. During Deep Sleep, not mistaken for death by nature’s grace and mercy, only the breath moves. In the mind, the gross form is breath or Prāṇa. Until the moment of death, mind keeps the breath in the body. At death, the mind leaves with breath in its grasp. Prāṇāyāma cannot curb or destroy the mind.



**Subtle Spiritual Heart
to the right of the Xyphisternum,
the pit in the chest.**

Dhyanam and Mantra Japam are ways to curb the mind. The elephant's proboscis is in constant move. The elephant will hold in its trunk the chain given to it. If the mind compared to the elephant takes the chain of Mantra Japam, it holds on to it. When the Mantra Japam slips, the mind will become restless or active. But, Mantra Japam facilitates concentration of the mind. The mind, strengthened and primed with Mantra Japam, and immersed in "Who am I?" enquiry, can be free of thoughts.

Food in lesser amounts helps augment a tranquil mind, gives mental strength and takes you on the path of Ānma Visāram (Soul Enquiry). Spicy foods and overindulgence make the body drowsy giving dream sleep. Ānma Visāram is beyond reach. Ānma Visāram is responsible for destruction of the mind (It is NOT Brain Death!). All these are auxiliary factors. The enquiry, "Who Am I?" only destroys the mind. When thoughts rise, an intense attention should be given. To whom it arises should be considered. When the thought is enquired into, the mind gives up the thought and stands empty-handed.

As the enemies come out of the fort, they are killed. Likewise, any thoughts coming from the mind should be destroyed. Then, clarity of "Who am I?" becomes well-known.

Guru controls his mind and destroys the thoughts. God and Guru are same. The meat in the tiger's mouth is irrecoverable. Likewise, those who come under the Guru's gracious visage will be rescued. Hold on to the Guru and follow his path of thought destruction.

There is no happiness in any affairs of the world. Happiness is to know Ātma. It is receiving the vision of the Sorūpam (God). Why do objects appear to give happiness? When the objects are experienced and enjoyed, the mind gets the vision of the Ātma and comes out. During the vision, there is happiness. The mind gets Ātma Darśan, when water satisfies the thirst, food relieves hunger, a tree gives shade from the sun, and sexual intercourse gives pleasure. For a brief time, in these matters, the mind receives Ātma Darśan. The mind feels, "Oh, what a pleasure and relief!"

Leaving that happiness, the forgetful mind goes in search of the next pleasurable experience. There is no happiness in these earthly pleasures. Happiness is realizing Ātma; the wise ones having found it, shed the common pleasures, remove them from their lives and constantly endeavor to obtain Ātma Darśan (God Realization).

All religions describe the destruction of the mind and abandoning the trivial pleasures of mundane world in so many other ways. Knowing thus, what purpose does it serve to continue reading the (self-help or spiritual) books? To destroy the mind, we should inquire into, “Who am I?” Inquiring into the mind, immersing in the Soul is ‘Soul Inquiry.’ There is no gain in engaging in discussions of didactic knowledge of Tattvas without an inquiry. Tattvic talks make the mind a garbage dump.

With a mind in ablation, however sinful is the interlocutor, hatred of him will not appear in your mind. However much he causes grief, oppositional endeavor (hostile acts) will not appear in you. The thought that “I” does not exist to suffer injury will reign supreme.

The mind should not dwell in other matters; one should not poke his nose in another’s business. It is lofty to give others what is yours. What you give others is what you give yourself. Who will not give to others? Humility breeds virtue. When the mind is subdued, living anywhere is possible.

These are ideas of Ramanar, written in a book form by Śivapprakāsam Pillai. It is for people like us. Ramana’s path is not easy, as we are shaped by different educational systems and habits which let the mind wander in many directions. There is a chance to understand Ramana’s tenets, when we cling to the worldly matters and suffer because of them. Inquiring into, ‘Why all these miseries,’ will take us near the premise, “Who am I?” If you continue the effort and remain embedded in the inquiry, there is a great opportunity for subduing the mind. When we engage in white noise of success and failure, wishing well and ill, we get enmeshed in imaginations (of the phenomenal world) and languish unable to get out (of the world of mundane thoughts).

Endeavor and enthusiasm to search for the truth are not the forte of all. With fervor rising, endeavor asserting in you, there is always Bhagavan Ramanar to show the path.

Let us get Darśan.

Images: K.Rajasekaran.

Sakti Vikatan 2010-12-14- part2



Guru Darśan = Vision of Guru



Near Mēttūr, a village Nerunjipettai. 1928. Periyava made a visit.

The village leader Sundara Reddiar and the then M.L.A Gurumurthy had devotion, love and respect to Periyava. They used to go to Periyava, the divine man from their village, with other villagers to pay homage to him. They were happy to receive Periyava.

There rang a chorus, 'Jaya Jaya Sankara; Hara Hara Sankara.' The people sat around Periyava. There was another chorus coming from some distance: 'Govinda Govinda.' That chanting caught the attention of Periyava and he asked where it was coming from.

“Nearby, a mountain by name Bālamalai... At the top, there is a Srisiddhēṣvarar Temple (Śiva-Liṅgam). The devotees going up the mountain utter the name of Govinda. It is about 12 KM from here,” the village elders told Periyava.

To Mahāperiyava, it gave a great delight. Wondering about the devotees' chanting of Govinda to pay homage to Īśvara (Śiva), he expressed his desire to see and pay homage to Srisiddhēṣvarar. The devotees were hesitant thinking a 12-mile hike up the mountain would be difficult for Periyava. But, Periyava was already on his way up the mountain.

Sundara Reddiar organized a team of devotees directing them to show the way up the mountain to Periyava who in his grace showed the path of virtue to his devotees.

Mahāperiyava having gone 12 miles up the mountain and paying homage to Srisiddhēṣvarar declared, “One day in the future, one devotee at his own expense will build a temple for this Swamy.”



Mahāperiyava's divine prediction came true 62 years later in the 1990s.

That year...north Indian Setji came to receive Darśan of Srisiddhēśvarar. We don't know the orders he received from Īsvara. That devotee at his expense built a temple and help defray the cost of Kumbabishekam (Consecration).

Akilā Karthikeyan narrated this story in a rapturous mood. He had another interesting story to share with us.

“Long time ago, the ruling king in this part of the country wanted to offer a gift to the people who paid their taxes fully and on time.”

He called his minister and ordered him, “dump the coins in water.” The mind-reading minister ordered his servants to build two bunds (dams). Because of it, the land was prosperous.

When Periyava stayed in Nerunjippettai, the water flowed between the two bunds making a great sound like water rolling the rocks. Periyava finding an idol of Perumal among the rocks asked the village elders whether they knew anything about it.

They said, “We heard the story of a king donating six acres of land for Veṅkaṭa Perumal Temple. We know only that much. “Periyava observed, there is a treasure trove below, pointing to a spot nearby. The villagers did not understand why Periyava made such an observation earlier.

Many years later, the Government built the Mettur Dam for power generation. When the engineers dug a hole in the ground, they found and removed the idol. They went further down to a depth of 25 feet, prepared to lay the foundation, and found a treasure trove. Then only the villagers understood the prophesy of Periyava.

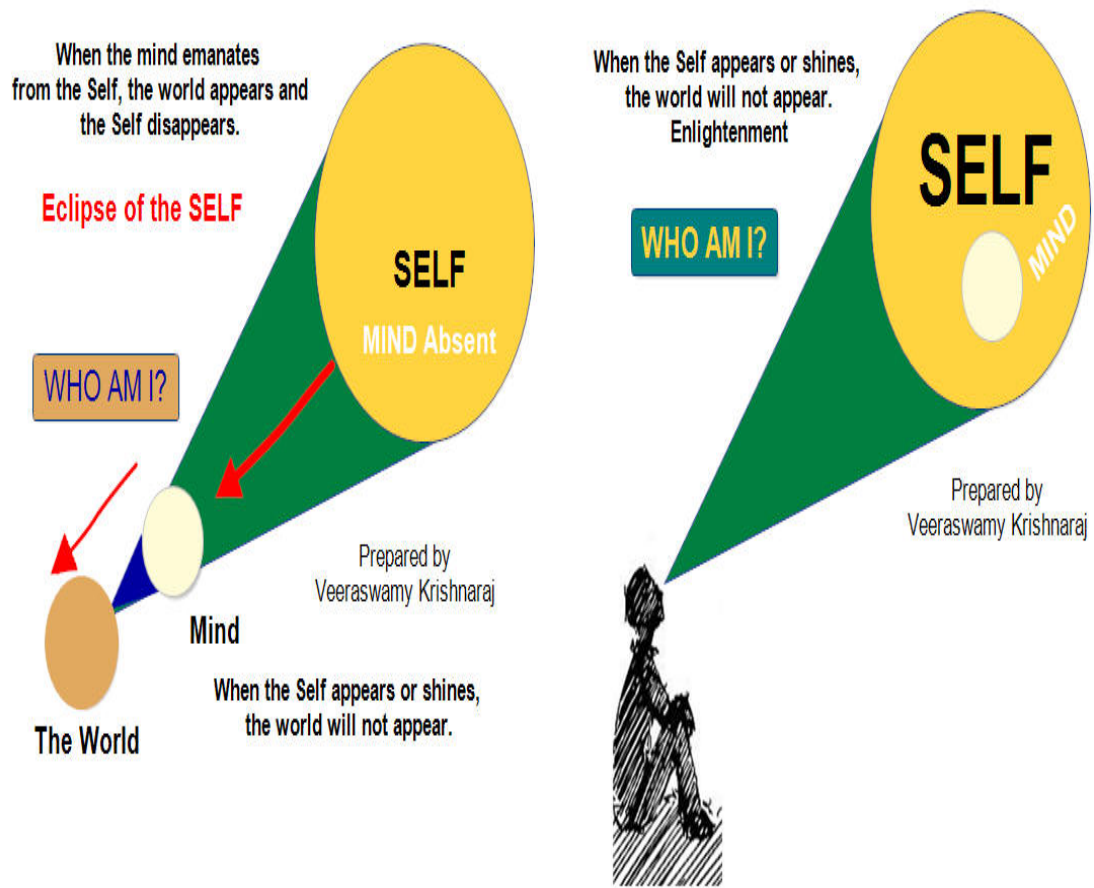
First Hanuman idol was discovered and later the engineers found Srīrāma and Sītadēvi idols. Horrified Reddiar and other villager transported the idols to Kanchipuram. They met with Mahāperiyava and narrated the matter to him and requested him to build a temple for the idols. Mahāperiyava assented to their proposal, offered his blessings and grace and said, “Do it forthwith. This will proceed fast.”

When they were about to leave, Periyava called them back inside and addressed them, “When I went up the mountain to pay homage and receive Darśan of Sri Siddheśvar, I had Perumal Gavundar as my guide. Is he well?” Periyava remembered his humble guide १० years later. With love and concern, he made an enquiry of him. They were horrified hearing this from Periyava.

The devotees answered, “Gavundar is doing well. He is १० years of age. Periyava pointed to the metal plate with the new clothes said with love, “Take this plate with the clothes to Perumal Gavunder and tell him I enquired of him very much.” Perumal Gavundar must have good fortune to be remembered by and receive gifts from Periyava. They all melted in the shower of love and blessings of Periyava to long lost guide. He never forgot his guide over a period of decades.

He had the love and respect for him. That is the mercy of Periyava.





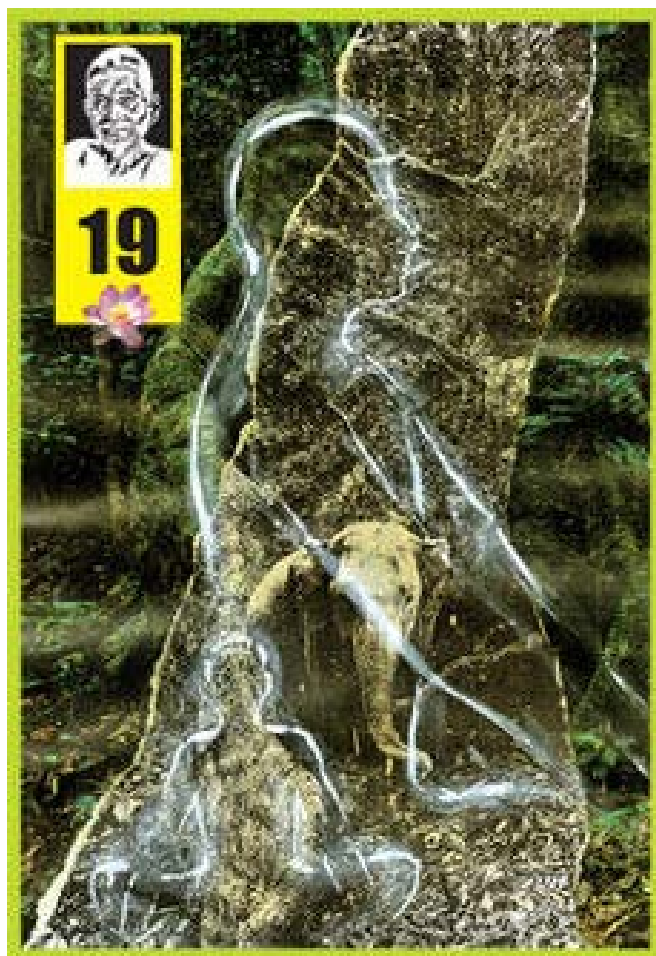
The Self contains the mind. When the mind exits from the Self, the world appears and the Self disappears. When the thoughts, the mind and the breath subside in the Self, the world will not appear and the Self shines. In other words the mind causes Self Eclipse and reveals the world. When the mind moves back into the Self, the Self shines.

[Ramanamaharishi20101228](#)

சக்தி விகடன் - 28 Dec, 2010 2010-12-28-part1-2

Ramana Maharishi

Author: Balakumaran



Gambhīram Sēṣaiyar is a Telugu Brahmin. He belongs to Mulukki Nadu near Hyderabad. His ancestors like Akkaṇṇā, Mādaṇṇā...served as ministers to Sultan. Appreciating their services, Sultan gave them a title, ‘Gambhīram.’

Sēṣaiyar belongs to that illustrious lineage. Being a Rama devotee, he chanted the name of Rama. Vivekananda’s lectures and books were magnetic to him. He performed Hata Yoga as recommended by Vivekananda. Attracted to Sri Ramaṇa, he shared with him his spiritual thirst, Pranayama and other pursuits. Bālaswāmy known later as SriRamaṇa Maharishi understood his interest. Sēṣaiyar was not a Tamil; therefore, Periyava explained his tenets in prose form instead of poetic form for his easy understanding. Those explanations became books by Gambhīram Sēṣaiyar from his note taking of what Periyava told him.



Because of it, the world received Bālaswāmy's conversations compact with substance and ease of explanations. The Janani's fame shines because of it. The intelligent and able Jñāni's proximity with the true and loving devotees bore fruits. These conversations were of great help for the future devotees of Sri Ramanamaharishi.

Hata Yoga has many categories. There is a progressive advancement between stages. Only by the practice of Hata Yoga, one can discover "Who am I?" (This is refuted by Ramana.) It declares that by analyzing closely the inquiry into God, one can obtain liberation. Hata Yoga is the treasure of Bharata continent. Since the advent of Sanatana Dharma, Hata Yoga was in practice. Hata Yoga has eight divisions, Yoga Aṣṭāṅgam. What are they?

To begin with, there are two prerequisites: Iyamam and Niyamam (Yama and Niyama): Good behavior and good Gunas, courteous speech, Anger-free words, truth telling, no backbiting, food restrictions, moderate sleep, Brahmacharya, seeking solitude...

Third, the Asanas. Diseases of the body are inimical for search of God. Self-enquiry will not be possible. Disease

affects the mind. Disease-preventive measures involve Asanas (postures). These postures are important.

These postures help keep good digestive tract, assure strength of limbs and neck, ensure proper and adequate blood flow to the brain, and maintain proper nerve function. From the opening at the end of the spine to crown of the head, there are various Chakras. For their proper functioning, the body and its functions should be healthy. For the stimulation of these Chakras, these postures are of great help. The above are according to Hata Yoga. These postures help control the mind.

Fourth, Hata Yoga teaches Prāṇāyāma. The breath is taken via the left nostril, held and exhaled by the right nostril. Then, the breath is inhaled via the right nostril, held and exhaled by the left nostril. The aspirant should seek the help of an expert

and do the breathing exercises like inspiration, retention and expiration on a timed scale. Hata Yoga insists on correctly performing breathing exercises.

Because of the exercises, the wandering mind becomes quiescent and steady. Breath and mind are connected. When the mind is excited the breathing is out of whack. This precipitates a negative feedback on the mind resulting in vicious cycle. For the quiescent mind, breath control of many types is essential. Proper breathing exercise helps proper blood flow.

Hata Yogam tones down the excitability, helps with normal blood flow and assures optimal body functions.

Fifth, Hata Yoga explains Pratyāhāra (the withdrawal of the senses from the objects of sense). Uninterrupted Mantra Japa helps quieten the mind. Mantra Japa is like a chain, which when held by the elephant's trunk stops the animal from moving the trunk. Likewise, Mantra Japa quietens the mind. The Mantra japa should be learnt from a Guru. Pratyāhāra helps lessen or eliminate anger, agitation, hatred, desire...

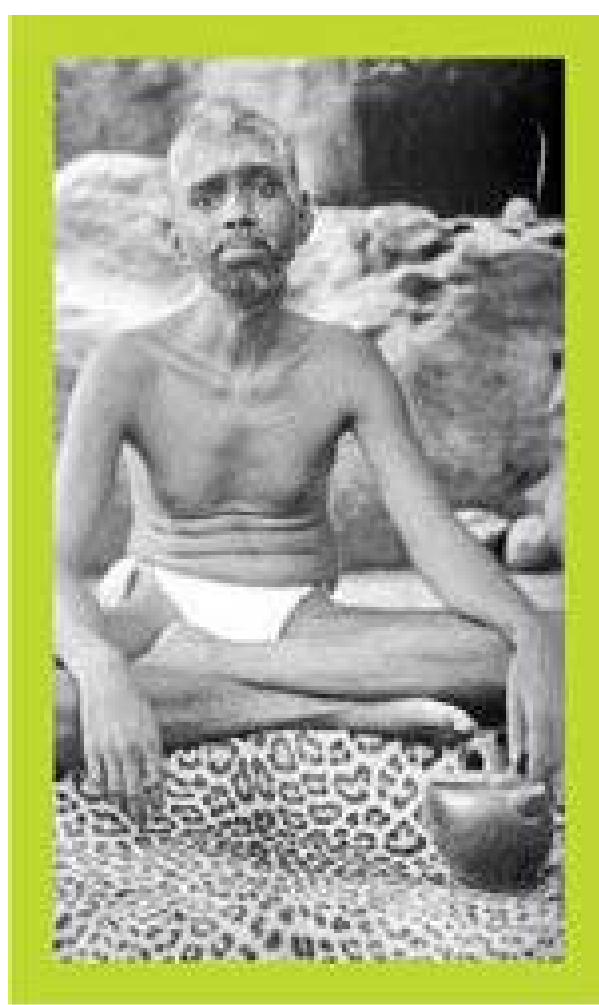
[Dhyāna](#) (meditation) comes after Dhāraṇā (steadiness). Dhyana is not concentration of the mind. It is not one-pointed. When the mind is one-pointed and Dharana path is followed, Vikṣepa (blossoming, വിക്ഷിപ്ത) produced while pursuing the path of Dharana. After a long practice, coming suddenly under the influence of the mind, it is knowing, 'I am this.' Forgetting the burden, mind enters itself and remains there. The form of the deity being the object of meditation at the beginning, realization takes place that the mind's form is that of the deity itself and the mind remains merged in the form of the deity. Or, it remains immersed in the great formless effulgence.

Mind is not under its control usually. Now it entered into a greater entity (Āṇmā). The merger of the mind with Āṇmā results in realization and the mind stays bonded to Āṇmā. Now and then the mind separates from Āṇmā, participates in worldly activities and goes back to Āṇmā to remain bound to it. It is like the married woman desirous of consorting with her husband (time and again), the mind desires and consorts with Āṇmā to remain bound with it.

To those who are deep into meditation (Dhyāna), the world affairs look different. Exiting that union for changing clothes, eating or conversing with others, it can reenter Dhyana. That being so, some faculties are awakened.

Nature's movements and people's ins and outs are apparent. These deep meditators can help those with grief and are models of mercy. That mercy helps the needy with love and concern. The benevolent help strengthens their Dhyana. They remain deep in Dhyana.

The eighth is Samadhi, as spoken in Hata Yoga. Samadhi is the state, forgetful of 'I and Ātmā.' It is impossible to explain it further. It is a subtle state beyond words. It is 'I'-less state. It is a state of forgetting. The practitioners do not know what they do. Nothing remains in memory. They do something. But, whatever they do, it is always right. It is a wonderful artifice. It is a state of merger with God. Hata Yoga is an Ambrosial Vessel. Not all can attain this kind of realization.



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Virtuous and sharp pupils will gravitate to the great Gurus, who in the manner of a magnet attract good disciples. They are a cause for celebration. The intelligent pupils question the Guru; the appropriate answers and the thought processes stimulated by them in the Guru make the Guru-disciple interactions fruitful. The feeling of satisfaction from imparting knowledge to the most deserving finds fulfillment in the Guru.

Gambhīram Sēṣaiyar's knowledge of Hata Yogam and his staunch opinions appealed to Bālaswāmy, who needed a pupil conversant with Hata Yoga for (postulation and) elaboration of 'Who Am I?'

Bālaswāmy told Gambhīram Sēṣaiyar, "Hata Yogam is not necessary. Āṇma enquiry itself is enough for enquiry into 'Who Am I?'"

Sēṣaiyar: "Hata Yoga is not my recommendation or my initiative. That was mentioned by Vivekananda. It is not his initiative either. It is coeval with

Sanatana Dharma. They were observed with great care and efficiency. Many subtleties were established in Hata Yoga and spread by Gurus throughout the country.

Prāṇāyāma is not merely inspiration with Kumbhaka (retention) and expiration. There are very many variables. Yama and Niyama dictate what to eat, what not to eat and when not to eat.

Sēṣaiyar said with some unhappiness, "There are restrictions on how much one can eat. Gurus were clear in their recommendations. If you declare Hatayoga is not necessary, that proposition should be opposed in a proper way."

Bālaswāmy explained it in a conversational style. Though Sēṣaiyar of Telugu origin had poetic abilities and published multiple poetic books, Periyava's explanation was given in simple text with diligent care for the comprehension of the Telugu man. That conversational textual explanation was translated in many languages for the benefit of many people.

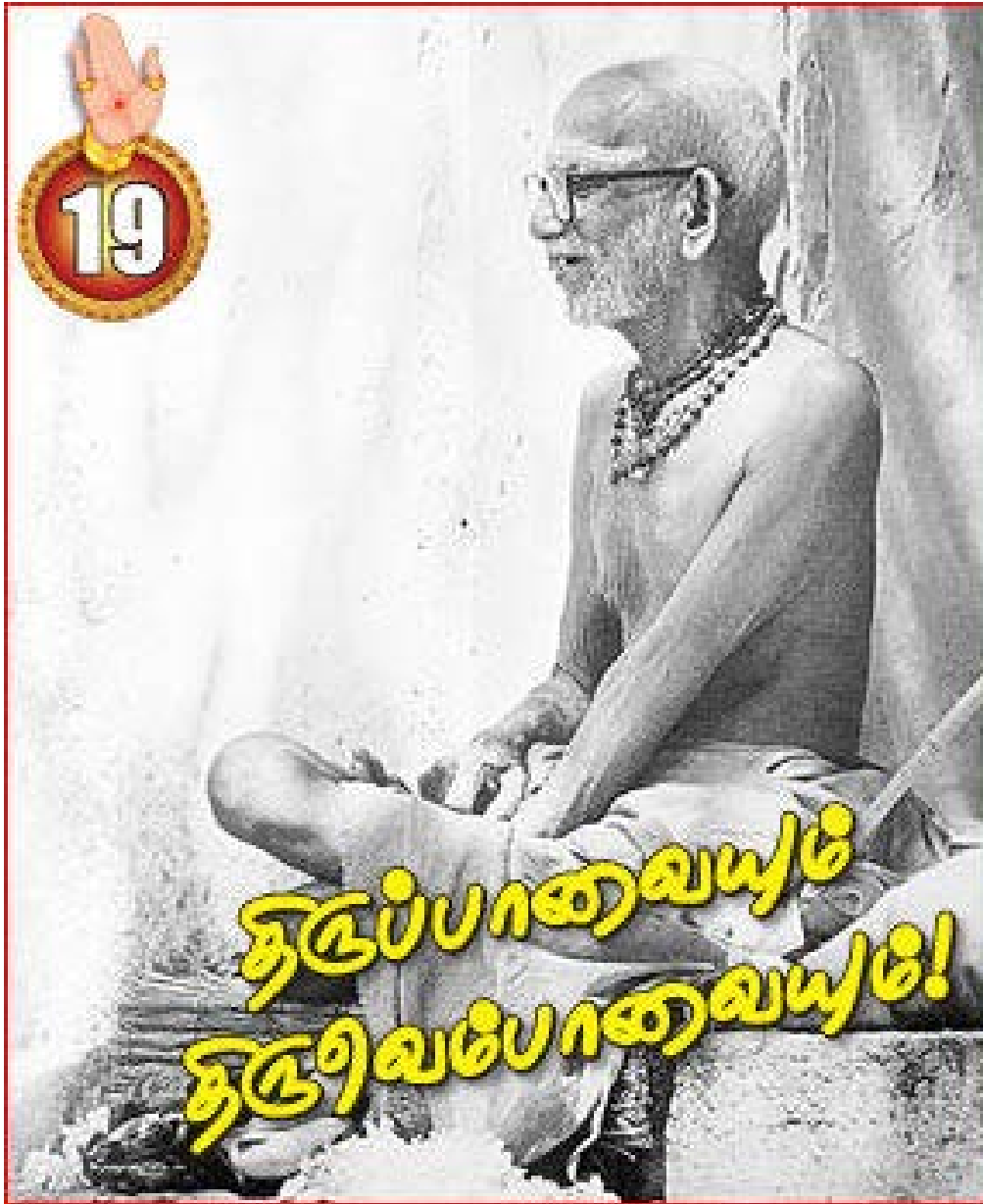
Bālaswāmy, the future Ramana said with clarity, "For the beginners, Hatayoga is good, but will not accomplish clarification of the enquiry of 'Who Am I?' "

Let us obtain Darsan

Images: K.Rajasekharan

Sakti Vikatan December 28, 2010 part 2





Kanchi Mahan, the deity of compassion.

Akhila Kārttikēyan the relative of ‘Pradoṣam Māmā’ said, “Bodily inconvenience, wind, rain, day or night, inconvenient time... are immaterial for Pradoṣa Māmā if it dawned on him to have Darśan of Maha Swamy. The Mutt was about four km from his house. He thought it was a rare grace to obtain

Darśan of Periyava.

‘Pradoṣam Māmā’s’ natal name was Venkatraman, an employee of the Indian Railways in Salem and Madras. Every Pradoṣam (evening), he obtained Darśan of Periyava. Once, Periyava himself observed, “Aren’t you the one that comes every Pradoṣam (evening).” Since then the word Pradoṣam as a moniker got stuck to his name. Later, he lived in Kanchi. The stories narrated by Karthikeyan are exhilarating.

Once, there was a fierce downpour. The Government issued a weather alert. He ignored the warning. Pradoṣam Māmā was given protection by the grace of Mahāperiyava on his return trip back home from Darśan of Kānchi Periyava. How could it be anything else?



Once, there was a fierce downpour. The Government issued a weather alert. He ignored the warning. Pradoṣam Māmā was given protection by the grace of Mahāperiyava on his 4km return trip back home from Darśan of Kānchi Periyava. How could it be anything else?

Pradoṣam Māmā on his way to Mutt saw Tiruvarata Ōthuvār with his family and a motley crowd of devotees singing Tiruvāsaka poems and raising slogans like ‘Long live Namasivaya,’ and Long Live Lord’s feet.’ Pradoṣam Māmā was unhappy, because their invocations drowned out his usual invocation: ‘Aruṇāchala Śiva.’

Pradoṣam Māmā asked the fellow devotees to chant ‘Tiruvarata Ōthuvār as instructed by Ramanar. He insisted everyone including Tiruvarata Ōthuvār to chant ‘Aruṇāchala Śiva.’ He knew that ‘Aruṇāchala Śiva’ is no other than Namasivaya. All came to the Mutt and had Darśan of Periyava. Kānchi Mahān asked to see Ōthuvār, a little while after Ōthuvār took leave of him. The people there told him he left the place. Mahāperiyava gave a book to Pradoṣam Māmā and asked him to find out from Ōthuvār the year of publication of Thiruvāsakam.

It came to that he had to go to Chennai to carry out the order of Kānchi Mahan and locate Ōthuvār for the information. He took a friend to locate him. He went to the office he used to work before his retirement.

A coworker noticing Māmā said, “What a surprise. I was thinking of sending you a letter to report to the office to take your salary arrears amounting to a thousand rupees. If you have not come by here today, that check would have been sent back to Accounts Section. Getting that money back to you is difficult.”

Those days, one thousand rupees is big money. Pradoṣa Māmā felt that Mahā Periyava carried out this play in his gracious offering of blessings. It did not end there

Locating Ōthuvār in Chennai, he asked him about the publication details. He did not know. Pradoṣa Māmā gathered the sought-after information through others and went back to Kānchi Mutt. Periyava hearing all he said, asked him to read the first few pages in the book.

Pradoṣam Māmā opened the book and was shaking like a leaf in a brisk wind seeing Siva Purana starting with the invocation ‘Long Live Namasivaya’
(நமசிவாய வாழ்க).

‘Aruṇāchala Śiva and Namaśivāya are non-different. This way, Periyava in a subtle way made pradoṣa Māmā realize the non-difference.

Akilā Kārttikēyan narrated an incident involving Tiruppāvai-Tiruvempāvai.

That was 1949 when Mahāperiyava was in Tiruvidai Maruthūr. A woman of higher caste came with a book every day, sang songs before Periyava and left. One day, Periyava queried Ramamurthy, “Do you know the songs of Tiruppāvai and Tiruvempāvai sung by the woman.”

He did not understand his query. Periyava sent the man to Devarāja Bhāgavathar to find out whether people on the outside would sing along Tiruppāvai-Tiruvempāvai. Ramamurthy met with Bhagavathar, who said, “No one knows these poems. No one will sing.”

Ramamurthy informed Periyava about this. Immediately, Tiruppāvai-Tiruvempāvai Mānādu (conference) was organized by Kanchi Mahan.

At the beginning of the month of Mārgazhi, Periyava sitting on the elephant with the book and a light along with Ramamurthy and Kannan ordered them to sing the songs during the procession along the four streets adjoining Sri Mahāliṅga Swami Temple. With the blessings of Periyava, the Tiruppāvai-Tiruvempāvai conference took place in a grand manner with great success.

Since then, musical rendering of the poems took place. K.V.J, the Tamil exponent and others gave discourses on the songs. Periyava asked Uththandaraman, the official in charge of Hindu endowments Board to institute the rendering of Tiruppāvai-Tiruvempāvai in all temples in the month of Mārgazhi every year.

Heeding to the order of Periyava, T.K. Pattammal, M.L. Vasanthakumari, Ariakkudi Ramanuja Iyengar...spread the awareness by singing Tiruppāvai-Tiruvempāvai.

Sometime later, Periyava with a mischievous smile addressed Ramamurthy, “The high-caste woman’s songs, nobody would sing: that is what you said. Anybody singing now?” Thinking of Periyava, as Īśvara Rūpam, he said, “There is nothing that can’t be done, if Periyava thinks of it.”

Once in Tanjore, pointing to Ramamurthy, Periyava said smilingly, “Now Tiruppāvai-Tiruvempāvai is sung all over by all. All that credit goes to Ramamurthy.”

Darśan will Continue

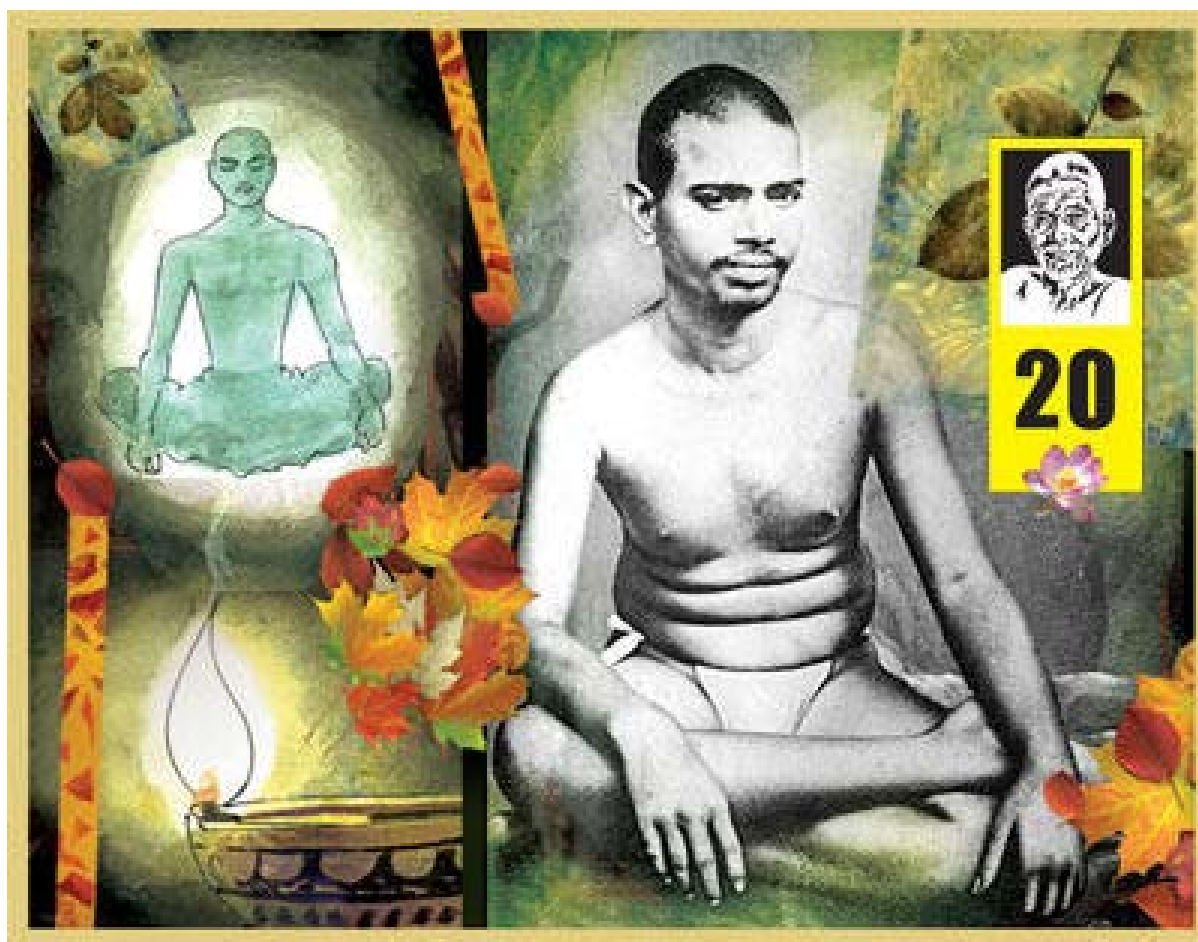
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Ramanamaharishi. Atma Anubhavam: Soul Experience

சக்தி விகடன் - 11 Jan, 2011 Part 1 & 2

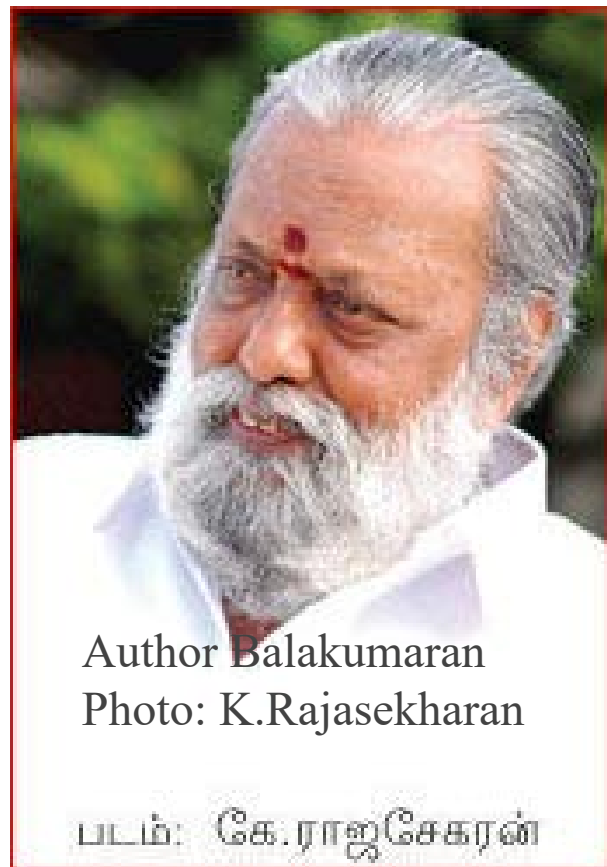
Ramanamaharishi Ātma Anubhavam (Soul Experience)

Author



When an endeavor is (deserves to be) forsaken, only Jñānis can reject it outright. Apprehension of the views of Bālaswāmy, the future Ramana Maharishi, on Hata Yoga, reveals his patience and depth of knowledge for a youth of his age. He did not use harsh language in his rejection of Hata Yoga. There was not even a scintilla of hubris (Scintilla: compared to the germ of a rice paddy). He was only 26 years of age, when he explained (the futility of Hata Yoga in the pursuit of Self-Inquiry). No wasted words fell out of his mouth. Ripe reflection (on the subject) expressed his views in precise sentences. The pundits say, ‘The Path of Enquiry is like feeding tender grass to a testosterone-charged bull to make it docile.’ Only the intense seekers of wisdom pursue the path of inquiry. The middling seekers engage in Dhyana by one-pointed concentration of the mind. The greenhorns begin with Pranayama practice and progress stepwise to the Path of Inquiry.

Practice what one is comfortable with. Krishna in Bhagavadgita says, “My devotee is dearer to me than a yogi.” Is there a worry about the chosen path, when the aspirant steadies his mind and attains maturity to engage in self-enquiry? Is asceticism the way? Not so. Sannyāsī has put his heart and soul in knowing himself. It is not just abandoning the worldly affairs or the relinquishing of bonds! If he is drawn to self-enquiry and though he remains solitary or a householder, both will appear as one to the aspirant. Though he participates in all matters, the endeavorer remains aloof. Bālaswāmy declares, “Know it well! Eat only Sattvic foods. With a strong effort, give up the self-conceit of ‘one-self’ and the ego of ‘I.’ Self-enquiry becomes then easily attainable. There is nothing impossible. Strong will and effort are important.”



Sastri, a visitor from Chidambaram gave the book on Vivekasūdāmaṇi to Bālaswāmy. It is a wonderful book. Those in pursuit of self-enquiry need not read any book other than this. Bālaswāmy gave it to Sēṣaiyar to read. Sēṣaiyar could not grasp the textual meanings. He had problems in understanding the text. He begged to Bālaswāmy to make it easily understood.

Pazhaṇisāmi brought a Tamil translation of the book. The author Ulakanātha Swāmigaḷ wrote it Viruttam style. Bālaswāmy began to write it in prose style. Sēṣaiyar received a substitute book; Bālaswāmy gave up writing the book in prose.

A devotee named Uththaṇḍi sold his properties, gave away his riches for philanthropy, and offered the last 100 rupees to Bālaswāmy, who refused to accept it. In the 1940s, it was a large sum.

When Sēṣaiyar’s son-in-law Krishnan, one day was cleaning the Virūpāṣi cave, he saw the incomplete Tamil translation of Vivekasūdāmaṇi. He thought he could bring it to print, if he had that 100 rupees. He requested Bālaswāmy to complete the translation. His idea was

apparent to Bālaswāmy. In a few days, the translated manuscript was completed. Uththaṇḍi money became purified and facilitated in the printing and publication of Vivekasūdāmaṇi in Tamil prose.

What does Vivekasūdāmaṇi say, written by Bālaswāmy, later known as Bhagavan Ramanamaharishi? All the peoples of the world desire for freedom from bodily harm, afflictions and sorrows, at all places and always. All have limitless love of themselves. The cause for this desire is to remain in comfort. During deep sleep, man is used to comfort. He wanders looking for the same comfort in other endeavors. He discovers there is no comfort anywhere not associated with deep sleep.

As the people are in grief, not finding a way to happiness and comfort as in deep sleep, God took the human form of Ādisankara and revealed the secrets of Vedanta in his treatise Vivekasūdāmaṇi.

In Bālaswāmy's prose form the preface starts like this.



‘Rare (rare) is birth as a human. These humans should enjoy their happiness, that is innate in them. It comes with wisdom. Wisdom comes from inquiry. What should be done for it?’

Bālaswāmy says, ‘You should seek a good Guru. He explains who the good Guru and pupil are? What is the nature of service to the Guru? No matter what, one's own effort is the path. ‘

I am Braḥmam, Aham, and Brahmāsmi: This realization meditated upon in Cittam will clarify the mind and help attain Samadhi.

Bālaswāmy continues to elaborate for the welfare of the world.

Human birth is rare. To be born knowledgeable is rarer. For that knower to attain the joy of liberation, it takes several long births. Don't run after Pundits' explanations. The sound of

Vīṇā gives pleasure for the duration. Later, it gives nothing else. Likewise, Upanyāsas (lectures) do not offer Mokṣa or liberation (freedom from rebirth).

Can anything happen without effort? Can you become a king just by calling yourself a king? Just mentioning the name of the medicine, can a cure take place? By saying ‘I am Braḥmam.’ one cannot attain liberation. Receiving explanation of ‘I,’ and meditating on it uninterruptedly, one should attain a steady state.

Passion is the product of the brain, bone, fat, muscle, body parts, blood, body..., which do not make the “I.” That will cause problems. For the one who considers the phenomenal world only is important, pulls a crocodile, as if it is a log, to the beach. When the body-identification fades and passion leaves, Mokṣa comes near.

A person spends his time in corporeal pleasures nurtured and augmented by the mind and imagination. Body plays a role in dreams. The mind is the cause of dreams. There is a limitation in body comfort. There is an end to a dream.

The mind calculates, ‘I had good experience yesterday; today I am bereft of it; what comes tomorrow?’ Mind does not rest after having the experience. It does not have the patience to wait for the experience to come on its own. If I don’t get it, nobody should have it. The mind is caught up in I-Me-Mine egoism. The mind loses the ability to experience.

The Ātmā the repository of all stands steady as an immobile witness. If it is not for the existence of Ātmā, there is neither a body nor a mind.

Body without mind, and Deep Sleep without memory take us close to Āṇmā. It is supreme joy. Think of proximity to Āṇmā eternally.

The I-ness of the body (identification with the body) and the mind bereft of the Āṇmā (soul): What is the mind’s declaration? The truth is Ātmā is the true owner of I-ness. But, the mind’s ego, forgetting Ātmā’s ownership, declares (falsely) it is the ‘I.’ The mind stays in the forefront knowing but forgetting and hiding negation of the ‘I’, as the Ātmā stays quiescent.

In dream, there is a generation (appearance) of a world; likewise, in the awake state, the mind generates a world of its own. The mind identifies itself with the impermanence of a body, a Jāti, a religion, a language...and exults in them.

Going beyond such trivialities, identifying the ‘I’ with the soul, stopping the mental games, and foregoing the desires, whoever remains quiescent, he can have self-realization; the mental agitation will evaporate.

Buddhi is the repository of sensory impressions, accumulations in hiding from the previous births. Their instigation can precipitate the deeds of merit and sin (in this birth). With the mind becoming quiescent, Buddhi will be under self-restraint.

Going beyond to apprehend the soul, you will come to a revelation that I-You-God entity is one. Where is the difference then? With no difference in sight, where is the wrangling? There is no argument about big and small. If all are Ātma Rūpam (Soul unity), is there a delineating border. Are there Jāti-religion-language barriers? Where is the need for a

language for communication between two individual souls? What barrier does religion pose? What meaning does Jāti carry? There are none.

Once knowledge of 'I am Ātmā' is realized, you become that.

Love of body is love of fame in the world. One cannot meditate on Ātmā, if you are burdened with the hubris of modern education. Removing these impediments, Ātma Darśan is attainable.

Look hard and deep, when sensory desires assault you and similar thoughts rise in the mind. Cut down the enemies (thoughts from the mind) as they emerge. You can realize the self-effulgence of the soul.

The egoism is a great obstruction or barrier. Ask questions about ego pertaining to the attitude of 'I', the ways, the conduct, the language, the Kulam... Once the soul departs following death, all are lost: the language, the genus, the color, the height, the wealth, the beauty...

Turn to the mind inside. Try to look at Ān̄mā, the responsible cause of everything. Then, indestructible beauty, undiminished clear intellect, world-wide friendship will come your way. There will be a radiant delight. Laughter will be your lot, though hungry, ill... Ego does not leave upon destruction. It comes back again and again. Be careful.

As the water bubbles break to become water and the mud pot breaks to become mud, the birth-free soul shines easily. Fear of death leaves. The fear of death, the terrorizer of this world, does not afflict the Jñāni. An attitude of expectant welcome departure prevails. That is great liberation.

How are eating and dressing for a Jñāni? He acts as if he does them in the dream without attachment. There is no submission to an order or command. He wanders with complete freedom. Unknowing to anybody, he moves with a beggar as another beggar.

Bālaswāmy rendered Sankara's Vivekasūdāmaṇi in a prose style, which was written with understanding and realization.

Then, what is the use for Hata Yogam?

Yama and Niyama are unnecessary. When the mind becomes quiescent, they come to the aspirant by themselves. Realization of Brahmacharya, the essence of Brahmam becomes apparent. Mantra Japas, devotion, Kīrtanas, breath control are not the attractants to the mind. On the contrary, breath and mind will become quiescent. The mind without passion enjoys the breath without effort.

Looking at the mental games, the mind quietens and dies. Then Ātma-Anubhavam (experience) takes place.

Why should one get involved with Yama, Niyama, Prāṇāyāma... without controlling and looking at the mind? Bālaswāmy says that the enemies can be assaulted directly. Maharishi says it is acceptable, if a person learns Hata Yoga and progresses to Dhyana. Maharishi says why touch the nose going around the head. Direct touching is convenient and important.

During festivals, the sugar candies in the shapes of bear, monkey, deer, rabbit... are sold. All these forms bought and eaten by people eventually become the irreducible sweet sugar. Likewise, the goal of man is Ātma-Anubhavam (soul experience).

All these methods including Hata Yogam have the goal to destroy the mind and get Darśan of Āṇmā. Touch directly. Inquiry is fail-proof device. Other modalities can change directions. There may be obstructions in the paths. What am I?, Who am I?, What is that?: if you consider these without interruption, at some point you attain the realization.

It is impossible to write a story form about Maharishi. We cannot give a series of events as his story in a cookie cutter fashion. He is of the form of Tattvas. He is the Light of Wisdom. It is Sat matter, to be realized beyond words.

Let us do Darśan...

Sakthi Vikatan 11 Jan, 2011 **Lord of Mercy, Kanchi Mahan**



Author:



**‘என்னோட
வயித்துவலியை
வைத்தீஸ்வரருக்கு
குடுத்துட்டியா..?!’**



Instantaneous disease transference from a devotee to Periyava. A miracle

Akhila Karthikeyan shared this story. ‘Kanchi Mahan never lets down his devotees. That he assumes the suffering and the illness of his devotee and saves them are the truth.

‘A person aged about 35, came with his parents from Tirunelveli. Since they were new to the Mutt, they stayed a little away from the crowd.’

His face showed the pain he suffered then. Mahāperiyava must have seen it. He called the family to come closer to him. Nearby, Bālu was doing Kaiṅkaryam to Periyava.

The devotee who came near Periyava, said, “I suffer intractable abdominal pain. It saps my life. I have seen many doctors and took many medications with no relief. Remedial atonement brought no relief. Our Gurunāthar Sirungeri Swāmigaḷ suggested to go to Kanchi Periyava, obtain Darśan, and narrate my health problems. He assured Periyava will give me the relief. Periyava said, “Is that so! as if he was ignorant of the facts.

Soon after he saw Periyava’s holy face, Nellai devotee developed a sense of trust in Periyava and said, “The intractable abdominal pain must leave me. Periyava, you are my refuge. If I do not get your favor, it is apparent this will be my fate. Instead of dying slowly of this abdominal pain, let me drop dead before you. Periyava should cure and save me.”



Periyava sat in the guise of meditation for a while. As the crowd kept a watch on him, the Nellai devotee felt a gradual alleviation of pain. He said, with tears and a sense of surprise and gratitude, “Now the pain has gone completely, Periyava.” He fell at his feet in eight-limb prostration and paid homage to Periyava. His parents also offered their homage and salutation. After proper salutations, they took leave of Periyava and left for Nellai.

It appeared Periyava was suffering from an abdominal pain. From that day onwards,

Periyava appeared fatigued. Bālu observed him lying curled up and rolling on the bed side to side as if he was in pain. Bālu did not know what to do.

Bālu was used to make daily preparations for begging by Periyava. Seeing Periyava suffering with pain, he thought whether he made any mistakes in Bhikṣa, ritual begging. He thought he should offer worship and receive Darśan of the family deity, Sri Vaithīṣvarar.

Next day it was Ekadasi the 11th day on Lunar calendar occurring twice in a lunar month, once the 11th day of waxing moon and once on the 11th day of waning moon. It is a day of fasting for the atonement of sins. There was no begging that day for him and Periyava.

Bālu said to Periyava, “I feel like going to Vaithīṣvarar temple for Darśan, for which I need your permission.”

Periyava laughing in a mischievous and jovial sense retorted to Bālu, “You used to tell, ‘Periyava is no other than my family deity Vaithīṣvarar. Why are you saying you want to go?’”

He was in a rush to get his permission by any means and said in almost a beseeching tone, “Nothing like that, Periyava... My last visit was when I had head-shearing ceremony. Since then I never had Darśan of my Kula Daivam. That is...” Periyava gave him permission and Bālu left for the temple.

The worshippers of Vaithīṣvarar for the cure of physical maladies made and presented protective cuirass (templates made of silver covering body parts of the deity = Kavaḍa = कवच) for body parts of the deity, that correspond to the diseased organ in the worshipper. Supplicating to the God for the cure of abdominal pain of Periyava, Bālu went shopping particularly for the cuirass for the abdomen with no luck.

Fatigued in body and mind and walking on the bazar street, Bālu was stopped by an elderly woman. She said, “What Swamy, are you not searching for the abdominal plate for Vaithīṣvarar? It is not available in the shops. You should go the Temple office and ask to buy a used abdominal plate. They give it to any important customer seeking for it. They may give it to you. “ Saying thus she moved.



An old woman tells Balu where to get the abdominal plates.

Bālu was in a state of confusion and thought to himself, ‘Who is this old woman? How does she know that I was looking for a silver abdominal plate? Besides, she gave the directions.’ Wondering with such thoughts he made a beeline to temple office.

‘Periyava has abdominal pain?’ How could he say that? He pretended to be an everyday devotee and spoke to the official. It turned out that the temple official and Bālu were students in Mannārgudi school early as youngsters. Because of their brotherhood in the school, the official gave Bālu the silver abdomen kept safely in the treasury for a price of 750 Rupees with a receipt.

What else... Bālu went to the sanctum for the Darśan, supplicated to the deity, presented the silver abdominal plate and returned to Kanchi.

Reaching the Mutt, Bālu was immersed in wonder and ecstasy. Periyava’s abdominal pain was gone for good. His face had the blossom of his original grace.

Bālu said, “Periyava’s favor has allowed me to have Darśan of my Kula Daivam.” Periyava smiling said, “You took my abdominal pain and deposited it with Vaithīṣvarar. Is it not so?”

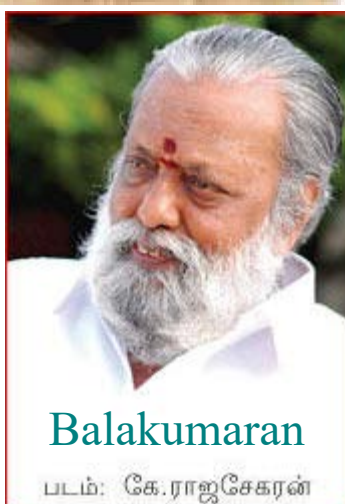
Bālu was horripilated. Maha Periyava assumed the abdominal pain of Nellai devotee in a sleight of transference. How could it be that Mahāperiyava won’t know of Bālu’s supplication to Vaithīṣvarar for relief?

Darśan to be continued

[Ramanamaharishi20110125](#)

Sakthi Vikatan 2011 January 25. Sri Ramanamaharishi Soul Realization.

Author: Balakumaran



Friends and devotees drawn by him and desiring to learn from him, stayed around his place where Bālaswāmy, later known as Sri Ramana Maharishi lived.

Sri Ramanasramam publication titled ‘Satguru Sri Ramana Maharishi: His history and Tenets has entries on his devotees. This book has eight sections of which one section has 750 pages. The book deserves to be a coffee table book, the sweetest and lofty publication with stories of devotees, of whom some get mention here.

Perumālsāmi and Kanthasāmi, the two devotees, every morning sound a long note on their conches, once from the mountain, once at the foot of the hill and once on the street before they go on their daily begging rounds. Hearing the conch, the householders get ready to offer Pikkunī (= பிக்குணி = pikkunī, *n.* < Pkt. *bhikkunī* < *bhikṣunī* = *ritual begging by a Seer.*).

The City of Tiruvannamalai has a public feeding Choultry (a pillared hall = Soup Kitchen, Resting Place for pilgrims), commonly called in the west ‘Soup Kitchen.’ It is ‘Ōyā Madam’ (= ஓயா மடம்) meaning 24/7 availability of food to the Sannyasins and the indigents. Perumālsāmi and Kanthasāmi go to that choultry and beg for food. They carry the food to Bālaswāmy, who shares the food with them.

Once two more Mutt people joined the begging duos. The manager of the choultry questioned why two more people are there in the choultry. All the four ashamed and shocked, withdrew.

Thinking not to depend on this manager for free food, they sounded the conch and go on the streets seeking the feeding hands of the women of the houses.

Every house gave different foods: sweet, spicy, sour... The begging team took the food to Periyava, who mashed up the foods together and distributed the balls to his caretakers. That food had a peculiar taste. The food was enough for the assembled people.

Instead of going empty-handed and asking for free food, they chanted ‘Akṣara Maṇamālai’ composed by Bālaswāmy. The choultry gave good food: rice, Kuzhambhu, vegetables and other varieties. Since they abandoned the choultry for their food supply, they went to 25 houses and received many kinds of foods piled up one on top of another in the begging vessel. The foods were all mashed up together and shared. This resulted in giving up of eating food by items and taste.

The Sakthi that created you created the world too. The Great Sakthi that saves you saves the world. Since God has created the world the succor is his responsibility. It is not your work. -Sri Ramana Maharishi

Bālaswāmy had the power of reading the mind of others because of his severe austerities, inner silence... Kuzumaṇi Nārāyaṇa Sāstry the disciple of Śeshādri Swāmigaḷ lived in Tiruvannamalai and published the biography of his Guru. One day he took a bunch of bananas to Bālaswāmy. On his way, he went to Aṇṇāmalaiyār Temple, took a single banana, and offered it to Sambandha Vinayakar with mental worship. The rest of the bananas were offered to Aṇṇāmalaiyār in mental worship. Later, he went up the hill to see Bālaswāmy. He gave the bananas to a volunteer-devotee for storage inside, Bālaswāmy suddenly stopped the devotee and said, ‘Hold it. The bananas offered to Vinayaka, we can take.’ Kuzumaṇi Nārāyaṇa Sāstry was jolted. He came to know that Bālaswāmy had the preternatural power of ‘Citta Samhit’ – ability to know the mind of others.

In his mind he prayed, ‘With you having this kind of power, why don’t you order that for which I came here.’ He had thoughts in his mind to present to Bālaswāmy his prose rendition of Valmiki Ramayanam.

Suddenly, Bālaswāmy said, ‘It is time to read Ramayanam.’ Kuzumani’s shock increased further. That shock gave him the humility and devotion. He formally made a presentation of prose rendition to Bālaswāmy.

A grandmother from Gudiyattam near Vanthavāsi surrendered to Bālaswāmy. No information except her place of origin, was available. Everyone called her Kīraip-pātti (Greens-Grandma. Greens = leafy vegetables). Why she was called such is not known?

The elderly woman having received cereals, pulses and rice from donors, cooked them, offered the food to Bālaswāmy and then ate it herself. In the foothills of the mountain, she lived in a room in the cave Mandapam, Guhai Namasivaya. She stored the provisions in the Mandapam. She allowed no one inside the storage space. She boiled water in a pot for bathing, used the same pot for boiling rice, prepared Kuzhambhu in the same pot, offered them ceremonially to the deities engraved on the pillars of the Mandapam, took them up the mountain and served Bālaswāmy.

A thief came along to steal from the poor matriarch. The door opened. He examined the provisions laid on the floor. The matriarch woke up and yelled, “Thief, thief.” The shout fell on the ears of the mountain-dwelling Bālaswāmy, who said, “Here I am, coming down.” He came in the night knocking and tottering down the hill.

The assembled asked her what the matter was. The old woman’s sound of alarm was not heard in the nearby Namasivaya cave or other cave-Mandapams. But the voice reached the cave up the mountain. Others mocked her saying, she had a dream and blabbered. Bālaswāmy came at the opening in the door and saw the provisions were scattered around on the floor, confirming that a thief was there before.

The Greens-grandma reached the feet of God in 1972, having been devoted to a life mission to feed the Tapasvins, Sadhus... Her body was buried at the bottom of Tamarind tree opposite to the Dhakshinamurthy Temple near Ramanasramam. Tradition says that the cow maintained by the old woman was reborn as Lakshmi.

When the talk touches on the old woman, Ramana Maharishi will go silent.

Ramanamaharishi commented that the Greens-grandma came from Gudiyattam when someone said that the cow was brought in by Arunachalam Pillai from Gudiyattam.

Once Bālaswāmy and Pazhaṇisāmi sat inside the temple after making a trip around the mountain. Īsānya Mutt chief with his disciples entered the temple. After the Darśan, the Mutt chief and the disciples came out, surrounded Bālaswāmy and insisted to go with them.

Bālaswāmy signaled to them with his hands he won’t do it. The disciples of the Mutt lifted Bālaswāmy in one scoop, deposited him in the cart and took him to the Mutt. Bālaswāmy determined from before not to ride the bullock cart anymore, was forced to ride it. They sat him down in the Īsānya Mutt and served him varieties of food on a banana leaf. The Madāthipathi insisted that he stayed in their Mutt. He ate a few of the served items and

escaped from their love-hold.

When Bālaswāmy was on his way around the mountain, Isānya Mutt inmates paid homage to Bālaswāmy, invited him inside. Sometimes, he used to go on his own initiative. They served food on the banana leaf. He ate some. The leftovers were mixed and eaten by the disciples as Bālaswāmy's Prasada.

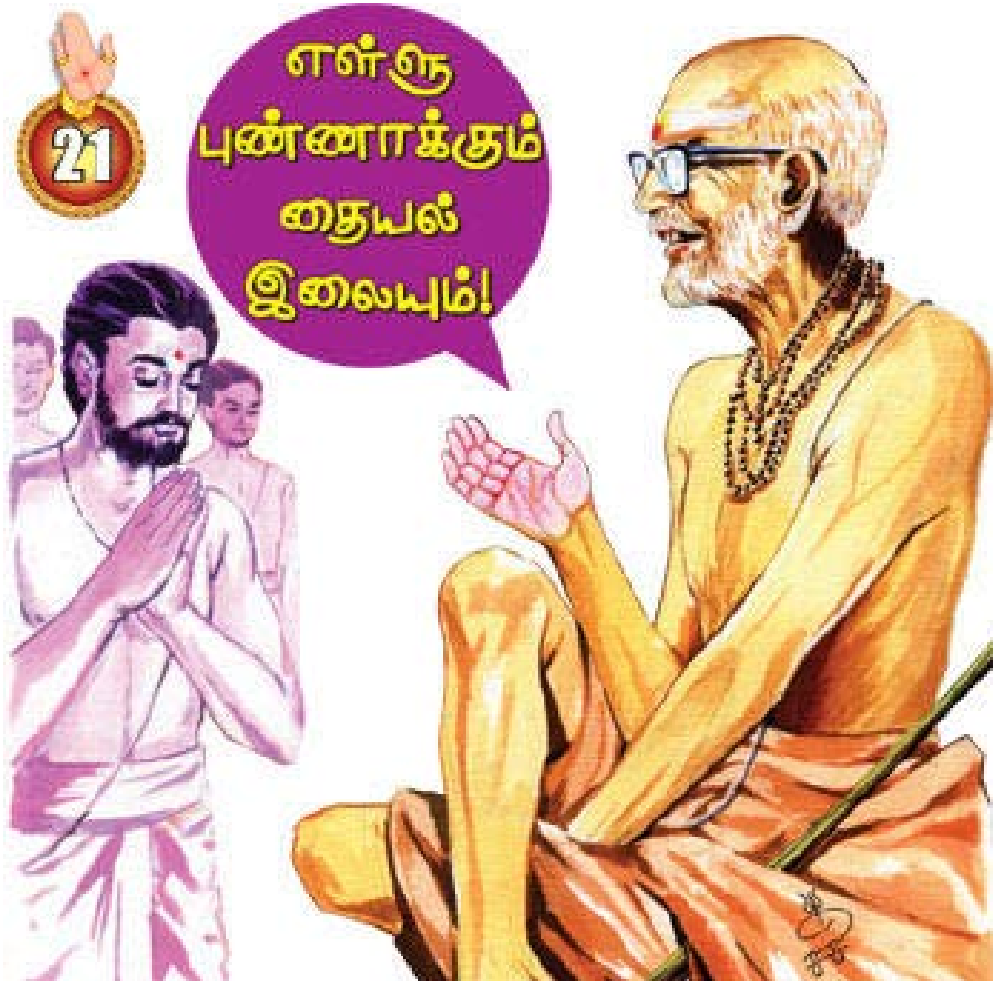
Seeing the eating of his leftover food by them, Bālaswāmy stopped eating on the leaf. Bālaswāmy begged for food at the entrance to the Mutt. The disciples served him food used as Naivēdya (offerings) to Sivaperuman. It had no added salt. Not caring, Bālaswāmy ate the food that fell on his cupped palms, wiped his hands and went on his way.

Let us get Darśan...

Sakti Vikatan 2011 January 25. Part 2. Kanchi Mahan, God of Mercy



Autor:



The ancestors whose lives are based on Dharmasāstras say that the Sastras do not allow travel overseas. A devotee of Kanchi Periyava held Sāstraic injunctions as his life guidelines. He received an acceptance letter for a job abroad. He took the job offer for family welfare and his future. Though the work environment and nature of his job were

satisfactory, the notion, “I transgressed the Sāstraic injunctions,” caused distress in him. He meditated on Mahāperiyava daily as remedy for his mental confusion and contradictions.

Akilā Karthikeyan described the incident regarding Kanchi Mahan’s grace with melting heart.

“During his holidays, he made arrangements for India visit with a great anticipation. He was excited to have Darśan of Periyava more than visiting with his family.

On arriving at Chennai airport, he took a taxi to Kanchipuram.

In the Kanchi Mutt, Mahāperiyava was talking with the workers on preparing meals that day. People assembled for Darśan wondered about the personal interest Periyava took in the details of the food items and preparations for that day. He has not taken similar interest so far: That surprised them.

The devotee arrived in the Mutt under such prevailing circumstances. At the sight of Periyava, he fell flat in an eight-limb prostration before Periyava. Blessing Kārttikēyan, Periyava ordered the workers, “Get food ready for the visitor.”

The workers were not sure why Periyava was so insistent and bent on serving meals to the visitor who just arrived. But the devotee came from abroad and ran for Darśan. Does he not know his condition? He does. (Later we find out, the plane traveler did not eat during his travel as a matter of observing injunctions.)

Having eaten food to the point of satiety, the devotee appeared before Periyava. He looked at him intently with ebullient parental affection and tender mercy and asked, “Did your Viratam (vow) come to fruition?”

The devotee stood there astonished. He was groping for words. He kept on saying with tears streaming down his face, ‘Periyava, Periyava...’.

With a soft smile, Periyava said, “I will tell it myself.” “You are coming from abroad. You did not take any meals during your travel until you saw me, according to the vow you took.: Looking at Karthikeyan with sweetness, Periyava continued, “Did I say everything correctly.”

That is it... The standees for Darśan were taken back. Should we ask the devotee? Karthikeyan stood there with a melting heart.

Another incident happened in-between. When Karthikeyan from abroad was dining, Periyava asked the Darśan-devotees, “The visitor from abroad: what should I ask him to give me? Let me hear it.”

The devotees were amazed to hear it. Periyava asked no one, ‘Give me this, give me that.’ The devotees not knowing how to react, stood there frozen, speechless and astounded.

That time, Karthikeyan finished his meals and came for Periyava’s Darśan. Periyava smiling at the assembled servitors said, “No one suggested what I need to get from the devotee from abroad.” He continued.

“**Alright, alright... Take him out to buy me Sesame Seed Oil-cake and stitched leaf plate for**

my benefit,” said Periyava.



That great devotee, in an ecstatic exuberance said with melting heart, “Divinely Kanchi Mahan asked for and received from me.” But the regular workers at the Mutt were unhappy but hesitated to challenge Periyava.

Could Periyava not cognizant of the feelings of the Mutt volunteer workers? Looking at them in the eye, Periyava smiled and observed, “This Baktha has been devoted and affectionate to me. Because of his love for me, he desired to give me something as a token of his love. Dharma stops me from accepting a gift from a person who returned from an overseas trip. Is not a devotee important for me? Could I hurt his heart and mind?” He stopped for a moment and continued talking.

“Now the sesame oil-cake will be fed to the Mutt cow. Give me milk from that cow for my use. I will accept it happily. Since the Mutt cow ate the oil-cake, the milk from the cow is free of flaw or demerit. Any demerit that passes through a cow is expunged. Therefore, Karthikeyan’s wishes were fulfilled and it appears I accepted the gift.” That was Periyava’s explanation.

With no assault on Dharma and the mercy shown by Periyava for his love and devotion, the devotee was ecstatic. Who else could have such perspicacious judgment other than Periyava?

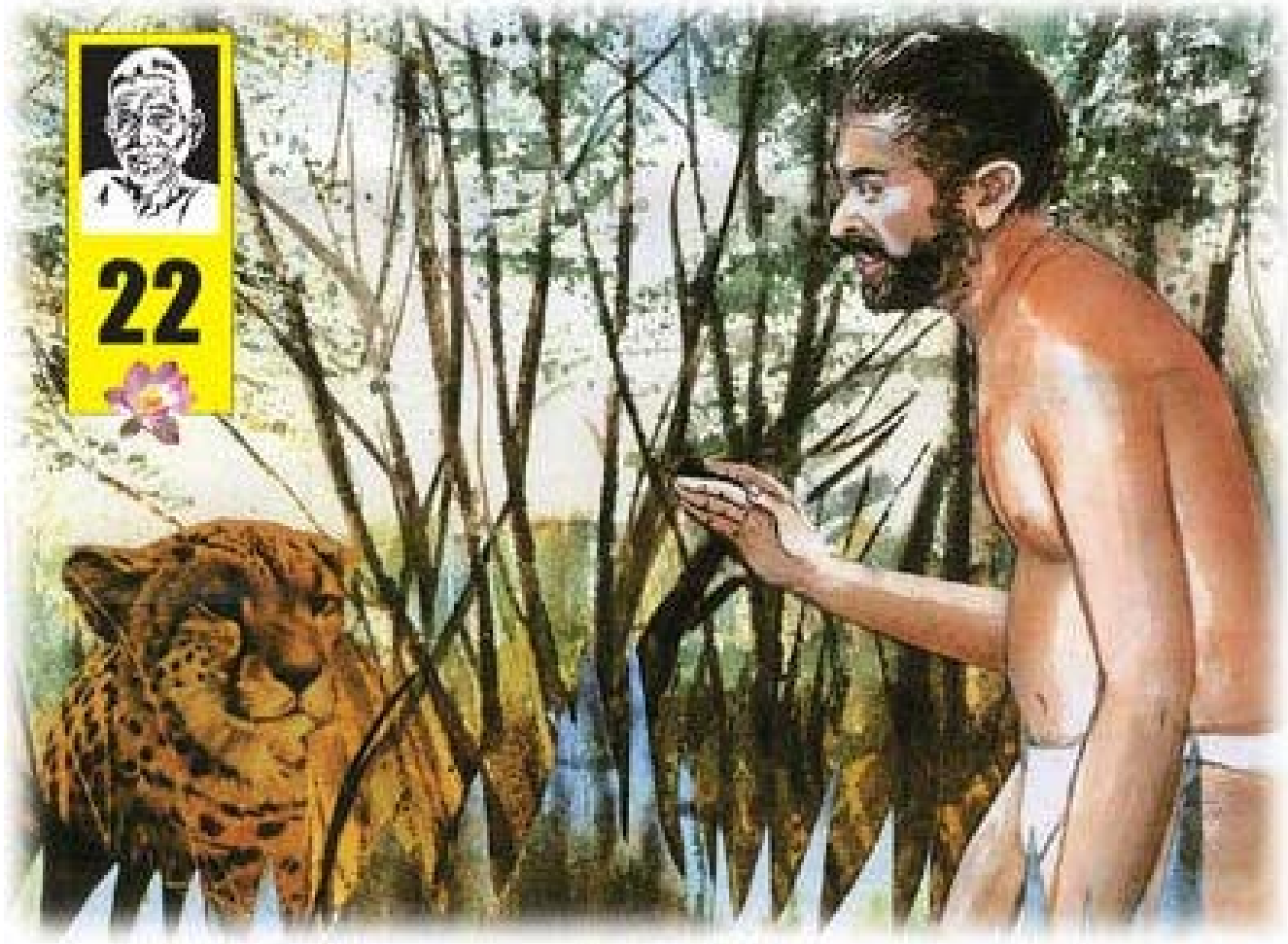
Darśan will continue

Ramanamaharishi20110208

Sakti Vikatan 2011-02-08 Part 1 & 2

Sri Ramanamaharishi: Crystal Mind

Author: Balakumaran



Bālaswāmy's disciples were percipient of their life goals. Once challenged by the boorish manager of the choultry, they went to the individual houses and begged for food. They did not demand or fight for food at the choultry. They raised no ruckus saying, 'Serve us now or go to hell.' They moved away with no conflict. (Instead of the usual two devotees, four devotees showed up at the choultry for food. That irritated the manager of the choultry.)

We have a lesson here. It is sagacious silence to avoid showy service and go for loving service.



The germ of paddy is so humble (and look at its yield). Guru's proximity, the disciple's hubris and ego of 'I', 'Me' and 'Mine' are recipe for destruction.

A great Pandit brought a bunch of Bananas. He could have given it to Mahan directly. Thinking God is loftier and greater, he offered one banana to God and the others to Bālaswāmy.

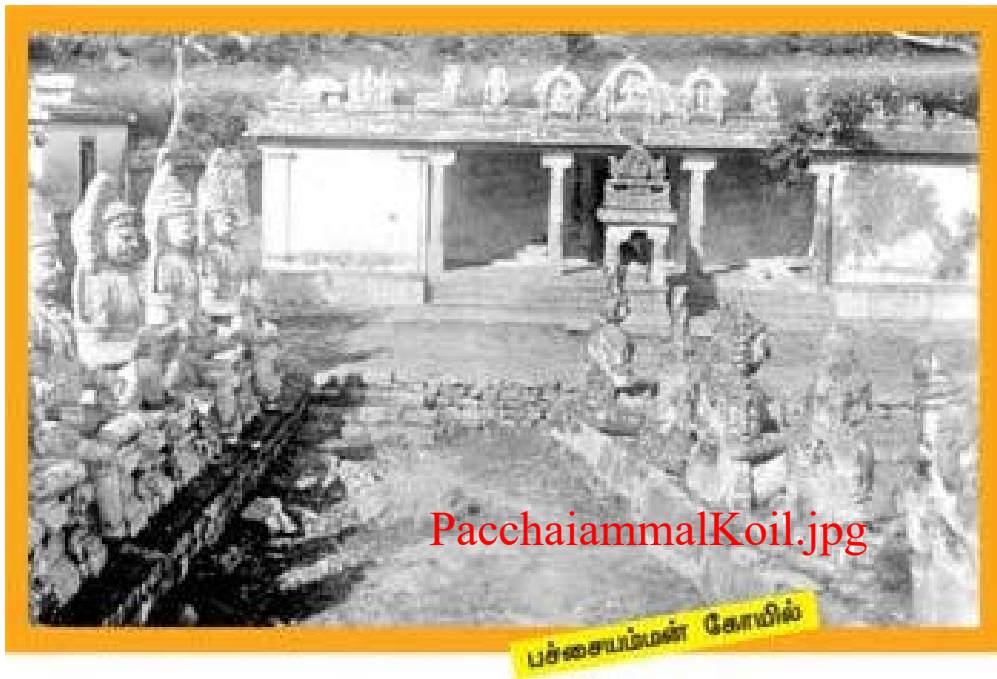
He offered the Prasada of bananas to Mahān. Mahān looking at him said, "I will take the bananas offered to Vinayaka." Pundit was shocked beyond belief and addressed him mentally, 'I have in me a matter, which I want you to find out and tell me.' That also was told by Periyava and the matter came to fruition.

Bālaswāmy never said that he knew things by his internal cognition. There were no words or signs. This is Jñāni's greatness. His mind is a crystal mind.

The life of Bālaswāmy later known as Sri Ramana Maharishi was a series of wonders. That quality that does not disturb (move) the tip of a paddy made an impress on us and kindles a desire in us, 'why can't I have that Buddhi.'

Isānya Mutt inmates ate mush-balls of his leftover food regarding them as Prasada from Bālaswāmy. Seeing that, Bālaswāmy gave up eating on banana leaf, take on and eat food from the palm of the hand.

Food items served on banana leaf have six flavors. The Siva Nivēdhanam food received on the palms of the hand has no added salt. We sigh inside observing the simplicity made simpler and the feeling of satisfaction in Bālaswāmy with what he got by begging, to appease hunger with no added salt. That attitude of Bālaswāmy induces in us a great respect for him. All knowing and powerful Jñāni is simple in his habits. How? Pomp and circumstance are essential for the simpletons. That simplicity with no publicity gives us joy.



There are several lessons in the life story of Sri Ramana Maharishi.

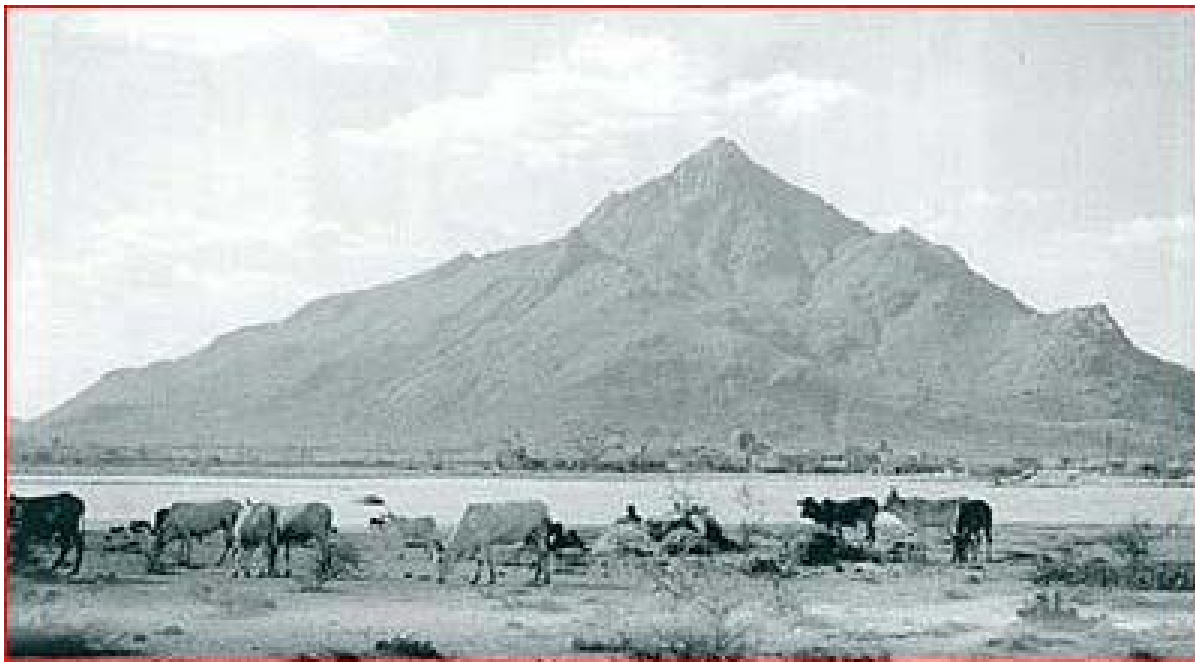
In the year 1906, plague was rampant in Tiruvannamalai. The health officials of the city requested Bālaswāmy to stay outside the city limits. Bālaswāmy stayed in Pacchiamman Temple in the north-east of the city with his disciples.

Sāmy used to say he witnessed Pacchiamman coming into the temple. Pārvatidevi came to Tiruvannamalai to perform Tapas (austerities) and went first to Gautama Muni's Āśram. Later she chose a place near the Āśram and performed Tapas. Pacchiamman Temple is the place Pārvatī performed Tapas before it became a temple site. Since Parvati's complexion was like Marakatham (மரகதம், emerald), she was called Pacchiamman (Emerald-colored Goddess).

Bālaswāmy and his disciples took bath in the nearby lakes and used the water for drinking, cooking...

Rangasami Iyengar from Chennai used to visit Bālaswāmy often. When he came, it was high noon and so waded into the lake for a bath.

Bālaswāmy emerged from the Pacchiamman Temple rather suddenly. The disciples thought he was going out to attend to the calls of nature. But, that was not the case.



A panther living in the nearby forest was going towards the banks of the lake to quench its thirst at high noon.

Bālaswāmy saw the panther and addressed it in a soft voice, ‘Come back in a little while. If Rangasamy sees you, he will be afraid. Go away for the time being.’ The panther moved away.

Bālaswāmy looking at Rangasamy coming to the shore alerted him not to take a bath in the lake at high noon, the wild animals’ time for a drink at the lake.

He did not tell him anything about the panther. It appears that wild animals are also submissive (cooperative and responsive) to Bālaswāmy.

Bālaswāmy is the paragon of simplicity. Bālaswāmy used a cloth given by a disciple as bath towel. In due course of time, the cloth became ragged and looked tattered. He never opened the towel in the presence of anyone. He rolled it into a ball and used it for drying himself. He hid and dried it in the crevice between the rocks.

A disciple of Bālaswāmy seeing the cloth in the crevice was in grief. He said, “we have so many boxes of clothes for our use. We remained unconcerned about your ragged cloth.” He was ashamed and cried.



Seeing the disciple in grief over the ragged cloth, he agreed to take a cloth and a Kovanam. Simplicity was his nature. No simplicity was taught here. On the contrary, it was the lifestyle.

Other sages wanted Bālaswāmy to be part of their group. They had the desire to claim him as a member of their Mutt and their ilk, as they noticed his simplicity in his speech, deed and behavior.

A Pandit from Sringeri came to visit with him and later spoke with him on many matters.

The Pandit notified Bālaswāmy, he was going to the foothills for lunch and to give him proper answer upon his return.

When Sringeri Matt compatriot left him, an old man with a bag came up the mountain. His visage appeared familiar. That bag had books. The old man promised to come back after a bath, leaving the bag there.

After he left, Bālaswāmy opened the bag and found a book in Sanskrit on the top of the pile, with a title 'Aruṇāchala Mahātmyam.'

Arunachala Puranam is a Tamil Composition. Sanskrit Aruṇāchala Mahatmyam was new to him and surprised him and he opened the book.

The first Slokam proudly declared, 'Īśvara is Arunachalam and the Temple. '

An entry in the book caught the attention of Bālaswāmy. 'Within a 20-mile distance from Arunachala temple, the promise I make as Īśvara is I will expunge all their bonds without Dīkṣa and offer a loftier place (heaven). Dīkṣa = Initiation of a disciple into the mysteries of the Śaiva religion

Before the old man came back, Bālaswāmy wrote down the Slokam and put the book back in its place. Bālaswāmy did not know whether the old Brahmana came back or not.

But the Pandit came back after his trip down the mountain. Bālaswāmy showed the Slokam to the pandit. The learned pundit reading it asked for forgiveness and left. Later, the pandit

narrated the episode to his Guru Sri Narsimha Bharati, who scolded the Pandit severely.

When one disciple asked, ‘Was the newcomer in the guise of an old man, Sivaperuman?’ Bālaswāmy shook his head in assent, ‘Yes.’


For Bālaswāmy who gave up egoism of ‘I-Me-Mine,’ where is the need for loin-cloth, Dīkṣa or initiation...? Truth need not sport any guise.

Let us get Darśan

Images: K. Rajasekharan

• [சக்தி விகடன் - 08 Feb, 2011 Part 2](#)

Kānchimahān, the deity of mercy

Author:  சாருகேசி



Pradoṣam Māmā was the recipient of extraordinary love from Mahaperiyava, according to Mutt disciples. He was a dynamic driving force in establishing Kānchi Mahān’s Maṇi Mandapam, stated Karthikeyan.

‘Early in the morning during 4o’clock Darśan one day, Periyava asked Pradoṣam Māmā, ‘Do you know Māṇikkavāsakar and Temple panegyric lines?’ Soon after, Periyava asked him to repeat, ‘thanthatu unthannaik koṇdathu enthaṇai Saṅkarā Ārkōlō sathurar (தந்தது

உன்தன்னைக் கொண்டது என்தன்னை சங்கரா ஆர்கொலோசதுரர்’).’

Pradoṣam Māmā accurately repeated the phrase, and between them they repeated the phrase back and forth. Everyone was pleased with their performance and their luck to hear this back and forth. Pradoṣam Māmā’s eyes were shedding tears of joy.

After this incident, there were surprises one after another.

Gatam Vidvān Vināyākṛām, his brother Subāsh Chandran, and violin duo Ganesh and Kumaresh were conversing with Pradoṣam Māmā, who uttered phrases as if ordered or instructed by Periyava. In the next moment, they had Darśan of Periyava, who uttered the same phrases uttered by Pradoṣam Māmā, which obviously surprised the assembly.

Once, Subash Chandran took Ganesh and Kumaresh to the home of Pradoṣam Māmā. That home was a holy place. The twosome sat before the picture of Periyava and played the violin in a respectful manner. They paid homage to Māmā and supplicated, ‘if we get gold coin from your hands, we will consider it as treasure.’ Māmā offered his blessings and told, “Children, don’t worry; next month on the 23rd, come back; I will give it.”

So, on that date, they went to the Mutt to meet Periyava first instead of going to the home of Māmā. When they wanted to take leave of Periyava after the Darśan, Periyava asked them to wait and said something to the workers in the Mutt.

It is customary for the devotees to receive Periyava’s blessings, fruits, shawl...as Prasada. Kanchi Mahan gave the duo (Ganesh and Kumaresh) a bamboo basket as his Prasada. The duo found a gold coin besides pan, areca nuts, and fruits. Yes, that was the day Pradoṣam Māmā promised to give them a gold coin. Both were shaken to their core.

This incident was like the portrayal of the spirit of merger of the devotees and Periyava, ‘You dedicated yourself (to Me); you have Me in you.’

There was another incident like the above.

Pūsala Nāyaṇār without a penny in his hand wanted to build a temple. Pradoṣam Māmā had the desire to build a temple for Periyava. He searched for a suitable site and told his friends about his plans. The two devotees saw a land by the Pālār river bank as the ideal location for the temple.

That evening, the visitors to the home of Pradoṣam Māmā reported, ‘There is an ideal place near Pālār River, where the children we saw were playing. “That moment, the electric bulb dimmed a little and a moment later became brighter. Pradoṣam Māmā was exhilarated saying it was an auspicious sign and immediately left to see Periyava. His supplication was, ‘Periyava should assent to the acquisition of the land for the temple.’

When he reached the Mutt, he saw a screen behind Periyava indicating he was resting. Pradoṣam Māmā was unhappy. That unhappiness grew into severe anxiety. He heard Periyava talking. Mahāperiyava called a worker by name Vedapuri.



Periyava observed (his dream vision), 'I was going on the way to Vanthavāsi four km from Kanchi. There was a small sand hill. The local children were playing there. It became dark. Soon, suddenly it became bright. That is where I want to stay. There was a grandmother.' It was the description of the dream sequence Periyava had the night before. Pradoṣam Māmā was shaking in his legs, hearing Periyava's assent to stay there. Māmā was happy of Periyava's subtle assent, mercy and grace.

On the 28th January 2012, Kumbabishekam will take place. Māmā's devotion and Periyava's favor saw building Maṇimaṇḍapam rise on the six-acre land Māmā bought in 1992. Come and see the temple and receive blessings and grace from Periyava.

Darśan will continue.

Ramanamaharishi20110222

சக்தி விகடன் - 22 Feb, 2011 part 1 & 2

Ramanamaharishi. The Secret of the Mountain
Author in Tamil: Balakumar



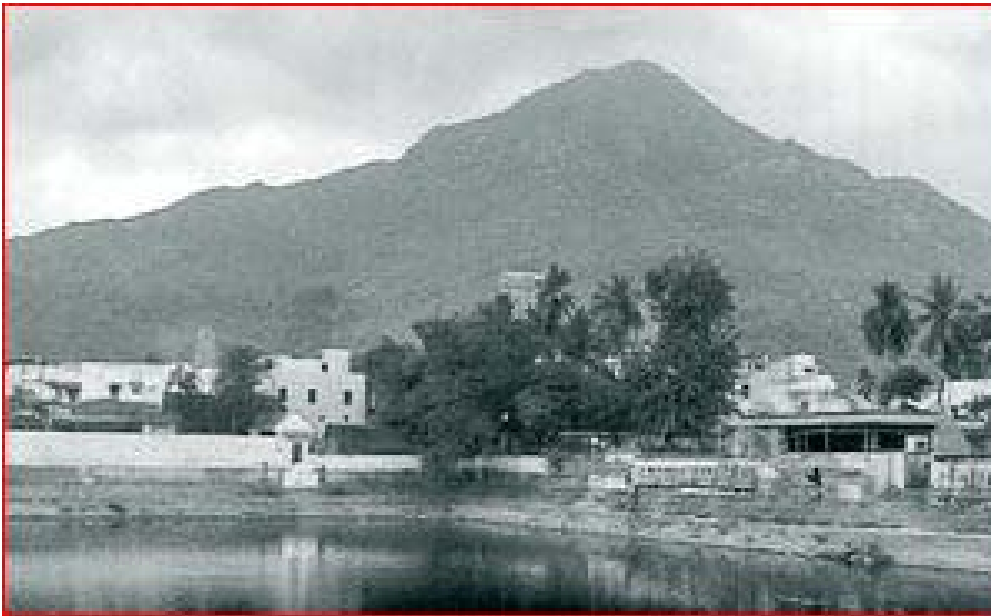
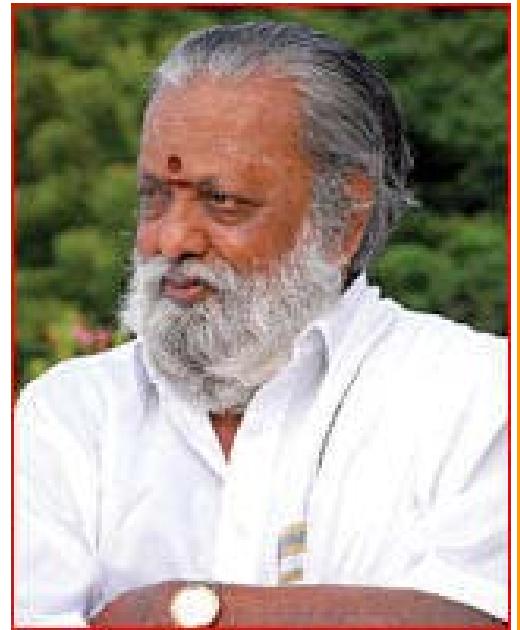
Ramanar had a vision of DakshinaMurthy...

Tiruvannamalai is not a hillock. It is in a forested area with many stepwise hills, some small and some large. Two or three maintains join; in-between there are due south mountainsides with dense forests, waterfalls, brooks..., where there is no human habitation or visits. When Bālaswāmy lived in those mountains, he realized many visions by the grace of God. He explained one such vision to his disciples.

Bālaswāmy narrated, “This happened when I lived in the Virūpākṣi cave. When I closed my eyes, I experienced a vision of walking north by myself on the mountaintop. I saw a garden abounding with flowers. In the middle of the garden, there were a huge temple, a circumferential wall, and rock-carved Nandi. A wonderful beam of light pleasing to my eyes from somewhere came. The temple Puja bell was ringing. When the bell rang, the vision disappeared. At another time, a different vision appeared to me, when I was walking on the mountain. I saw a big cave. I entered it and saw waterfalls, eyesome gardens with ponds in the middle, well laid out and maintained garden paths, and bright lights. What I saw were very pleasing. As I walked on the path, I saw a Siddhapuruṣa in the guise of Dakṣṇāmūrthy sitting

under a tree near the lakeshore. Many Munis were sitting before him. He answered their questions. That place appeared very familiar to me. That was the end of my vision and I opened my eyes.

Bālaswāmy regarded Aṅṅāmalai as his property; it is customary for him to walk freely on the mountainside, as and when he pleased. There is no place which has not heard his footfall. Not considering day or night, he left his place wandering on the mountains. He found a cave on one of his jaunts. When he approached the cave, the cave grew larger. As he entered the cave, it grew even larger. Groves (and trees) were on both sides. The path took him to a lake with a temple in the middle. Bālaswāmy narrated many visionary episodes to his disciples. Devarāja Mudaliar addressed him, “Is it not a dream?” Bālaswāmy replied, “Dream or Vision, take your pick.”



Tiruvannamalai is replete with secrets. That mountain was home for a multitude of Siddhapuruṣars. Its secrets remain secrets to this day. Only a few endeavour to pry open its secrets. The few visionaries kept silent without revealing their visions.

But, Bālaswāmy frequently revealed his many secrets to his disciples. He was friendly to ordinary people and lived a life of love and support.

Ecchammāl lived in Mandakulatthūr near Pōlḷūr. Ecchumi is a corrupt linguistic form of Lakṣmī and latter it became Ecchammāl, an honorific rendition of Lakṣmī. Her personal life was cursed. She before reaching the age of 20, lost her husband, her son and her daughter. It was a huge blow for an ordinary woman with nil support. Having lost everything (that was dear to her), she stood there as a lone tree. It was a state of grief even for the educated. The uneducated Ecchammāl felt a sense of ruination.

The school was across the street from her home. Memories of her children attending the school came to her mind often. The agony of loss of a heaven of family life troubled her mind and soul. However much she beat herself and cried, the wound never healed and the grief boiled over.



She went to north India to serve the Sadhus with a hope and a prayer, her mind will become tranquil. She thought her sins of the past life would be expunged and the future life on earth would be pleasant and trouble-free. Her service to them brought no relief. The Sadhus were grief-stricken hearing her tragic stories. They felt helpless to offer her any relief.

Once, her relatives brought up the subject of Tiruvannamalai Bālaswāmy and enjoyed seeing him bring solace to them. Lakshmi Ammāl known as Ecchammāl desired to receive Darśan of Bālaswāmy. Losing no time, she went to Tiruvannamalai, stayed with a friend and made a trip for the Darśan of Bālaswāmy at the Virūpākṣi cave. But, she did not narrate to him her story of loss and grief. Bālaswāmy did not ask for her story. She stood before him for one hour. Later, as she was going down the hill, her grief dissipated and disappeared. She told her friend joyously about her visit to Bālaswāmy and the Darśan. She was exhilarated her grief was behind her. Again, she went to Bālaswāmy for Darśan. She, now free of mental anguish, shared her life story of death and deprivation with others.

Ecchammāl, upon enquiry by relatives on how peace prevailed in her, replied, “I worship Bālaswāmy. I am devoted to him. Because of him, my grief was behind me.”

From that day onwards, for thirty-eight years, she cooked for Bālaswāmy and the group of devotees around Bālaswāmy. She ate the leftovers. When her father died (fourth death in the family) died, her brothers sent her share of the property in cash. Lakshmi Ammāl spent that money in the service of the devotees.

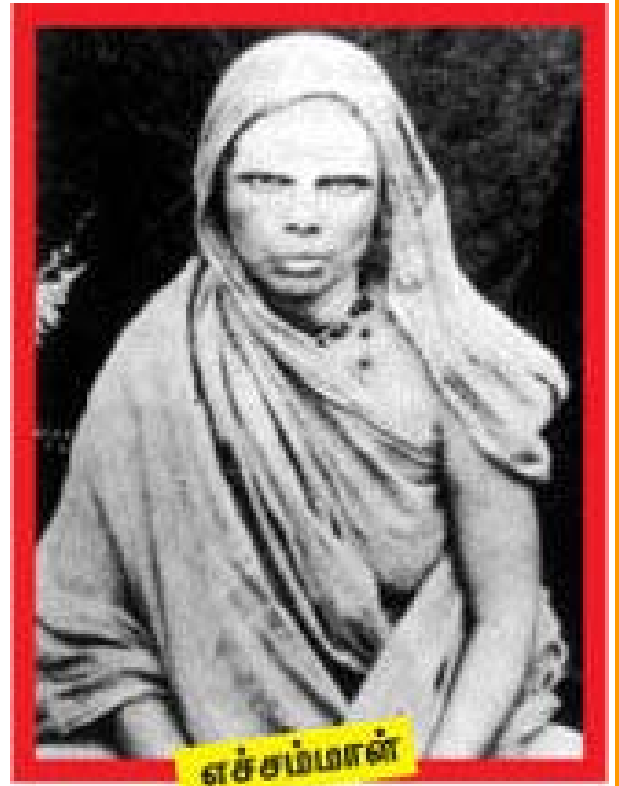
Good or bad, she confided everything Bālaswāmy. He was very understanding and compassionate to her. Since she did not have her own biological children, she adopted and nurtured her brother’s daughter Sellammāl, who upon maturity got married, paid for by Lakshmi Ammāl. One day a telegram arrived from her village that Sellammāl died (the 5th death). She was ill, but no information reached her regarding her health. Lakshmi Ammāl (Ecchammāl) told Bālaswāmy about the death with tears rolling down her face. Grieving her loss, Bālaswāmy also cried and shed tears, which comforted Lakshmi Ammāl. She knowing the vicissitudes of life reconciled to the death of her adopted daughter.

Bālaswāmy assumed her grief by Āvāhana, suffered, shed tears like her, and consoled her without uttering a word. This is compassion soaked in compassion. The grieved person stops grieving on witnessing a divine man cry for her and her loss.

‘Are you crying for me? I am back to my own self. I am at peace. See me now. Please don’t shed any more tears. Forgetting this event completely, I will go about doing my daily chores,’ said Lakshmi Ammal without so many words. A majestic bearing took the place of her grief. When there is an inundation of Guru’s love, the internal grief vanishes and exultation takes its place.

Ecchammal took a spiritual hold of Balaswamy firmly. By every move, she revealed he was her Guru. She was not a mere cooking Mami (Brahmin woman). She did Sadhanas. As instructed by a north Indian anchorite, she focused on Bhrumadya (middle of the forehead) and maintained silence. She witnessed a wonderful light in her Bhrumadya often. Unmindful of body consciousness, she maintained immobility and Dhyana for hours. (Sanskrit *Bhru*, Tamil *Puruvam* and English *Brow* are cognate.)

When Bhagavan’s disciples narrated their observation, he offered no opinions. When Ecchammal mentioned to him about her internal visions, he advised her, “Internal visions are unnecessary. You must discover who you are. That is important.”



Ecchammal aka Lakshmi

Ecchammal made a vow she will dedicate 100,000 Bael leaves for the puja before the pictures of Seshadri Swamy and Balaswamy. She informed Balaswamy about it. He expressed no opposition to her proposal. There was a daily Puja. One day, no Bael leaves were available. Ecchammal told Balaswamy, “There are no bael leaves to nip and pinch for the puja.” Swamy observed, “You should nip yourself for the puja.”

Ecchammal as a child observed, “Pinch myself, it will hurt.” Balaswamy said to her, “As pinching hurts you, nipping hurts the tree. Why do you nip the leaves?”

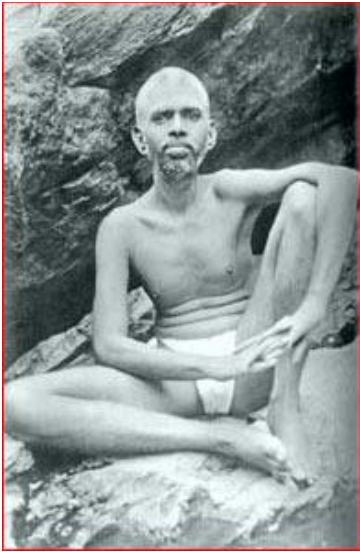
In an anxious guilt-ridden burst, she said, “Why did you not tell me about this before? I would not have done it.” He said with a smile, “You think it hurts to pinch you and nipping leaves does not hurt. You need another person to tell you this!” That day, she gave up the Bael leaf Puja. **Puja is not pinching the leaves, plucking the flowers, decorating the deity with flowers and garlands and serving Naivettiyam.**

One should look inside, find where the thoughts originate and who is inside. If one does not consider these, exoteric worship is a waste. This is clear Siddhantam of Balaswamy.

He did not use drums, gongs, and bugles to announce his precepts, did not make them as injunctions but lived them. By his life, he demonstrated with no words the highest object. The silent teaching is one should know oneself and make a self-enquiry continuously. Instead of indulging in long and windy discourses, Balaswamy’s life of teaching by silence impressed the souls of many devotees. They blossomed.

A multitude of false prophets saying, ‘I will teach,’ disappeared into thin air. His Upadesa emerged as an effulgent light. He still touches the lives of many devotees as Balaswamy, turned SriRamana Maharishi. His teachings with few words have sent multitudes of people in the path of virtue.

A multitude of false prophets saying, 'I will teach,' disappeared into thin air. His Upadeśa emerged as an effulgent light. He still touches the lives of many devotees as Bālaswāmy, turned SriRamana Maharishi. His teachings with few words have sent multitudes of people in the path of virtue.



Bael trifoliate leaf resembling Siva's Trident. The Edible fruits
Aegle marmelos = Wood Apple
Google images. Prepared by V.Krishnaraj

Sakthi Vikatan Feb 22, 2011

Kanchi Mahan, the deity of mercy



What Maha Periyava thinks at a moment is unfathomable by anyone. What he thinks, he brings to fruition through his devotees, said Kārttikēyan.

Some Andhra devotees desired to grace him with a diamond-studded golden crown during Pītārōhaṇam (Ascent to his seat) on the diamond jubilee. They wanted to collect 200,000 rupees as donation to the Kanchi Mutt. They came to Kanchi Mutt to obtain his permission. They received Darśan of Swamy and paying homage, slowly raised the subject of their intent to contribute. Immediately, Periyava said, "Stop collecting money." Those words were not tinged with harshness, but there was firmness. That too, he said it in Telugu, their language.

A Madāthipathi (the head of the Mutt) standing far away from the strength of money or men, can aspire for recognition and respect in the community on the strength of Tapas and conduct. A sannyasi must remain unbound by possessions. He has no town to claim his; he wanders from town to town, under Sāstraic injunctions.

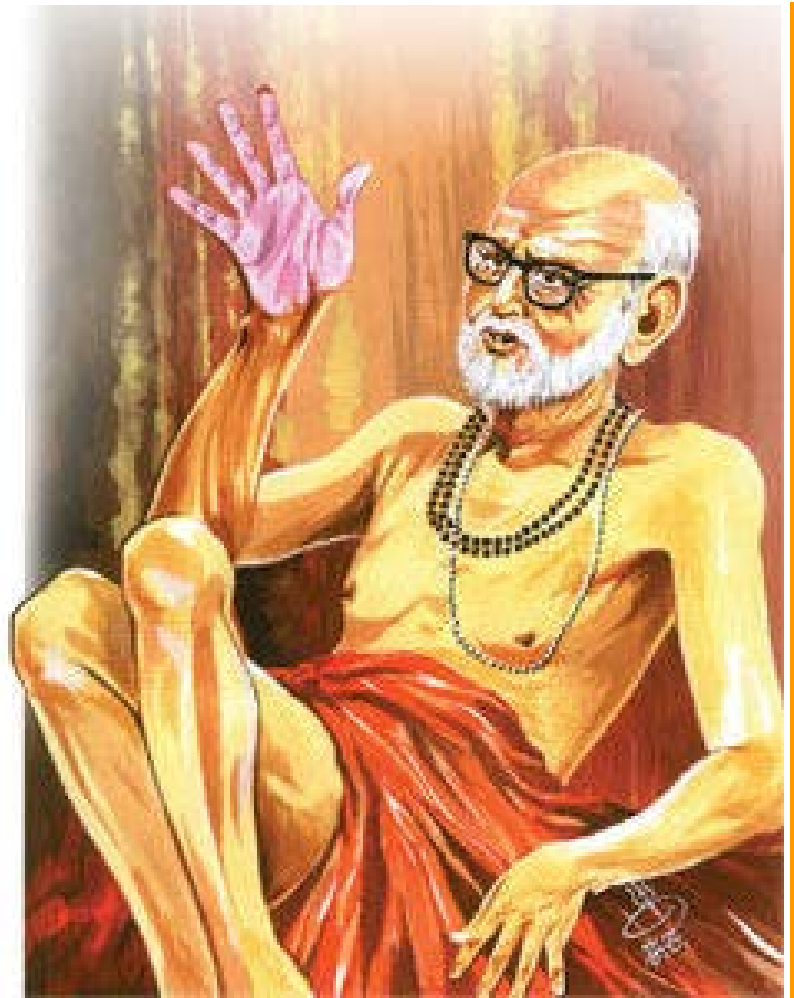
Sadhus and Sannyasis as Dharmāchāriars do what they must do. They must have an establishment to run the affairs. Madāthipathi's responsibility is as follows: We should hoard nothing beyond our needs. Because we need that self-discipline, we keep a sharp eye on the ledger books. It is not just enough to have administrative ability to run the Mutt; a mental strength to submit oneself to checks and balances is necessary.

The Kanchi Mutt faced financial hardship in the past. The resident God Sri Chandramaulīsvārar graced us with enough grains for our use. Sometimes we have surplus grains and feel that God may be putting us through tests. As the money accumulates, I allot the money for a needy public service. I am running the Mutt with as little surplus as possible. I exercise a great care to that end. Now we have cash to meet our obligations. I feel I should not take in more cash. There are very many needs for the money received at the Mutt. If we endeavor on a campaign, it will amount to Suyapāththiyam (= ceremonial washing of one's own feet). Instead of doing a deed forcibly, the same good deeds can be performed through the mediation of Satsaṅg (Association of the virtuous), establishments... The Mutt should not go beyond giving advice. The devotees from Andhra heard Periyava intently.

we endeavor on a campaign, it will amount to Suyapāththiyam (சுயபாத்தியம் = ceremonial washing of one's own feet). Instead of doing a deed forcibly, the same good deeds can be performed through the mediation of Satsag (Association of the virtuous), establishments... The Mutt should not go beyond giving advice. The devotees from Andhra heard Periyava intently. Periyava continued. "Therefore, don't collect money by hundreds of thousands. When we decide in the Mutt to undertake a big project, I will ask you with no shame (hesitation) for the funds.

Don't be unhappy that your endeavour has been stopped. Your mind and ardor are known to me well. I bestow on you my blessings. Listening to the explanation from Periyava, the Andhra devotees were moved. They were not sure what to do with cash on hand. They expressed their confusion to Periyava.

Periyava asked, how much have you collected so far?" Devotees said, "60,000 rupees."



"Sixty fits with the other sixty." Periyava laughed like a child.

"Sixty thousand rupees for Pīdāthipathya 60th Anniversary. Ambal has sent you here and asks you to stop collecting any more funds. Keep the money you have. I will take the money when I need it." He said it with love, understanding and compassion. The devotees mentioned about the diamond crown and pleaded with him to accept it.

Does Periyava not know their mind? With affection, he nodded his head in acceptance. He considered that an anchorite should not wear a golden crown and asked them to place the new crown on the Rudrāksha crown he wears for evening worship.

Fifteen days later, Periyava ordered 60,000 rupees sent by the Andhra devotees for Gita-upadeśa exhibition in Kurukṣetra, and a marble statue for the Acharya of Gitabhāṣyam. The devotees sent the funds. Does it mean Periyava accepted the diamond crown placed on the Rudrākṣa crown? It is certainly not so. What then?

Mahāperiyava had a great respect for Māmaṅṅan Rājarājasōzhaṅ (Rāja-rāja-sōzhaṅ = King of kings, Cholan, 985 CE-1012CE), who built a temple for Sri Brahathīsvarar in Tanjai and instituted the daily chanting of Devāra Thirumarai, compiled by him from various sources. The king's 1000-year anniversary took place in 1984. For one to be called a king, wearing of crown is essential. Besides, this king is a Śivapādasēkharan (Śiva-pāda-sēkharan = Śiva-Foot-Eminent Person = King who took refuge at the feet of Śiva). He had the feet of Śiva on his crown. We must crown him, said Periyava. To crown the king, he made certain changes in the crown. Indra Gandhi had the honor of crowning Rājasōzhaṅ. This was a great event, when Chandrasekhara himself applied the crown on the head of Śivapāthasēkharan.



Mahāperiyava made it possible the 60,000 rupees and the crown offered to him as personal gifts, to go to public service projects.

(Rājarājasōzhan: During his reign, the texts of the Tamil poets Appar, Sambandar and Sundarar were collected and edited into one compilation called Thirumurai.-Wikipedia)

Darśan to be continued.

Ramanamaharishi20110308

சக்தி விகடன் - 08 Mar. 2011 Part 1 & 2

Sri Ramana Maharishi

Author: Balakumaran



Thillaiyādi town was near Kāraikkāl. A woman named Alaṅgāraṭhthammā lived with her son and daughter-in-law. She volunteered her services to an old ascetic, whose final days were imminent. The family trio asked him with grief, ‘What is our condition after you (are dead)? He said, “There is a Muni Bālaswāmy, more endowed with spiritual wisdom than me in Tiruvannamalai. Go serve him. That lucky service will take you to Mukti (liberation).

When the ascetic attained Samadhi (death), Alaṅgāraṭhthammā, son Subbaiah and her daughter-in-law went to Tiruvannamalai and had Darśan of Bālaswāmy. There was an effervescence of joy. She came back to Kāraikkāl, entrusted her property to a person, came back to Tiruvannamalai with cash given by him, lived in a rental property and received daily darśan of Bālaswāmy. She prepared food for Bālaswāmy in the foothills and carried it to him. Simultaneously Ecchammā also brought food. Because of the number of devotees, the food from the two became necessary. The cash flow from Kāraikkāl was gradually dwindling. It became difficult to meet the family expenses. Subbaiah suddenly showed up in Tiruppaṇanthāḷ Mutt, became a sannyasi, an ascetic wandering from town to town. Following this, Alaṅgāraṭhthammā and daughter-in-law sold cooking oil and thin fritters (Pappad) and used that money to supply food to Bālaswāmy. She a woman from Vaisya caste, surrendered to the eminent Jñāṇi. whatever happened in her life, her priority was service to Bālaswāmy. Because of poverty, she did not like leaving town and becoming a false ascetic. It became apparent to her, that Bālaswāmy lived a life of simplicity and privations. She thought living a simpler life than his is laudatory.

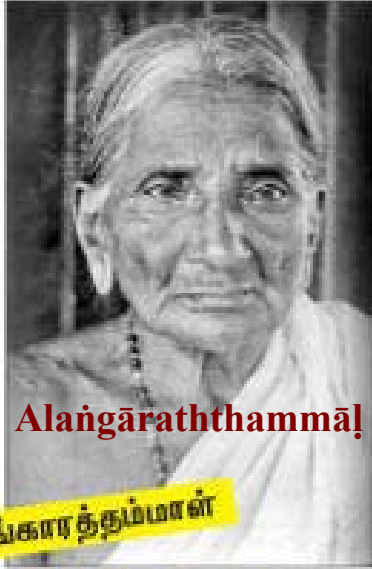
In spite of the cash crunch, she did not stop bringing food for Bālaswāmy. She made food balls and dropped them on his palms. He said, “Grandma, the food balls are increasing in size day by day.” Alaṅgāraṭhthammā said, “Big or small, it is all in the mind. “He celebrated her with a smile saying, “Adadā, what I taught, granny turns around and tells me.”

The Āśram took shape at that time. It became more difficult for Alaṅgāththammā to supply food. She became weakened by age. Many told her, “Why go through so much trouble? Āśram will care for Bālaswāmy.” She replied with a vow, “To the last day of my life, it is my job to supply food for Bālaswāmy. No money, so what? Body infirm, so what? I will walk with a stick, beg and collect food.

When the food is distributed in the Āśram, a little bit of food prepared by Alaṅgāraththammāḷ is given to Bālaswāmy. That day, her prepared food was not served to Bālaswāmy. He did not eat the food. When her food was added, he ate. This is proof of his high regard for her as his disciple. (It also shows she took food from a Vaishya woman, two ranks below his caste. He gave up his caste.)

Bond between Guru and his disciple Alaṅgāraththammāḷ is firm, mature and complete. Swamy never gives up on those who surrendered to him. He lived a life of no ostentation and graced the followers with that gift. His servitors realizing it lived a life of simplicity.

One day, Bālaswāmy came down from the Virūpākṣi cave and circumambulated the mountain. Later, on his way back, he took a shortcut to the cave.



It was a thick jungle. There was no path or habitation with people. He looked up and patiently walked up. A banyan leaf, usually of the size of the palm, fell on him looking like a stitched leaf-plate. He was reminded of a poem in Sanskrit referring to Aruṅagiri Yogi sitting under the Banyan tree. He wondered whether a banyan tree was nearby and went up in search. Since the banyan leaf came down floating in the air and landed on him, Bālaswāmy surmised the tree must be nearby. With a desire to find it, his pace of ascent increased. His left leg landed on a beehive and shattered it.

He felt unhappy at causing possible damage to the beehive. There was a sudden burst of honeybees stinging his left leg. Anybody else would have taken to his heels under the circumstances. Others would have used the upper garment to beat bees with intent to kill them. They would have told that they did not step on the beehive on purpose and it was an accident. They would have set fire to the beehive.

But, Swamy did none of that. ‘Though done accidentally, the mistake is mine. I destroyed the beehive. Who knows the extent of damage to the beehive? Who knows the amount of hardship the bees suffered because of me? They stung me in anger. They did not chase me while I walked. They became angry upon my stepping on their hive. They pursued their Dharma.

How can I run and hide? How could I escape from my mistake? Your (bees’) anger is justified. Go on, sting me. Sting me until your anger dissipates. Thinking like that, he kept the left leg in place until the honeybees finished with their stings (and became quiet again).

Once he found no honeybees were buzzing around, Bālaswāmy walked with severe pain. It was a fiery pain. He forgot all about the flying banyan leaf that landed on him, the banyan tree and the Siddhar under the tree. Taking a detour, he went to the Jataiswāmy cave, where fruits and milk were given to Swamy. Taking a breath and a little rest, he came home to Virūpākṣi cave. The thigh was swollen. The pain was so severe he could not move. No one paid any attention.

Noticing the swelling, Pazhaṅisāmi was upset. Upon enquiry, ‘what is this?’, Swamy narrated the incident. Next day, oil was applied to the thigh and Pazhaṅisāmi removed the embedded stings by feel. In the next few days the swelling went down.

Muruganār

‘It was an accident. Would anyone bargain for honeybee stings? Why would you seek punishment as if you did injury intentionally? His disciple Muruganār questioned him in his poem, Bālaswāmy replied to it in a poetic grace.

As the disciple asks, Bhagavan answers in a poetic form.

This was an accident. But, it is a mistake. There is punishment. To run to escape punishment and hide: what nature is it? (Is it justice?) It is man’s nature to escape from punishment. It is common to punish the perpetrator (tormentor). This Jñāni has one perspective and one relationship with all living things. The honeybees are not insignificant. Their living quarters are not ordinary. Though injury was done accidentally, it is proper to accept their anger and punishment.

Bālaswāmy is the pinnacle of Jñānam; to know it as such makes your hair stand on end and body tremble. Did this event take place to erase memory of existence of Aruṅagirisiddhar’s living place known as Vadavālam? Many days later, Bhagavan Ramanar said, “It is not so.”

He elaborated further, “There was a huge banyan tree on a rock. I wanted to see the tree close, so I wanted to cross a stream to go to the other side. Before that, I stepped on the beehive. I forgot to go and see the banyan tree. That is it.”

The banyan tree is not important here. The stress is on the respect and the love for all living beings. Ahimsa towards any living being is the eminent quality. He did not try to elicit sympathy by telling many people about the pain he suffered from bee stings.

Bhagavan’s acts are meaningful and adhere to Dharma.



Chennai. Maṇimēkalai Street in Puthupperunkaḷaththūr. Kāmāchidāsan Srīnivāsan lives with Srīlingam family. He hails from Uththamathānapuram in Tanjore district. His father is Venkatrāmaiyar who served in Kanchi Mutt from 1901 to 1966 as a manager. K. Srinivasan -18 years of age- shared his experience of his first encounter with Kanchi Mahāperiyava, and announced proudly that he became the slave of Periyava.

“My father served in the Mutt from before Mahāperiyava became the Pīdāhipathi. Periyava used to learn a few things from my father, Venkatrāmaiyar.

Periyava was friendly with my father.

When my father came back home, I used to tell him to take me to Periyava. The time never came. My father used to postpone it for another day in the future.

That was 1958. I woke up one day suddenly in the middle of the night. I felt I received divine grace. I began narration of Kāmāchiammaṅ 1000 Ahavals and later wrote them line by line. In one hour, I in a state without body awareness finished writing all 1000 Ahavals. I don't know how this feat came about. I told my mother. Alas, she did not understand. She told me to write a letter to my father so he could tell Periyava about it.

At that time, Periyava was camping in Chennai Sanskrit College. As soon as my father told Periyava, he said, ‘ask Srinivasan to come to me.’ On his orders, I came to Chennai.

There was a huge crowd in the college. KVJ, Kirupānanthavāriyār and other VIPs were there. I stood before him in a humble manner. Periyava said, ‘Read, Srinivasa.’ I read it fast. When I read the line, ‘64th Pīda empress, Praise to You!’ he stopped me. He asked the doors of the room closed. He offered me, a sheared coconut, a ball of sandalwood paste, Guru's footwear, one Sri Chakram, Bael leaf and said, ‘use them for Pañcāyatana Mūrthys Pūja.’

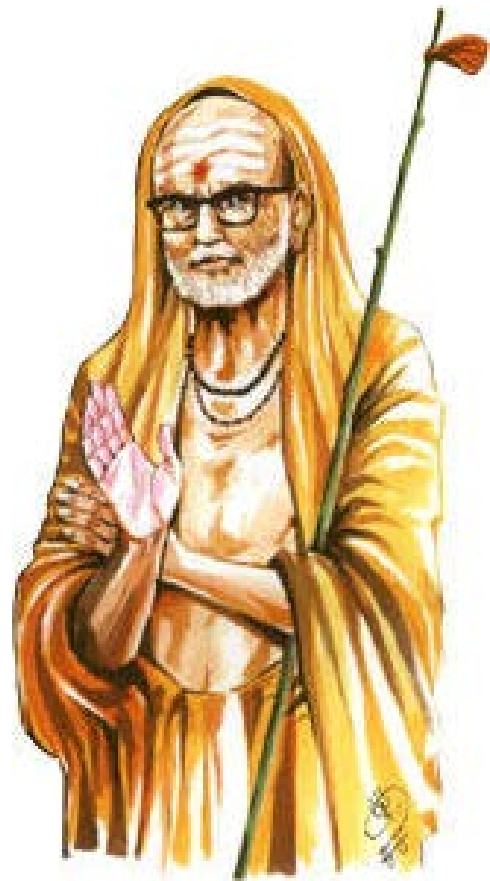
I stood there confused and said, “What am I to do? I have no idea of the procedural elements of Pūja.” Periyava gave me a smile. Does Periyava not know how to answer an eager student?

He asked me, 'How did you write 'Ahaval of praise.' 'I did not write. It came on its own accord, Periyava!'

Periyava gave his blessings in the manner of Pūrṇa Anugraham and said, 'The manner of doing pūjā will come on its own. Do the Prayer for World Welfare. Supplicate all should be well. Do prayer. 'I must have been a blessed person. As the eyes were raining tears with Srinivasan in touch with his heart and soul, he narrated Periyava's coming to his house as his special favor.

I did Puja as advised by Periyava. Three years went by. On February 22, 1916, Periyava without notice came to our house in Uththamathāṇapuram. In the prayer room, I had a wooden temple, in which I kept all that Periyava gave me for the daily puja. Periyava sat and leaned against the bureau by the side in the room. I performed Puja to the resident five deities and Periyava. In the name of Ambal and Periyava, I did flower-puja. My heart and soul were satisfied.

Not that alone? Periyava bought for me a cow from Maṇappārai, since cow milk is necessary for Puja. Srinivasan's face lighted up.



"Mahāperiyava's Sandalwood paste is growing bigger from accretion. The tender coconut is still there. Friends and devotees drop in for SṛīKāmāṭchi Puja and share with me; their supplications, prayers and worship are bearing fruits and happiness, which made me happy for them. All due to Mahan's mercy!"

That day, he blessed me saying, "You are Kāmāṭchi born for this express purpose. You will continue writing in your state of grace. True to his words, I have written 5000 pages of Pāmālais, Sathakas, Slokas, blessed sayings... Mahāperiyava upon my arrival at the Mutt asked me to read my writings and listen to them forgetting his body consciousness. He would say with humor, 'Has Sīṇu arrived? Periyava's puja...will come after Sīṇu's.'"

As he was immersed in blossoming thoughts, sometime later he continued to speak as if some memories surfaced.

When I saw him in 1958, I mentioned to him of the singing of 1000 Ahavals. Remember it! That year, there was a wedding in Devakottai. Periyava called me and offered Prasada to be handed over to Chettiar conducting the wedding. I was in hesitation. I was only 18-19 years of age. Periyava said," You don't go alone. Some eight or nine people will accompany you."

We took staff with red frills, Prasadam...; Chettiar was happy. He invited us with religious injunctions and hospitality.

Chettiar was very pleased to know Periyava sent from the Mutt special Prasadam and blessings. He dined us sumptuously and gave every one a gift of 108 rupees. Later, I (Srinivasa) came to Chennai to visit with Periyava. I told him about the 108 rupees Chettiar gave me. Periyava asked me to keep the rupees.

Periyava: Do you know why I asked you to go for the wedding?

Srinivasan: I don't know.

Periyava: Chettiar was childless for many years. I told him to pray to Kāmāṭchi. A child was born. I asked him to name her Kāmāṭchi.

Ramanamaharishi20110322

- சக்தி விகடன் - 22 Mar, 2011

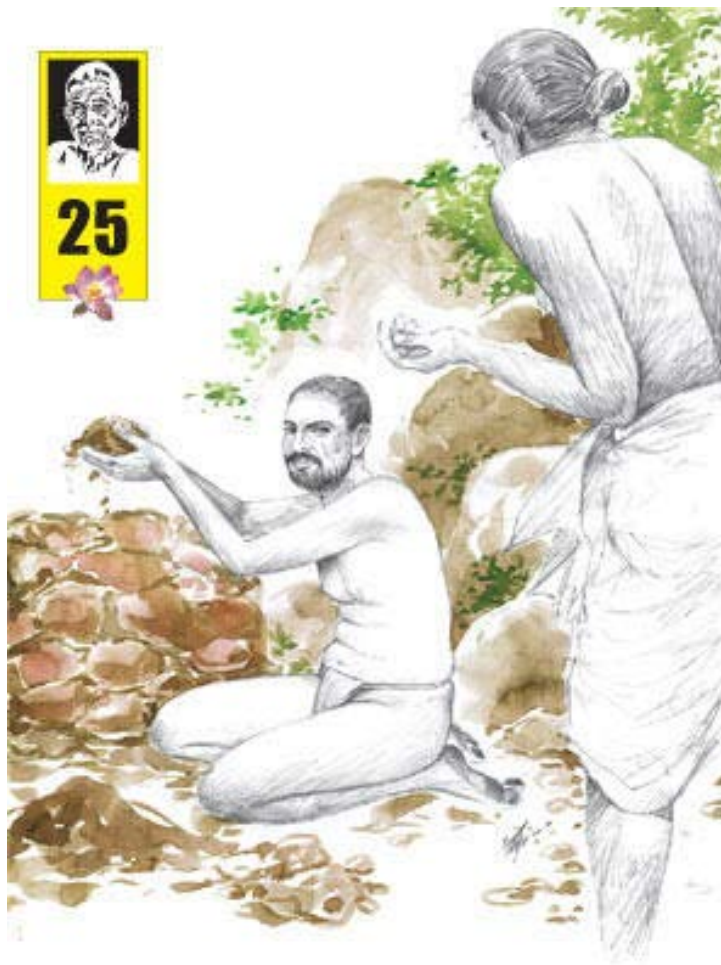
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ஸ்ரீரமண மகரிஷி Ramanamaharishi: Death Experience

If men get the urge to attain an object or realize a dream, a blind haste envelops them and they are ill-prepared for the task on hand. They bring a frenetic pace when they eat, sleep, find a seat in the train, obtain Darśan in the temple, buying rice in the store...expressing a sense of nervousness.

Not having a comprehensive sense of what they do, they perform deeds with profit motive but without due thought. They don't appreciate profit rolls from diligent hard work. Profit motive being the primary consideration in their mind, their effort is inadequate for the task on hand. Not knowing what they do, they fly (work) in a sleep state.

They hurry through Darśan of the Devata in the temple. Their plan goes awry: Six-o' clock rise from bed; 7 a.m. Darśan in the 1st temple; with a time-limit of 30 minutes, 2nd temple visit; 8:30 a.m. at the 3rd temple; catch a bus for 4th Darśan at 10:30 a.m.; and the Saṅkarāchāriar Mutt at 12 noon.



Author Balakumaran

Here at the Mutt, I (the man in haste) get Darśan of Swamy and go for a meal. I catch a siesta in the Mandapam. Then I go to the 5th temple. They chase the clock at demoniacal speed going from temple to temple.

The mind is not one-pointed in any temple. What special event happened in the 2nd temple is not known. Seeing the deity with exhilaration and keeping the deity in the heart, mind and soul are alien to them. 'What that deity says and what the principles are:' These are not in the consciousness of the hyperactive personality even to size of a germ in the rice paddy. Following the advice of someone to go to the temples for their good, they make no enquiry and blindly follow the advice. They brag to others celebrating their whirlwind tour of umpteen temples, 'I visited 12 temples in one day. That was one super-round.' They don't ask themselves the benefits accrued by these visits. They don't get to enjoy any benefits from these umpteen temple visits.

The whirlwind temple visitors, show haste when they go visiting with Jñānis. When the Jñāni asks them, 'What prompted you to visit with the beggarly me,' they, on tenterhooks, recite a mile-long list of wants: money, property, home, jewels for wife, education for the children, ownership of cattle, land... After Jñāni listened to the exhaustive list of wants, and said, 'My father offers his blessings to you,' immediately with a sense of satisfaction at the prospect of getting everything they asked for, they whip the upper garment in a show of supreme accomplishment, put it back on the shoulder and leave the premises.

Bālaswāmy was building a raised platform all by himself outside the Virūpākṣi cave. He arranged small stones in piles, spread red earth on the pile making it firm, and continued the process to build the platform. A man rushed towards him from behind and asked him, 'Where is the Swamy!' Bālaswāmy was the only person there. Bālaswāmy said, 'Swamy has just left.' The visitor in haste asked, 'When will he return.' Bālaswāmy said, 'I don't know.' Thinking Swamy's arrival will be late, he left the premises fast. When he was going down the mountain, he saw Ecchammāl on her way up and told her, 'Swamy is not up there.' Ecchammāl knew for sure Swamy was up there. She told him, 'Follow me, let us try again. I will show you the Swamy.' The visitor followed her.

She pointed out to Swamy polishing the surface of the newly built platform and said to the visitor, 'This the Swamy.' The visitor was surprised. He thought this is the Swamy who claimed no knowledge of the whereabouts of the Swamy, and paid homage to him. He addressed Ecchammāl and said, 'He told me he did not know where Swamy was. Believing him, I went down the mountain.' He was put off. We also face the same dilemma. Why did compassionate Ramanamaharishi turn away an elderly man?

This was a lesson for the visitor. This lesson teaches us, it was wrong for the visitor on hearing a negative response from the builder of the platform, to go down in a great haste. Compassionate Periyava wanted to offer Darśan to him. Periyava spoke through Ecchammāl, brought him back up the mountain so the visitor can pay homage to him, offered blessings with his eyes of mercy and continued with his construction work.

No true Jñāni admits he is a Jñāni. For the hastener (hasty person) without the patience and tranquility, there is no need for a Jñāni. At the same time, Jñāni allows for the haste, brings tranquility to them with love and strength and draws him back to him. This is what happened here. Who knows what was in Jñāni's mind?

Close to Aṅṅāmalaiyār temple, there was a huge Tamarind grove. A Muslim leased it. The monkeys ate the tender tamarind pods. They opened the mature pods and threw the wasted pods away. They caused a great loss. He chased the monkeys away by using slingers and stones. The monkeys screeched and scooted out of the grove. When he was unawares, they returned and ate the tender pods and caused damage to the mature pods. The Muslim gentleman never wanted to kill the monkeys. His object was to chase them away.



Baboon Eating Tamarind pods



Once when he swung the slinger fast and discharged the stone, a monkey sustained head injury from the flying stone and died. The Muslim was afraid. The compatriots brought the dead monkey to Bālaswāmy, screeched and cried. Bālaswāmy looked at them with compassion. He offered solace to the monkeys, saying, ‘The born die; the dead are reborn. This is the cycle of life and death. The killer will die one day. Why do you grieve over it?’ The monkeys left the place taking the dead monkey with them.

The Islāmiyar had fever that night. No treatment brought a relief or cure. Someone told the Islāmiyar about simian’s complaint to Periyava; he was more afraid. His relatives came running to Bālaswāmy. They begged him to offer Vibhūti to them. He told, that giving Vibhūti was not his practice, they persisted and cried. Bālaswāmy took some ash from the nearby hearth and gave it to the Muslim visitors. That night itself, the Islāmiyar’s illness left him.

If you approach a Jñāni in a proper manner and supplicate to him, he will offer solace without doubt. Many troubles vanish in his presence.

Love is the greatest Mantra of Jñāni. Rashness is the antithesis of love. Rashness is all about one’s self and never of anyone else. Thinking of others as himself, the inside moves with rise of love.

One day in 1911 Bālaswāmy with two devotees (Vāsudevar and Pazhaṇisāmi) took an oil-bath in Pacchiamman temple pond and returned up the mountain along the Āmai Pārai path (Turtle Rock Path). Suddenly, Bālaswāmy felt dizzy, could not walk and was short of breath. He sat on the rock. Later, he revealed what happened to him. He explained the near-death experience in his own words.

He narrated his near-death experience, “Suddenly my vision became blurred. A white screen hid my vision. The tree, the plant, the vines began gradually disappearing. Again, a white screen came and everything disappeared. I sat to take rest. The white screen disappeared. The objects appeared in my vision. The tree, the plant...appeared in my vision. But the body lacked strength. Again, the white screen enveloped me.

I reclined on the Turtle Rock and rested. Again, the sight came back. For the third time, the white screen appeared. For the third time, the white screen vanished. I felt the heartbeat losing its strength resulting in slowing and impedance of blood flow and ending in cardiac arrest. My body turned blue. Then, the fellow traveler Vasu, younger in age, not knowing what death is, embraced me and cried. I heard Pazhaṇisāmi, older in years, speak.

I felt the presence of devotees. I knew and felt I had the cardiac arrest. But, I was not afraid. I sat cross-legged on the rock. I witnessed death very carefully with no agitation. For 15 minutes, I remained in Padmāsana pose. A Śakti made a dash from my body’s right side to the left side. Because of it, my heart beat again. The blood flow was established and regularized. The body slowly regained its natural complexion.

I was soaking wet in my perspiration. Slowly, I regained physical strength and got up saying, ‘Let us go.’ It is not a state induced by me. I had no desire to witness such an event. I have no explanation for the event. I had recurrent episodes like this. This time it was a little longer.

Balakumaran's Comments. This is like cardiac arrest. All his descriptions are related to heart disease. This happens with cardiac arrest. Profuse perspiration was an important sign of cardiac arrest. That he remained calm and composed during his near-death experience is noteworthy. Not worried about the pull of the body (to eternity), he pulled himself away from near-death, and remained self-realized in one place; this near-death experience is the witness. Through this experience, it shows that, not afraid of death, he remained in the loftiest place comfortably.

Many afraid of dying die. The self-realized person alone facing death invites death without fear. He could even postpone his death.

Let us get Darśan.

Part 2

Deity of Mercy: Kanchi Mahan

Guru Darshan

Kāmārchidāsan Srinivasan is a gr̥hastha (householder). He has no regular income. But there was no lapse in the daily Puja service in the last 50 years, because of want of funds.

At home, daily three pujas take place.

His home was resplendent with the grace of Srī Kāmārchiammaṇ. His mind was always immersed in the thoughts of Periyava. Kāmārchidāsan Srinivāsan with a rising passion narrated an event to us.

Once nine Sannyasis came to Uththamathāṇapuram. They all usually carried staffs in their hands. Holding the staff is one religious duty (observance). It was winter then. All nine Sannyasis came to pay homage to Ambal.

They said to me, “Mahāperiyava sent us, saying, ‘I performed Puja for a boy. If you have any doubts, ask him. He will clear them for you.’”

I was shocked. I froze in fear hearing Periyava sent these Sannyasis to a boy like me. I gathered courage and confidence and asked them, “What doubts do you have?”



cātur-māciyam. Vow observed by Sannyāsins, which consists in their remaining in the same place for two months in winter.

They narrated their doubts to me. But, I don't remember what they asked and what I told them in replies. I answered the questions like a boy who committed the answers to memory and rattled them off to the Sannyasis.

Later, the Sannyāsīs narrated to Periyava all that I said to them. They paid Namaskār to him, saying, ‘We are eminently pleased.’

Not knowing any of these, I went to Periyava for Darśan. He asked me, “I sent nine Sannyasis to see you. Did they visit with you?”

I was trembling. I wondered whether I made any faux pas. I stammered, “Yes Periyava... They came. I answered their questions, Periyava.”

Periyava said, “They came and told me what all you said to them. You said everything right. You have the favor and blessings of Kāmāṭchi. That being so, how could you ever say anything wrong? He smiled and raised his hand to offer his blessings. That is when I was horripilated. With his eyes lighted up in surprise, he narrated another incident.

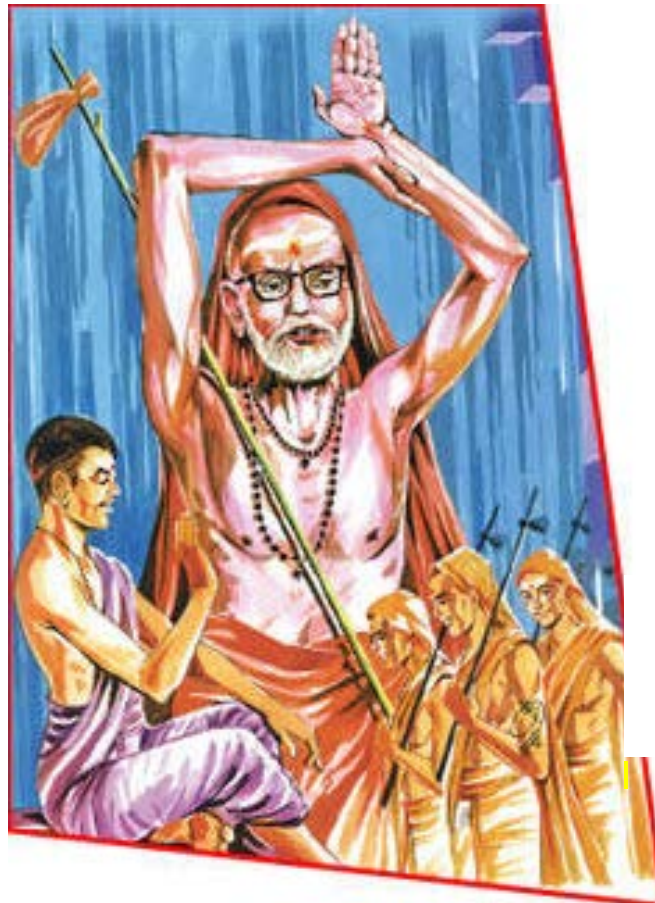
Sarva Tīrthak karai. There Periyava was in Kāṣṭa Maṇṇam (Turiyatīta state). The body was fragile and famished. The spectators complained with sadness that Periyava did not even drink water. Kāṣṭa Maṇṇam = Not moving the body even a little, keeping God in thoughts and remaining in merger with him.

That day, I was in Kanchipuram. A news out of the blue...’Periyava’s order, Come immediately.’ I ran to see Periyava.

That day, I composed a poem that described flower decoration of Periyava. With that poem and his invitation in mind, I stood before him.

I heard Periyava’s voice, ‘Call him inside.’ I went inside. What I saw on Periyava was the floral decoration of exquisite nature; it gave me a kaleidoscopic feeling of surprise, confusion, wonder, happiness, fear... From his seat to the crown, every part was decorated with flowers.

I fell flat on the floor and offered Namaskār. Tears rolled down in streams. He asked me, ‘You have put the decoration on me earlier in poetic words. Are you thinking of me all the time in your mind?’



‘To me the servitor, Kāmātchi and Periyava are one.’ Saying those words to Periyava, I offered my Namaskār again. The tears flowed freely from my eyes.

‘Ok, read what you wrote!’ said Periyava. with joy, I read the poem. Its meaning is...

‘Mahan’s lotus feet shine like the feet of Ambāl; Mahan’s whole body shines with flower decoration; Mahan’s head is decorated beautifully with flower crown; Mahan’s Yoga Staff is concentrically decorated with flowers; Mahan’s chest shines with universal visual delight of garland with Kadamba, Tulsi, Bael leaves...; Mahan’s lotus feet shining like Spiritual eminence placed on the flowery sandals: that Mahan’s lotus feet, I carry on my head always and attain supreme joy.

As I finished reading the poem, Periyava picked from the flower pile and sprinkled on his own head.

Periyava and the staff were decorated as described by me in the poem. This decoration was the solemn promise and vow made originally by a woman.

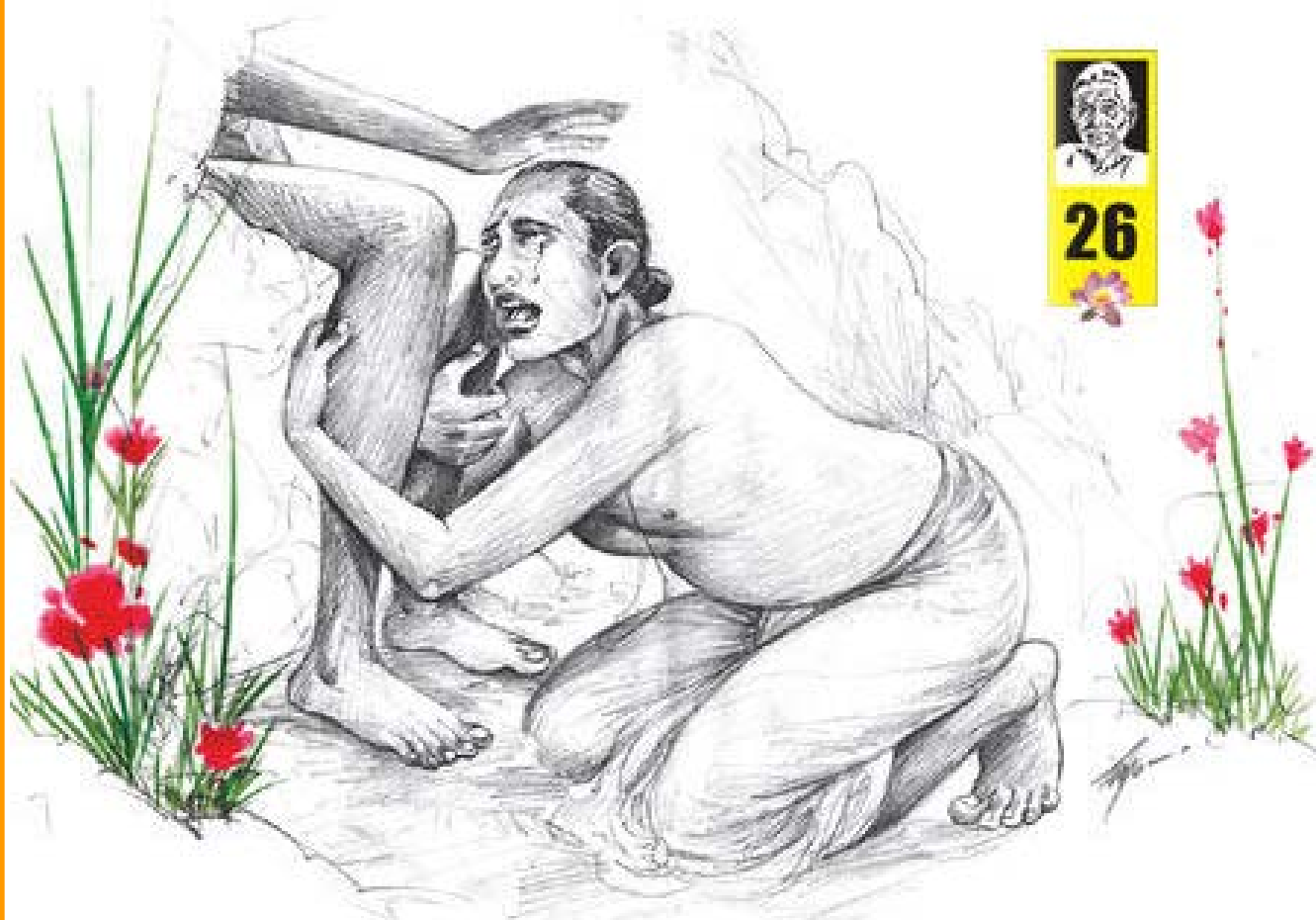
It is the grace and mercy of Kāmātchi that made it possible that a servitor like me wrote the poem beforehand, and Periyava gave us the holy appearance in the floral decoration to prove and illustrate my poetic adoration of Periyava. It is favor and privilege of divine nature that Periyava gave a Darśan to me in floral decoration. What else could it be? Kāmātchidāsan Srinivasan said it with supreme joy in a moving way.

Darśan will continue.

[Ramanamaharishi20110405](#)

- [சக்தி விகடன் - 05 Apr, 2011 Part 1 & 2](#)

Sri Ramanamaharishi. God's benign Glance



Narsimha Sastri a Brahmin from Andhra Pradesh on Kāsi pilgrimage offered single-minded homage and worship to one Vinayaka (statue) in Kāsi. Then, a form (An apparition) resembling a child walked towards him and entered his body. He was thinking of Vinayaka (Remover of obstacles) until his return to his town close to Visakhapatnam. That year, his wife gave birth to a baby boy. In memory of Vinayaka in Kasi, he named the baby 'Ganapathy.'

Until the boy was three years of age, he knew only one thing: crying. He never spoke. He was physically ill from the time of his birth. According to the prevalent practice for cure, the father assented to the application of branding (with hot metal) on a part of the body (of the child). Since then his health improved. He was an intelligent child with an extraordinary memory and excellence in studies. Soon he learned the practice of Maṇaṇam (contemplation). Before he was sixteen, he became a pundit in Sanskrit and Telugu. At 18, he married.



Since he was well-versed in Sanskrit, Puranas, Itihāsas, the life and times of Tapasvins moved his mind and soul. When he delved deep into Vedas, he was convinced that doing silent recitation of Mantras and austerity would take his life to the highest state. He believed in purifying the body, controlling the breath, internal recitation of Mantras with stillness... will yield visualization of God. He performed Pañcākṣara Mantra Japam (Na-Ma-Si-Va-Ya). Whenever he found time, he wrote the Mantra (on paper umpteen times). Later, he became a teacher in a school. He selected good students to improve the Sakthi of Bharath and inculcate spiritual awakening (in them).

He became tired of being a teacher after three years; later, he came to Tiruvannamalai (in pursuit of peace and tranquility). He sat near Niruti Lingam, wrote poems on Aṅṅāmalaiyār and did Mantra Japam...to attain god. Whatever he learnt in the past did not give him tranquillity. God did not give him Darśan. His belief he would attain God was eroding. He worried that millions of Japams did not give him a one-pointed mind. It is not today but tomorrow, revelation will come, that was his hope. It is not tomorrow but in a few days realization will come. Time was flitting with nothing to show. No spiritual revelation. The Darśan of God by Dhruva, the spiritual experience gained by Hanuman, Mokṣa (liberation) obtained by Sabari belonging to the hunter tribe: Sastri was despondent, he got none of them.

The knowledge gained from learning was confusing to him. He took a long time to realize that human endeavour alone is just not enough to attain God. He took some time to realize peace begins where endeavour stops. He participated in a festival in Tiruvannamalai. He heard of one Bālaswāmy in a mountain cave. He went to get a darśana of him. He was thinking, 'I heard that a mere sight of him gives tranquility. Let me experience that.'

He experienced a feeling of change inside, when he saw Bālaswāmy in a white loincloth sitting inside the cave. He was convinced, ‘This is Ganapathy. I am not Ganapathy. Ganapathy is sitting here.’ As is the practice he tapped the forehead with his knuckles in Ganesha worship, uttered, ‘Suklām Bharatharam Viṣṇum sasivarnam saturbhujam prasanna vathanam tyāyēt sarva vignōpa sānthayē’ and paid homage to Bālaswāmy. That Sanskrit Sloka was appropriate to Bālaswāmy: The one dressed in white clothes; the omniscient, the lotus-faced, the four-handed; the one who subdued the foursome Manas, Buddhi, Siddhi, and Ahānkāram; the one with a smiling face, the one who resolves all the karmas and takes them (devotees) in the path of virtue, to such a personage, I offer my homage (to Vinayaka). This Sanskrit verse was so fitting to Bālaswāmy.

But, Ganapathy Sastri did not ask for anything from Bālaswāmy. He did not speak with him. He returned home having had his Darśan. He thought continued efforts of varied kinds will help attain God, and austerity should be performed seriously. He planned and carried them out. He realized that formal education does not confer wisdom. Many Jñānis mention ‘Forget what you learnt.’ Tapasvins say didactic knowledge is of no use (for liberation). Take leave of conventional book knowledge.

There is a delay in understanding this principle. People believe that more studies help gain more knowledge. Faustian education relates to worldly life. It helps increase wealth. We take to power, prestige, accolades, victory... The material wealth, fame and name do not offer final bliss (நிறைவு).

Success does not guarantee peace. What comes after success? Chase after another success or victory. What comes after praise? More praises? There is no end to these. There is no peace in success, victory, property, mundane happiness, everyday conveniences, praise, position of authority... Where there is no peace, there is no satisfaction.

What offers final bliss? Is it money, praise, marital bliss, progeny, or authority? No, none of them. Peace comes from inside as a natural phenomenon. You go after it. Consider what is preventing it and remove that impediment. Just having tens of millions of rupees does not bring peace. Having no money is sorrow. Spending it is sorrow. Striving to earn money is sorrow. Safeguarding the earned money is sorrow. At all times and under all conditions, money is sorrow. Worldly comforts come from having money. Worldly comforts do not bring peace or tranquility.

The epicures, the ascetics, and the inquisitives go in search of peace. Ganapathy Sastri thought education would save him. He earned the title ‘Kāviya Kaṇḍar (Poet, Pundit).’ But it did not give him mental peace. He took many years to realize that education, effort... do not bring peace.

Suddenly, he got up from his Tapas (austerity). He walked towards the mountain. He fell at and held the feet of Bālaswāmy thinking of, crying for and attaining peace that escaped him. “Education nurtured Ahānkāram. My education did not guarantee peace. Knowledge made me haughty. It never gave peace. If I am not at peace with myself, how could God stay inside the roiling me? How could I get Darśan of God? I indulge in the enumeration of Mantra recitations. Yes, I count the Mantras, I chant. I become arrogant thinking of the number of chants I accomplished. (You can’t reach God by Mantras and Math.) I share my hubris with others. My hubris is looking at me. The numbers of chants are looking at me. Neither Mantra Japas nor the numbers of chants are of any help. Therefore, I never received any tranquility. “

“I have to discover who I am inside, giving up my hubris, and sitting in peace and meditation. Dear Satguru and repository of Spiritual Knowledge, please do me this favor. I hold your legs fast. Your every move (physiognomy) tells me that you attained peace and tranquillity. Your face is revealing. Your speech and eyes are telling. I have no peace inside. That is why my perception, my speech, and my Guṇa are not optimal. They cause me repugnance.”

‘Satguru, I surrendered to you. I hold your feet. I am under your beneficial influence. I have no I-ness left in me. Satguru, my ego is destroyed. I am nothing. Please establish tranquility in me,’ cried Sastri.

When they met, there were no others in the Virūpākṣi cave. A great peace prevailed there. Sastri stood up, wiped his face and looked at Bālaswāmy’s face; his eyes of mercy were looking at the eyes of the poet-Pundit Sastri, saying in silence, ‘What is inside me is in your inside.’ Bālaswāmy sent the Supreme Being inside him through his eyes to the Supreme Being inside Sastri standing before him.

This is the most wonderful Dīkṣa by Sight. It is the thought -as a Swing- that the Supreme Being is omnipresent. That omniscience (as a Swing) sprang from the eyes of Periyava, jumped over to the eyes of Sastri, touched and moved the Supreme Being in Ganapathy Sastri with expansion of the mind. Peace took residence in Sastri. Where is God? He is everywhere. I am hiding the Being. I keep my eyes shut. My hubris tied me up and threw me upside down. My arrogance has blocked my eyes. It makes me sightless, speechless, senseless and bound to many Faustian arts and crafts. Once these ties are cut asunder and the spirit rises, the eternal presence of God (Inner Abider) becomes visible.

Dīkṣa = Giving Wisdom and Removing Impurities. Initiation by a Guru. Sanskrit Dīkṣa = Sanskrit root dā ("to give") plus kṣi ("to destroy") Give Wisdom and Destroy Malams. The eye (sight) of the Pervader (இறைவன் =Iraivan) falls on and strikes you. The omnipresent Inner Abider (Supreme Being) embraces you with attentive love. Irai (இறை) is an Entity that comes between you and me, stands in our midst, occupies the heart, mind and soul of all. No one attempts to apprehend it. The Seer, looking at the Supreme Being in you makes you see Him by pointing It out to you. He is ready to point Him to you. For you to see Him, you must have certain requirements. You need humility. You must have a longing for Him. You need a genuine desire to see him.

The Pundit (Ganapathy Sastri) felt that longing and entertained that desire. Though he composed poems and attained loftiness, he lacked peace and tranquility. Knowing only a Satguru can bring them, he held Bālaswāmy’s feet fast and cried, resulting in the dawn of peace in Sastri. Who is this Guru? Who is sitting before me? With those thoughts in the mind Sastri looked at Bālaswāmy. It was a sight unknown to him before. This is Ramaṇam. Since it is full of joy, it is Ramaṇam. He is not ordinary. He is Ramaṇar. Srīramaṇar. He is ordinary Srīramaṇar. He is Bhagavan. He is a great Tapasvi.

Because of the benefit of his austerity over many births, he has with ease held the Supreme Being in him. He is Ṛṣi. Maḥarṣi. Kāvīya Kāṇḍa Ganapathy Sastri celebrated him as Bhagavan Srīramaṇar. That word ‘Srīramaṇar,’ given to the youth Venkatraman from Tirucchuzi, came to be regarded as the proper appellation (to Bālaswāmy). Since then the people instead of calling him Sāmy, Ayyā...called him SriRamaṇa Maḥarṣi.

As the Himalayas wear the cool clouds on its crown, Satyam (Truth) sported a name for itself: SriRamaṇa Maḥarṣi. All his devotees are the luckiest people. They call him by his loftiest name.

Let us get Darśan. Images: K. Rajasekharan

Sakti Vikatan - 05 Apr, 2011 Part 2

Kānchi Mahān: The deity of mercy

The list of beneficiaries who received Mahāperiyava’s grace got longer. His grace and mercy fell on all as a rain-shower. Those who soaked in the ‘Rain of Mercy’ have great respect and love for him. This is an episode illustrating that attitude of reverence.

Tirumathi (Ms.) Jyoti Venkatachalam was the chief minister of Kerala in 1980. T.V. Visvanathan was the official in the minister’s administration. In late December, he had quotidian fever and loss his weight. Blood tests and x-rays were done.

” He was taken to Thiruvananthapuram Medical College Hospital specialists. A lung specialist examined him.

The physician-in-chief declared, “The upper lobe of the left lung had early signs of cancer.

That diagnosis was revealed to the chief minister Ms. Jyoti Venkatachalam. Concerned, she ordered to take him to Chennai hospital where good treatment would be available. He was admitted in Government General Hospital, under the care of famous Dr. K.V. Krishnaswamy, who examined him.

He said, “There is no indication of lung cancer. But there is a collapse of part of the lung in the upper lobe. We should examine it further. “

Meanwhile, Swaminathan consulted with Dr. Cherian. He saw multiple x-rays (done at various angles) and showed on his face some anxiety. “There is cancer in the upper lobe of the left lung. An immediate operation is mandatory. There has been a lapse of four to five months since onset. Don’t waste any more time.”

Pity his soul! Swaminathan did not understand what to do. In march 1981, he went to New Delhi, where he tried to get a second opinion. A famous doctor Gopinath examined his lungs and concurred with Dr. Krishnaswamy saying, “There is a pressure on the upper lobe.” He advised taking medications for three months and get a follow-up x-rays of the chest. He told him not to worry.

Swaminathan had limitless devotion to Periyava and remembered Periyava’s affection for him. He was upset at hearing differing opinions from a multiplicity of doctors. He regretted that he did not surrender to Periya at the beginning. He believed strongly that his devotion to Periyava will save him.

Then, Maha Periyava camped at the border of Karnataka-Maharashtra border and offered his blessings to the devotees.

On behalf of Swaminathan, his close friend and supreme devotee Joshi told Periyava about Swaminathan's worries about his health.

Thereafter, Maha Periyava observed absolute silence for a few hours. Then the Tejas (effulgence) on his visage enveloped everyone with wonder. Some were even afraid to witness the shine on his body.

A few hours later, Periyava came out of his silent interlude. He called Joshi and Kaṇṇan to come near him and reassured them with mercy and firmness saying, "Nothing bad will happen to him."

Joshi called Swaminathan on the phone and narrated to him about Periyava's pronouncement. He was joyous and had a renewed sense of purpose at hearing the exact words of Periyava.

From that day onwards, the evening fever abated. The tiredness, fatigue, and anxiety on his face gradually left him. He stopped losing weight. His face showed a new glow. From the month of May, his body felt weak. Incessant cough, fever...affected him. A doctor examined the old x-rays and the medical records, took more images with newer machines. The specialist's face sank in unhappiness. In the x-rays, a new shadow appeared on the upper lobe. The doctor opined, "The disease progressed to the second stage and he was not physically fit to undergo operation. The treatment in the final stages would be only palliative for pain. He wrote a note to the chief minister. He mentioned there may be a danger to life in three months.

The chief minister Jyoti Venkatachalam felt compassion towards his assistant.

Consulting with a senior specialist in All India Institute of Medical Sciences, the chief minister got him admitted in the Railway hospital in Chennai. There the doctors declared that he was in heart failure. Swaminathan was trembling in fear. He told Joshi about his condition and asked him to supplicate to Periyava on his behalf. In compliance with his request, Joshi pleaded with Periyava, "I ask you Swamy, please confer 'Māṅgalya Bhikṣai' to the wife of Swaminathan." Saying it Joshi sobbed and shook. Māṅgalya Bhikṣai' = offer or conservation of marriage badge or medallion (Assurance against widowhood for the patient's wife)

Sensing devotee's dangerous predicament, Mahāperiyava observed silence for few minutes and left for a ritual bath. The Joshi couple stood aside in a state of devotion and fear.

He got into a tub brimming with water and stood there. He called Joshi to come near him and asked him to narrate Swaminathan's medical history. He immersed himself once and got up saying, 'he will face no danger.' 'For him, this is a new life.' He uttered this in the manner of commandment and with blessings.

Joshi informed Swaminathan and asked him to stay strong and brave.

The readings of test results with modern techniques and new instruments, the opinions and prognostications by the physicians declared he will live only for three months and discouraged him. How could he stay courageous? A new set of unexpected findings was discovered in Delhi's investigations.

From the time of birth, Swaminathan's base of the nose had a little crookedness. That prevented discharge of nasal secretions, which went into the lungs, causing the shadow. The specialists interpreted it wrongly as cancer.

In Thiruvananthapuram hospital, he had 'an operation' and made a complete recovery. The prognostication by specialists in the premier hospital for a three-month life was squarely disproven by his devotion to Periyava, and his rescue.

When he went for Darśan of Periyava, he told Kaṇṇaṇ with laughter, "Swaminathan is here, did you see him? Cancer, this and that, they scared him stiff." Once Periyava casts his eye of mercy, what else do you need? Darśan will continue.

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Sakthi Vikatan 19 Apr, 2011

Ramanamaharishi. Ramana Lotus

Author Balakumaran



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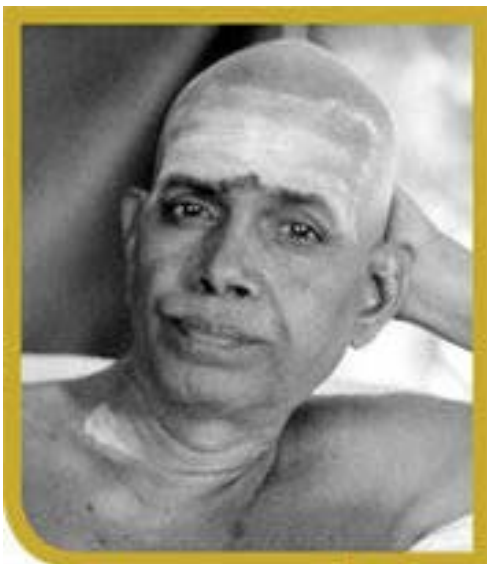
-tīṭcai.

, *n.* < *nayanadīkṣā*. (Śaiva.) A mode of religious initiation in which a Guru imparts spiritual knowledge to his disciple by dispelling the *āṇavamalam* with his look of grace, one of seven *tīṭcai*, Kāvīya Kāṇḍa Gaṇapathy was affectionately called Nāyaṇā (Father). The great effervescent Sakthi from inside of Bhagavan was transferred in eyes to eyes fashion directly (**indicating Initiation by look of grace**) to the inside of Ganapathy. It did not stop there. He clarified accurately on what to do in two easy sentences.

If you pay attention to where 'I' originates, the mind will lyse (lysis = dissolution) with the source. That is Tapas-austerity. Līṇam in Tamil and Sanskrit means dissolving or lysis. Dissolution is disappearance (like the salt in water). That sentence, intoned in a deep and soft voice, SriRamana Maharishi formulated for the benefit of Sastri with clarity, accuracy and purpose. He again reiterated what Tapas means. In performing Mantra Japam, concentration on its origin makes the mind lyse in the source. That is Tapas.

Here the substance is not in the Mantra. It is not in the sentence. When the sentence is spoken, pay attention to what the mind does. As the sentence is spoken and if the mind wanders in all directions, there is no stillness of the mind and no meaning to the sentence.

The devotee-hunter asked, "What Mantra should I chant?" The Muni did not know what to say. He looked at the tree nearby (he used it as the basis for Mantra). He taught the hunter, "Say 'Marā, Marā. Marā.'" He repeated it. In Tamil மரம்ப or Maram means tree. But Marā carries no meaning. But it created a great change in his heart, mind and soul. Looking at the word intently, reaching the mind through the word, and looking at the mind intently, a huge artifice, whereby the mind got lost, happened in that instant. The mind dissolves, says Bhagavan. Slowly the mind becomes subdued, tranquil and still and later it dissolves and disappears.



What are the prerequisites for this spiritual endeavour and later enlightenment? Humility is the first on the list. Complete trust in Guru is necessary.

Bhagavan Yogi Ramsurathkumar asked Pappā Ramadass, “What should I do?” Ramadass replied, “Chant without interruption for four hours Rāma Nāmam.” He chanted and his mind was immersed in the Japam so much so the mind vanished. The householder Ramsurathkumar attained the lofty position of a Yogi. Bhagavan narrated the above episode.

Forget about and give up Pujas, supplication, Japa, Tapas, breath control, Yoga Nishtai (meditation), Homam (Fire Sacrifice), Yāgam... When the mind holds fast on the Mantra, you can discover where the I-thought comes from and thereafter become one with it. Therein the mind subsides, dissolves and disappears. This facility (ability) comes with time.

One push. You fall in and become one with the soul. Stay there. Life’s pleasures will not let you go there. In the back of the mind, the tendency to enjoy the worldly pleasures remain. If Japam is performed, what are the benefits? You can become a famous Swamy. You can buy many acres of land. You can build many buildings. You can attract people from all over the world. You can claim victory in debates. By becoming one-pointed and become a Siddha, you can cure many diseases. Or you can pretend to cure diseases by Siddhi. You can collect money. If two people declare that their stomach pains were cured, 100 people will hear it. Two thousand people will seek you. Then you buy lands all over the world. This is the dance of the devil. It is the quality of the devil. I will destroy itself in the web of Māyā.

What will happen to the mature mind that dissolved and disappeared? It will be in a state of perplexity. One meal to eat, some water to drink, a loin cloth to wear, hard floor to sleep on... are enough for the mind to stay still. (Now the follow-up) But, riches seek his

feet. Services (people) will wait in line to serve. The Jñāni has no interest in them. The wealth is near him but it won’t be of any use to him. He will have buildings nearby, which will be of no use to him. Having lands and buildings or not do not matter to him. He always receives begged food on his palm, mashes it up and eats. If a supplicant offers a date (fleshy fruit), the Jñāni will accept it and eat it. He eats it for the pleasure of the donor and not for his own eating pleasure. His mind and senses are satisfied with a mouthful of food every day. (He needs enough food to sustain life.) That is true control of the senses. (He is not epicure.) That is the attribute of a Jñāni.

Bhagavan SriRamana Maharishi’s life is not full of events. It is not a jam-packed schedule. But, It is not a mere schedule of events. We must delve into the events and understand what his life tells us. The subtle fragrance and nature of his life should pervade us. We should think deeply into his Tapas. We should ask him what austerity (Tapas) is. We should try to practice that Tapas. Bhagavan SriRamanar’s life’s story is unlike reading and finishing a novel. It should enter your soul and change your Buddhi. Your thought should show reformation and growth.

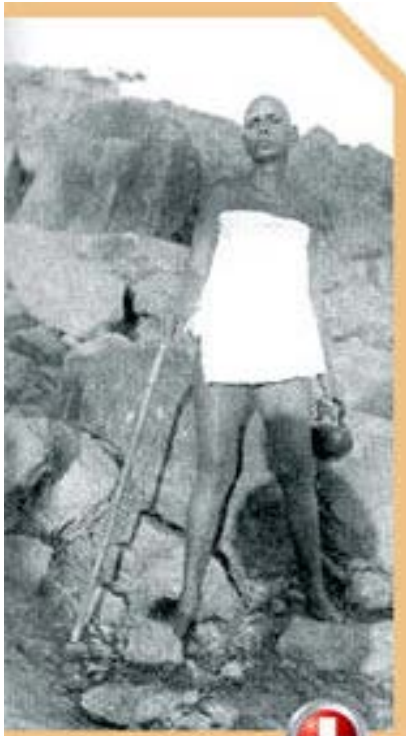
Sanatana Dharma, the Hindu code of ethics, is not an ordinary matter. To make the mind one-pointed, at various ages and stages, many Jñānis employed multiple modalities of intuition to move towards that objective. Bhajans, devotion, festivals, idol worship, narrations of Itihāsas and Puranas, Veda recitations, Fire sacrifices... have the main purpose to make our mind one-pointed, mature and devoted.

The transformation of soul over many births. You wore multiple styles of silk saris. Did you reach a state of sufficiency and satisfaction? How could you say it? That state will never be reached. I have only four silk saris. How could they be enough? That is your predicament. Don’t worry. In the next birth, a sense of sufficiency (indifference) will take hold of you. Sanatana Dharma states that your Tapas does not stop with this birth. This story of life is a matter of continuation into Jenma after Jenma (birth after birth).

When 16-year-old youth Venkatraman was lying on his stomach in his bed in Madurai, the wonderful change in his mind and the soul is not a learnt lesson; it was not handed to him (in a lesson) either; it was a seamless continuation from one birth to the next. Lesson for us. The maturity of your heart, mind and soul in the continuation of your Tapas should show further



காவிய கண்ட கணபதி முனி



changes for the better at the reading of SriRamaṇa Maharishi. The moment you see the eyes of Srīramaṇar, stirring of your heart, mind and soul should take place.

When you stand in the Ramanasramam with opposed palms, with no external stimulus or help, your heart, mind and soul (உள்ளம் = Uḷlam = Inside) should soften and melt with the flow of spontaneous tears. I am alone: No relatives, no friends, no companion, no guide and none whatsoever. The Parabrahmam alone inside me is my guide, my companion... That is me; I am That: with that stance, merge. You must be immersed in ecstatic tears. You must sit down in limitless peace. Instructions do not bring changes. Jñānis bring about changes. Jñānis are not corporeal beings (in the ordinary sense of the word). When they were corporeal, they transcended the body, saw the wonderful form in their soul and became it. Death is not their lot. They live a deathless life. They are omnipresent. They are of the form of effulgence. Don't think of a light in a lamp. Thought of him gives us effulgence. Thought of him is the guide. That state is our light. It dissipates darkness with that light showing us the way. We should follow that path. Guru means the remover of darkness.

Ganapathy Muni is a poet extraordinaire.

Because Ganapathi held the feet of SriRamana Maharishi, he saw changes in his heart, mind and soul (Uḷlam). He did not know Saiva Siddhāntam. In Tiruvannamalai, the members of Saiva Siddhant Society invited him to talk on that subject. He accepted the invitation. He told Srīramaṇar he was not learned in Saiva Siddhānta. Bhagavan gave the book 'Siva Jñāna Bōtham,' made him read the verses and explained the verses. Ganapathy with sharp intellect and broad education understood Saiva Siddhāntam. He explained Saiva Siddhāntam from the dais transcending his own understanding and received accolades and applause.

He realized his effort did not get him through the talk. Forgetting oneself and immersing oneself deeply, there is a chance for difficulties to arise.

The body freezes. Difficulties arise. When the mind stands still, it affects breath and blood flow. The breath becomes rapid with anger, passion, irritation, disgust, lamentation... Silence makes the breath slow. The breath runs like a fine thread. In the lungs, there is diminished excursion (of air). The blood flow is sluggish, resulting in stagnation of blood coming down and causing congestion and headache.

Those who know that body and mind are different understand these observations. The neophytes are beside themselves and helpless, when they cannot tolerate this pain. When Ganapathy Muni had this congestion at the height of his Tapas, he did not know what to do and sent a devotee to Maharishi with a note of his pain.

Maharishi immediately left for the Ganapathi's place, put his right hand on the crown of his head and applied pressure. Ganapathi's pain dissipated from inside him. The flow channels came back to normal. The breath became regular. The distressed body became erect. Darkness left and the face blossomed. What Ganapathy had, was a setback. This is an impediment, when one goes fast. When an experienced one sends his mind to the soul, it becomes proper and optimal.

There is too much motion (stress) when the mind is sent to the soul (subsides in the soul). The Muni came back to his normal self. When Maharishi was talking, he said in a soft voice, "Ganapathy addressed me with his problem. To whom am I going to appeal?"

Bhagavan SriRamaṇa Maharishi is a self-ignited flame. He was his own



அருள் தரும்
அஷ்ட பிரபந்தங்கள்!
மாலவனின்

பெருமைகளை விவரிக்கும்
நூல்களில் எட்டு குறிப்பிடத்தக்கவை.
அவை: திருவரங்கக் கலம்பகம்.
திருவரங்கத்துமாலை. திருவரங்கத்து
அந்தாதி. பூநீரங்கநாயகர்ஊசல்.
திருவேங்கடமாலை, திருவேங்கடத்து
அந்தாதி. அழகர் அந்தாதி.
நூற்றெட்டுத் திருப்பதி
அந்தாதி!

Guru and a pinnacle of virtue. He himself effervesced, subsided, self-supported and blossomed as the lotus flower. Bhagavān SriRamana Maharishi is an Avatara.

Let us get Darśan.

[சக்தி விகடன் - 19 Apr. 2011](#)

Kanchi Mahan: The deity of Mercy

Author: சாருகேசி ✠



Mahāperiyava at the time of ascending the papal chair, was 13. Every day there was an increase of people visiting him at Kumbhakoṇam Mutt. Therefore, there was little time for him to learn Vedas. The Mutt officials were trying to find a solution for this and made up their mind to relocate him in Mahendra Maṅgalam village on the north banks of River Kāveri.

That village was prosperous in the 10th Century. This village was a gift to the Brahmins from Pallava king Mahendra Varman. Rock carvings prove such a deed. They discovered the Siva Temple here was huge when they dug. Siva's name here is Thillaināthan. The rock engravings show that the king gave the temple as a gift to Siva. The nearby village Śrīnivāsanallūr has a temple. The two temples were built in Chola style. Mahēndramaṅgalam was once a battle ground. Nagasamy the archeological researcher said that the temple histories were written not in a prose style but in a poetic form.



Periyava learnt Vedas in the sacred city Mahēndramaṅgalam from 1911 to 1914. When the students were paying homage to the teacher, it turned out the teacher had to pay homage to a student. Reason: The student was the Madāthipathi. This school was run by Śrīraṅgam Kunalakkudi Siṅgam Iyengar. This building was for exclusive use of the Vedic School according to the writ engraved by Iyengar in the building and registered in the office of the registrar. His grandson and other family

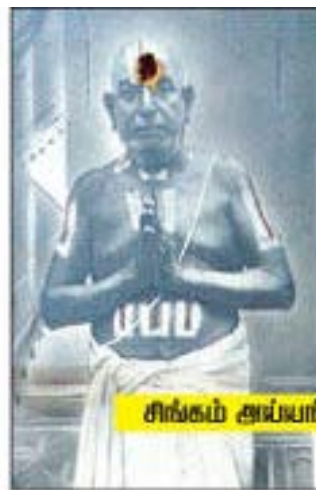


members run the Vedic school. Periyava planted a Holy Basil plant and worshipped it before school hours. To this day, the Tulsi plant is maintained.

About 50 years ago, someone bought part of this land to make red bricks in the kiln. Then only, the buried temple and its humongous size were revealed. Nandi's face was slightly damaged. The Sivalinga and the Nandi were placed on the mound. In the 1960s, Periyava visiting this place was unhappy to see Nandi and Siva scorching and baking in the sun. He desired to have a small temple at least to house the deities. In 2006, Sri Jayendrar came here and built the temple near the Perumal Temple.



பெரியவா படின்ற வகுப்பு அறை



சிங்கம் அப்பாங்கார்

Rathnagiri-Isvarar Temple27



Whenever Periyava came here, he used to visit Srīrathnagirīsvarar Temple. He went up the 1000 steps fast; it was a joy to see it. Ādisankarā visited this place. Knowing this, Periyava installed an idol of Ādisankarā in the Mandapam. Srījayēndrar installed an idol of Periyava near Ādisankarā. Ramamurthy Gurukkal said, “The two get regular puja here.” Nationalist Gandhipiththan opined, “If we build a temple to SrīChandramaulīvarar-Srītripurasundari, we can move Periyava to the new temple. He was supposed to have known Periyava.

Srījayēndrar asked Krishna Gāṇa Sabhā Administrator Prabhu, “Is it not possible to build a temple with Sivalingam and Nandi as the resident deities, as desired by Periyava?” Prabhu, taking up the challenge, is involved in the planning stages of the said project. Last year, the Bhūmi Pūja (Consecration of the building site) was conducted. The local people came in throngs showing a huge support.

Swaminatha Sthapathi who cast the Mahāperiyava’s holy statue undertook the temple service (casting idols). Sthapathi was ecstatic to note, “When we opened the eyes of Periyava statue (Infusion of life in the idol), I experienced a thrill in my body. I now have the responsibility to build the temple. That is my blessed luck. Mūlavar (fixed deity), Ambal (Consort), Pañchaparivāram (five-member Family of deities), Srī Gaṇapathy, Srīmurugaperumān, Srīsaṇḍikēsvarar...are the resident deities housed in the temple.

Jayaraman of Mahēndramaṅgalam said, “It is a great merit to see the Vedic school where Periyava was a student. It is boon for the townspeople to have the temple. His grandfather was Periyava’s contemporary and fellow student at the Vedic School. (Now a small note: Periyava and I Veeraswamy Krishnaraj attended American Arcot Mission High School at different times, decades in-between.)

It is certain that Mahēndiramaṅgalam will shine as an auspicious temple town.

Images: E. Venkatesh.



**அஷ்ட
தட்சிணாமூர்த்தி!**

காமிக ஆகமத்தில் எட்டு
வகையான தட்சிணாமூர்த்தி
வடிவங்கள் குறிக்கப்பட்டுள்ளன.
யோக தட்சிணாமூர்த்தி. வீணாதா தட்சிணா
மூர்த்தி. மேதா தட்சிணாமூர்த்தி. ஆசின
தட்சிணாமூர்த்தி. வர தட்சிணாமூர்த்தி.
யோகபட்ட அபிராம தட்சிணாமூர்த்தி.
ஞான தட்சிணாமூர்த்தி. சக்தி தட்சிணா
மூர்த்தி ஆகிய திருவடிவங்களை
அவை!

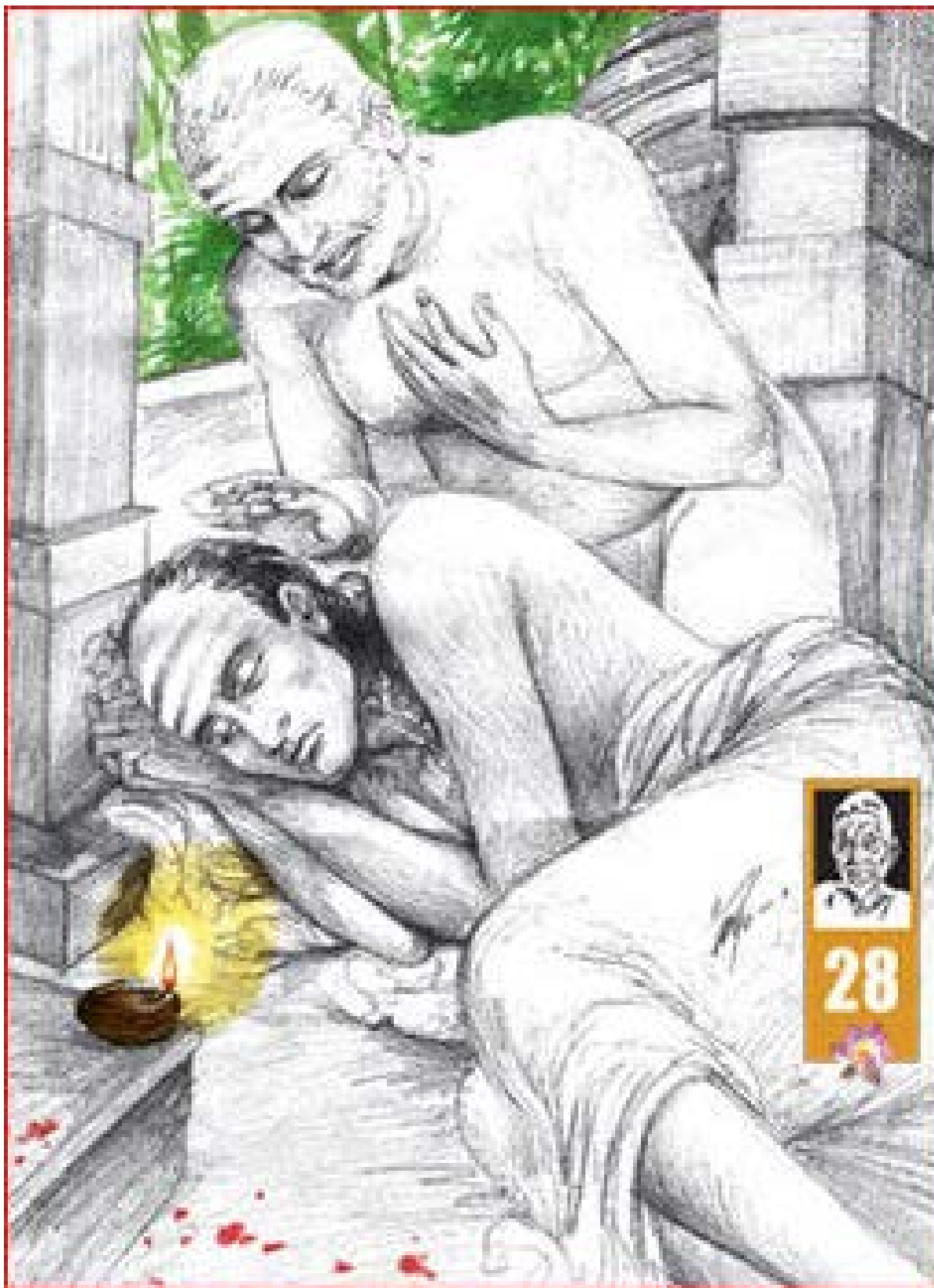
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Sakthi Vikatan - [03 May, 2011](#)

Ramanamaharishi



[பாலகுமாரன்]



Bhagavan SrīRamaṇa Maharishi worked another wonder in Nāyaṇā's life. Bhagavan is very much involved in the life of Nāyaṇā because of his sharp intellect, education, oratorical skills and spiritual eloquence.

Bhagavan said that whenever the I-thought ("I-I") rises in the mind and if the mind pays attention to it, the mind



dissolves. By intense Look of Grace, Bhagavan not only transferred his wonderful spiritual power to Nāyaṇā but also by applying pressure on his head, he reduced the rising heat of Tapas in his head. He did another wonder.

In 1908, Nāyaṇā Gaṇapathy Sastri took leave of Ramaṇar and left for Tiruvetṛṛiyūr, where in the Vinayakar temple, he continued his Tapas. One evening when he was recumbent with open eyes, he felt someone was sitting... When he looked around, he saw Ramanar apply pressure

on his head with his palm.

When Ramanar applied the pressure, Gaṇapathy Sastri felt the flow of electrical impulse through his body. This happened in 1908. In 1929, a devotee raised the subject of Ramaṇar giving Astha Dīkṣa to Gaṇapathy Sastri in Tiruvetṛṛiyūr. Bhagavan replied, “Yes, one day suddenly it appeared I was flying in the air away from this place. When I rose, the views disappeared. All appeared white. I felt I was moving to another place. Later, the views under the flightpath appeared. Then I came down and walked on a highway. There was a Vinayakar temple. Inside, I spoke to someone for some time.

What I spoke, I don’t remember. But it appeared to my mind it was Tiruvetṛṛiyūr with Siva temple and a nearby Vinayaka temple. When I opened my eyes, I was in Tiruvannamalai.” He said this as a matter of fact with no haughtiness.

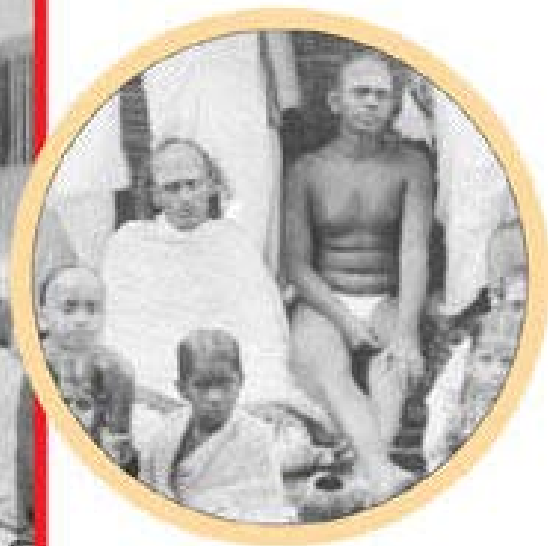
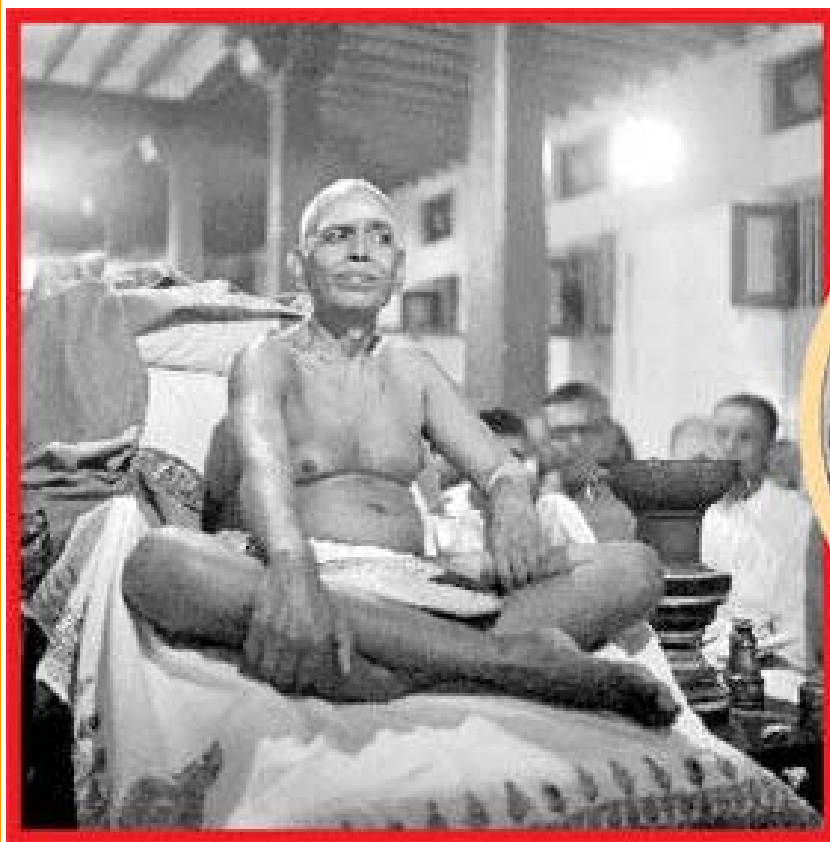
Bhagavan never arrogated the claim that going by air, he administered Astha Dīkṣa to his devotee. He did not claim bragging rights claiming such feats. He never opened his mouth. Kāviya Kanda Gaṇapathy told the devotees about this incident. When the devotees enquired about it some 21 years later, Ramanar admitted without denying such an act. He did not conceal it. He did not celebrate his ability to do such feats. It was a simple matter according to him.

We celebrate small achievements; considering it, we are reminded about Ramaṇar ’s incident. That recall makes us feel ashamed of our own arrogation. Satyam’s nature is peace without an iota of arrogance. To remain with no arrogance is for a man to involute into his own soul. That was Ramaṇar ’s nature of involution into his soul.

Ramanar by his proximity and exemplary lifestyle, showed that people can attain such high Yogic accomplishments. Gaṇapathy realized that Ramanar was the foundation for his life. He paid homage to Parvati for giving him Ramaṇar as his Guru. He began writing the verses. He was a Sākta, Mother Goddess worshipper. Seven hundred verses were completed. The date was fixed for Araṅkēṭṛram; the preparation was going ahead. He could not continue writing the rest of the verses to the count of 1000.

Next day, the public presentation was to take place. How could he do it with 700 verses? Gaṇapathy was nervous. His learning, sharp intellect...did not help him. Again, he held the feet of the Sprig of Wisdom (Ramaṇar). ‘I am unable to complete the project I undertook.’ Bhagavan with great mercy told him, “Tonight we will sit down.”

Bhagavan SriRamaṇa Maharishi and Gaṇapathy Sastri sat facing each other, while the devotees sat around them with pencils and papers. Ramaṇar looked straight into the eyes of Sastri in a piercing manner. Inside, Gaṇapathy had poetic inundation. Seven hundred became 800. Eight hundred became 900. Nine hundred became 1000. As Kāvīya Gaṇapathy dictated, the devotees transcribed the verses. The assembled people felt a sense of relief and peace at completing the project. Bhagavan questioned Sastri, “Nāyaṇā, were all my sayings put down in writing?” Nāyaṇā with modesty nodded his head, “Yes.” Bhagavan said, “Those verses appeared to have been written by me. That is why I questioned you.” Self-acclaim and Celebration were not intended. There was no denial of the implicit claim either. The fact that it happened because of Bhagavan was announced, though there was no hubris of ‘I did it.’



Stage presentation went with great fanfare and pomp. Before presentation, he copyedited the manuscript of 700 verses. But the last 300 verses were not copyedited; there was no need for such editing. For the learned, studies are the problem, which raise questions again and again. If you are married to studies, doubts come in various forms. Though the writing is clear and laudatory, doubts such as ‘Is it right? is that right? Should I make a change?’ always come up.

Nāyaṇā asked Bhagavan, “When the I-thought rises, is the presence of mind important or should one hold on to performing Mantrajapam?” He expanded his query and said, “What

helps me attain my objective?” Bhagavan did not get angry with him for his coming back to ‘asked and answered question.’ Bhagavan with emphasis said, “When I-thought rises, dissolution of mind is enough; nothing else needs to be done.”

He continued saying, “You rest all your burdens on God; He will take care of it. Whatever that needs to be done, it will be done properly.” If the mind is dissolved where the I-thought rises, objectless state forms beautifully. The premise, ‘I am’ will dissolve. After the dissolution, there is nothing to see or feel. Whatever we want to bring to a completion, it will happen as simply as the blossoming of a flower. If you bring a matter to the forefront, the perception has many dimensions: ‘I-am-the-doer’ stance; I am the astute performer; I am the most accomplished doer; the world praises me to the heavens; some appear to oppose my action... The attitude ‘whatever happened, it did not happen because of us.’ brings the feeling of freedom and it does not occur to the mind to celebrate the act.

Sometimes Nāyaṇā and Bhagavan engage in arguments. Nāyaṇā put forward the premise, “The brain is the most important part of the body.” Bhagavan opposed his proposition and said, “Heart is the most important organ.” He further added, “Heart plays a greater role than the brain.” The devotees heard this back and forth between them.

In that crowd, there was one student, Aruṇāchalam. He wrote an exquisite English poetry of the conversation.

The light that originated from the sun made the moon and the planets shine; likewise, the heart lights up Buddhi and through Buddhi activates other organs. The power and the light of the heart cause Buddhi’s activity.

Buddhi stimulates the organs by its strength. We need organs for life experiences, which make an impression on the mind and form the phenomenal Māyic appearance. The heart causes the appearances, the experiences, the power of the organs and the power of the Buddhi. The mind finds tranquility when it discovers where the power and the light abide.

That by which all aspects of life have meaning, moving towards that power, and realizing it, all others appear like a dream. Under these conditions, the organs help us live in the world. But, the organs suffer no entanglement in the Māyā. Buddhi keeps our memories in storage. By Buddhi, we know who is who. But there is no entertainment of like and dislike. Happiness and grief are experienced equanimously. The reason is as follows: Where Sakti rises in a roar and where the brain-activizing light originates, where the mind rests in peace, realizes it, holds it and embraces it. All the rest are meaningless.

SrīRamaṇar translated into Tamil the treatise written by the youth Arunachalam. It is not important what the original language of the treatise is. That news is important, rather than the author and the original language of the text. The message in the treatise should reach everyone. Śeṣhādri Swāmigaḷ was a wonderful man in the life of Srīramaṇar.

Swāmigaḷ a siddha Purusha performed many wonders.

Let us do the Darśan.

Ramanamaharishi20110517

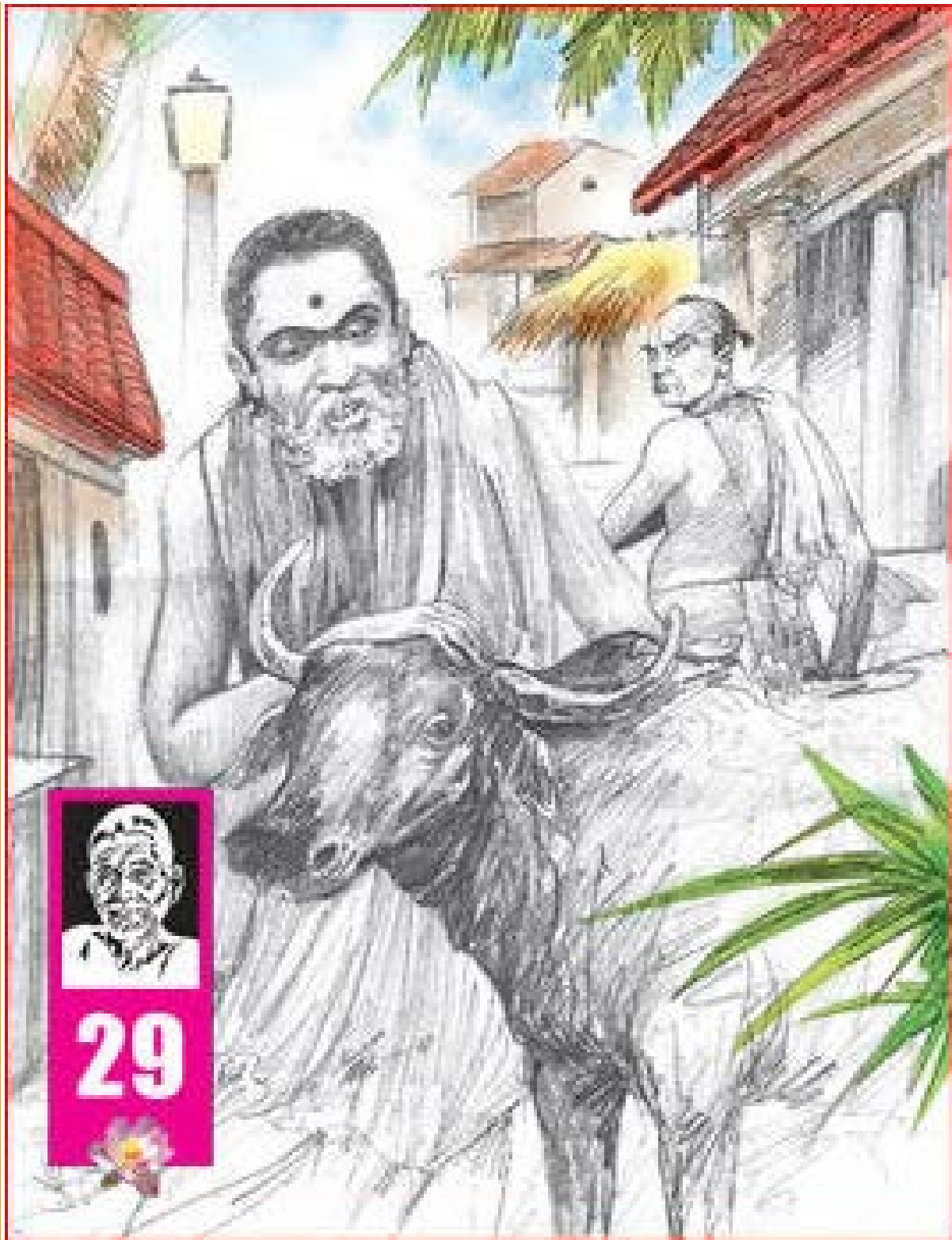
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Posted Date : 06:00 (17/05/2011)

Ramana Maharishi

இருவரும் ஒருவரே!

பாலகுமாரன்



The two Jñāṇīs (Bhagavan Ramanar and Śeshādri Swāmigaḷ) were in the highest state of spirituality. They praised each other. Though there were only a few introductions, they cared for and knew each other well.

A devotee told Ramanar, “People say that Śeshādri Swāmigaḷ is insane.”

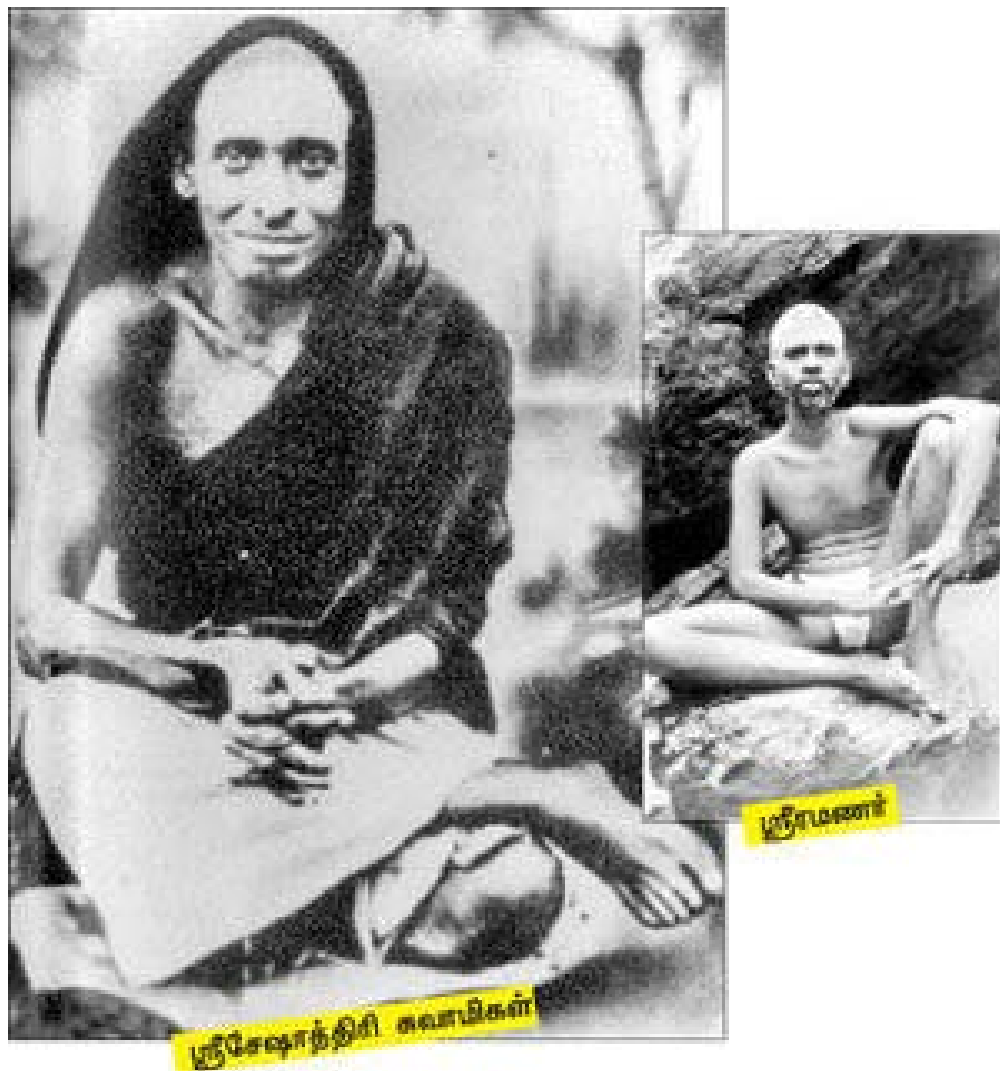


Ramana Maharishi answered, “In Tiruvannamalai, there are three lunatics: The first is Lord Anṇāmalaiyār; the second is Śeshādri Swāmigaḷ and pointing to himself, thirdly this lunatic. This news made the rounds in Tiruvaṇṇāmalai.

Śeshādri Swāmigaḷ talks about Ramana Maharishi in a different manner. There is an exuberance of happiness and love. He was known to have said this to the pilgrims: Where? To the Virūpākṣi cave. Don’t. Stop. There is a killer in the cave. If you go there he will kill you.”

Killing a person was euphemism for killing the ego. If someone goes to the cave, his ego also will be killed.

Śeshādri Swāmigaḷ attained spiritual maturity in Mother Goddess worship (Sākta) with wide expertise in Mantras and constant Japams. He attained many Siddhis as fruits of his practice. He once shouted, “There goes Vittōpā, there goes Vittōpā, looking at a Siddhi Mahāṇ flying in the sky. He saw at his location in Tiruvaṇṇāmalai a Mahāṇ dead in distant Pōḷḷūr.



Periyava had the greatness to divine the thoughts of the people before him. It was a common practice for him to laugh and remark on the thought flows of the person near him. Śeshādri Swāmigaḷ stood before Periyava and stared at his eyes. A few minutes after staring at his eyes, he could not apprehend who SriRamaṇa Maharishi was (could not read his thoughts). He asked Bhagavan, “You are unable to read the thoughts.” Bhagavan did not reply and kept quiet. That silence, Śeshādri Swāmigaḷ could not stand.

Śeshādri Swāmigaḷ said loudly, “Worship of Aruṇāchalēśvarar will yield liberation or Mukti to the worshiper.” Bhagavan in a soft voice said, “Who worships whom?” Śeshādri Swāmigaḷ laughed louder and said, “This is beyond my comprehension.” The two Jñānis took up this wonderful subject and shared their thoughts.

Śeshādri Swāmigaḷ is at the pinnacle of Bhakti. Mantra Japam was the instrument of his Bhakti-worship. Body piercing, pulling the temple car, attending festivals, temple worship, performing ablution and worship, worship of idol in the house three times a day, chanting Slokas, Thēvara-Thiruvāsaka reading, performing fire sacrifice and Yagnas...: These are the exoteric forms of worship of Bhakti Path. These paths bring changes. Such person knows the ins and the outs of the Bhakti

path. He knows the past, the present and the future. He can see God. He can acquire godhood.

But, Srīramaṇar took a different path. There was an internal change with the snap of fingers. There came an epiphany: That is This; This is all-pervasive. It became absolutely clear to him, ‘This One is all-pervasive, intrinsic, plenitudinous and irremovable inner abider.’”

The thought that all these are mere staged acts in plays is firmly established: Eating, dressing, sleeping, talking, laughing... He realized, one day the drama comes to an end; there will be singing of ‘Long Live.’ What is seen is a mere dream: that thought brought peace to him.

Not all acquire this view of life; it is a continuation of past life. It is a life of the purest of pure Satyam. It is a divine form worthy of worship by supreme Bhaktas and Bhāgavatas. It is not a matter of seeking God; it is not the ecstasy of finding God; That wonderful form morphed from man to God.

Of these two paths, which path should we choose? You don’t have the power to choose. Fate is stronger and therefore the chooser. We should go in the direction the ordained fate pulls you. On the trodden path, it is a great fortune to lead a life designed for you by God or continue seeking God. That fortune is easily acquired when we meet with Mahāns of this nature.

These virtuous people are easy of approach. Both are same by appearance. Bhagavan sits with a loincloth. Śeshādri wanders with unoled head, dirty shawl, a long loincloth (Dhoti)...

Śeshādri Swāmigaḷ used harsh biting words, ridiculed, chased people around him. Those who are strong and survive these onslaughts and bum’s rush and those who are hungry for spiritual knowledge, become thick disciples.

Bhagavan is silent but subjects others to tests. Knowing his silence and communicating with him through silence, the successful become his disciples.

They who go to Bhagavan asking for material things and positions of power, are not his favorite visitors. Ordinary people need wealth, what to do?

The shopkeeper’s fate changes, when a miscreant grabs a bunch of coins from the sales register and throws them on the street. When the miscreant is stopped and chased, there is loss. He wins who understands that the episode was an unwelcome deed inflicted on him from past life Karma. The chaser sustained a loss.

Śeshādri Swāmigaḷ stood in the middle of the street in Tiruvannamalai under the hot sun and looked at a buffalo, losing his self-awareness. A Brahmin passing by said, “What are you looking at?”

Swāmigaḷ: “What is that?”

Brahmin: “Buffalo.”

Swāmigaḷ: “Is that Buffalo? You are the buffalo. That is Parabrahmam, Parabrahmam.”

He goes to the buffalo and gives it a rub and then an embrace. The Brahmin leaves with a shut mouth and thinks Swāmigaḷ was a lunatic. But what he said to the Brahmin is Truth in effulgence. Outwardly, he is a madman.

“Śeshādri, come here.”

“What, mother?” He asks his mother with love. His mother is on the deathbed.

“Tiruvannamalai, Tiruvannamalai, Tiruvannamalai: Think of it and attain liberation.” That is his mother talking in a soft voice with tears running down her face. That was her last speech. Thinking of Tiruvannamalai, she attains liberation. She transferred that spiritual thought to her son.

That Great Saying left an indelible mark on his heart, mind and soul. It stayed there permanently. (His mother’s advice was etched in his DNA.) He who rejected marriage and family, now abandons his own place of birth and goes to Tiruvannamalai.

He learnt Bālātripurasundari Mantra in Kanchi, chanted it in Kanchi Amman Temple, banks of the river, grasslands, funerary... and a sense of lunacy appeared inside.

His family was advised marriage was the cure for his lunacy. Śeshādri rejected it.

The relatives scolded him for entering the house without a bath after visiting the funerary.

He gave up residence in his house saying, “Ok, No more stay in this house.” No one could stop him. He wandered back and forth in Tiruvannamalai as a beggar.

He rose seething with anger when he heard, “In Pātāla Liṅgeśvarar sanctum, a child was sitting without awareness. The urchins are throwing stones on him.”

“Dey” (Hey). The temple trembles. He picks up the child like a ball of flowers. The body was oozing blood and pus with ants, insects...crawling all over him. That child was unaware of all these miseries. He was deep in meditation.

Śeshādri Swāmigaḷ knows what it is. He cleaned him up and relocated him. The child continues meditating. That child is the future SriRamaṇa Maharishi.

Swāmigaḷ never once told Bhagavan Ramana Maharishi, “That day I saved you. I helped you.”

He threatens saying, “Hey, the person in the Mudaliar mountain receives a salary of 10,000 rupees. My salary is 1000 rupees. Should you not earn 100 rupees?”

This is not money. This is not salary. This is love for Bhagavan SriRamaṇa Maharishi, who was weighed. It is the conviction that Bhagavan’s spiritual worth is ten times more. Should he not earn 100 rupees? Pointing to Mahan to those who

sought or took refuge in him and putting them in the right path.

Let us get Darśan.

Ramanamaharishi20110531

Sakthi Vikatan 31 May, 2011

Who is the true Jnani?

உண்மையான ஜானி யார்?



பாலகுமாரன்

Author Balakumaran



Bhagavan Ramaṇa Maharishi is Śivarūpam (Śiva in form). Around him, there must be peace and quiet with no unnecessary foot traffic, noise... Applying great care in activities, firm friendship should prevail.

But Śeshādrī Swāmigaḷ is of the form of Sakti (Mother Goddess worshipper). An ecstatic dance. Loud laughter. 'What love you have for me.' crows Swāmigaḷ with his characteristic embrace for small favors



shown to him. His darker side spews anger on the disciples seeking him: ‘I told you not to come near me. If you violate that dictum of mine, I will tear you apart, Baḍavā (Rascal, Scoundrel). ‘Why are you coming to me? Go, go... Go up (the mountain). There is someone up on the mountain. He will safeguard you, go!’ said Swāmigaḷ, pointing up his hand with exuberance to the Virūpākṣi cave (Where Ramanar lives).

Ramanar and Swāmigaḷ entertain no discrimination based on Jāti and religion. Both are fluent in writing poetry, well-versed in Sanskrit. They create wonder and awe in their explication of Tattvas. But they are not showboats. One is Śivam; the other is Śakti. One sports an hour-glass drum on hand; the other sports roaring Ganges on the head. That is one path; this is another path.

Śeshādri Swāmigaḷ scattered a Mutt food in all four directions. The server of the food complained to him, “Don’t waste the food. This is begged food. How could you scatter it?” Swāmigaḷ retorted, “Is that so? Hereafter, I will eat the food without scattering it. See, not even a morsel will fly.” So saying, he ate the food in a proper manner. He could go this way or he could go the other way.

In 1914, Śeshādri Swāmigaḷ used to go for a month to Ramanar’s Virūpākṣi cave to eat his meals. There also, he scattered the food all over, while eating. Bhagavan’s devotee Kandasamy scolded him, “Look here, if you scatter the food like this, I won’t serve the food anymore. From then on, Swāmigaḷ never went there for food. There was a discussion whether Kandasamy’s admonition of Swāmigaḷ was proper. The devotees in Virūpākṣi cave took sides with Kandasamy and said, “if he wastes food like this, what are we to do? That is why he was scolded.”

This criticism reached the ears of Swāmigaḷ. He was afraid whether Ramanar will take his act as disrespect and clarified the reason he scattered food around him: A person should not eat all the food on his leaf-plate. There are living things, visible and invisible all around us. There are subtle forces around us. They wait in hunger. They too need food. This has been documented in many sacred books. They say in detail eating the food and scattering some are correct.

Subramani Sastri a devotee, to facilitate deep meditation, took Cannabis electuary. Cannabis instead of calming the mind, sometimes stirs up the mind. The users suffer a great deal with slurred and inarticulate speech. Knowing their altered speech, they feel unhappy. They feel distressed, unable to prevent their incoherent speech. Once Subramani Sastri, hobbled with incoherent speech, fell at the feet of Śeshādri Swāmigaḷ asking him to help him. Śeshādri Swāmigaḷ scolded him saying, “Previously, I warned you several times not to take the ‘drug.’ You kept taking it and feel distressed.”

In truth, Śeshādri Swāmigaḷ said nothing like this to Subramaniya Sastri. Bhagavan Ramana Maharishi scolded him as above. He never knew that Ramanar chided him. By making this statement, Swāmigaḷ indirectly equates Sṛīramaṇar and Śeshādri Swāmigaḷ.

In 1921, during the winter months, Śeshādri Swāmigaḷ’s devotees with bounding joy gave him a ritual ablution. They understood due to not taking baths and having braided locks, he suffered from severe itching. But he could not take the stress of this ablution due to his inanition, Tapas and hunger. He developed a high fever. He went to Annamalai Sannidhi, paid homage to the Lord with opposed palms, went out of the temple and slept on a raised platform in a random house. He never woke up and attained Mukti.

Śeshādri Swāmigaḷ merged with the Divine: The news reached everyone in Tiruvannamalai.

South of the Ramanasramam, there is a burial monument for Śeshādrī Swāmigaḷ. SriRamana Maharishi participated in the festival. Swāmigaḷ helped Ramanar in his younger days and rescued him from many troubles. When we read Ramana History, we cannot forget that the leonine Swāmigaḷ was the close friend during Ramanar's vulnerable period.

Śeshādrī Swāmigaḷ took care of Bālaswāmy in his younger days as a mother would remove her son from dangers, get him back to health, let him go his way and watch him blossom. He was astounded looking at Bālaswāmy, the personification of Wisdom. He spread the word around. He never had the hubris of doership in helping Bālaswāmy.

A devout woman hearing about Śeshādrī Swāmigaḷ wanted to pay homage to him. Whenever she went to receive Darśan of Ramanar, she searched for Swāmigaḷ. One day by surprise, she saw Swāmigaḷ. With humility and respect, she fell at his feet and said, "I took so long for me to receive Darśan of you." Swāmigaḷ said, "What if it is here, what if it is there, it is all one and the same."

It takes a Jñāni to know a Jñāni.

Vedanta book, 'Kaivalya Navanītham' raises a question, 'Who is the true Jñāni? The book itself gives the answer to that eternal question. Whosoever stands in mid-position (neutrality), is a Jñāni. What does it mean to stand in a mid-position? Like the lotus leaf (floating in the pond) and water, he lives in this world but not of the world. They go about as ordinary people. He, a great pundit, does not beat his own drum. They extend help to all.

These Jñānis may perform Tapas, may engage in commerce, may reign as kings, or beg for food. They do not think of their past. They do not contemplate on their future. They remain in the present. Antithetical to epicureanism, they eat any food given to them. If the sky falls, if the sun becomes moon, or if the corpse walks, they do not regard it as something new. They remain a witness standing between the good and the evil.

Bhagavan SriRamana Maharishi lived the life of a Jñāni and Jīvanmukta (Liberated while alive in body). These are illustrated by many events. One's bad behavior exploits the other's life for self-benefit. Without considering one's usefulness to the other, the selfish thinks of exploiting the other. By thoughts like these, one's own honesty and integrity collapse. The mind is always plotting, resulting in lack of peace. With no or little peace, there is an attempt to hide one's guilt feelings with pompous talk. Others easily discern this pompous talk and the result is an appearance of vulgarity. Not realizing one's own vulgarity, they continue to be pompous.

Pomposity: Pretending to his friends, he bought the motorcycle (at his own expense), while it was bought for him by his Father-in-law (FIL) and he was crowing about it with friends. As the friends praised the motorcycle, he entertained the thought of asking the FIL for a car. He may get one or may not. He may be subject to inauspicious words: "Why are you so shameless."

In 1908, Ramanar lived in the Virūpākṣi cave. Bālāṇanda a sadhu and a polyglot lived nearby. He was a learned man and an able person. He a charlatan by trade claimed to have many supernatural powers. His powers of persuasion and chicanery came to him with ease. He told his seekers he knew the past, the present and the future but his intention was to separate them from their money.

Devotees of Ramanar knew he was a Brahmana Sāmy. They go to Tiruvannamalai first for Darśan of the deities and later to the cave on the mountain to see Periyava. They offer homage to the Sadhus on the way, contribute food and money and leave. Many Sadhus wait eagerly for the devotees and the offerings. They usually accost, buttonhole and make the mountain-climbing devotees sit before them against their wishes.

Once Ramana Maharishi (known as Brahmana Sāmy) came to the cave on the mountain, the phony Sadhus drew less crowd. The money-grubbing Sadhus were jealous and unhappy to see a greater cashflow to Ramanar.

Bhagavan SriRamaṇa Maharishi had no thought about money flow or food donation. Bālāṇanda knowing the detachment and the deep silence of Periyava took advantage of him. "The child inside is my disciple; give him

whatever his needs are. ‘O child, don’t reject what they offer! Take them,’ blustered Bālānanda with an air of Papal order (lordly injunction).

Bhagavan handled the cash and food in liberal ways. He knew the weakness of charlatan-Sadhu. Periyava remained silent with no criticism, confrontation or any direct involvement. Bālānanda used the spiritual silence of Maharishi to his advantage.

Let us do Darśan.

Ramanamaharishi20110614

Sakti Vikatan June 14, 2011

Posted Date : 06:00 (14/06/2011)

SriRamaṇa Maharishi





‘I will make money from the visitors keeping you in the front. You sustain no loss. Therefore, don’t stop me. You are my disciple, understood.’ Said Balananda. Bhagavan did not say ‘yes’ or ‘no.’ He sat in peace.

This appeared to Bālānanda as a workable stratagem. He went around town and came to the mountain. ‘Hey Boy! Take 100 rupee note from my pocket and keep it outside. I will not touch money (now that I am a Sadhu). An unknown devotee put

the money in my pocket. What am I to do?’ said Bālāṇanda with firmness. He spent the money with pomp and an air of conspicuous consumption. When a (nefarious) scheme gains currency in a transaction, that scheme sprouts branches in other transactions. Life becomes a tree of schemes. Scheme is antithetical to Truth. It is an act of deception. That pretense becomes a gargantuan monstrosity.

Wise men nip the malfeasance in the bud. The fools continue to dabble in chicanery. Their currency is falsity. These dissemblers continue to play on the unsuspecting. The respect people give to the ochre-robed ascetics evaporates and the dissembler continues with his deceptive acts. The religion becomes weak, faith in god is deflated resulting in the growth of weeds of atheism, and people lose trust in real Sadhus: these are some of the dangerous consequences wrought by the cheats, who do not worry about their nefarious activities. Bālāṇanda was the perpetrator of such malfeasance. Remaining at the entrance to the sacred Virūpākṣi cave, the dwelling of Maharishi, Bālāṇanda contaminated and desecrated the entire area.

Bhagavan Swamy spoke no word. He moved asway in silence. Bhagavan’s devotee Pazhaṇisāmi collected the belongings of Bālāṇanda, threw them out and cleaned up the place. When he saw his silk shirt and long loincloth on the street, Bālāṇanda shouted with an effluence of inauspicious words from his mouth. Bālāṇanda went to Bhagavan and complained in anger, “You witnessed all these. When Pazhaṇisāmi comes up the mountain, I knock the teeth out of his mouth and beat him to a pulp. But, stoic Bhagavan gave no answer and kept silent: Bālāṇanda spewed his anger like the volcano’s smoke and dust.

Bālāṇanda spit on the face of Bhagavan. Bhagavan known as Brahmana Sami bore this insult with silence. The bystanders showed patience and restraint. But all cannot be patient. One Muthusamy living in Tiruvannamalai in the foothills hearing what happened went up the mountain fast, came to the Virūpākṣi cave and said, “Who is that who spat on our Swamy? Is that you? What audacity have you? You act as if there is no one to challenge you.” Muthusamy twisted his hand and slapped him. Others rose seething in anger at the spitter.

Finding out the powerful disapproval and opposition, Bālāṇanda went down the mountain, declared loud, ‘Tiruvannamalai is not the proper place for me,’ and boarded a train with intention to leave for good. There too, the bad Buddhi of the inveterate abuser showed up with a pair of married people. They beat him up into shreds and shards. That thrashing, that insult... brought some sense into him. He got off the train, went up the mountain, cried before Bhagavan and said, “Do you know what happened.” Prescient Bhagavan said in one short phrase, “Know it.”

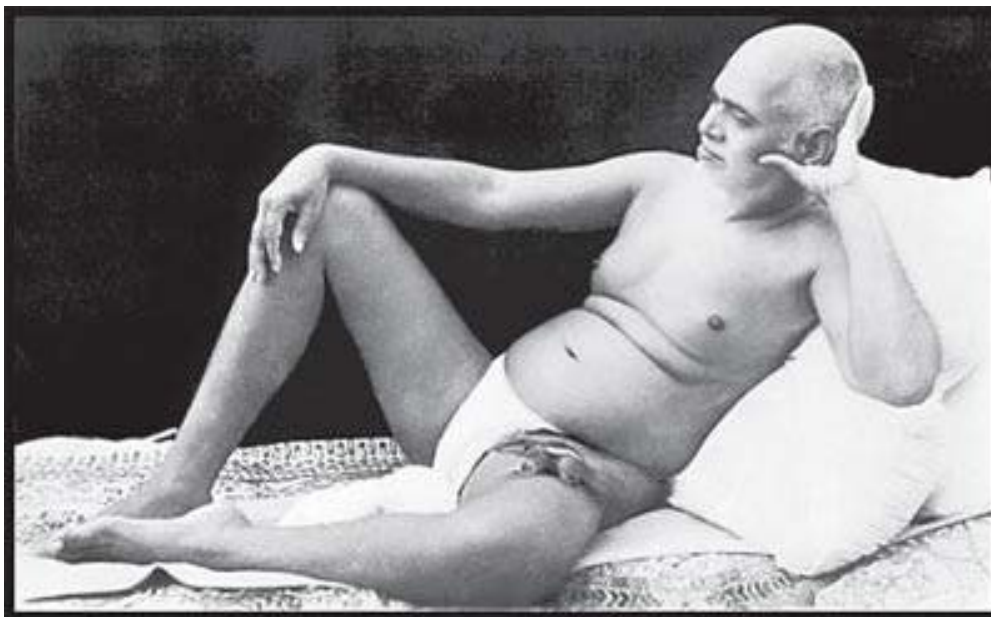
Bālāṇanda said, “I needed this lesson. I was wrong to spit on you. For that infraction, I suffered pain and sorrow. Muthusamy did not know the how of beating the opponent. The rail passenger knew his art of beating well. I have welts to show from the beating. Please spit on me as an infliction of punishment and as act of expiation for me.” Taciturn Bhagavan maintained silence as usual because

he maintained the neutral position of a Witness remaining free of likes and dislikes. Since he received beatings, Bālānanda, the persona non grata was a little weak in body, mind and soul, which made him ask for forgiveness. In truth, his mind did not change. Again, arrogance and pomp in him popped the head.

He treated the VIPs and elders with disrespect. He would suddenly leave his place and sit in the middle of the silent VIPs. He staged shows telling, “Child, I will teach you Nirvikalpa Samadhi. Come, hold my hand. Keep looking at my eyes.” He continued, “There is something important happening. No one should stay with the elders and VIPs. Get up now.” He admonished people like that. “Keep looking at my eyes. Don’t let go. Continue looking at my eyes. Why are you holding your breath? Give up breathing exercises. Look at my eyes.’ These are the orders he shouted. Once he stared at a visitor’s eyes and fell asleep. Falsehood will not hold for long. Needless swagger gives place to fatigue quickly.

Bālānanda’s nuisance value was continuous, high and irrepressible. The devotees worried, ‘What dance and dance repertoire he is going to play today.’ Bhagavan sat there like a rock idol.

Maharishi considered going further up the mountain leaving the Virūpākṣi cave. Then, Sadhu Yogānanda knew Bhagavan well. He ruled out moving to another place. But the devotees of Bhagavan opposed Bālānanda in various ways. Some insulted him. Once Bālānanda ordered another to fetch a Neem Stick for brushing the teeth. He brought a branch instead of a stick. Bālānanda admonished him in a threatening voice saying, “What is this?” The Neem-Man said, “You are a respectable elder, you need a big stick (rather than a small stick)”. And he threw the tree branch on the floor with a thud.



Bālānanda ordered another devotee to bring him a lighted stick for smoking. He brought a flaming torch. The torch-man asked Bālānanda, “Which one

you want me to set fire to?” Bālānanda developed a sense of fear. Though SriRamaṇa Maharishi, his devotees remain quiet. Bālānanda discovered they will not remain patient any more. He said, “My Sakti is leaving this place. Then, Ramanar is a mere man.” Insulting Bhagavan like that, he went down the

mountain. He told a Tiruvannamalai shopkeeper proudly, that he cast a curse on Bhagavan. The shopkeeper was a devotee of Bhagavan. Will he remain quiet hearing this nonsense? He grabbed the neck of Bālāṇanda and threw him out.

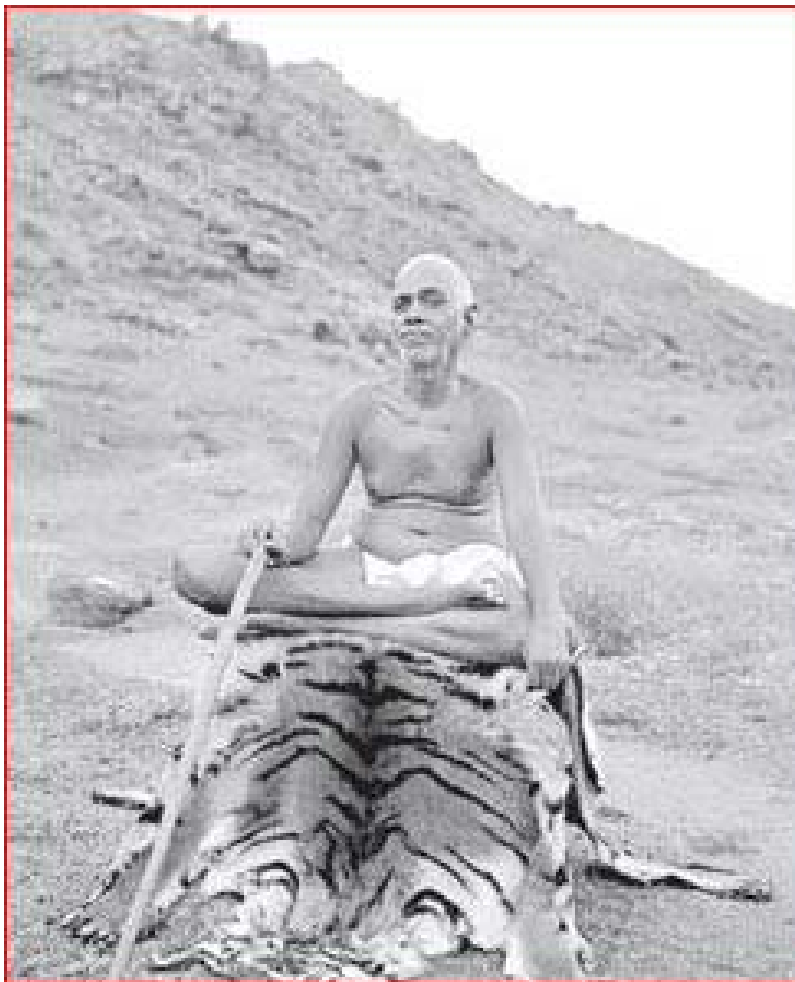
Thinking he could do nothing inimical to much-loved Bhagavan, he left Tiruvannamalai and moved to another mountain. He never returned to Tiruvannamalai.

Another Sadhu selected a comfortable place and sat there on the mountain. If anyone moved near him, he cooked up a scheme and threw him out. He will make them run in fear. After Bhagavan came to Virūpākṣi cave, Bhagavan's popularity increased. The scheming Sadhu, though Bhagavan was not near him, was jealous of his popularity more than his, was ready to use the tried and true scheme -used to displace others - to drive out Bhagavan from his cave. The conniving Sadhu went up the mountain in the night and pushed the rocks down the mountain. The rocks came nowhere near Bhagavan. He continued his dastardly nightly rock-rolling down the mountain. One day, Bhagavan secretly went behind the nefarious Sadhu and saw him roll the stones. The rock-rolling Sadhu did not know what to do. He gave out a nervous laugh and said to Bhagavan, "You discovered. I did it for play." Bhagavan maintained silence and went back to his place. Since then, the rock-rolling Sadhu stopped it.

Another one was proficient in Upanishads. He lived on the mountain. He went to another town, came back in a few days, sat before Bhagavan and insisted on teaching Bhagavan Dattātrēya Mantra. He continued, "It is a short Mantra. Very few syllables. I will teach you." Bhagavan refused to take lessons from him. He invoked Śiva and threatened, saying, "Śivaperumāṇ Himself sent me to you and asked me to give you instructions on Dattātrēya Mantram. Therefore, without rejection, accept my offer."

Bhagavan told him, "When Sivaperuman who spoke to you comes to me and tells me to learn the Mantra, I will learn it then." The Sadhu became angry. The Sadhu told all the visitors, "Do not go to the Brahmana Sāmy because he knows nothing. By going to him, you do not earn any merit. He does not have any Jñānam."

Once, the Mantra-Sami sat with shut eyes in the plantain grove in



Tiruvannamalai. Suddenly Brahmaṇa Sami appeared in his mind and cautioned him, “Perfidy, don’t go.” He was surprised. He did not know whether it was

real or a dream. He ran to Bhagavan and told him what happened. Brahmaṇa Sāmy said, “I do not do such Siddhi. This was not done by me. This was your mental imagination.” Hearing this, the Mantra-Sāmi calmed down. The letters addressed to Ramana Maharishi as Brahmaṇa Sami were illegally opened and read by Mantra-Sāmi and he even sent replies. When challenged, he said, “I am also a Brahmaṇa Sami on the mountain. Bhagavan SriRamaṇa Maharishi paid no attention to it.

Scat was strewn at the entrance to Bhagavan’s cave, Bālāṇanda spat on his face, harsh words were addressed to Bhagavan, someone called Bhagavan a disciple, stones were rolled down towards his place, and Mantra-Sami insisted on teaching him Dattātrēya Mantra, and Bhagavan did not frown on them and got rid of them from his life with patience.

Where are those Sādhus? What happened to them. What does the world know about them? What happened to their progeny? But the world discovered Bhagavan. His fame spread all over the world, which tried to follow his Tattvam to obtain liberation. Truth never dies; its luster never fades. Those who shed the self-conceit of “I” completely, no pain or sorrow will afflict them. The perpetrators of pain will be annihilated in very many ways.

Bhagavan SriRamaṇa Maharishi is not a pedagogue. He lived what he taught. He was neutral. He is devoid of likes and dislikes. He was the paragon of peace,

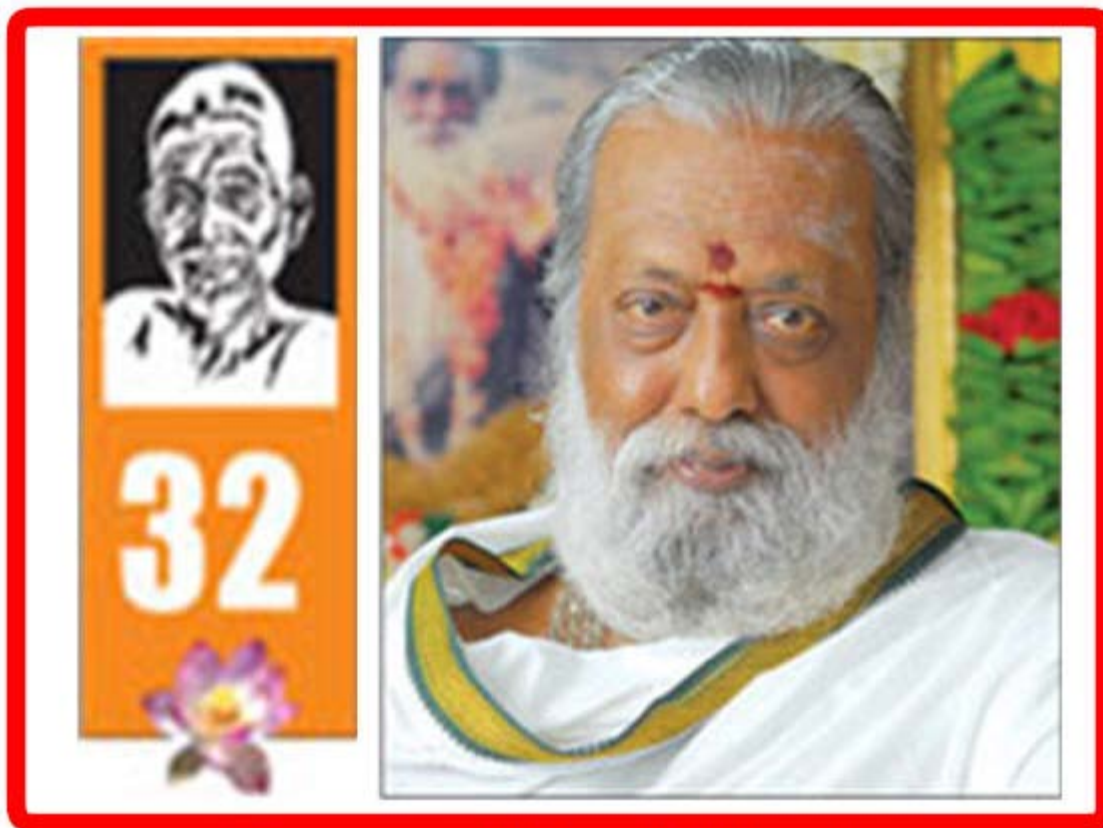
modesty, and humility and showed one can live with those qualities. If you study Srīramaṇar again and again and deeply, it is certain that the mind will mature accordingly.

Let us receive Darśan.

[Ramanamaharishi20110628](#)

Sakthi Vikatan- [28 Jun, 2011](#)

SriRamana Maharishi



Ramana Maharishi and Article Author Mr. Balakumaran

Self-realized Jñānis subscribe to the welfare of all people. They do not entertain liking just for the rich and their favorite people. They like all equally.

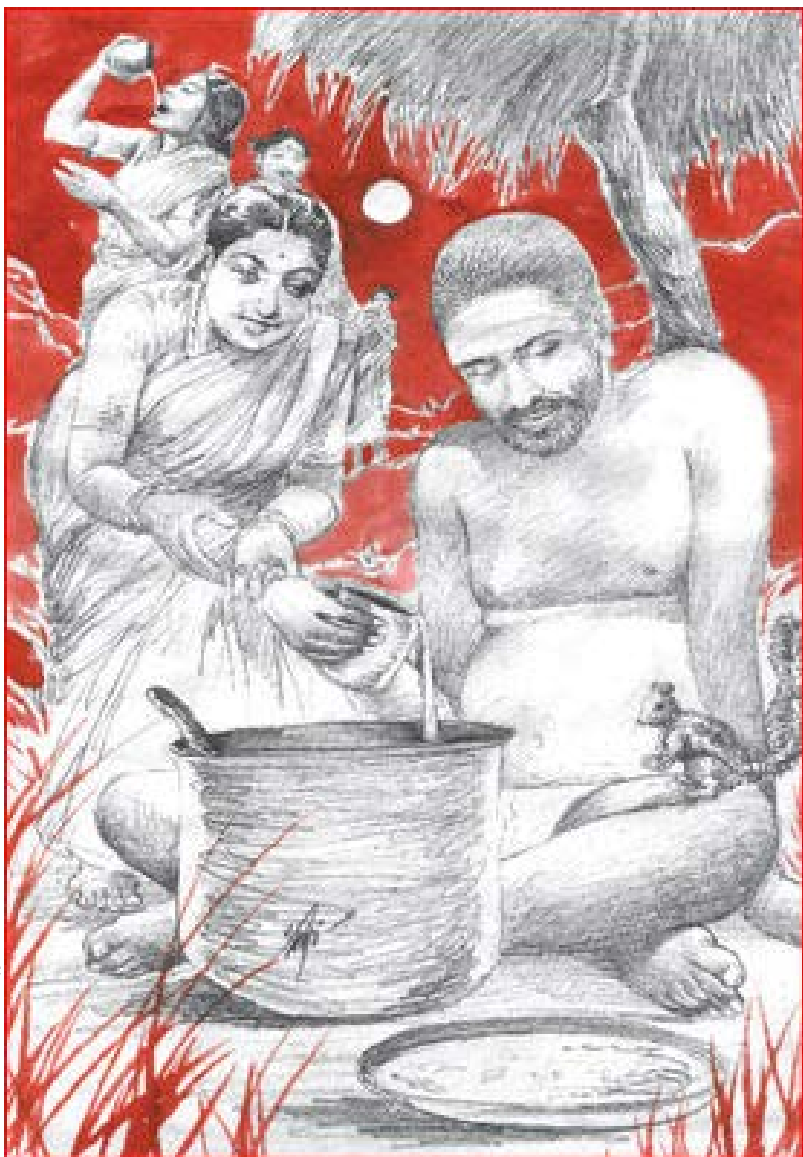
The working women collect firewood near the mango tree cave and as they go down the hill, they put down the load and offer homage to Bhagavan with opposed palms. They prostrate on the ground before Bhagavan. Their skin is itchy, dark and thick from injury from thorns, wind and sun. They request Ramanamaharishi to sprinkle some water on their backs. Then they drink water, take rest and move on.

Bhagavan used to serve the cooked Kañji (gruel) made of grains obtained by begging by the

devotees. He used to ladle the gruel into their cups. They used to call it Ambrosia that satisfied their hunger.

It rains for everybody; likewise, Periyava's compassion rains on all equally, regardless of their personalities, their stations in life, and poverty or privilege.

He talked high principles and was in the forefront to help the underprivileged, and treated all equally. Bhagavan's younger paternal uncle Nellaiyappar came to Virūpākṣi cave and had Darśan of him. Bhagavan did not speak to him at all. He stayed for one day and left for home. A youth visiting the cave often asked Periyava to explicate the Dhakshinamurthy Slokas. It is usual for Bhagavan to sit facing the entrance to the cave. But that day, he sat the youth opposite to him with his (Bhagavan's) back to cave entrance. That time, Nellaiyappar came for another Darśan.



Nellaiyappar stood behind Bhagavan and wondered about his nephew (older brother's son) who was late in talking as a child, did not speak to him at this visit and now was explicating Vedanta to a disciple. Bhagavan was explaining the fourth Slokam. Nellaiyappar understood that his brother's son became the exponent of Tattvas. There was a time when Nellaiyappar worried about the future of his elder brother's son but when he heard the explanation, he understood that Bhagavan (his nephew) was a powerhouse shining like a Tattva-flame (Exponent of Tattvas).

The explanation given by Bhagavan to Ādisankarā's Dhakshinamurthy Stotras was wonderful. He wrote a forward to Dhakshinamurthy Stotras.

What is this saying? The four mind-born sons of Brahma were told by their father they were created for worldly purpose (to create progeny). They lost faith (in that paradigm) and were disenchanted. They were in search of Truth, wanting to have peace of mind. Paramesvara Himself for the benefit of these foursome seeking him sat under the Banyan Tree in Cin Mudra pose. When they saw him, they went near him as iron is drawn towards the magnet

and sat before him.

Nellaiyappar came in when Periyava was explicating the 4th Verse.

Verse 4. I pay homage to Guru Dhakshinamurthy, the refuge of Tapasvins, whose light shines in the false-appearing organs; who brings the knowledge of 'Thou Art That;' and who when seen directly ensures no casting in the ocean of metempsychosis. --Periyava

He whose light gleams through the senses like the light emanating from a pot with holes (in which a lamp is kept), He whose knowledge alone brings the state of knowing (I am That), He whose brightness makes everything shine - to that Dakshinamurti, who is embodied in the auspicious Guru, I offer my profound salutations. Shivam.org



Once he heard the explication, he thought that Maharishi was the son of his elder brother, let him. Nellaiyappar realized a Tattva form is seated here. Here there are no long-winded instructions. There are no Q&A sessions. Seeing the Truth-Form of Ramana Maharishi, the mind of the Tapasvins involutes. Body, breath, organs, Buddhi...involute into nothingness.

We see multiplicity in 'I,' you, women, men, the challenged, the sight-impaired he... But, who are they?

If we understand that the body, breath, organs, Buddhi... involute in the Great Path. We should understand, 'This' exists in all objects. That being so, where is division? Our homage to Dhakshinamurthy who makes us realize these principles.

SriRamana Maharishi wrote the explication of Dhakshinamurthy Slokam and Sriguru Sthuthi.

Ādisankara on his India tour, won the debate with Mandal Pundit living in Māyimathi in North India, proficient in Karma Kāṇḍam. His wife, the moderator, declared that Sankara must win the debate with her to claim his complete victory. She was of the form of Sarasvati. If Sankara declared that he knew Kāma Sastra, his Sannyāsam will be declared false. If he declared that he was not familiar with Kāma Sastra, the debate-seeking

experienced woman would declare victory. Sankara asked for a month of grace period before his intended debate. He left his body in a mountain cave and asked his disciples to watch over his body. He entered the body of a dead king, had intimacy with his wives and became conversant with Kāma Sastra. Since Sankaracharya did not show up to the disciples, the disciples in the pose of itinerant singers went to the palace and sang Gurusthuthi before Sankara.

This is the first poem in Gurusthuthi translated by Bhagavan. In the elucidation of gross and subtle forms of Braḥmam, there were many 'Neti, Neti,' (Not this, not this) exclusions. The Self form of the Lord (Braḥmam) is what remains after a multitude of serial exclusions. Braḥmam is also beyond the beyond. Braḥmam is the One retained in the hearts of the Jñānis, whose greatness is beyond words. The most ancient Supreme Lord is Sat-Cit-Ānanda and Braḥmam.

'Is this God? No; Is the idol the God? No; Is God a mere observance of injunctions? Are the temples God? No; Is Ciṅṅamma God? No; Is Kaṭṭamma God? No. Like this, each proposition is considered and rejected. The one that cannot be rejected is God. There is no more rejection or exclusion. What the Jñānis unable to elucidate and exclude, they keep in their mind, body and soul. That is God. Braḥmam is You, the Intellect that shines in the body. They celebrate Guru as Braḥmam, the Intellect that shines inside.

Guru is what is not explainable, what shines inside and who realized them, according to the poem.

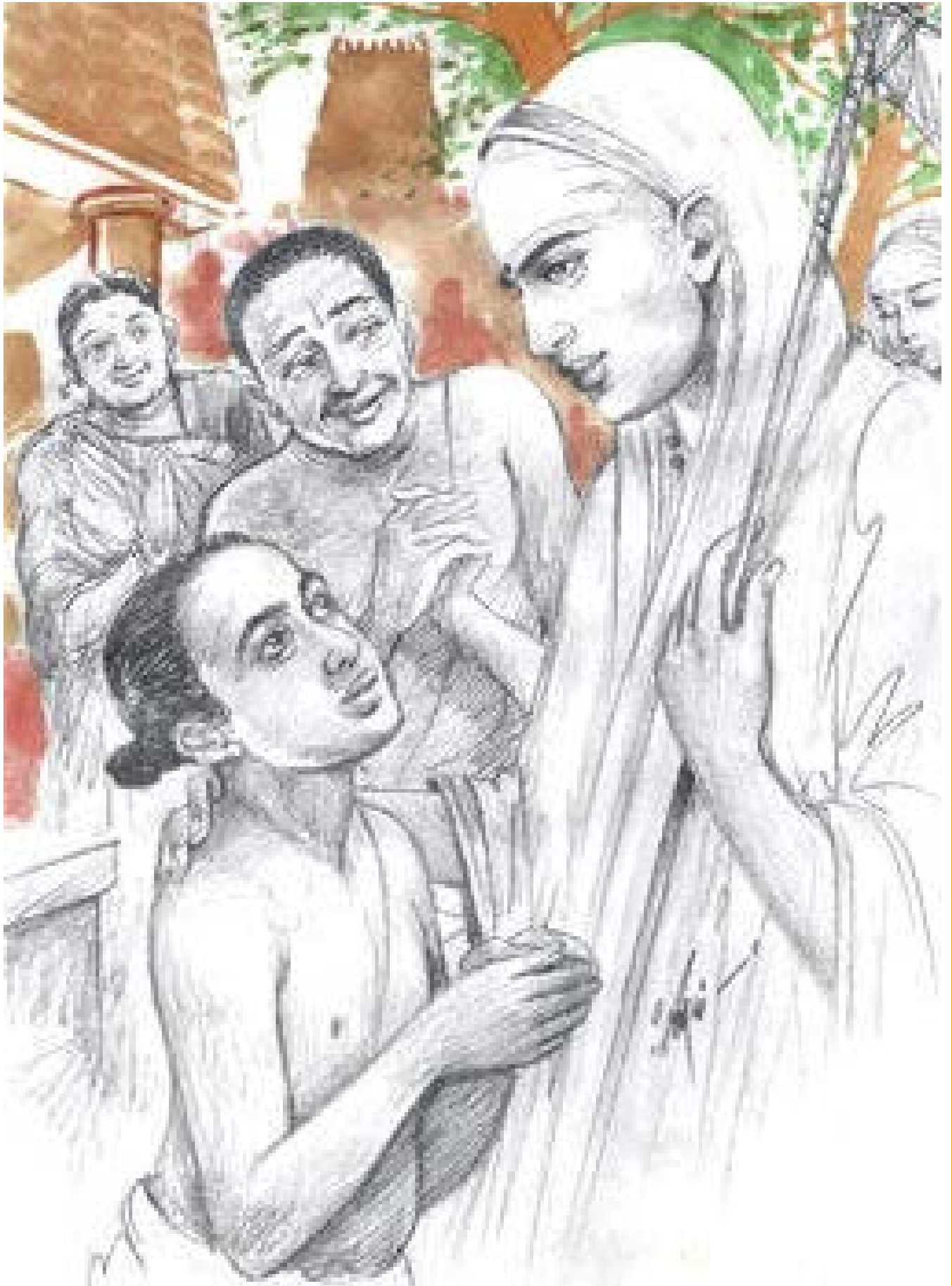
Bhagavan explained all ten poems in the Guru Sthuthi.

Let us get Darśan.

Ramanamaharishi20110712

[Sakti Vikatan 12 Jul, 2011](#)





SriRamana Maharishi

When SriSankara Jagatguru was travelling west, he visited a village, where a Brahmana by name Prabhakar lived. He took his grandson and made him pay respects to Sankara. The boy was suffering from delayed speech, disinterested, immature and free of likes and dislikes.

Sankara embraced the boy and questioned him, “Dear boy, who are you? Whose son, are you? Where are you going? What is your name? Where have you come from?”

The slokas he uttered to Sankara constitute Hastamalaka in Sanskrit, which Bhagavan translated in Tamil.



I am neither man, nor God, Yaksha, Brahmin, kshatriya, Vaiśya, Sudra, Brahmacharin, householder, forest-dweller, sannyasi...; but I am pure awareness alone. Saying in negations, he described Ān̄mā in Slokas.

Though there are many reflections of sun in the water-pots, there is one sun. Though It shines as many Jīvas, all of them are one entity. I am that Ān̄ma, that shines bright. It is falsehood to differentiate between he, she and it. That One sports many forms and pervades throughout the world. That Entity sports many different forms.

If one understands me as one in many forms spread all over the world, how will he interact with others. What is the difference between him and others? If all differences disappear and one shines as all, that Ān̄ma is I. This is the explanation offered by SriRamana Maharishi.

‘The reflections of moon dance on the waves. The moon is not dancing. This is the optical illusion. Buddhi has the same illusion and thinks an individual as a stranger, belonging to a different religion, clan, family... It separates one as high and the other as low. Buddhi’s play is the perception of Māyā. What is common to and residing in all is non-different. What is in you, pervades all. I am the Ān̄ma that understands this.’

The father was amazed to hear slokas from his son. Sankara said, ‘You have no use for him. Let him stay with me.’ Sankara took him along with him. There were puzzling questions about this child. When his mother went to Ganges river, she asked a Sadhu to keep a watch on her son for the duration of her bath in Ganges. That child tripped, fell in the Ganges and died. The Sadhu picked up the child and wondered what to say to the mother. Deciding that the mother should not grieve (on account of his



failure to properly supervise the child), the Sadhu left his body and entered the body of the child. ‘That Sadhu is this child,’ said Sankara.

Bhagavan SrīRamaṇa Maharishi translated this episode in a very subtle

manner.

Ramana Maharishi who lived in the cave wearing a loincloth with a few conveniences, explicates these poems with ease, simplicity and clarity to the deserving devotees.

Is Bhagavan a beggar or prosperous person eating and living on food given by unknown people? But he had immense wealth. What could that be? People came seeking that (spiritual) wealth like paupers. Why, even the rich came like paupers with opposed palms. SriRamaṇa Maharishi’s translations were in the old Tamil. Reading and comprehending them are hard. If you parse the words and they make an impress on you, his translations are illuminating. What Ramanar says in the realm of spirit, is his biography.

Jñānis have fewer necessities. If the necessity arises, the sought-after object comes easily seeking him. Bhagavan had no strong physique. He was constipated because of irregular eating habits, disinterest in foods, and sitting in meditation for long periods of time.

Because of ‘body heat,’ he used to cough. Since he sat amid rocks, his body temperature was higher. He used to keep gallnut in his mouth. He ate the soaked and softened gallnut, which is good for cough, constipation and body-cooling. When the Virūpākṣi cave ran out of gallnuts, his caretaker Pazhaṇisāmi sent the word to Sēṣaiyar for restocking of the gallnuts. Sēṣaiyar who always made supplies available to Ramanar simply stopped supplying gallnuts for some unknown reason.

Bhagavan had eczema, asthma and titubation of the head. He used to get intermittent toothache. Bhagavan used to tell Pazhaṇisāmi to bring gallnuts when he went to the foothills. Regular visitor Ādimūlam with his friends from a nearby village came to the cave to greet Periyava. One day he sat for a little while and when he was about to leave asked Pazhaṇisāmi, “Do you need gallnuts?”

Surprised, Pazhaṇisāmi said, “Yes.” He brought a bagful of gallnuts, gave it to Pazhaṇisāmi and said, “Keep them.” Pazhaṇisāmi kept the needed amount and returned the rest to Ādimūlam.

Bhagavan: “Wherefrom did you get the gallnuts?”

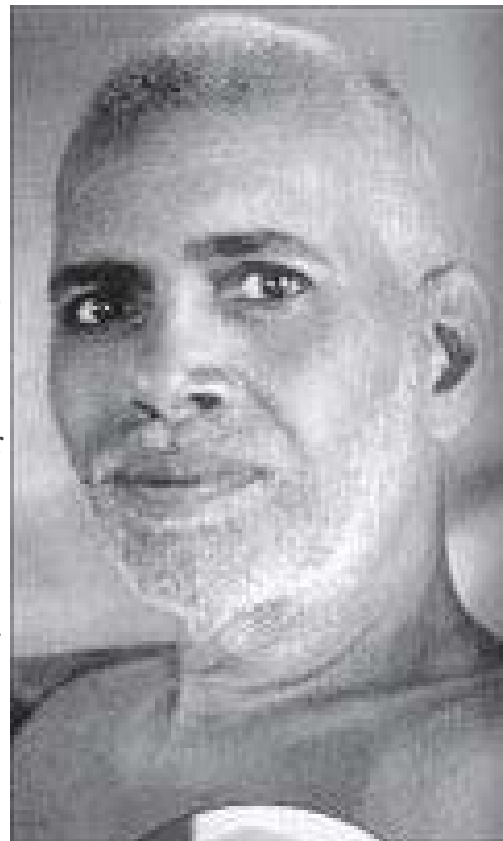
Pazhaṇisāmi: “I assume the nuts lay scattered on the ground, falling from the open bag in the cart. My friends and I collected the nuts in a bag and brought it here. We thought you might need them. That is why I asked you thus.” Who gave the gallnuts to Bhagavan? Is it Ādimūlam? Is it from the cart with unsecured bag of nuts? Is it someone else? This is anugraham (favor) by the Lord. God helps the Jñānis so they do good to us. Sēṣaiyar brothers had love for Bhagavan. When Bhagavan asked for raisins, Pazhaṇisāmi answered, “Not available.”

Sēṣaiyar’s brother in Chennai usually brought raisins for Bhagavan. In the past, he could find only moist raisins. All the shops were closed that day except one. The shopkeeper asked Sēṣaiyar whether he would be interested to buy dry raisins. He bought 3.125 pounds of dry raisins and took it to Virūpākṣi cave for Bhagavan’s use. Raisins were available to Bhagavan by happenstance the day he asked for it.

He had toothache. What to do? According to local lore, tobacco leaves applied firmly on the offending tooth kill the bacteria. Nobody had tobacco leaf. One devotee visiting with Bhagavan had snuff. Snuff applied on the aching tooth relieved the pain. The decay on the tooth was huge. A dentist came from Chennai pulled the offending tooth and charged 300 rupees. Ailments and troubles came to Bhagavan as they occur to others. In case of Bhagavan, the troubles disappeared without leaving ‘footprints’ (sequelae) as if someone took care of them.

Jñānis suffer pain and hunger like everybody else. Then, in what manner the Jñānis are lofty? There are questioners like that. Pain and hunger are body-related. Jñāni suffers but does not complain. Jñāni’s nature is to accept the fate (discomfort, illness, needs...), which people find hard to tolerate.

Let us get Darśan.



Ramanamaharishi20110726

Sakthi Vikatan - 26 Jul, 2011

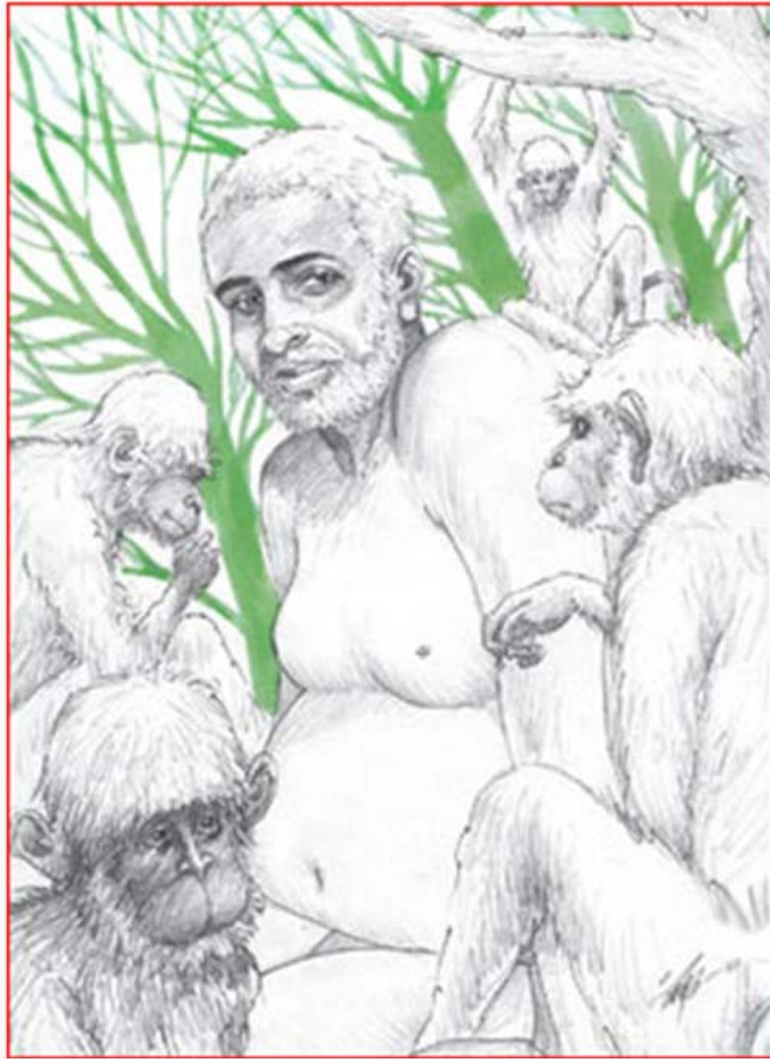


ஞானியரின் அன்பு பாலகுமாரன்

Jnani's Universal Love Author: Balakumaran



Author:
Balakumaran



RamanaMaharishi with Monkeys

If you pay attention properly, you can understand all languages including those of animals. Animals talk directly with no circumlocution whether it is anger, sexual impulse, foreplay...The have no fear.

It is usual for Srīramaṇar to sit in Virūpākṣi cave and watch the monkeys make screeching noises, engage in fights... The monkeys move in troops. The troops fight with each other. They explore various strategies. The troop sends an envoy monkey to the other troop. If the envoy is chased, there will be a fight. When they tire of fighting, they come for arbitration to Srīramaṇar. Bhagavan brings them to a reconciliation. He points out who is wrong and who is right. The monkeys accept his verdict with silence. This usually bring the fight to an end. The king-monkey attacked a youth-money and bit it hard. The injured monkey was laying in the entrance to the cave. Srīramaṇar applied medications, massaged the back and brought it back to health. Because of injury, one of its legs is lame. Bhagavan named it 'Lame Boy.' When other monkeys stayed at the entrance, while the handicapped monkey usually entered the Virūpākṣi cave and sat before Bhagavan to eat. The other monkeys watch it with amazement. Lame Boy being a sloppy eater, usually spilled the food around. Bhagavan sternly told the monkey, "You must not scatter the food." It ate the spilled food first and later ate the food on the plate. It climbed on the lap of Bhagavan and played with him. It circumambulated around him. It used to climb on the back of Bhagavan and earned respect from other monkeys.

Whatever the case is, monkey is a monkey. Once the lame monkey tossed the plate causing scattering of the food.

Bhagavan scolded the monkey, "Why are you wasting the food?" The monkey slapped Bhagavan on the face. Bhagavan stared at the monkey, which left his presence promptly in fear. Bhagavan told the monkey not to come inside the cave, it blinked the eyes, paced left to the right, stood at the entrance and begged (for forgiveness), It touched Bhagavan's foot and moved. Bhagavan turned his face away. It moved towards the turned face and begged. As bhagavān rebuked, he moved outside and sat.

For three days, Bhagavan did not speak to it. He did not even turn his head towards the slapping monkey. The monkey was upset. On

the 4 day, Bhagavan forgave him. The monkey ran and sat on his lap. It put its arm around his neck and begged for forgiveness. It climbed on his chest and back and played. But the lame monkey made another mistake. Hot milk was poured on the plate. It was waiting expectantly to drink it.

Immediately it was restless to drink the milk. Fearing that hot milk will scald his mouth, Bhagavan pulled the plate away from the monkey and blew air on the milk to cool it. Thinking Bhagavan will drink, the lame monkey slapped on the cheek. It was not a hard slap. Bhagavan gave the milk to the monkey. It begged for forgiveness. Bhagavan forgave the monkey. Because of proximity to Bhagavan, the lame monkey earned respect with other monkeys and became the head of the troop.

In the summer, when Bhagavan and his devotees went on circumambulation of the mountain, they all were very thirsty. There were no well or lake nearby. A troop of monkeys came and shook the black plums off the trees. The monkeys did not eat the fruits but Bhagavan and the people ate the fruits and quenched their thirst.

How did the monkeys know about the thirst? Wherefrom did they come? Why did they not eat one fruit? When you show love, are there any who do not return that love? If we render help to someone at an opportune time, would needed help not arrive our way when we need it? This what Mahāns teach us. Bhagavan teaches us to love and help others.



Not only monkeys but also dogs were close to the Āśramam. They behaved unlike the animals belonging to their species. These animals were humans in the previous birth and to expunge their sins, they were born as animals. These dogs never barked loud, wagged the tails, stealthily ate... but they moved around with good qualities.

They showed inordinate love for Bhagavan. The movement of his eyes and fingers, and speech brought them under his control. They never made a mess with their scat as other animals of the same species did. Bhagavan spoke high of a dog named Ciṅṅa Karuppaṅ ('Little Black Dog.') This dog used to pace up and down near the entrance to the cave.

Ciṅṅakaruppaṅ used to stay behind a bush and kept a watch on Āśramam. Whenever someone offered him food, he waited until the person left to eat the food. If anyone walked near the Āśramam, he stopped eating and resumed the role of a watchdog. He developed no friendship with the residents of the Āśramam. He was close and yet not close to them. This behavior of studied aloofness of the dog was surprising. One day Ciṅṅakaruppaṅ stepped before Bhagavan raised his forelegs, acted endearingly and circumambulated him.

When Ciṅṅakaruppaṅ met Bhagavan, it showered its love on him.

Later, he circumambulated the inmates of the Āśramam and behaved endearingly.

An orthodox Brahmin when performing Japam saw the dog coming towards him, yelled at it and shoed it away from his presence. Another inmate of Āśramam threw a stick on it. It yelped and ran. It never came back again for a few days. It came later. It is surprising to see such sensitivity and pride in a dog. The other dogs were all sensitive. A devotee scolded a small dog prompting the dog to jump in a pond. A little while later, the dead body was seen floating.

Likewise, a monkey also committed suicide. Sikappaṅ and Kamala like Ciṅṅakaruppaṅ are the other two dogs went to circumambulation. Once Bhagavan commanded Kamala to take a devotee around the path of circumambulation around the mountain. Kamala complied with the order. These animals performed essential service to Bhagavan. Not only the domesticated animals but also the wild animals languished for Bhagavan's side-glances.

Two panthers were roughhousing nearby. Seeing them, Vasudeva Sastrigal suggested to Bhagavan to move inside fearing an attack by them. Bhagavan refused to go inside. Only when we shout, "Ayyo (OMG) tiger," they will in fear think, "Ayyo (OMG). Man." If we do our work, they will go their way. Ayyo = OMG

Half is fear as the cause of fight. Absence of fear is seen only in Jñānis. Jñānis have the exemplary behavior of showing love to animals, birds and people.

Bhagavan Ramanar had this universal love in unlimited fashion. The fauna around Bhagavan enjoyed his love. Wherever there is love, that place is eternal and becomes a temple.

Let us get Darśan.

Ramanamaharishi 20110809

Sakthi Vikatan- [09 Aug. 2011](#)

Ramanamaharishi

நான் யார்?

பாலகுமாரன்



**Author of Article:
Mr. Balakumaran**



**Who Am I?
It is neither the Brawn,
nor the Brain, nor the Beauty,
nor the Clothes...**

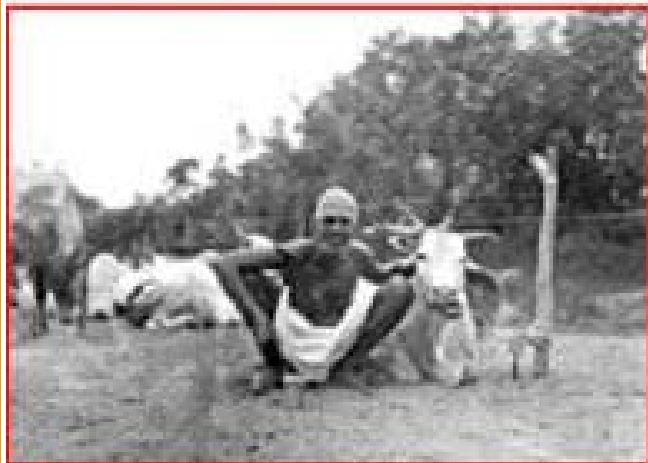
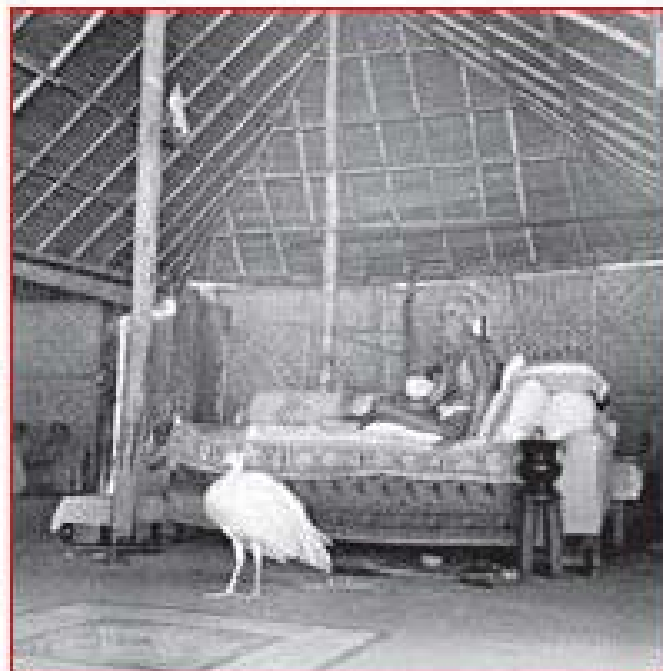
The lame monkey raised by Bhagavan came to the Āśramam with its troop. They were waiting for some time for Bhagavan. Because Bhagavan did not show up, they became angry, shook the tree limbs, screeched and broke the small branches. Bhagavan wondered about the mess caused by the monkeys under the tree: the broken tree limbs and leaves. Next day the monkeys came. The lame monkey became the head of the troop. Coronation of the head of the troop must be done. The troop's desire was that celebration should be conducted before Bhagavan. Bhagavan asked his devotee to feed

the Lame Monkey.

The lame monkey directed and took the food server to three monkeys sitting far away. They were his queens. He sat with them and ate his food. The royal monkeys ate the Prasādam. The lame monkey had children with the three queens. The children ate food served by Bhagavan. There was another troop. The head monkey's name was Mottaippaiyaṅ (Bald Head). The strong monkeys treated him with disrespect. Mottaippaiyaṅ screeched in fear, disappeared suddenly and stayed alone for a few days. Mottaippaiyaṅ abandoned his aloofness and chased the strong monkeys and showed its strength. The solitary Tapas gave it strength and he became the king of the troop. The strong monkeys became the slaves. Solitariness has power (Sakthi). Bhagavan used to point out to this simian incident (as an example of solitary meditation).

Snakes visited with Bhagavan. One snake came often slithering near Bhagavan, remained in his presence for some time and moved away. Two peafowls, a male and a female circumambulated near the Āśramam. The female peafowl never left the premises, though it was poked by the male. It used to climb on the lap of Bhagavan. Once the male chased the female. Later the female never showed up. The male used to strut around near the Āśramam. One day, it lost its life on the lap of Bhagavan. Bhagavan used to tell they were not ordinary animals. The inmates of the Āśramam feared the growling panther. "Do not be afraid; I am here." Those were the words of the panther. It drank water and left.

"There are many Siddha Purushas on this mountain. They come in many forms to see me," said Bhagavan. That is how he made them calm. For Jñānis, love is the important message. To whom they show love is not important. They are friendly to a multitude of forms without discrimination. There are a few with a unity and conformity of mind and purpose with Bhagavan. He showed interest to those who surrendered to him, and love to all people. Let us see who all came to visit with him.



What is the beginning to Spiritual inclination? Search. What Search? The search for 'Who Am I?' Am I the face, the twisted mustache, laughter, memory power, scheming power, strong shoulders, threatening power, or a combination of these? Cogitate about it. Search for 'the real you.' This is not an easy task.

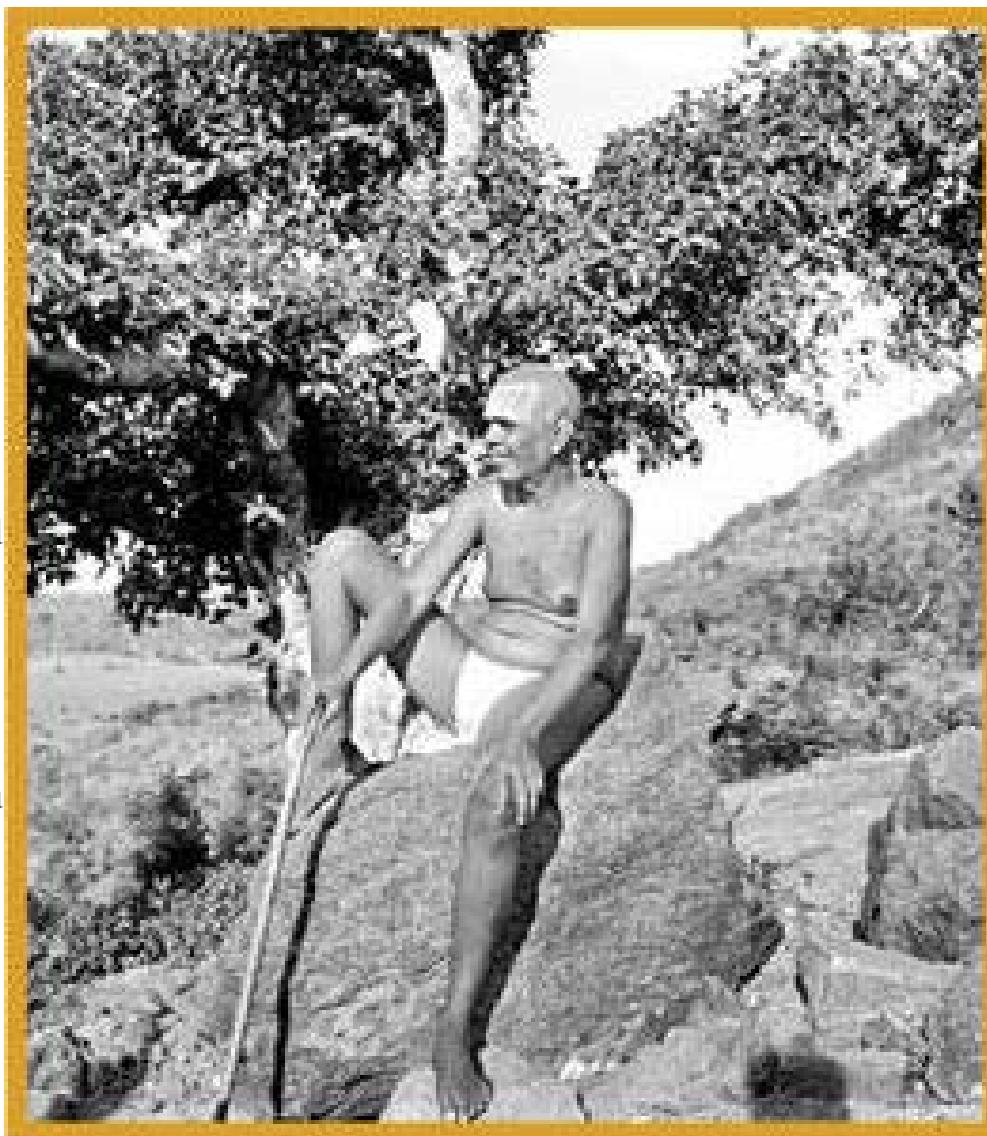
The mind thinks of the mighty, the high and the low. It divides people by categories. The mind devises many plans.

What a beauty! What a smile! Her staccato laughter makes men swoon in ecstasy. You call him a clever man. But, he is frozen stiff. All these great men smile, show their mouthful teeth and receive her. Each is getting a car as a prize. What car... What are the options? These are the surges of the waves of mental queries.

How do I make myself more beautiful? Apply lotions, potions... all over your body. Use Sandalwood soap, creams, liquids... Would this dress accentuate my body frame? 'Which dress will appear beautiful on me?' They query friends and family. The person puts on the chosen dress, struts in it all over town, enjoys people gawking at her... The turbulent, unfocused and vacillant mind takes a toll. The one decayed and rancid peanut eaten by a person churns and makes the stomach growl and ruins the expectant eating pleasure.

Handshakes with three people: which

hand transferred the germ to me? Once the germ is caught, it makes you miserable for a few days. The dance was a success. The dancer was short on breath. The body ached; the sneeze and cough were incessant; she could not sit or stand. Where can she go next? All gone! You are not the body. You are not the robust muscle. You are not that enviable body complexion. You are not the haughtiness from your majestic persona.



The power does not give the hubris. The scheme does not come from authority. It is not the divisions created by the scheme. There is something inside that moves you. It makes you arrogant. You must exercise a great effort to know that which moves you, where the activating power abides, that which removes your hubris... Tireless mind sees these easily. Once a person feels the fatigue from distress, falsehood, misery... they will come easily to the question, 'Who am I?' Once you do not feel the fatigue and continue formulating serial plans in the complicitous mind, the question, 'Who Am I?' does not arise. That spells disaster. The plans go awry, bite the dust and slaps on the face. Then the eternal question pops in the mind. Victory is not an all-time occurrence in life. If there is a target, there is a chance for missing it. The mind feels the distress of failure. The mind sees 'Who Am I?' It engages in self-enquiry. The mind should hold that thought firmly. If not, the distracting plans leap to the mind.

Once self-enquiry is the pursuit in life, you will realize the trouble you caused to others. That will establish friendship to others. You develop self-respect. You were harsh on your spouse and negligent of your mother, discarded your friends for their shortcomings, separated from others for minor faults, and cheated others. These truths dawn on your mind and because of it, you develop love for yourself and others. You

will see a likeness of attitudes, thoughts and self-enquiry in others. You will seek Mahāns with query, 'Who Is He?' As you develop closeness with Mahāns, you trust him.

Srīramaṇar teaches the aspirants the intricacies of self-enquiry with ease. They are not Yoga postures, Mantra Japas, expiation from temple visits and bathing in temple ponds... It is direct contact with mind and soul and asking the question, 'Who Am I?' Talk to yourself.

There is a path. They do not have the mind to take the path. But the Guru will not let you down.

Let us get Darśan.

Ramanamaharishi20110823

Sakthi Vikatan - [23 Aug. 2011](#)

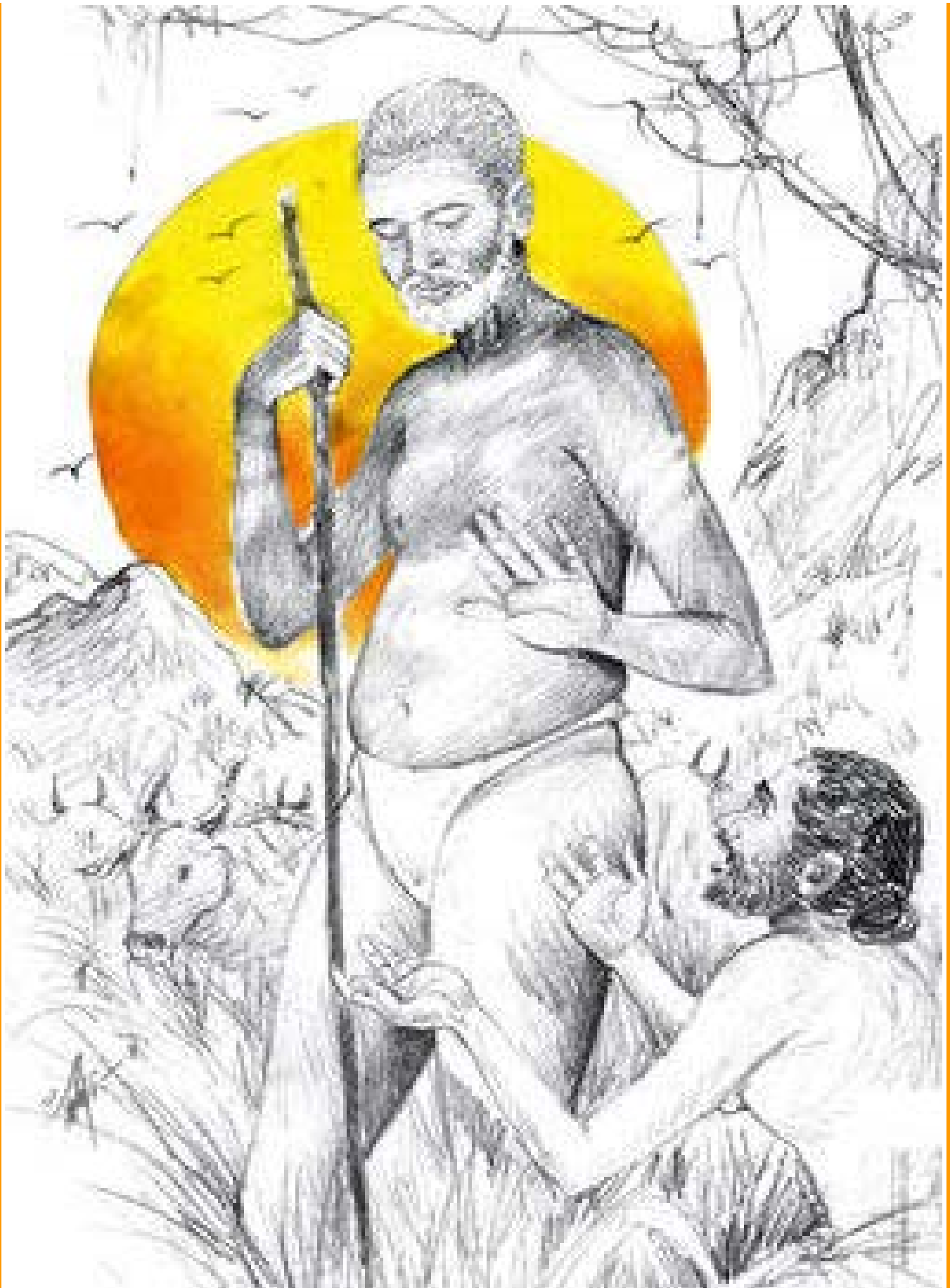
Ramana Maharishi
Saranagati = Surrender



சரணாகதி

பாலகுமாரன்

Author



Ramasamy Iyer pleading with Ramanar to

cure his stomach ailment.

Ramanar provides an ambiance of peace and tranquility. When you come down from the mountain, there await problems. Disease flares up. Up in the mountain, there is nothing and yet there is no hunger. Why is that so? A profound trust and faith in Bhagavan pervade you. First it is love, later trust and still later his teachings take a hold on you. Proximity to him perceives the thrill in him. His mere touch generates ecstasy. His glance turned on the self-enquiry with tranquility and peace in the mind.

There are no worries of the mind about gains and losses, the family situation, one's own health issues, the other's treachery and your own future behavior. Of the dry leaves floating in the river, you are one flotsam. I forded the river with no mishaps. The remaining time will move on its own beat. There is the stability of peace. That peace takes you to the state of nil expectation and helps raises strongly in your mind the question of 'Who Am I?' Then, it is not a mere question chasing an answer. Going on a path of righteousness, find where the thoughts originate and where the I-thought is strongest. The site of origin of these is the mind. When the mind dissolves back in the Self, there is no I-thought or any other thought.

The aspirants in search of Truth seek the Mahāns, who blesses them with Diksha by touch or sight. In the Mahan's presence, the mind becomes tranquil. It stands there not knowing what it came to ask for. He surrenders the body, mind and soul with opposed palms and takes whatever is offered.

Śaranāgati is destruction of hubris, elimination of ego... Asceticism is abandoning ego to die. All else is disguise. That ascetic won't sport ochre clothes, gold Rudrāksha, silver Tulasi garland, red stone bracelet with an inlay of diamonds, luxuriant coiffure, wooden footwear...

Asceticism is not appearance. It is virtuous behavior. It is not accumulation of wealth. It is wellness with complete relinquishment. It is not dashing to a woman for consortium (when no one is watching). It is an uninterrupted state of ecstasy.

A mere touch by Mahan opens many doors. Inside, there is a raging fire. (True Tapas burns up the Ego in the practitioner.) 'This is the real thing!' You will discover Truth. 'Is this the mode of death (in the future)? Is this a change of place (after physical death)?' You get great answers to these questions. Great tranquility lifts the weight from your heart. The self-realized do not have fear of death. Those who attained Jivan Mukti (corporeal liberation) in their rapture show scintillating eyes. They continue to remain that way. They continue with their work.

They continue to be householders. They may wander with nothing to call home. They may be beggars, paupers or princes. They indulge in sexuality. They cook and eat. They may forego eating. They may wear rags or robes. They may be garrulous or silent. No matter what they are, their personae reveal Truth. The tiger licks the cub to make it a tiger. The erstwhile cub becoming a tiger carries on the tradition. Jñāna Parampara (Succession of Gurus) functions on this line of spiritual succession (Not familial or cognate succession). Not all can hope for this attainment. One in 10 million people get this greatness of acquiring spiritual knowledge. It does not happen in one generation. They receive knowledge in this life time, help grow that knowledge and are reborn in the next birth with augmented spiritual potency or power. There are some who know themselves, observe silence, which morphs into Jñānam, lead a life with their families and die. They die Jñānis, unrecognized by others. The devotees of Ramanar have stories to tell that helps you apprehending something in yourself. You will discover what search (for spiritual knowledge) entails and the minutiae of how to search. Their lives are a



portrait. It takes skill to read and understand the portrait before devising a path.

Maṅavāsi Ramasamy Iyer Came to Virūpākṣi cave with a friend. He was an overseer in the Public Works Department.

His was a busy life. He had the penchant to get Darśan of Mahāns for mental peace and tranquility. His friend, while returning home, commented that he saw nothing new, the visit was a waste of time and he had no intention of making return visit. Ramasamy Iyer did not reply to his friend. Next time he came alone. A spiritual quest is not a joyous outing with friends and family. Meditation classes and self-enquiry gatherings cause inconveniences. This is a matter of karma and individual effort. It must be in an individual basis. The next time Ramasamy Iyer came by himself, it spelled ease on his mind. He felt a new sense of purpose and tranquility and thought his troubles lightened. He concluded it was a happy place. He came often to Virūpākṣi cave and sat before Bhagavan; it gave him a peace of mind.



Visiting many places, irregular and unnutritious meals caused him a stomach ailment. It interfered with his sleep, causing fatigue, headache... These ailments interfered with his work too. His productivity suffered.

It came to a state that his supervisor almost felt Ramasamy Iyer's salary went to waste. Ailment, mental fatigue, harsh comments from co-workers and intolerant wife with regards to his ailments drove him despondent. He kept coming to Ramanar in the hope he would give him respite and possibly a cure.

One day, as Ramanar tried to enter the Virūpākṣi cave, Ramasamy Iyer waylaid him and said crying, "I came here many times trusting you. I surrendered to you. Why did you not cure me of my ailments?"

"Am I a doctor, a Mantra-meister? I don't know anything," said Ramanar. "No, I surrender to you. I fell at your feet. I took refuge in you. You must save me," said Iyer. Ramanar stared at his eyes and said, "You have nothing to worry about. Everything is back to normal. You may go." Ramanar swept his hand (in a manner of brushing off the ailments). Iyer felt a sudden miraculous relief, betterment and wellbeing.

Next day it was Āḍipperukku (the festival of the Kāvēri floods). Ecchammāl, a woman devotee brought several kinds rice preparations. Iyer insisted he could not eat any of them. He preferred rice gruel. The resident devotees compelled him to sit for the meal. Ramanar invited him to sit opposite to him.

Ramanar saw him eating. Iyer ate Tamarind rice, Lemon rice, and Coconut rice one after another fast (as if he never ate for days).

He used to have stomach pains and bloating eating any new food. But he had no problem eating different rice preparations. That night he slept well. That devotee's illness vanished, thanks to Bhagavan. It is difficult to delve inside (your mind, heart and Self) while suffering an illness. Disease is an impediment. Once he was cured of his illness, his mind was at ease. One day, when he sat under a tamarind tree, Ramanar stared at Iyer; something entered Iyer. Something transpired. What? No one knows. Gradually the mind slipped from its ectopic post and went inside his SELF and saw who he was. Ramasamy realized the Self. This was usually a stepwise process to reach (the stage of attainment of) Self-realization. Enter the Guru: it happened in one sweep, one piercing sight of Bhagavan. Guru sits his devotee before him, turns his mind inward and makes him fixate into himself (Heart, இருதயம் or Self) in a stepwise manner. Trust in Guru and Śaranāgati served the supreme purpose for Iyer.

Let us get Darśan.

Ramanamaharishi20110906

Sakthi Vikatan 2011-09-06

SriRamana Maharishi
I surrendered unto you.



உன்னைச் சரணடைந்தேன்!



பாலகுமாரன்



Curing his disease and having initiated Self-realization in him and not calling him

a Guru: By what another name you call him? From darkness to the light he took a devotee: What would you call him other than a Guru? Ramasamy Iyer with melting heart wrote many poems. Whenever he found time, Ramasamy Iyer came to Tiruvannamalai for Darśan of Bhagavan and a few days of stay with him. When he was in Orissa in public service, he developed blisters on the soles of his feet, which caused him severe pain. “Ramana! I surrender unto you... You are my refuge,” Iyer wrote a song.

1. Next day a few devotees came from Tiruvannamalai at the behest of Bhagavan to see Ramasamy Iyer before they go on the pilgrimage to Kāsi. When they noticed the suffering from the blisters, they smeared an ointment on his feet, leaving the remainder with him. The next day the blisters subsided.



There is no distance between a Guru and his disciple. As the disciple thinks of him in his mind, the Guru will appear. He will render help for sure. “You (Ramasamy Iyer) told us the salary of 150 rupees goes to waste as pronounced by the supervisor. If you get 200 rupees, what will he say?” A rise to two-hundred-rupee salary happened.

Guru helps his disciple normalizing his ill health, removing his mental problems, mitigating his financial burden, taking him from darkness to light and helping him delve deep into his Self. Just this alone! There is more. Guru removes domestic problems. The daughter of P.K. Sundaram Iyer lived in an apartment complex in Lucknow with her husband. The water did not rise to her 3rd level apartment. Her husband hand-carried the water up to the 3rd floor. She did not have the strength and endurance to carry water to her third-floor apartment. It was pathetic to look at their misery.

Unable to bear the suffering of her husband, she was disturbed. They did not know how to solve this water problem. She sang the poem written by Ramasamy Iyer sitting before the water pipe. As she sang with concentrated mind, a blast of air exited the pipe followed by torrential water flow. She filled all the pots with water.

கடம்பம்
044-42890471
பிணி தீர்க்கும்
பிள்ளையார்!
கும்பகோணத்துக்கு
அருகிலுள்ள
சு.சி.புனம் இயல்பில்

The husband wondered how it happened. She admitted that singing the Śaranāgati poems with thoughts of Ramanar helped bring water to the water pipe. The husband asked her to sing the songs again with the result the water flowed from the pipe. Singing other songs did not result in water flow. When she mentioned this episode in Virūpākṣi cave, all the disciples believed her without any reservation.

Ramasamy Iyer famous for his Śaranāgati poems had a daughter, who showed her drawing of Varalakshmi to Bhagavan, who asked, “Why should we not get it printed?” She borrowed money here and there, got the drawing printed and distributed them to many people. That child knew Srīramaṇar was like a God. Bhagavan helped Ramasamy Iyer more than once: He cured him of his illness; he solved his financial problems; He took care of mental distress; He helped him attain self-realization; Bhagavan helped his children too. Bhagavan’s nature was to embrace the family of those who surrendered to him.

Must we talk to Mahāns for

சூரியனார் கோயிலில்
அருள்கிறார் நோய்
தீர்த்த விநாயகர். பிரம்ம
சாபத்தின் காரணமாக
நோய்வாய்ப்பட்ட
நவக்கிரக மூர்த்திகள்
இங்கு வந்து வழிபட,
அவர்களின் பிணியை
தீர்த்து வைத்தவர் இவர்.
இந்தப் பிள்ளையானை
வழிபட, பிணிகள்
அண்டாது.

- காமாட்சி முனி



explication of Tattvas and attaining lofty purpose in life. Do we attain maturity from conversations with

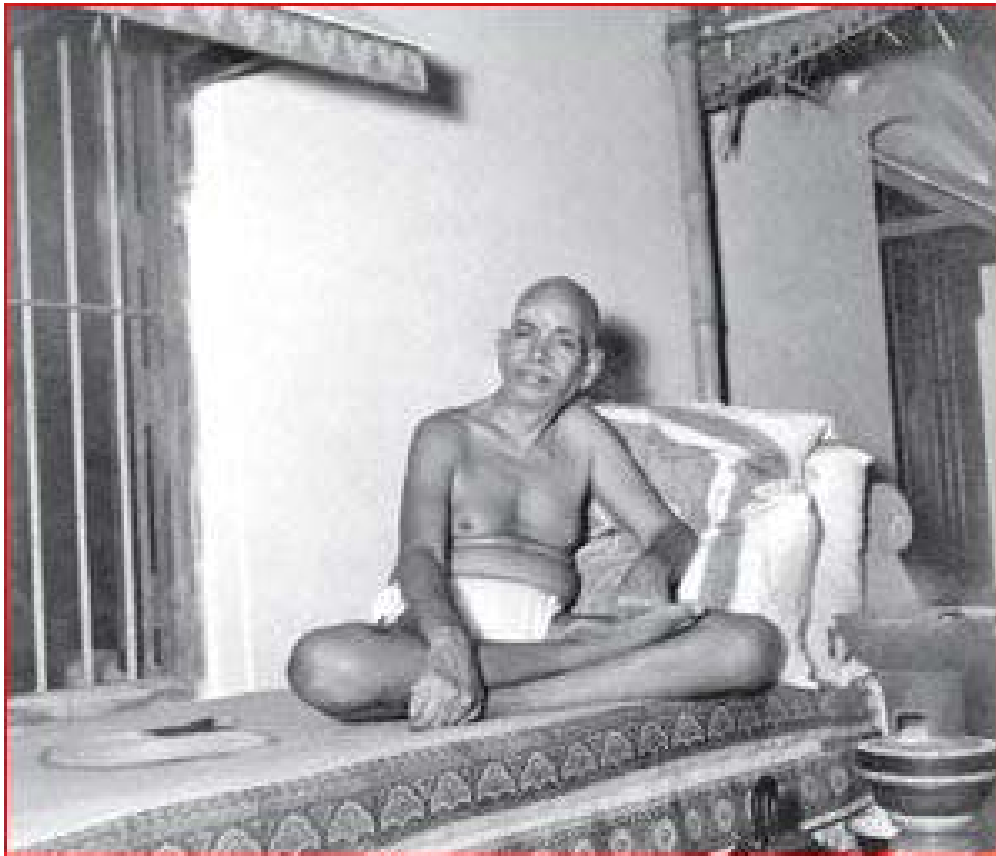


Mahāns for the pursuit of Self? There is nothing like that. Raghavachari employed by the Govt. in a high position sat before Bhagavan with three questions. He sat silent, though he had the questions in his mind.

Once he sat before Bhagavan intending to receive answers to the questions. “Is it possible to meet with you alone for a few minutes? What does Bhagavan think of Theosophical Society? If I am a deserving person, would you show me your real form?” “These were his questions resident in his mind. The assembled people dispersed for one reason or another. The occasion rose for Bhagavan and Raghavachary face each other alone. “What is the book you have in your hand? Are you a member in the society? That society is doing a good job.” All these words from Bhagavan without one word out of the mouth of Raghavachary. Two questions were answered with no prompting. Should not an answer to the 3rd question become available? Raghavachay stared at the eyes of Bhagavan with the thought of an answer to the third question in the mind: What is your true form?

Then, Bhagavan was sitting on a raised platform with a wall to his back. There was an image of Dhakshinamurthy hanging from the wall. Both Bhagavan and the image were easily seen, when facing Bhagavan. As he looked at him intently, there was an internal change. Bhagavan disappeared from the sight of Raghavachary. The wall disappeared. There was only a vast space. Then a blinding light appeared. Bhagavan and the Dhakshinamurthy in his image appeared bright. It was so bright, Raghavachary closed his eyes. After a while, he left Bhagavan’s presence with a salutation and the mountain and went home. He did not meet with Bhagavan for about a month. That divine sight left an indelible impression on his mind. Fearing loss of that imprint (of the sight), he did not meet Bhagavan again. He gathered courage and went to Bhagavan for Darśan. He told him with humility, “I asked you certain things. I received what I asked for.”

He narrated to Bhagavan about the



disappearance of Bhagavan, the open space, and the gradual appearance of Bhagavan and Dhakshinamurthy in his vision. He queried him, “What is this?” Bhagavan said, “You desired to see my real form. I am formless. You are a reader of Bhagavadgita. Because of its impetus on you, Dhakshinamurthy and I appeared as effulgent light in your vision. You ask Ganapathy Muni about this.” Raghavachary did not wish to explore further. The previous wonderful epiphany gave him fulfilment. Guru’s mercy was great. With no conversation and debate, and with tranquility, Bhagavan isolated Raghavachary, demonstrated to him who he was and explicated later the vision. Guru’s Sannidhi is where your wishes and wants are fulfilled.

Some office workers visit with Bhagavan for Darśan during their lunch-break. Some devotees gave up their jobs and surrendered to Bhagavan.

Ayyasamy from South Africa, who worked under the Europeans making a good living, surrendered to Bhagavan with his wealth. Though he was flush with cash, he went down the mountain and begged for food. On their begging rounds for food, the devotees sang songs to the householders. But, Ayyasamy did not know songs.

A woman in one household asked Ayyasamy to sing Sivapuranam. Ayyasamy not knowing, was on tenterhooks.

The woman herself sang Sivapuranam and served him food. He was ashamed. He learnt Sivapuranam studiously. Bhagavan said in humor, “Why does Ayyasamy go on begging rounds? Is there some wealth he lacks?”

Though he had money, he had the maturity in the spirit of asceticism to go begging for food. He was taking the right path. Ayyasamy was dexterous with his hands. He could fashion walking sticks from the tree limbs. He could fashion a polished bowl out of half coconut shells, which he gave to the Sadhus. His work made him happy. He stayed with Bhagavan for 10 years with no opposition from the rest, went back to his village and died. Better than what he gained as riches in South Africa is the great gains he made in Bhagavan's Sannidhi.

Guru does not talk about himself in a self-laudatory sense to others. But the disciples of Guru talk. His disciples told the world the life and times of Bhagavan. The breeze that touched the flowers talks about (carries) the fragrance and yet the flowers remain silent. That fragrance makes the seeker look for the flower.

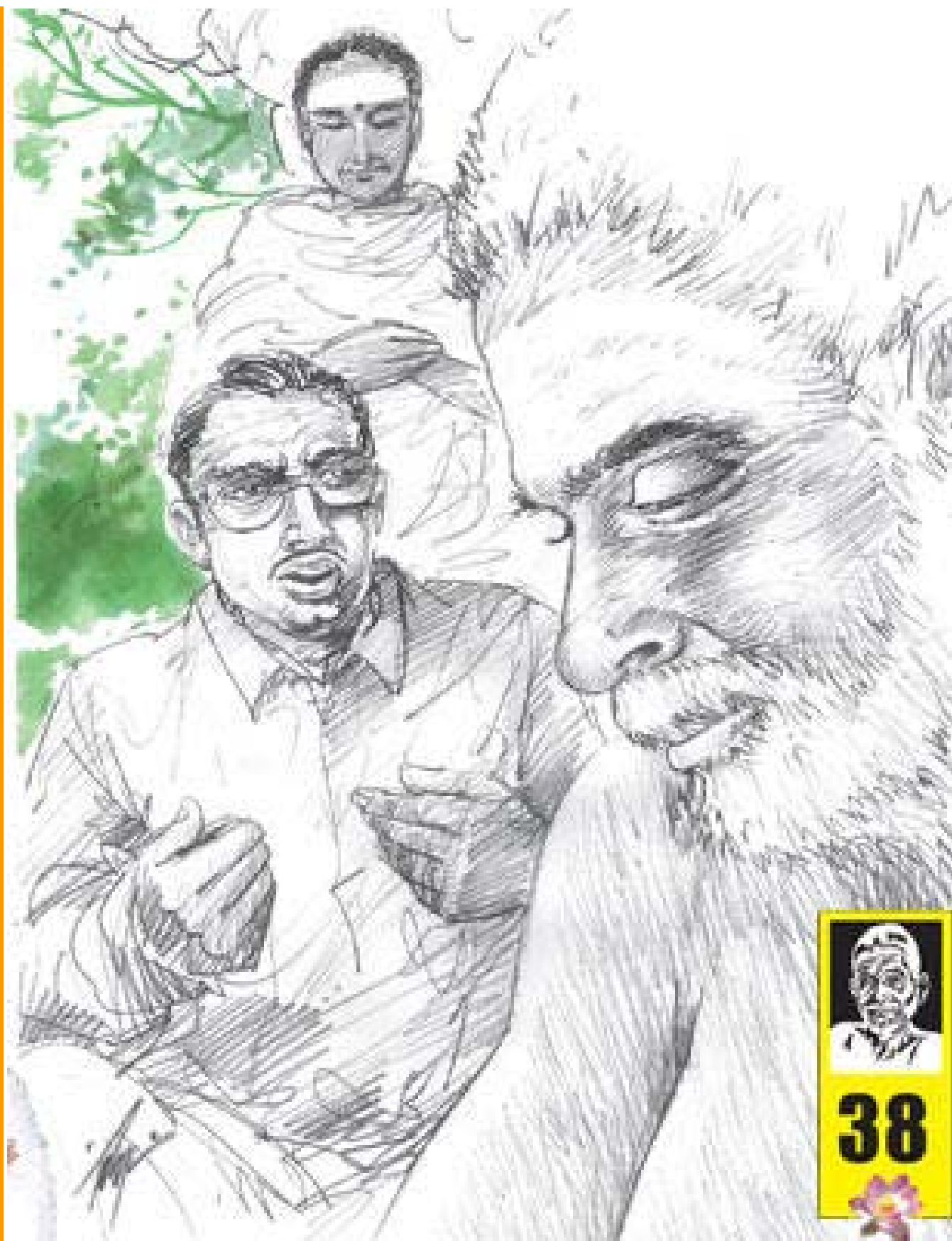
Let us get Darśan.

Ramanamaharishi20110920

[சக்தி விகடன்](#) - 20 Sep. 2011

Ramana Maharishi





Once, the District Collector and his assistant came to visit with Bhagavan. Where there is power, the official feels he is eminently qualified to give advice. He wants to be in the forefront with bombast and bluster. The collector rattled off his erudition in spiritual matters and what he liked in his perusal. He spoke at length. The Assistant Collector too spoke at

length about his body tingling with spiritual experiences.

Bhagavan did not utter one word during their harangue. He did not express alternate views. He listened to them with patience... Seeing Bhagavan remaining silent, they had the feeling whether they should be more lucid in their presentation. They talked again and explicated their presentation. They came to the end giving the impression, they exhausted everything. They became quiet. Bhagavan kept a careful watch on them; they were tired and blinking.

The collector addressed Bhagavan, “We spoke at length. You did not respond to us. Why?”

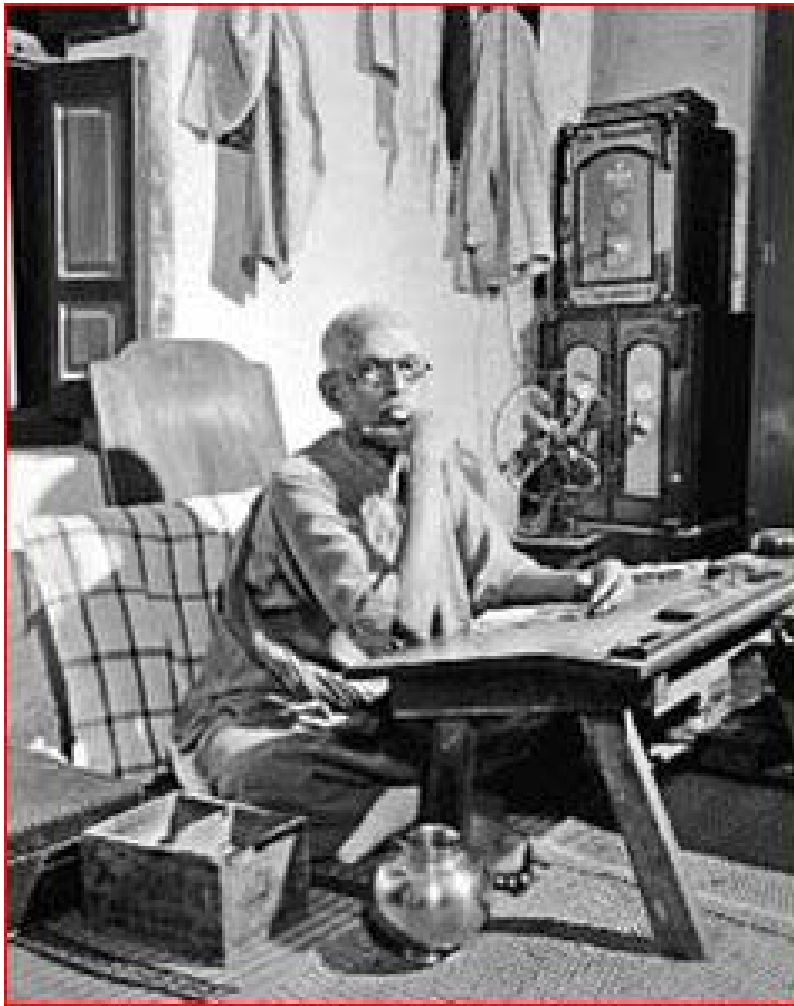
Bhagavan spoke, “I was speaking to you in my language (of silence); you did not have the inclination to hear me.” The collector, intelligent as he is, understood it in a flash. It became clear to them they spoke beyond their heft. They quietly left.

Ramanatha Brahmachari a student with lean frame in Tiruvannamalai Vedic School came to the



Virūpākṣi cave and met with Bhagavan. Even at his first sight, he was drawn to Bhagavan. He understood he was standing before a stupendous persona. Staying close to him and rendering helpful service to him were his past birth's auspicious fruits, he thought happily.

Some people are bogged down with family burden and seek peace and relief from financial ruin. There are rich people with financial stability, develop a sense of spiritual enquiry and go to Bhagavan. There are working people with spiritual pursuits, coming to Bhagavan. But, Ramanatha Brahmachari expecting nothing from Bhagavan was convinced that his birth's goal was to remain in Bhagavan's Sannidhi in a wonderful place like the Virūpākṣi



cave.

Remaining close to Bhagavan, he helped him. Vedic School provided meals on the premises. He refused to accept food there but went from house to house asking for alms. He ate the food and shared it with Bhagavan who accepted it gladly.

Once, taking the food obtained by begging and going up the mountain, he came across his father who asked for the food. Brahmachari refused to give him the food, went up the mountain and presented the food to Bhagavan.

Bhagavan said, “Only after you offer the food to your father, I will eat it.” According to the wish of Bhagavan, he went down the hill, met with his father and told him, “Come, let us go up the mountain. Bhagavan and you can eat the food.”



ஸ்ரீரேணுகா தேவி

திருவண்ணாமலை மாவட்டம்- படவேடு தலத்தில் அருளும்
ஸ்ரீரேணுகா தேவியே எங்கள் குலதெய்வம். ஆதிசங்கரர் ஸ்தாபித்த பாணலிங்க
தரிசனமும், ஜமதக்னி முனிவர் யாகம் செய்த இடத்தில் இருந்து கொண்டுவரப்பட்ட
மண்ணை திருநீறாகத் தரப்படுவதும் இந்தத் தலத்தின் விசேஷம். படவேடு ஸ்ரீரேணுகா
தேவிக்கு 108 நெய்தீபங்கள் ஏற்றி வழிபட, நமது பிரச்சனைகளைத் தீர்த்து சகல
நன்மைகளும் தந்தருள்வாள் இந்த அம்பிகை!

சக்தி
கும்பம்

044-42890471

- கன்சண்டிபுரம், திருவண்ணாமலை



But, Brahmachari's father refused to go up the mountain. Not knowing what to do, he went

to Bhagavan. Bhagavan said, “Go feed your father and come back. I will eat the food.” Would Brahmachary become a paragon of virtue by refusing food to his father and feeding the Guru? Not possible. Bhagavan impressed on Brahmachari this tenet of ‘Māthā. Pithā, Guru, Daivam’ in that order (Mother, father, Guru and God). Service to Māthā and comes first and later others. Jñāni knows what his relative position in the totem pole. A genuine Guru will not accept his preeminence above the parents. He will instruct this tenet to his devotee in a subtle manner. Bhagavan did that. Since that day, Brahmachari gave food first to his father before he gave it to Bhagavan.

Brahmachari is a youth with a subtle sense. Besides doing Guru service, he served Bhagavan’s devotees: He cleaned their place, gave them food and water, dispensed them medicines where needed and then went to Bhagavan’s Sannidhānam.

For Brahmachari, there was no spiritual enquiry or sitting before the Guru and remaining in meditation. It is all physical service to Guru: running all over serving all was important to him.



The disciples of

Bhagavan came to him for circumambulation of the Giri. The disciples urged that the devotees talk about Guru Bakthi. Some spoke. Ramanatha Brahmachari raised his hand for the opportunity to talk. Permission was granted.

For half hour, he spoke quoting Sanskrit Slokas on Guru Devotion. When the moderator told him his time was up, he got an extension and continued speaking. When he was reminded a second time that his time was up, he requested more time. He elaborated for two hours on subjects of Sanskrit Slokas, Tamil poems, the experience of others and himself and

Guru Bakthi. How did this happen. Bhagavan's spirit was guiding him. It was Bhagavan as the Guru who prompted the reticent Brahmachary inside him to speak on Guru Bakthi in his presence.

Ramanatha Brahmachari caught bubonic plague with blisters all over his body. The blisters broke discharging blood and pus. He could not lift his head. He was in a state of collapse.

The devotees fearing spread of contagion decided to go to Pacchiamman temple. They told of their decision and promised to send food to Brahmachari.

“That is fine. Send food for him and me too. I will stay here and look after him,” said Bhagavan.

The devotees could not transgress his wishes. Some stayed in the Virūpākṣi cave. Some went to Pacchiamman temple. Being near Bhagavan, Ramanatha Brahmachari recovered from his illness.

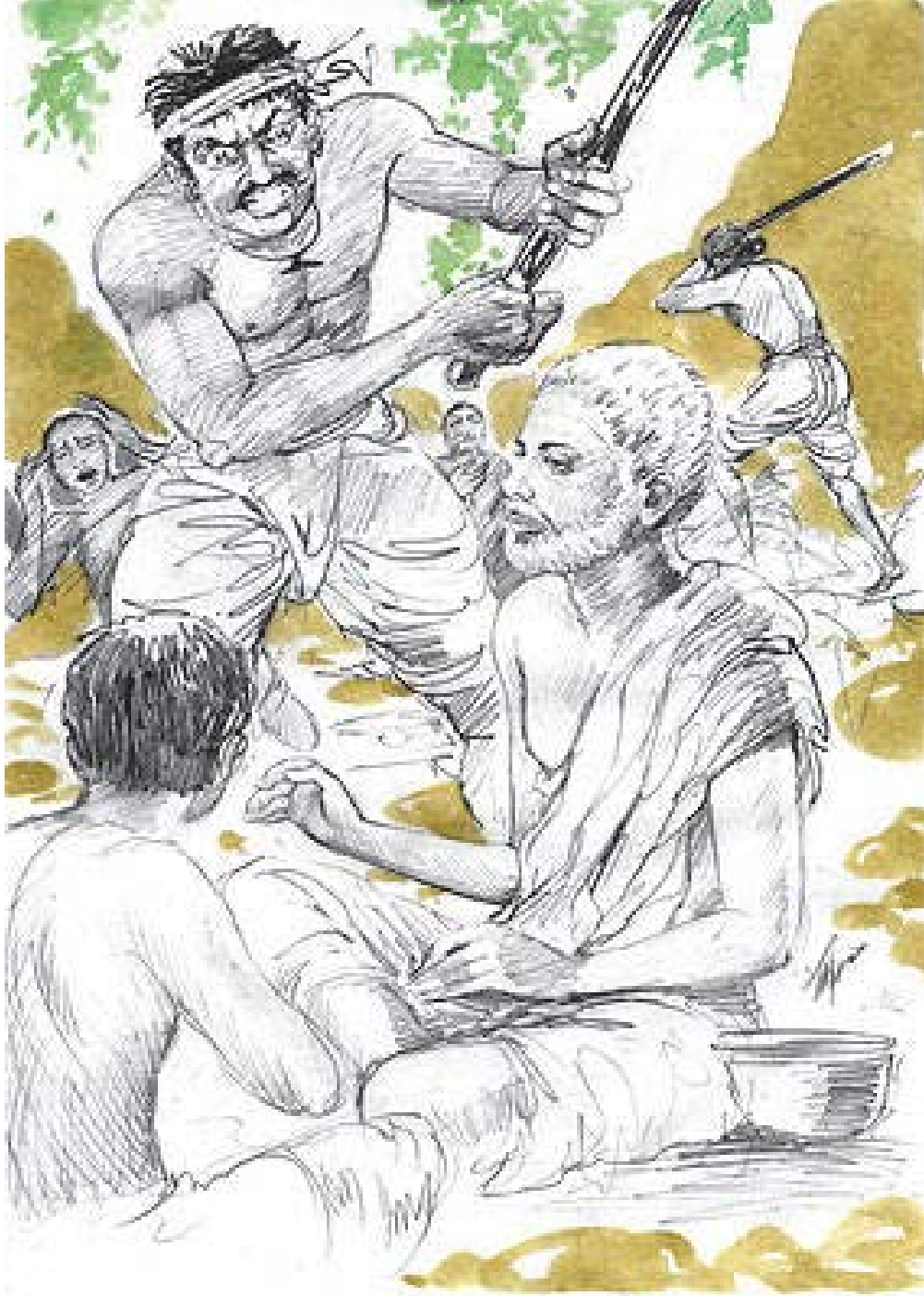
Let us get Darśan.

Ramanamaharishi20111004

Sakti Vikatan 04 Oct, 2011

பகவான் தந்த பாடம்

பாலகுமாரன்



In those days of meager medical facilities, it was difficult to escape from the Plague. Ramanatha Brahmachari survived the bubonic plague because of help from

SriRamaṇa Maharishi.

When Srīramaṇar came down from the cave to Ramanasramam as his permanent residence, Brahmachari continued to do his service. The newcomers to the Āśramam receive a Palmyra leaf spread as a bed and a log of wood as a pillow. Brahmachari gave away a loincloth to Mahatma Gandhi he made with his spun cotton thread and woven cloth.

Venkatramaiah, Visvanathaswamy, Kunju Swamy... built living quarters in the Jackfruit grove and lived there. Ramanatha was assigned the cleaning detail here. They called him 'Jackfruit dictator.' This moniker reached the ears of Ramanar and he approved it.

He received a great respect from other devotees for his services without recompense. One day he withheld eating his meals; upon enquiry, it was found it was a death anniversary for his father. "Is that so? Serve two more Iddlis to him," came the order from Bhagavan. Making note of it, Rajagopalan said, "Hereafter I will not observe death anniversary fasting for my father." The declaration reached the ears of Bhagavan. 'Ramanathan gave up everything and came here. What did Rajagopalan give up?' said Bhagavan. Ramanathan Brahmachari famous for his renunciation like Bhagavan, died in Chennai in 1942 and reached Paramapatham (Vaishnava heaven). Ramanatha Brahmachari showed by living a life of sacrifice that service to devotees was Guru Puja. He was a rare birth. He was an exemplar.

Because of merit from past life, he was lucky to go into Samadhi frequently. But, some did not understand it. Bhagavan with prior knowledge brought a devotee Akhilāṇḍa Ammaiyār to Tiruvannamalai. When Musthāṇ Swāmigaḷ saw Bhagavan for the first time, Bhagavan was seated like a stationary statue. His eyes shed a torrent of tears of mercy. This touched Musthāṇ and created changes in his mind. Bhagavan was still deep in meditation for eight hours. Only a few of the visitors to Bhagavan are mature in meditative practices. They were the epitome of meditative practices. Bhagavan spoke of Musthāṇ in these terms. As he approached Virūpākṣi cave, he will go into deep meditation. He was self-effacing. He remained in the background not wishing for attention. When Dēsiramma had provisions, utensils... to prepare food for Bhagavan, Musthāṇ brought them up the mountain as a great service to Bhagavan.



மஸ்ஹான் சுவாமிகள்



ஸ்ரீராமானந்த பட்டாச்சார்

A mongoose ran around and sat on the lap of Bhagavan frequently. Bhagavan fearing the mongoose injuring the peacocks has a stick to chase it away. One suggested to have it tied down so it becomes a pet. Bhagavan ruled it out and said, ‘The animals visiting him are Siddha Purushas, coming for Darśan. Please try to understand it.’ Musthāṇ once with devotees went on a begging tour of the town and brought food. The food pile had a cooked egg. Everyone was shocked to see it. Bhagavan threw away the egg and shared the meals with everyone. He ate it too. With no hue and cry about Vedic injunctions on food exclusions, Bhagavan showed his mental maturity to his devotees.

Swāmigaḷ’s health deteriorated and he died on November 8, 1938 on the auspicious day of Deepāvalī. His death was notified to Bhagavan. He asked Kuñju Swāmigaḷ to attend the Samadhi ceremony in Matam village. Bhagavan gave with his own hands sacred ash, camphor...for the Samadhi hole with an explanation of procedural elements. Bhagavan honored them by giving the Samadhi objects for his mother Azakambikai, his cow Lakshmi, and Musthāṇ Swamy. Musthāṇ being a Muslim enjoyed the friendship of Bhagavan upon his surrender, and other devotees. It is an example of Bhagavan’s transcending of religions.



நவராத்திரியில் விளக்கேற்றுவோம்!

சக்தி
கும்பம்

044-42890471

விளக்கேற்றும்போது, நெய் விட்டு தீபமெற்றுவது சிறப்பு. கணபதிக்கு தேங்காய் எண்ணெய், மகாலட்சுமிக்கு நெய் தீபம், நாராயணருக்கு நல்லெண்ணெய் தீபம், ஸ்ரீதேவிக்கு ஜந்து வகை எண்ணெய்களை கலந்து தீபம் ஏற்றுவது விசேஷம். பஞ்சு, தாமரைத் தண்டு, சுத்தமான துணியில் திரிக்கப்பட்ட திரிகளைக் கொண்டு விளக்கு ஏற்றலாம். அகல் விளக்கு, பித்தளை, வெள்ளி விளக்குகளை பயன்படுத்தலாம். தெற்கு நோக்கி விளக்கேற்றி வைக்கக்கூடாது. நவராத்திரியில் வீட்டில் மாக்கோலம் இடுவோம். கற்றிலும் காவியால் கோடு (பார்டர் போன்று) தீட்டி வைத்தால், மங்கலகரமாக இருக்கும்!



- இந்நிதானி பொன்னுசாமி. எண்ணை-32

When Bhagavan lived in the Virūpākṣi cave, his mother came there often. She stayed in the homes of devotees in the foothills for the nights. The devotees were afraid that Bhagavan will move away with his mother. They ordered that women should not stay in Virūpākṣi cave. They misunderstood the silence of Bhagavan. They imagined they knew better and talked about restrictive rules. They behaved as if they were faultless. They used to gloat that men were superior and women were inferior. If they had the Light of Truth inside them, they would not have spoken against women. They advanced many arguments against women.

Bhagavan wiped the floor with them and debunked their arguments against women by saying, “Mother and the rest stay here; we will go to another location.” The male-superior crowd sank in darkness. If the sun is to move away, where is the world? They fell at his feet and begged for forgiveness. Ok, accepted. Bhagavan came back to his place. The womenfolk of Gaṇapathi Muni family wanted to stay in Virūpākṣi cave. Opposition was mounted. Gaṇapathy Muni exploded in anger. He said, “Wait until the nightfall.” That night torrential rains, lightning, fierce winds, thunder... descended on earth. The temple ceremonial processional car was struck by lightning and burned to ashes. The womenfolk covered themselves with blankets as per rules. But they needed a place to stay.



Kandasamy is the servitor of Bhagavan. He scouted the mountain and located a place and took Bhagavan to see it. Bhagavan seeing the big moist rock approved it. He by himself cleared the underbrush and with the stones on the mountainside built a hall with two rooms.

Kandasamy was a professional mason. He gave up everything and surrendered to Bhagavan. His expertise has helped erect a building on the mountain-after day and night toil, as praised by Bhagavan. That building was named Kandasramam after the builder. Ramanatha Brahmachari, Musthāṇ Swamy, Kandasamy...were the living lessons. They are the witnesses to Śaranāgati. Guru takes them to liberation.

Kunju Swamy was intimately connected with the life story of Bhagavan.

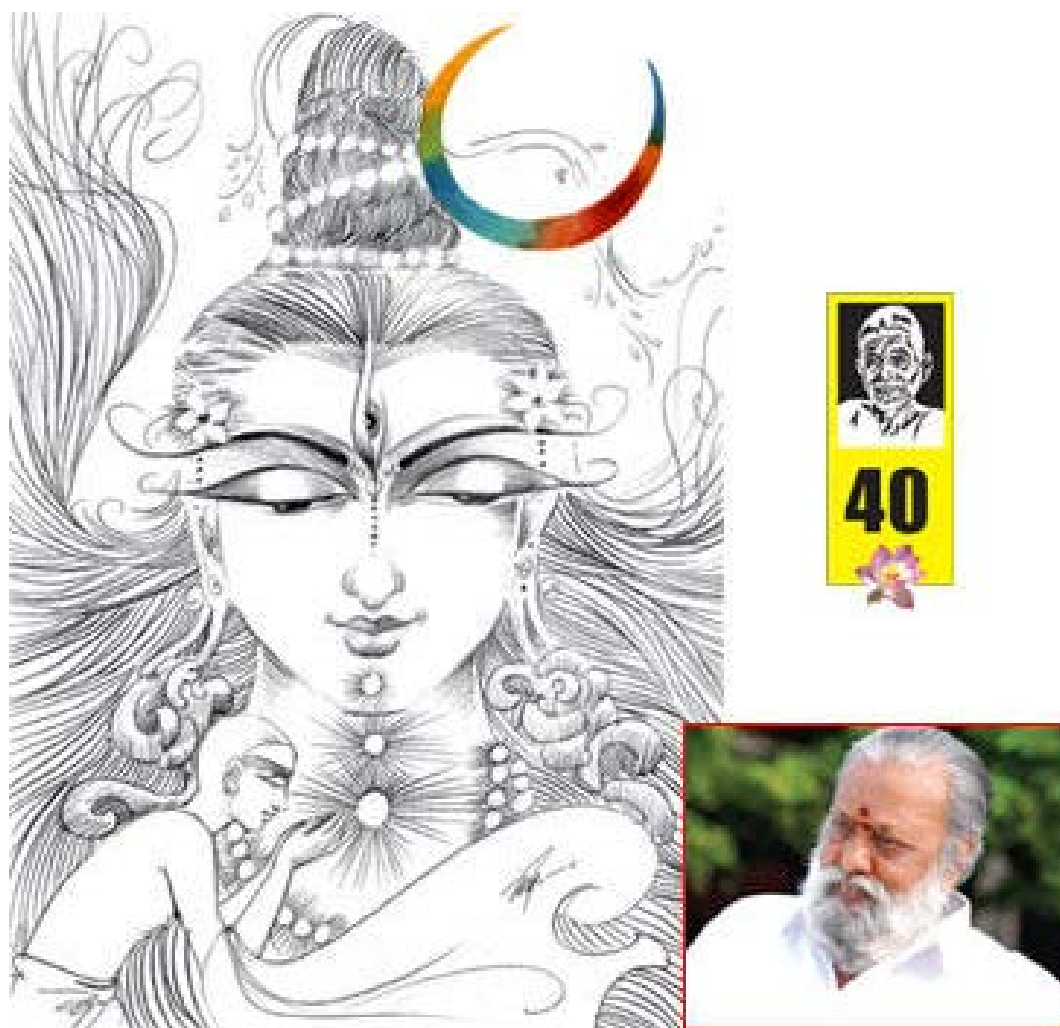
Ramanamaharishi20111018

Sakthi Vikatan 18 Oct, 2011

Ramanamaharishi Guru's Teachings

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rhQEHfYO_1I

Sri Ramana Maharshi: Narrated by David Godman



Kunju (the boy) had a dream of Siva initiating him in five syllable Mantra.

Inset: Balaraman, the author of this article in Tamil

Sri Kuñju's book 'My Memoirs/Memories' is a must-read for people who want to know Maharishi. This publication introduces us to Bhagavan in a succinct manner and clearly demonstrates our thirst and need for a Guru.

In January 1897, Kuñju Swāmigaḷ was born in a small village in Kerala's Palghat area. He was not like other children engaged in play activities, displaying adamancy, and crying; he was still staying in one place. Perceiving this behavior, his parents took him to his maternal uncle for his astrological prediction.

"This child has divine treasure with rare qualities. When it comes to food, it is good to feed him Sattvic foods," said the

maternal uncle.

Since they were good parents, he was raised in a Sattvic environment. When the boy went in the morning with his father for ritual bathing in the temple pond, he saw the orthodox Brahmins standing in the water and sitting on the steps chanting Mantra Japam. Srīkuñju Swāmigaḷ also wanted to do the same. But, he did not know whom to seek for knowledge. Paramesvara appeared that night in his dream with his matted russet hair, ash stripes... and initiated him with five-syllable Mantra. At dawn, he remembered the dream and not the Mantra. He was unhappy that the Mantra just slipped out of his hand. Sivaperuman appeared in his dream that night and again instructed him on the five syllable Mantra. He recalled the Mantra at dawn. Since then Srīkuñju Swāmigaḷ continued chanting the Sivapañchākṣara Mantra.

He wanted to have an ash-bag. He wanted to apply the ash on his body, whenever he had the desire to chant the Mantra. Sivaperuman came in his dream, directed him to a tree to pick up coins from the foot of the tree and buy a bag. The base of the tree had three quarter-Annas. He was quoted a price of three-Annas a bag, not a penny more and not a penny less. His desired was fulfilled by Sivaperuman.

When his father asked Kuñju about his bag, he narrated his story to the joy of his father.

A few days later, he wanted to wear a Rudrākṣa bead garland. When went with his friend towards the bathing pond, his friend separated from him stating a reason. Kunju continued his path towards the pond and found a lotus flower with a Rudrākṣa bead garland with gold string. The parents said, “What a wonder.” They celebrated Kuñju and regarding him as a boon, raised with loving tender care.



Kunju continued his path towards the pond and found a lotus flower with a Rudrākṣa bead garland with gold string.

Near his place, there was a talk on Tamil Tiruvilaiyāḍaḷ poem with translation in to Malayalam. The father and son went to listen to it. Kuñju repeated what he heard to others. The village was happy to listen to his presentation in a story form. “What a wisdom!” the villagers wondered.

Loin-cloth Sadhus visited the village; the father insisted that Kunju go with him for Darśan. Kunju refused to go, because a higher Guru, Sākṣātkāra Paramaśiva himself initiated him with five syllable Mantra (Na-Ma-Si-Va-Ya).

The town celebrated Elappuḷi Swāmigaḷ and Kuñju refused to see him. His father on the pretext of going somewhere took Kunju and presented him to the Sadhu.

“Can you become lofty because God came in your dream? Because you deliver eloquent speeches at 16 years of age, can you assume to be repository of omniscience? Don’t become arrogant because you got what you asked for. These are the beginner’s Siddhis. You cannot progress in the path of God, unless you know Vedāntams and have formal education in religious texts. Therefore, give up this hubris and go with me,” said Elappuḷi Swamy. Kuñju agreed.

Kuñju surrendered to Elappuḷi Swāmigaḷ. Kunju asked the Guru questions: All the readings and the Mantra Japams did

not take me to the same lofty station that the ancient Munis attained. Are there no Munis nowadays who discovered God within? Are they old stories? Elappuḷi Swāmigaḷ answered, “Why not! There is a Mahan named SriRamana Maharishi in Tiruvannamalai in Tamil Nadu.” Suddenly, a shock wave of electric current passed through Kuṅṅu’s body. Thought of Ramanamaharishi was bouncing in his head. Vedic learning and practice offered no progress to Kunju; that upset him.

Meanwhile, Elappuḷi Swāmigaḷ went on a pilgrimage to important temples in Tamil Nadu. A few rich people went with him.

Elappuḷi Swāmigaḷ announced to the public, when, where, which month, which day and what time he would attain Samadhi (death). The day was imminent. The Samadhi structure was rising. Kunju Swamy understood none of these. Sorrow and depression afflicted him. He was unhappy to note that life is all drama. He could neither hold his thoughts nor confide them to others. He pleaded with his Guru he wanted Darśan of Ramana. Elappuḷi Swāmigaḷ yelled at him saying, “What, are you playing with me? I am about to attain Samadhi (= death by appointment). Where are you going this time?” Kunju waited for the fateful day of death of his Guru. In the said Mahānirvāṇa month, said day, said time...Elappuḷi Swāmigaḷ sat in the Samadhi Pit. He ordered the bystanders to move the big rock over the pit, once his head stopped moving. The townspeople chanted the God’s name. Swami’s titubation of the head did not stop. The time was on a merciless march. Unable to stay in the pit any longer, the death-inviting Swamy emerged out of the pit, ran through the crowd and disappeared. The expectant jubilant people turned sour and yelled, saying “All Swamys are charlatans.” The Swamy hiding in a grove with his attendant rich people ran out of town.

Kuṅṅu Swamy’s desire to meet with Bhagavan was soaring high and he left home telling no one. Since he heard his spiritual friend already joined with Ramanar, he was happy he had him there to help him.

After overcoming many hurdles, he reached Tiruvannamalai. He went up the mountain. He was excited to learn that he was about to meet a spiritual Persona. He thought through what all he would do and say reaching Bhagavan. Seeing Bhagavan he stood there horripilated. He paid homage by prostrating before him. His spiritual cohort SriRama Krishnar invited Kunju Swamy and introduced to Bhagavan, who nodded his head in assent.

On the day of arrival of Kunju Swamy, Bhagavan’s servitor-devotee Annamalai died of plague. Bhagavan’s mother cried at his death, while Bhagavan consoled her saying, “What is it, if Annamalai died? We gained another son (in Kunju). Kunju Swamy earned a place of spiritual proximity to Bhagavan: The import of this news was not apprehended then.

The inmates of Āśramam left for the funeral ceremony. Bhagavan prepared gruel, placed it on a plate and fanned it for cooling. He opened a basket. Out emerged four puppies.

‘Get hold of the foursome,’ yelled Bhagavan. That commandment, Kunju interpreted as learning of four Vedas. ‘Leave one after another,’ said Bhagavan. Kunju made a vow to give up desire and bonds. (Leave one after another = Give up desire and bonds)

One puppy urinated on the floor. Bhagavan ordered saying, “Wipe.” He took literally and figuratively. He wiped the urine off the floor. He scrubbed his mind of the impurities.

His luck to serve Bhagavan came to him fast. He also could be alone with him. He felt guilty eating free begged food with no payment with money. He thought, “I stayed here for a few months. I can see inside me. Why should I not do the same thing staying home. Why should I be a burden to Bhagavan?” So saying to his friend, he came back home.

The peace in Bhagavan’ Sannidhi and deep reflection were impossible at home. A private room did not advance his objectives. The thought to go back to Bhagavan blossomed in his mind. This time he took leave of his family with proper etiquette and returned to Tiruvannamalai.

He knew this was his place. Bhagavan was not angry for his departure and not effusive either with accolades for his return. When he was alone with Bhagavan one day, he divulged his life story and was unhappy he did not attain success in his search for God (God-realization). Bhagavan answered, “If you know yourself, there is no loss. That is what Kaivalyam states.”

“How am I to know myself, Bhagavan.”

“You make an enquiry, ‘Who Am I?’”

“How do I make the enquiry, Bhagavan?”

“Look at the source of your thought.”

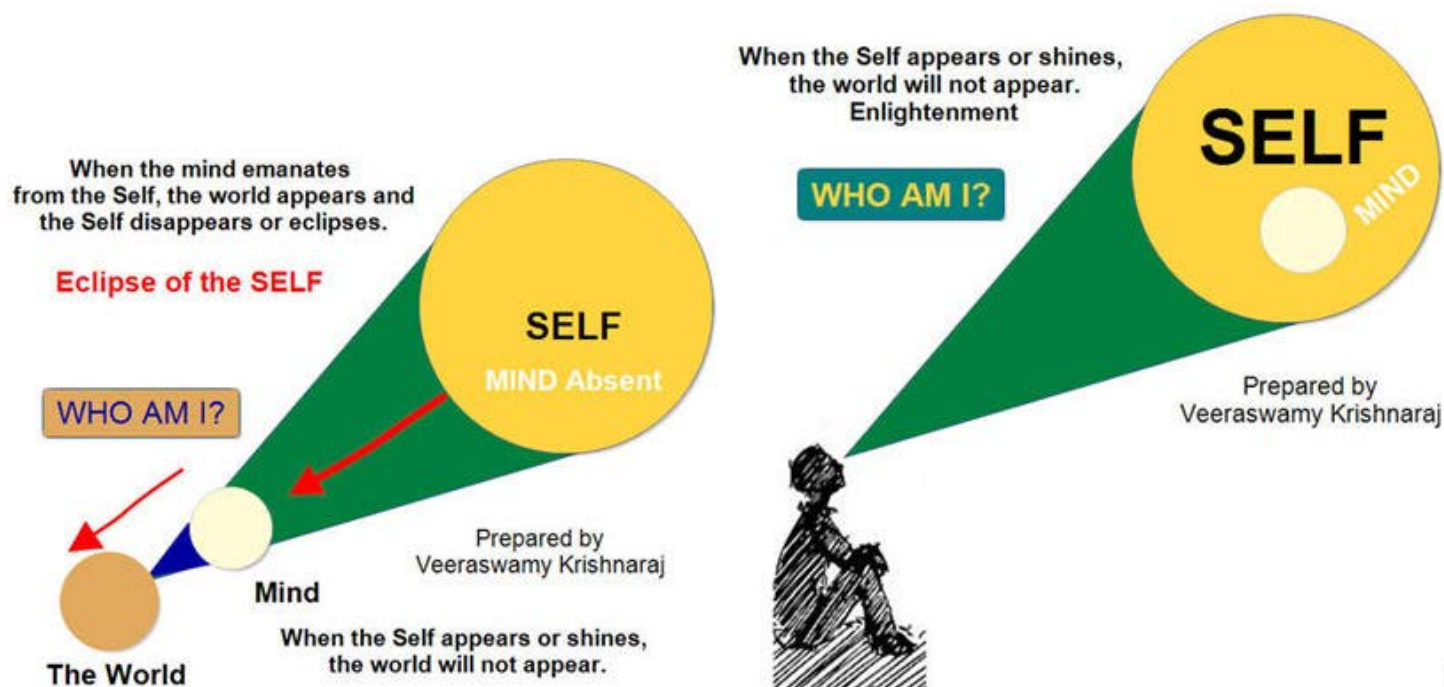
Turn the mind inside and look at the Heart (Self).”

([Spiritual]Heart and Self are synonyms)

Saying thus, Bhagavan fell silent. Likewise, Kunju Swāmygaḷ became silent. Bhagavan’s eye of grace cast its look on Kunju Swāmygaḷ. That moment, a change happened inside and there appeared peace and ecstasy in Kunju Swāmygaḷ.

As said here, Kunju Swāmygaḷ’s journey of spiritual life came to fruition in the right place. To face a right Guru, one must overcome many hurdles. Elappuḷi Swāmygaḷ, who became the butt of jokes, introduced Kunju Swāmygaḷ to Bhagavan.

Srīkuṅju Swāmygaḷ continued to live with Bhagavan and attained spiritual enlightenment.



Ramanamaharishi20111101

Sakthi Vikatan 01 Nov, 2011

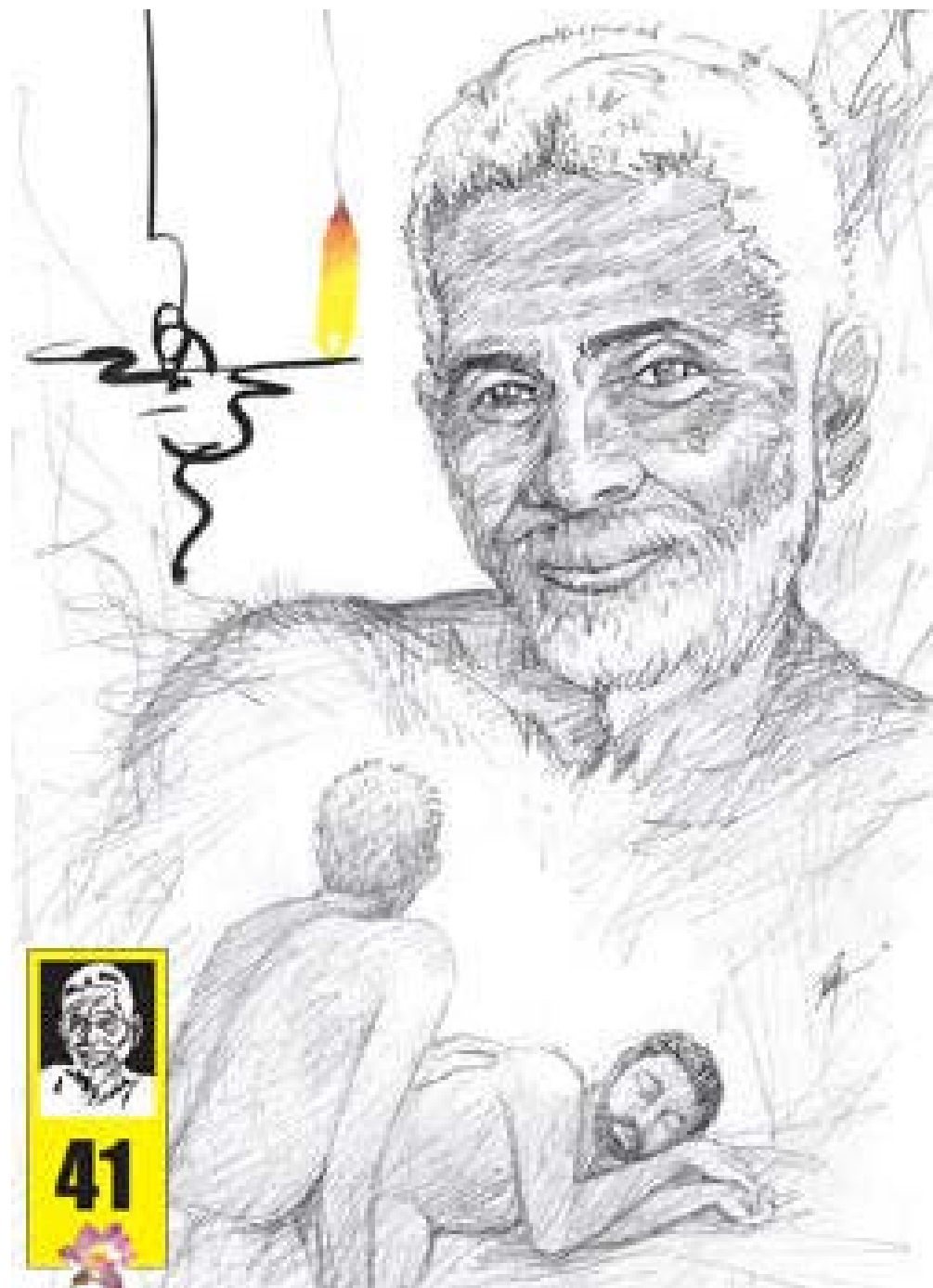
▶ ஸ்ரீராமநாதசுரம்

பாலகுமாரன் ▶



Author:

Balakumaran Subject: Annihilation of the mind.



Viḷācchēri Rangan was the schoolmate of SriRamana Maharishi. Rangan's



father a Police Inspector and Bhagavan's father Sundaram an advocate were friends and their families were close to each other. Rangan and Bhagavan were mates in the class, the school and the playground in Tiruchchuzi.

When the police inspector (Rangan's father) had change of job, the family moved. Bhagavan and his older brother moved to Madurai to enroll in the school; Rangan also came to Madurai for studies. Rangan and Bhagavan were in different

schools. Both played on the riverbanks of Vaigai river.

When Bhagavan Ramanar left Madurai, and came to Tiruvannamalai, the contact was lost between the families. When Bhagavan was Brahmana Swamy, Rangan came to see him and had Darśan of Brahmana Swamy. But the latter did not speak to him. Rangan came with his family to see Bhagavan again and asked him, "Do you recognize him?" Bhagavan replied, "Rangan," in a soft deep voice.

Rangan with love, respect and surprise said, "You have attained a lofty position." Bhagavan said, "The grass is always greener on the other side."

Bhagavan did not congratulate himself on his achievement. He gently, respectfully and modestly pushed aside the accolades of others. He seemed to indicate that he was not the only one to claim the exclusivity and it was possible for everyone.

When Rangan met Bhagavan another time and said to him he had a share of Bhagavan's attainment, Bhagavan's mother prompted Bhagavan, "Did you hear what Rangan said." Bhagavan said in reply, "Yes, it is! He is one of us and has a share in it."

Bhagavan had no sense of aggrandizement: "This Jñānam is my property." An expression of sharing makes others happy, bringing the conversation to an end.

Bhagavan cast an equal eye towards all and treated all equally. He had affection towards Rangan. Rangan went to Chennai in search of a job and had a Darśan before it.

Bhagavan asked Rangan, "Men can go anywhere for livelihood and sustenance. The others in the household are not like that. What have you done to your family? He replied, "I did the needful." Saying it, he left for Chennai.

When Rangan's mother came for Darśan, Bhagavan enquired about Rangan's family. Rangan's mother said, "When he left, he gave me some money. I spent it

all. Now it is a daily struggle.” When Rangan came for Darśan again, Bhagavan asked him, “What! my friend, you said you provided for the family. Your mother says your family is in financial difficulty.” Rangan said nothing.

Bhagavan came near sleeping Rangan and sat beside him. He spoke to him in a loving manner, “What Ranga, are you unhappy? To relieve your difficulty, would ten thousand rupees be sufficient? Rangan did not answer.

Ordinary man has a single family. The ascetics have many hundreds of families. All their problems are his. Rangan had a job in motor company as a manager. Later he became the sales agent in the same company. Besides the salary, he received commission for each vehicle sold by him. He saved ten thousand rupees.

With that money, he married off his two girls and his older brother’s daughter on a five-day-long wedding celebration.

When he had no job, Bhagavan asked him whether he would do the manager’s job.

He was hired by the Srirama Vilas Motor Company in Chennai. Bhagavan hinted to him the future employment in a car company. Poor Rangan, he did not understand it clearly.

When they were children, Rangan and Bhagavan used to swim in the Pāṇḍava Pond, and romped around.

Then Iṅjikkollai Dīkṣitar (Rangan) was sleeping on the mud floor scratching the mud with his nails.

When Bhagavan asked sleeping Rangan whether he got hold of Thakḷi (instrument in making cotton thread), he opened his eyes.

Dream sequence of Dīkṣitar. Did you get hold of Thakḷi (instrument to make thread)? Āvaṇi Avṭṭam (Aug-Sep Event) is imminent. Therefore, you must spin thread in Thakḷi. This was the dream Dīkṣitar (Rangan) had. Bhagavan knew what was happening in his dream. (Threads are made to make sacred threads worn by Brahmins across the shoulder.)

“Jñāni (referring to Bhagavan) knows the past, the present, and the future. Is it not?” said Rangan.

For the Jñānis, knowing the past, the present and the future is ordinary matter. They know events in other worlds too.

Bhagavan said, that God kept man in the dark for knowledge of the future, though He gave man all faculties.

The Jñānis who know the three periods of time are not ordinary people. This is implied in a subtle manner.

Rangan once before said, “I have an intention to take asceticism.” Bhagavan gave him a book -Baktha Vijayam- about life and times of Viṭṭobhā, a devotee and advised him to read it.

When Viṭṭobhā left his family, his son Jñānadēv went with him and instructed him, “If one goes to either the forest or the home, his mind goes there too. Jñāna can be obtained from home itself.” Viṭṭobhā returned home (on his son’s perspicacious advice).

Rangan asked Bhagavan, “Why did you become a Sannyasi?” Bhagavan answered the question politely, “This is my fate. True, it is difficult to shoulder family responsibilities. But, in the pursuit and attainment of Jñānam, Sannyasam is the easy way (conducive).”

Sannyasam is a path on the razor’s edge and will pull you down at the slightest of a mistake. He explained it with a metaphor.

Visual experience of Bhagavan’s mother.

Bhagavan’s mother narrated what she saw earlier, to Rangan.

When his mother was looking at Bhagavan, his body disappeared and in its place Lingam appeared like the one in Tirucchuzi Koil, the place of birth of Bhagavan. When the mother was worried whether Bhagavan would disappear, Lingam disappeared with the appearance of Bhagavan’s body.

Once, a knot of snakes was moving on his body for some time, slithered away and disappeared.

These visions made it is possible to impress on the mother she should remove the notion of Bhagavan as her son. It is a statement of greatness of Bhagavan coming from the mouth of his mother.

One day, when Bhagavan was walking along, he felt pangs of hunger, an old woman gave him gruel and asked Bhagavan to eat it. Soon she was nowhere to be found. Bhagavan said, “It could have been Mother Parvathi.”

“Ranga, don’t think of this as a mountain of rocks. A multitude of Siddha Purushas live in the caves. They in the form of mongoose, snake, peacock, panther...visit with me, see me and enjoy my company,” said Bhagavan. A person learned in Yoga Sastras delivered a lecture on the importance of Yoga. Bhagavan sat quiet until the lecturer finished his talk. Bhagavan explained, “Whatever you spoke help in merging the light and sound (ஒளி / ஒலி = oli / oli) in the mind. When the Light and Sound disappear, thoughts pile up one on top of another in the mind. This is not a permanent solution. The ablation of mind is the solution. For the annihilation of the mind as the goal, there should be interminable Self-Enquiry. “

Mr. Yoga Sastri assented stating, “It is the truth.”

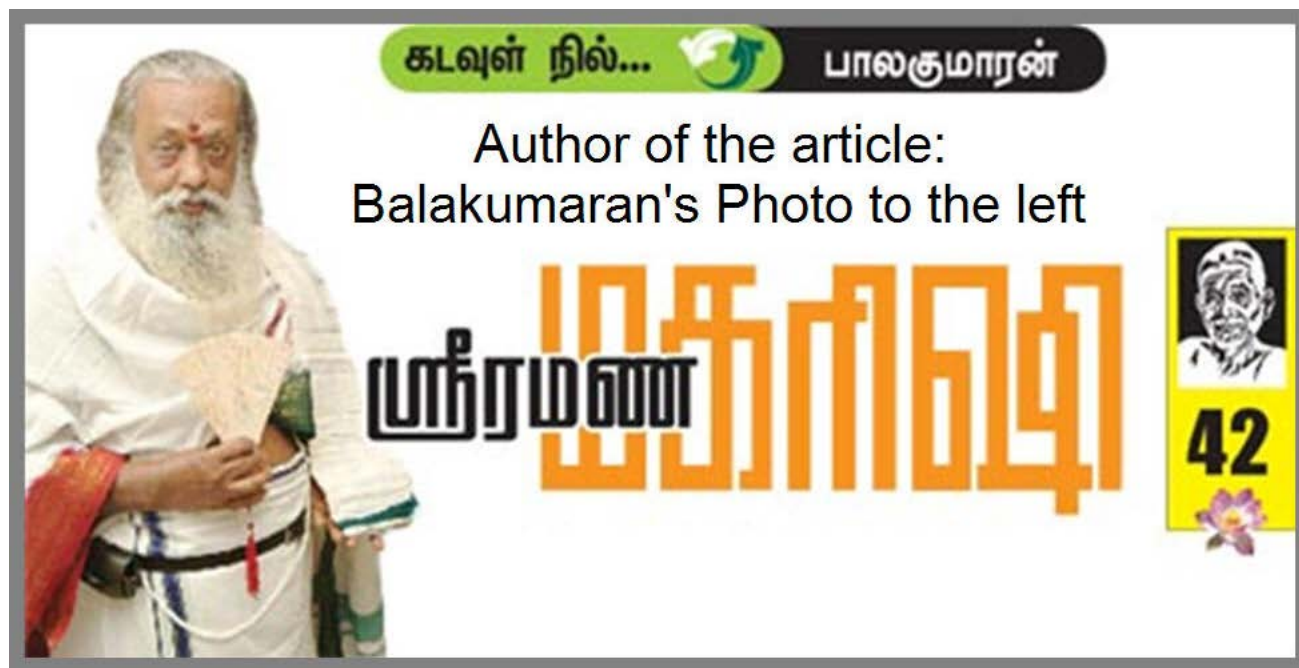
In this world, Man has made many discoveries. If you analyze what we call mind, Bhagavan’s Upadeśa is that which controls and destroys the mind.

Let us get Darśan.

[Ramanamaharishi20111115](#)

Sakthi Vikatan [15 Nov, 2011](#)

Sri Ramanamaharishi



Ramanar was affectionate with younger friend Rangan (his schoolmate). Rangan's had financial problems. He wanted to attain a loftier position because of his association with Bhagavan.

He was in a dilemma: Should he become a sannyasi or continue to bungle in family life. There are a multitude of people in the world, who bore children and want to help them attain realization. Bhagavan knew about them well. It is said the duty of a recluse or sannyasin is to bring the householders to maturity.

Bhagavan bears no anger towards others: "You are caught in the net. Perish." "Shake them off. Let them get lost," was never the harsh speech. "Do what you undertook in a proper manner," was their advice. "From there, one could advance spiritually," is their common saying.

Are difficulties the exclusive domain of the householder? Impediments and sufferings afflict even the Sannyasi. Bhagavan said, restrictions of food, health problems, accidents... cause agony to them. The bearers of family burdens also enjoy spiritual growth.

One woman said her mind goes in many directions. Bhagavan said, "Turn your mind in one direction." Rangan wondered, "If she attains it, she would be a Jñāni."

When visitors come here, they want to gain Jñānam. Getting Jñānam is easy, they think. They don't pay attention to impediments in their chosen path. If a person becomes a king because of austerities, a good reign is likely. But is Tapas easy? There are very many

impediments in that.



The group of devotees returning from Pandaripuram sang after-dinner devotional songs and embraced Bhagavan. When Rangan embraced him, his body was red and sun-beaten. Rangan enquired about it. He answered, “These devotees embrace the God in Pandaripuram. That was made of rock. This (Mine) is body. But, they never gave up the habit.”

Bhagavan narrated a story on another occasion.

A man performed severe austerities. Siva appeared before him and asked him what boon he wanted. He said, “I want poverty and sufferings every day. Siva could not believe it. He asked him to state the reason, he did not ask for wealth. He said, If I was rich, my eyes would not see what I should see, and my ears would not hear what I should hear. I would be immersed in the worldly entanglements and take many rebirths. My suffering will keep me thinking about you constantly.

If what you say is correct, is there an antipathy between wealth and Jñānam?

For the rich, there is deep involvement with and immersion in wealth. Inclination to Jñānam is scarce, said Bhagavan.

On another occasion, Bhagavan told Rangan, “Some visitors opposing palms in homage appear to hit me.” Rangan understood that Bhagavan meant the cruel people make factitious homage.

Rangan asked Bhagavan why his gums were receding and black.

He said, “A man tested me by giving poison to me. I ate the poison, which did not kill me. But it eroded my gum making it black and receding. Umai is there to prevent the descent of poison in Siva. Who is there for me?”

A self-declared official of Āśramam stating that Bhagavan was on a restricted diet, turned back ‘the poison-like foods’ brought by devotees. The bananas brought by Rangan was not accepted. Disappointed, Rangan asked Bhagavan about rejection of his bananas; Bhagavan said, “Serve your bananas as you do usually.” Rangan placed a banana on each banana-leaf plate.

That (officious) Āśramam (pseudo-)official came running and yelled to Rangan, “You violated the dietary restrictions of Bhagavan.” Bhagavan looking at him said, “What disease do I have? Why restrict my foods? One wisecrack posed a question to Bhagavan, “What price has he paid to buy you?” Bhagavan smiling retorted, “5000 Rupees.”

Bhagavan told Rangan, “Men come here for a specific purpose. Once his purpose is accomplished, he will leave.” In one week, the officious man was chased out of Āśramam. Bhagavan smiled.

Bhagavan’ observation. “A new visitor on his first day will get Darśan from a distance. Next day, he comes a little closer. As the days go by, he gets close to me. Later he wields a stick threatening people ‘go there, go here.’ Later he considers himself as the autocrat of the Āśramam.” Bhagavan knows the diverse Gunas of the visitors.

Bhagavan had titubation, shaking of the head, not from old age but right from the time he came to Tiruvannamalai as a teenager. When asked about it, he said, “If you tie an elephant in a small hut, what will happen? Won’t the hut be shaking? It is like that here.” Without the walking stick, Bhagavan could not stand or walk. (Because of the age of onset in teenage years, Bhagavan probably had Essential Tremor.)

[Ramanamaharishi20111129](#)

Sakthi Vikatan November 29, 2011



Tiruvannamalai Sriramanasramam published a Compendium of Reminiscences titled 'Niṇaivil Niṇainthavai' — Cherished Memories written by T.R.Kanakammal. This was written in simple Tamil, having narration of sweet experiences, Tattvas...

This is unlike a biographical piece. It is Bhagavan from the perspective of

Kanakambal. The truths it reveals are amazing.

Author Pramil has written a book on the Jñāni Sadhu Appadurai of Sri Lanka, who said the following, ‘Satyam has no life story. It is stupidity by a Jñāni to write a life story. Birth, death and history are for those with haughtiness. Abandoning haughtiness, a Jñāni has no birth, no life and no death.’

Connected with this, Ms. Kanakambal makes a remark.

A Sadhu queried Bhagavan, “If Ātma is all-pervasive, is it present in the dead body?”

Bhagavan counter-queried the Sadhu, “Did this question come to you? Or did the question occur to the dead body.”

Sadhu: “To me.”

Bhagavan: “Do you have a doubt about yourself as to whether you exist in sleep or not? Only after you wake you say. ‘I am.’ Likewise, Ātma remains in the dead body.” “If you enquire into the Truth, there is neither a dead body, nor a living body. The moving body, we call, a case of rebirth. The immobile body, we call, ‘dead.’

We see in our dream sleep, the dead, the living and more. On awakening, they are no more. Likewise, life is a reverie. This (life) is sleep, a dream. Nothing is here in truth.

Death is absence of the self-sense, “I.” Birth is the sprouting of the “I-factor.” This sprouting manifests (एगो) as Ahaṅkāram (Ego). Ahaṅkāram takes birth and ends in death. When “I” exists, you exist. Even when the “I” is absent, the “You” still exists. You cause this manifestation; You are not the manifestation itself.

Knowing this origin, you must die with understanding. Have a clear idea of death before the death of the body. Having died with that knowledge, he takes a rebirth the moment he realized the knowledge of ‘Aham’, ‘Ātmam’, ‘I am Ātmā’ (Aham = I, Myself; Ātmam = soul; I am Ātmā = I am the soul). This is not the birth of the body. It is the manifestation or awakening of the mind. The awakened individual, the one born as Ātma has no doubt in the paradigm of



non-difference in 'Death-the Living-Death-the Living.' Bluff and bluster of 'I am,' creates karma. Simultaneous hubris engenders doubt in himself, 'Am I what I think I am.'

This hard-to-know-subtle concept, Bhagavan makes us understand with ease. Clarity on this subtle concept, can never be found elsewhere.

A visitor asked Bhagavan, "The visitors here ask you questions and get enlightened. I don't know what questions to ask you. How will I attain liberation?"

Bhagavan: "You say you know nothing. Who are you, to say thus? If you know the answer to it, you assume you know everything and your ego becomes stronger. Is it not better not to know anything?"

A woman new to the Āśramam said to Bhagavan, "I have only one supplication. Could I ask you?"

Bhagavan: "Ask me."

The woman: "I want Moksa (liberation)."

Bhagavan: Oh, Is that so?"

Woman: "Yes, I have no other desire. Moksa alone, if given to me, that is enough. Please don't say 'I will give it you one day.' I need it now (and not tomorrow), Swamy. Can you give me."

Bhagavan: "You figured it out, didn't you? Liberation now. Nothing else. Is it a bag, a packet..., that I can dispense? No other desires, it seems. Only this desire. If you remove the desires and passions from your mind, what is left is Moksa. You should do Sadhana to attain it."

What the women understood, no one knows. Readers like us should know: Bhagavan never gave formal lectures. His life is one of lessons.



In the Āśrama, there was a peacock donated by Baroda Maharani. It strutted free

range all over the Āśramam. It came near Bhagavan and looked at him with interest. Bhagavan looked at it with interest asking the devotees to serve it popped rice, beans...

Some visitor to Āśramam drew with white flower an image of a peacock. The strutting peacock leaving aside its feed looked at the drawing intently.

Bhagavan seeing the motionless peacock watching the drawing asked the bird with laughter, “Do you think a competitor has come to take your place?”

(Understanding the nuanced message from Bhagavan) immediately the peacock gave up its look-see of the drawing (Kolam) and strutted away to eat its feed on the ground. That drawing was so realistic even the peacock was impressed.

The Kolam maker drew accolades from everybody.

Bhagavan Seeing the Kolam: “Artists of this nature learn Ātma Vidya very easily, because their keen intellect is so very subtle. But, they will not advance any further (beyond their art).”

“The peacock Kolam that made the peacock bewildered will one day make another peacock take notice and dance. To that extent, the Kolam should be improved. Buddhi goes in the pursuit of such thoughts. It does not make inward journey.

It is not enough for the enthusiasts to pay accolades to the musical Vidvan. Another musical Vidvan of equal caliber should praise him. There lies the satisfaction. Here the peacock itself paid tributes to the peacock Kolam.

Once a man with an air of erudition sat before Bhagavan. He showed a desire to query Bhagavan. Having disturbed the collective silence of the attendees, he posed a question.

“Ramakrishna Paramahaṅsa induced Samadhi in Vivekananda by mere touch. Likewise, can you do the same?”

Bhagavan did not answer the question and maintained silence. The youth exhibited the impatience of waiting for the answer.

A little while later, Bhagavan looked at the youth and posed the question, “Is the asker, Vivekananda?”

The youth could not answer the question. A little while later, he lost his cockiness and moved away from his place.

No one worries about his own status. The thought of (feigned) omniscience blinds them. Not indulging in self-enquiry, they inquire into others. This intrusive enquiry begets trouble.

The youth’s notion was, “What a show this is? He is sitting in his sofa in comfort, surrounded by many admirers. What is his greatness? Is he capable of demonstrating what I asked of him? Let us see.”

He was testing me to know whether I was of the caliber of Ramakrishna

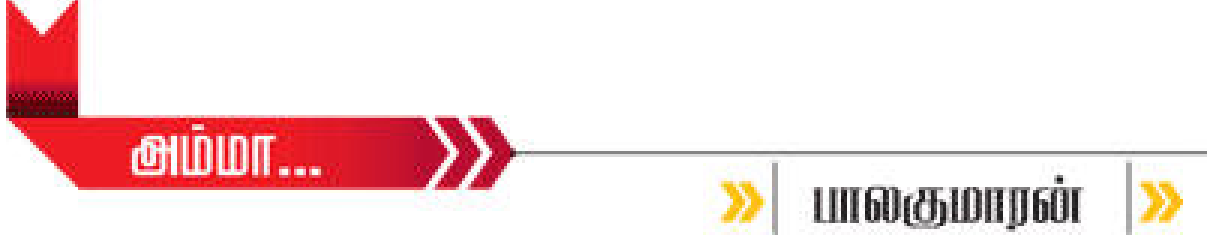
Paramahaṅsa. But, it did not occur to him whether he was of the same caliber of Vivekananda. He thought he had all the qualifications. If he indulged in ‘Who am I?’ this question would not have risen in his mind. He did not understand Ramakrishna induced Samadhi in (qualified and deserving) Vivekananda only (and in no other person). (That speaks of readiness of Vivekananda to receive his Guru’s grace.)

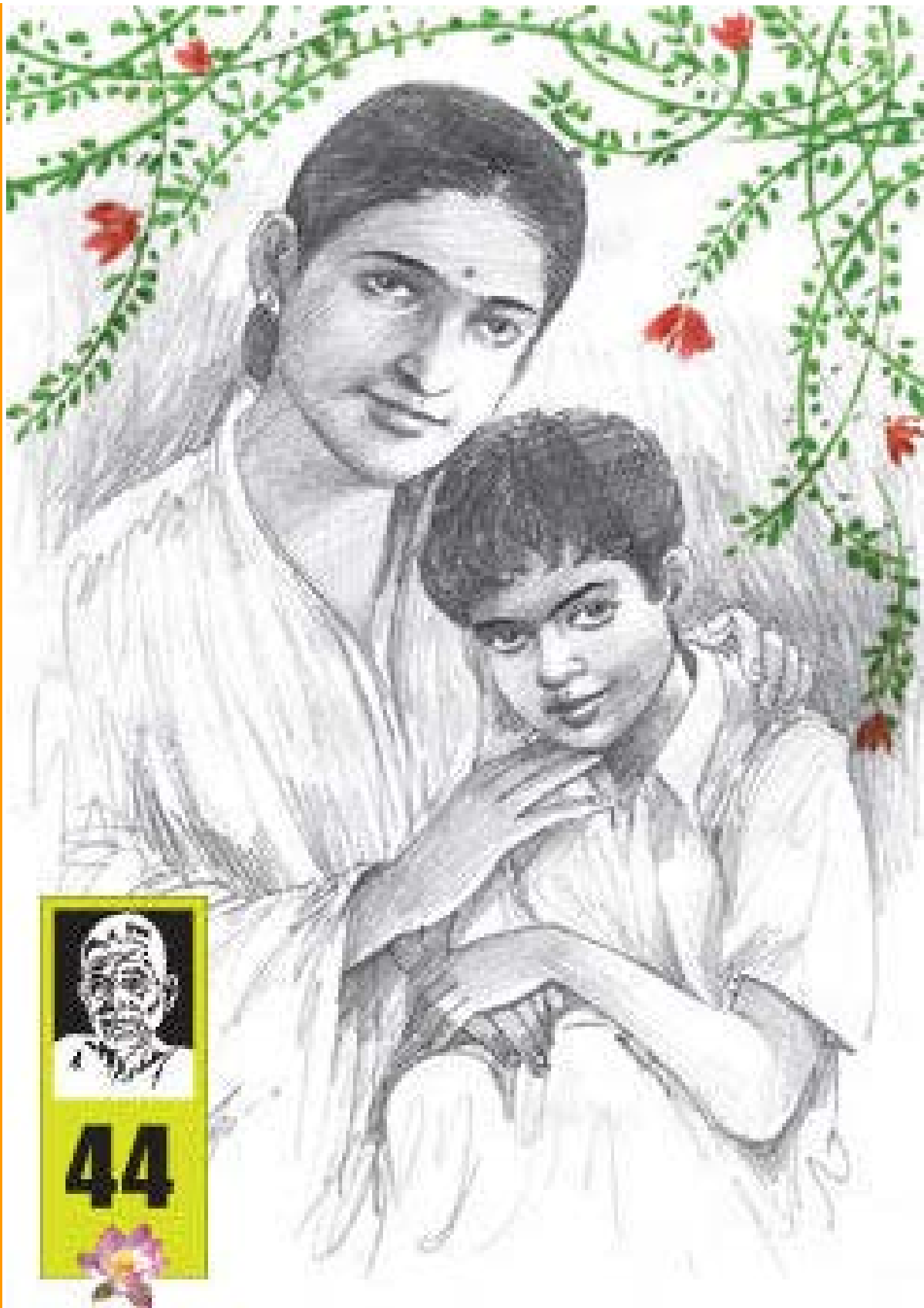
Bhagavan says, “The mind should analyze oneself instead of others. You will realize all questions have answers in oneself.”

Let us do Darśan

[Ramanamaharishi2011213](#)

Sakthit Vikatan 2011 Dec 13





A woman is happy when she sees her husband accomplish his objectives, earn fame and name and receive accolades from others. Greater is her happiness when her son has accomplished rare feats, reach the pinnacle of fame and receive accolades and blessings from others. Her mind is brimming over with joy, when she finds her son lives a peerless life.

Here is the mother's recall of all she did to her famous son. 'The man you celebrate, this important person, I raised him on my lap. This man you pay homage to is my son on whose head I smeared oil, poured warm water on him, massaged his body and limbs and brought him up tall. I fed him balls of softened food. I washed his mouth. I wiped his spit. If any stranger came to the house, he will wrap his head with the end of my sari. He followed me wherever I went. He slept holding on to me.' Her mouth speaks of her pride and joy. It speaks in volumes of his likes and dislikes.

Bhagavan's mother thought having a part in the greatness of her son. Here are her recalls: Birth in Tiruchchuzi, growing up in Tiruvannamalai, his deep impression of hearing an unknown person's name in Tiruvannamalai, his sitting in meditation with closed eyes, leaving behind a letter at departure from home, taking the money meant for college fees for his older brother, a search for him, finding him in skin and bones on the hills near Tiruvannamalai with long nails, and matted hair, seeing him not paying attention to his own mother and resisting pleas, sitting in Kandasramam in Tiruvannamalai, hearing people discuss, celebration of him as Brahmana Swamy, spreading of his fame in all directions, receiving Madathipathis, intellectuals and enquiring Europeans who paid homage to him and asked for explanations of his precepts, remaining an incomparable son, having eyes of mercy... Having Bhagavan near her, his mother thought what other treasure she needs? Where would I stay other than here? I will stay with you. Those were her feelings. She came to Kandasramam in Tiruvannamalai.

Azammaiyar having lost her husband, is a conservative Brahmin lady. Bhagavan Ramanar is an ascetic. He entertains no discrimination. He had only one possession, his loincloth. She stayed with a friend of hers and go up the mountain visiting with Bhagavan. Going up and down the mountain was difficult. She wanted to stay in Kandasramam. The Āśrama devotees objected to her stay because that would open the way to other females asking for the same privilege.

Bhagavan was silent. Other women including Dēsūramma declared, "We will not ask for any residential privilege. Please let Azammai stay here. Let her stay with her son." The devotees did not accept their plea.

Ramana Maharishi stood up, held the hand of his mother and said, "Let us go somewhere else and stay there. Let these people stay here." Bhagavan was ready to leave with his mother. The devotees were surprised at Bhagavan's move. They fell prostrate at his feet asking for forgiveness. Since that day, Azammai stayed in Kandasramam with Ramanar.

Ramana Maharishi never found fault with others. He embraces all. Likewise, not finding fault with his mother's observance of religious austerities, Bhagavan was gentle in condemning them. Bhagavan made mild fun of her saying, "What is this for?" He did not go beyond this questioning. 'Aḍaḍā (Oh!) ... you touched her. You are now polluted. Go take a cleansing bath.' Continuing to make fun of her, a few of her observances waned and disappeared.

She was unhappy to see Bhagavan eat insipid rice balls made from begged food. She thought of getting kitchen utensils first. Instead of begging for cooked rice, why should they not beg for uncooked rice and pulses, which she can cook. She pestered Bhagavan about it. She intended to do whatever she can. First, he refused to accede to her request saying, 'you can go home,' and later understanding a mother's love, he allowed it.



First, they acquired a few pots and pans. She would say, “if only we had a few iron ladles.” Bhagavan would say, “Why not?” Ladles would appear in the next few days. She would say, “A few tender Brinjals would help.” Next day a basket of tender brinjals would appear. Because of Azakambikai, the inmates of Āśramam ate tasty food. She said, “Pappads would be nice.” The inmates made Pappads (thin wafers) on the premises.

Once when she was going up the hill, a thorny bush tore her sari. The inmates cleared the thorny bushes and made the path easy to use. Bhagavan’s younger brother Nāgasundaram—later called Nirañjana Swamy— was working in Madurai as a clerk.

His wife died and asked his only son to stay with his sister in the foothills of Tiruvannamalai. He served as a clerk in many places and having no satisfaction came to live with his mother and son in Kandasramam. He cared for the visitors. He answered the letters addressed to Bhagavan. With passage of time, he took the responsibility for

'உண்மையே நம் தன்மை!'

- சுவாமி சுத்தானந்த சரஸ்வதி

வாழ்வில் மிகப்பெரிய உயரத்தை அடைவதற்கான பயணம், முதல் அடியை எடுத்து வைப்பதில் இருந்து துவங்குகிறது. இறைவனை அடைவதற்கான பயணத்தை இங்கேயே, இப்போதே துவங்குவோம்.



கடவுளின் தன்மை என்னவோ அதுவே மனிதனின் தன்மையும்! கடவுளின் தன்மை என்பது உண்மை. ஆசை மற்றும் கோபத்தால் நாம் எவரிடமும் உண்மையாகவும் இருப்பதில்லை; நிம்மதியாகவும் வாழ்வதில்லை. எனவே நாம் அனைவரிடமும் உண்மையாகவும் அன்பாகவும் இருக்கப் பழகுவோம். மரங்களும் செடிகளும், காய்களும் காற்றும் தன் தன்மையை மாற்றிக்கொள்ளாதபோது, நாம் மட்டும் ஏன் நம் தன்மையை, கடவுள் தன்மையை மாற்றிக்கொள்ள வேண்டும்?!

நாம் நாமாக இருப்பதற்கு நம்முடைய இருப்புதான் காரணம். அதை வெறும் புறத்தளவில் பார்க்காமல், அகத்தளவில் பார்க்கிறபோதுதான், அழிவே இல்லாத ஆன்மாவை உணர்ந்து தெளிய முடியும்! அந்த ஆன்மாதான் கடவுள் தன்மை!

படம்: ப.சரஸ்வதன் குமார்

streamlining daily activities. Nagasundaram's son Venkatraman in the school would visit Bhagavan often. Sometimes, he stayed nights there. He helped Bhagavan with his brushing, bathing...Niranjana Swamy arranged to look after basic comforts of Bhagavan such as, providing good food, rest and relaxation, preventing nuisance during his rest periods, and keeping silence at the premises...

In May 1922, Azakammai fell ill. She was short of breath. Realizing her end is near, she called Niranjana Swamy and entrusted him in his hand and said, please keep an eye on him, He does not know worldly life. You must look after him." She closed her eyes.

Bhagavan understood his mother's time to shuffle off the mortal coil had come. He stayed close to

her. The inmates of Āśramam invited him for meals. He sat near his mother, asking them to eat without him. He sat looking at his mother with his right hand on her heart and left hand on the head. First, she struggled for breath. Since Bhagavan had his hand on her, the breath became regular. The inmates returned, sat around her and chanted Rāmanāmam.

Bhagavan later said what happened inside his mother.

“The past life Vāsanās (impressions) and thoughts came rushing. They were destroyed by the touch of my hand. If she went without my intervention, she would have had many rebirths. The Vāsanās vanished and peace embraced her. As a sign of her life involuting in her heart, there was a slight vibration. It felt like a ringing of a bell. I never released my hand. When I knew that she fully subsided, I removed my hand. In the past, when Pazhaṇisāmi’s final breath was leaving, I removed my hand and his soul exited through his eye. That is why I removed my hand only after I was sure the breath involuted completely into her heart. That night at 8 p.m. Azakambikai’s soul merged with her heart.

Bhagavan stood up after a long time sitting with her and told the hungry devotees, “Let us go for our meals. There is no pollution.” They then sat for eating.

Bhagavan and others alternately read the Thiruvāsakam. At dawn, they fashioned the sari into a cradle-cloth with bamboo sticks to carry the body of Bhagavan’s mother. Bhagavan also participated in carrying her body.

It was decided to install Samadhi near Bāli Tīrtham in the foothills. If Samadhi was built in the mountain, the mountain would become a Samadhi Hill. That is why they took the body to the foothills.

They dug a hole. Though they were careful to keep the death a secret, the news spread. The people came in droves to pay the last respects to the mother of Bhagavan himself. All accouterments for the funeral like milk, coconut water, sacred ash, incense, camphor... came pouring in. Mother’s body was sanctified by bathing her in water. She was dressed in new clothes with application of sacred ash on her forehead and kept in public view.

In the Land of Bharath, a plethora of men relinquished everything. None abandoned their mothers. Bhagavan himself balanced the Āṅmā and took her to a state when the world paid homage to her.

The face of Bhagavan’s mother was divine like that of a Yogini and shone brightly. Building of Samadhi according to Tirumular’s guidance was in progress. The body was lowered in the pit in a sitting posture. Vibhuti and Dharba grass were spread. Bhagavan placed in the pit Vibhūti and camphor. Others followed in the same manner. The pit was filled with Bilva leaves, red stone powder, Vibhuti... The pit was closed with slate stone; Liṅgam was installed and worshipped. When the workers dug the ground around the Samadhi, water accumulated in the pit. People thought it was rain water. It was there even after sunrise. Bhagavan asked the workers to dig deeper and a spring was noticed. Even today that has become a huge well (of spring water).

Daily Bhagavan used to go up the mountain and then down to visit his mother’s Samadhi. One day he stopped going up the hill and stayed in the foothills. A thatched hut was built near the Samadhi and regular cooking took place to feed the devotees. This is how Ramanasramam took shape after the death of his mother.

There were droves of visitors coming for Darśan of Bhagavan more than before. They worshipped his

mother's Sannidhi. Paul Brunton from the UK was one of the important visitors. Because of his writings, Bhagavan's fame spread all over the world. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Paul_Brunton

Let us get Darśan.

[Ramanamaharishi20111227](#)

Sakthi Vikatan 2011 Dec 27

Sri Ramanamaharishi



There was no reason for an Englishman to sit cross-legged on the floor before Indian Sadhus, Yogis, Rishis, Gurus... As the ruling class, to sit before an Indian Sannyasi brings disrespect to his country. This was the firm belief of the British, those days.

That hubris prevented them to know India. When a British official was asked whether he met a Yogi, the answer was, "A Yogi, what is that?" "Yogi, is that a wild animal?" What is there in India for the British to find out or learn? Railway Engine? Warship? Airplane? Any new discovery or invention. Nothing of the sort. That was the bombast of the British then.

They did not have deep knowledge of the inscrutable mind, self-enquiry... among many Indians. But **Paul Brunton**, the pen name of **Raphael Hurst, a journalist and book publisher** (21 October 1898 – 27 July 1981) had contrary opinion. He went in search of stories for publication.

He travelled the foothills of Himalayas, on the shores of Ganges...He interviewed Mantra-meisters, naked Sadhus, Madathipathis...Each had his or her own greatness. Almost all surprised him. But he never had the Aha Moment with anyone. Brunton came to Chennai and heard about Ramana Maharishi. Thinking Sadhus are dime a dozen, he got rid of a friend who promised to take him to Bhagavan.

Later another friend took him to Kanchi Pīdāthipathi Mahāperiyava SriChandrasēkarēntira Sarasvati Swāmygaḷ. His tranquil face, smile, intense piercing look...moved Paul Brunton.



சத்தியம் சத்தியத்தைக் கொண்டாடி.
அந்தச் சத்தியத்தை உலகிலுள்ள பல பேர்
மனதில் ஏற்றி வைத்தது.



"Satyam celebrating Satyam brought light of Satyam to the minds of many in the world."

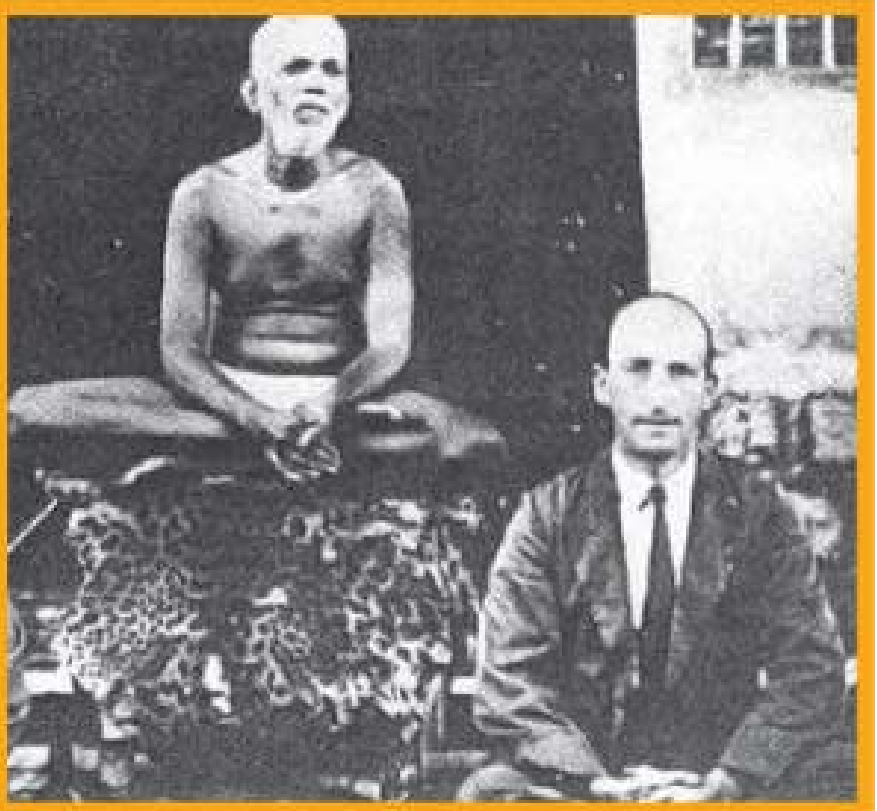
There was a rise of jealousy as he saw Mahāperiyava. He stated he went around India with an open mind and sought the help of Periyava to point to him the path pursuing which he could attain a lofty state. Mahāperiyava advised him, "You told me you had Darśan of many Sadhus. Take one, as your Guru and follow his path. If none drew your interest, pay attention to your own mind. Try to get Darśan of your Ātmā. It will take you in the right path."

Paul Brunton implored, "Why can't I get a Guru to show me a path? Can't you guide me to a Guru?" There was a pregnant silence.

Mahāperiyava did not speak for a while. Then he spoke in a soft voice, "There are two people in India, one in Kasi, who never meets with any one and the second in Tiruvannamalai, who I met once, is a real great Jñāni."

Paul Brunton: "Is he not Ramana Maharishi? A friend said he would take me to him. Not knowing about him, I did not to go to him."

Mahāperiyava asked for a promise from the Englishman saying, "Do one thing. Change your travel plan. Go see him. Don't leave India without seeing him. Promise me that." Paul Brunton gave him the promise he will meet with him. One great Jñāni sends an Englishman to another great Jñāni. Through that Englishman, the Maharishi's greatness will be known all over the world. His article will draw many to Tiruvannamalai.



They don't come for sight-seeing. They were in pursuit of deep Jñānam in India. They will find out about the Ātmavichāra (self-enquiry), talk about it, write about it, spread the tenet all over Europe. The root cause of this publicity is Paul Brunton. The trip to Tiruvannamalai will bring it to fruition.

Mahāperiyava knew that false notions about India would be erased and the British would go to India with opposed palms.



044 - 42890471

**சகக்ரல்
விநாயகர்!**

மதுரை மாவட்டம், காளவாசல் அருகில் உள்ள கோச்சடை எனும் பகுதியில் அருள்புகிறார் ஸ்ரீசகக்ரல் விநாயகர். மின்வசதி இல்லாத முற்காலத்தில், கள்வர் நடமாட்டம் குறித்து இப்பகுதி பக்தர்களை எச்சரிக்கும் விதமாக, பல்வேறு குரல்களில் சகக்ரல் எழுப்புவாராம் இந்த விநாயகர். அதனாலேயே இப்படியொரு வித்தியாசமான நாமகரணமாம்! சிறந்த வரப் பிரசாதி இவர் என்கிறார்கள் உள்ளூர் பக்தர்கள்.

- எஸ்.விஜயா ஸ்ரீநிவாஸன். 2011

TOOTING VINAYAKAR

Madurai Area

Near KAlavAsal in Kocchadai, SriKUKkural Vinayakar is the

presiding deity. Those days, when there was no electicity,

Vinayakar used to make many kinds of noises to forewarn the

devotees of theives plying their trade in that area. Because of

it, Vinayakar received this

unusual epithet. KUKkural Vinayar, according to the local devotees

is a great giver of boons.

Mahāperiyava did a great service as if he turned a small boulder to give a great river its destined path. Time has come for the light on the hill in Tiruvannamalai to illuminate the whole world. Satyam celebrates Satyam and gave light to many souls all over the world.

Paul Brunton asked Mahāperiyava, “Why can’t you be my guide and Guru?”

Mahāperiyava blessed him and told him, “How could I take you as my disciple? Now I get only about three or four hours sleep. With the time constraints, keeping you by my side and answering all your questions are impossible. My established duties are different. You follow my advice and go to the Maharishi. You will attain what you seek.”

Paul Brunton travels by rail to Tiruvannamalai with a South India friend and describes the sights of Tiruvannamalai.

There are no black-top roads as present now. There were houses and Mutts around the temple. In other places, there were groves and bush. They travelled in a bullock cart on a dusty road towards Ramanasramam. The people had scanty clothes on them. There were only a few people here and there. Upon reaching Ramanasramam, Paul Brunton saw with amazement the youths working around the Āśramam and drawing water from the well.

He knew at first sight the occupant of the white sofa in a hall was Maharishi. There was a container from which spiraled fragrant smoke. Not having the complexion of the south Indians, Maharishi’s body was of wheat complexion. Turning to see them coming, Maharishi was looking far away. Hoping he will turn to his side, Paul Brunton put down the fruits and waited. Time passed. Maharishi did not turn. He wondered in a devious sense whether Maharishi was acting (or ignoring him).

Let us get Darśan

Ramanamaharishi20120112

Sakthivikatan Jan 12 2012



Author Balakumaran

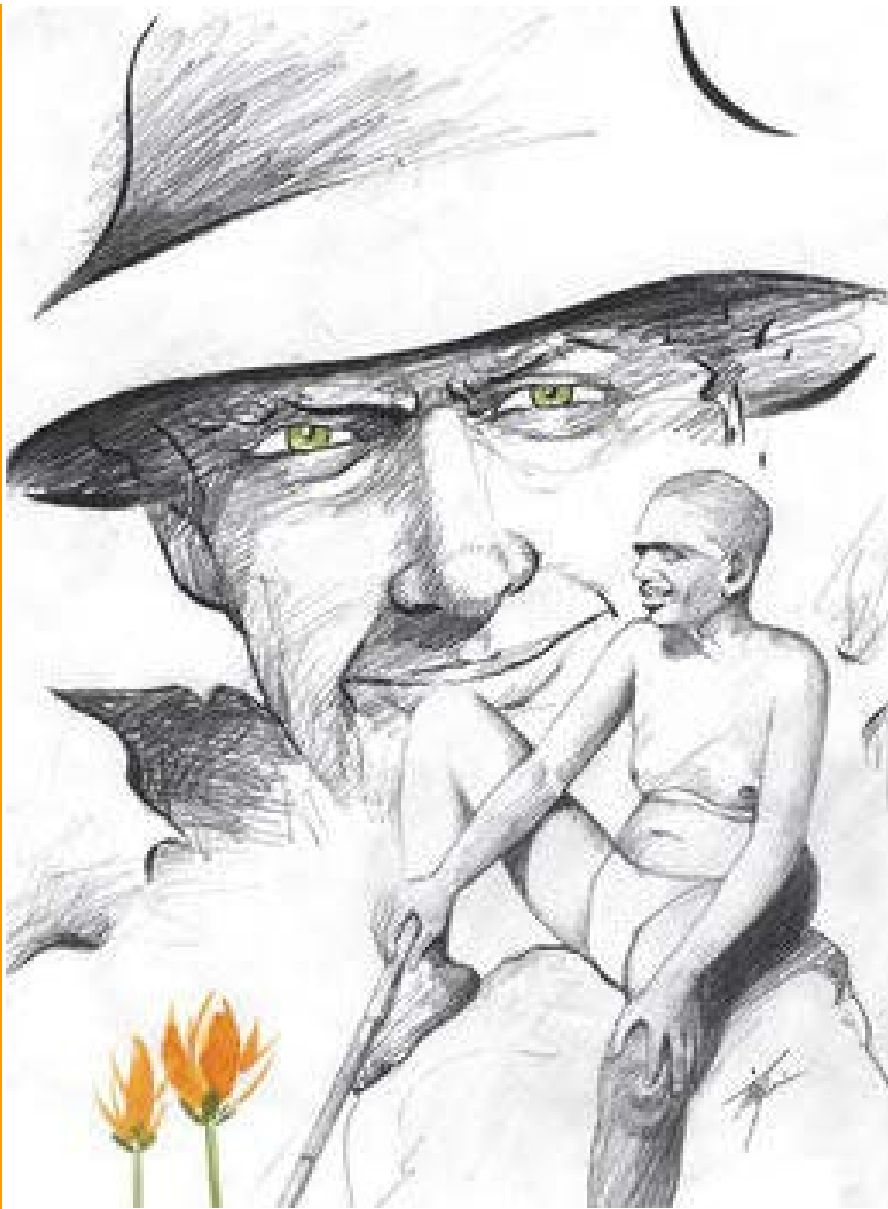
ஸ்ரீரமண மகரிஷி



Great wonder envelopes, as I cogitate about Brunton. He lived somewhere in Europe and explored the nations depicted in the line drawings of the geographic maps. Kanchi Mahāperiyava gave his blessings to the publisher and the world traveler Paul Brunton in search of spirituality, and directed him to Bhagavan Srīramaṇar as the most suitable spiritual guide for him.

Paul Brunton had many questions and found everything beguiling. He felt the pervasion of peace and tranquility in him. With passing time, his thoughts were backtracking to thought-void. He realized he was sitting there experiencing ease and comfort. ‘What is this? There are no thoughts in my mind. The mind that wanders in all directions, abandoned its own nature and remained like a still snake under the control of snake charmer’s pipe. My mind is tranquil. I never had this tranquil moment before in my life. Paul Brunton realized, it happened because of Bhagavan.

A person prompted Paul Brunton, whether he had questions to ask. Paul said, “No. I have no questions to ask. I came here to pose some questions. At present, I am not in a state to ask any questions.” He came back after noon interval, the devotees told Paul Brunton that Bhagavan regretted having given him a spicy-hot meal in the



place of spice-free meal.

He said, “Food is unimportant now. Maharishi! I must know Truth. For that only, I have made the

visit. The scientist in the west never told us the life’s truths. They did not reveal the hidden truths. People are after creature comforts, burdened with greed and loss of peace and tranquility. That is my observation. Though I spoke with a multitude of people, I never received a satisfactory answer. I must know what Truth is. For that I am here seeking you.”

A little while later, the erstwhile Bhagavan Srīramaṇar said, ‘You keep saying “I,” “I.” What is that “I.” Do you know who that “I” is?’

Paul Brunton moved his head in assent. “Know it. Since the day of my ability to think, I know who I am.”

Bhagavan: “When you say ”I,” don’t you refer to your body? Do you know that matter inside your body? How do you discover it?”

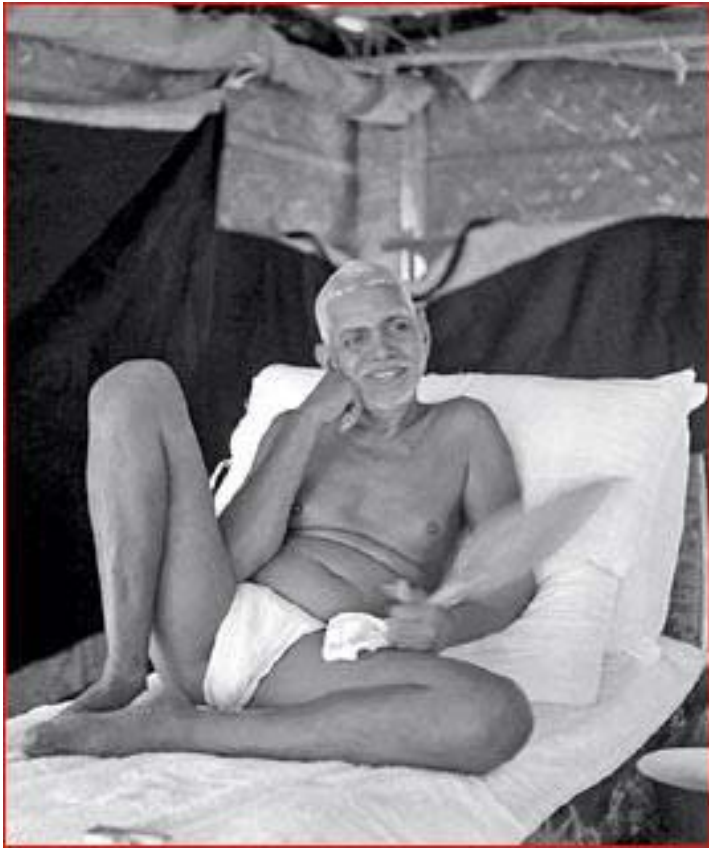
Brunton: “You have to teach me that. What do I do to discover it? You should explain it to me.”

Bhagavan: “Perceive what your mind does, without interruption. By your deep analysis (meditation), you will find the answer.”

Brunton: “I do meditations but do not see any progress.”

Bhagavan: “How do you know you have not made any progress? In spiritual life, progress is hard to discern.”

Brunton asks a simple question, “How is my future?”



Bhagavan: “When you are unable to know your present, what is the use of knowing what your future is going to be? Pay attention to the present.”

Brunton: “There are many problems around the world. In the future, would people be friendly to each other? Or will the world drown in war?”

Bhagavan: “The creator of the world knows how to save this world. The creator of the world will be the savior and not you. Therefore, you should not worry about it. “

Brunton: “Maharishi, I look around. It is rare to see God’s mercy.”

Bhagavan: “Not knowing who you are, what merit do you gain by knowing about the world? Not only that, why are you wasting your power by getting involved in worldly matters? You must know yourself. Then, clarity and perspective about the world will certainly come to you.”

Brunton: “If one is to know the truth or to know himself, he should sit down in the forest all alone and perform austerities as said by Yogis.”

Bhagavan: “It is not necessary. It is enough to meditate for an hour or two with closed eyes. That meditation will help you clarify your other matters. That is, all the work can be done by remaining in meditation. Meditation will become your life and living for the whole day. The feeling associated with meditation will rise to help you with other works.

Brunton: “You talk about Ātmā. You say, ‘go search for Ātmā.’ Are there two Ātmās: the knowable Ātma and knowing Ātma?”

Bhagavan: How could there be two Ātmās? You don’t apprehend who you are in truth. You imagine yourself to be many things. You regard yourself as a body, Buddhi, and the doer of this and that. The realization who you are is in truth concealed from you. You who is beyond this concealment—that is discarding all the fabrications of the mind one by one, see yourself and the truth is apprehended. After that, from the mind, an important matter will come to the forefront. That will take control of you completely. That controller is what behind the mind.

That is undivided, inspiring and permanent. Some religions call this Heaven’s Empire. Another religion calls it ‘Āṇmā.’ Some call it ‘Nirvana.’ Hindus, that we are, call it ‘Mukti.’ Whatever is the name, Satyam is one. That which is behind you: what is it? What are your fabrications. Abandoning all the fabrications, and asking, ‘What, what, What,’ that rises and takes hold of you. In this condition, you do not lose yourself. Contrarily, you find out who you are with clarity.

In this world, the kings and politicians desire to reign something. How can someone who cannot rule himself, can rule others. Did you get an answer to the puzzle, ‘What is God?’ If you know it not, what else is known.

Brunton: Is it easy for the westerner to search?



044-42890471

ஏலக்காய் மாலை!

மதுரை கூடலழகர் கோயில்
அருகே, ஸ்ரீஹயக்ரீவருக்கு
ஆலயம் அமைந்துள்ளது.
இவருக்கு வியாழன்
மற்றும் சனிக்கிழமைகளில்,
அர்ச்சனை செய்து வழிபட
கல்வி ஞானம் பெறலாம்.
புதன்கிழமைகளில் கல்கண்டு
நைவேத்தியம் செய்து,
துளசி மாலை சார்த்தி
வழிபட, தொழில் சிறக்கும்.
ஸ்ரீஹயக்ரீவருக்கு ஏலக்காய்
மாலை சார்த்தி வழிபட,
நினைத்த காரியம் கைகூடும்
என்பது ஐதீகம்.

- சாந்திரா சண்முகம், சென்னை

Bhagavan: "This is an easy path for all, Indians, Westerners... with no demarcation. You think it is hard; but it is easier than you thought. The hurdle is to think that you can't do it. Pessimism is the impediment. You must understand, once you have can-do attitude, you will make life prosperous. What else is there? It must be done. It must be done by everyone."

Paul Brunton sat before Bhagavan with no questions. Bhagavan concentrates his sight on Paul Brunton. Paul loses his self-consciousness and feels he is all-pervasive. Later he finds relief from that feeling and comes back to his self. The mind is at peace.

The mind with no questions, with no desire, with no agitation remained wilted, drooped and silent.

Brunton with opposed palms addressed Bhagavan, "Would you accept me as your disciple?"

Bhagavan: "What is Guru-disciple paradigm? The differences are in disciple's perception. Once you discover Ānma, there is no Guru and there is no disciple. He (God) sees all with an equal eye. He sees with non-difference."

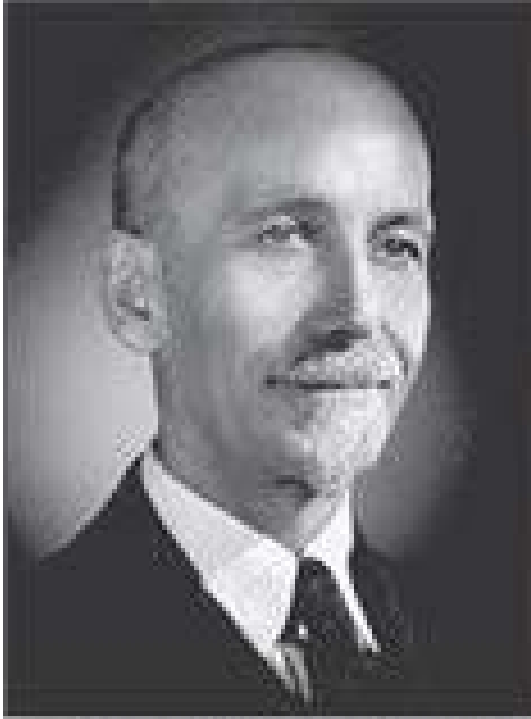
Brunton: When I retire to the forest, there is no one to distract my attention. Is it not true? Living in the city poses many mental distractions."

Bhagavan: "Once you attain your perceived goal and realize the real you inside, it is the same whether you live in the forest or the country."

Brunton: "You talk of lofty things. But, Indians have not advanced."

Bhagavan: "Yes. What you say is true. We are backward classes. Because of that, do not think we are not happy. Our

needs are minimal. Are Europeans with higher needs and more clothes happy? Where there is no happiness, there is no gain either with increased or with diminished needs. What kind of calculation is that? Are not needs for happiness? When happiness does not prevail and the mind is not tranquil, what is the meaning of needs and gains?"



Brunton after his arrival in London wrote a book "A Search in Secret India." Though he wrote many books, the accolades he received from this book remains enduring. Paul Brunton celebrates Maharishi very much. Without the pretense of scientific or acquired book knowledge of Tattvas, Maharishi explains his experiential truths from direct perception in an easy to understand and easy to follow manner. By his sight, by his presence and by his subtle power, he brings tranquility, peace and focus to the wandering mind.

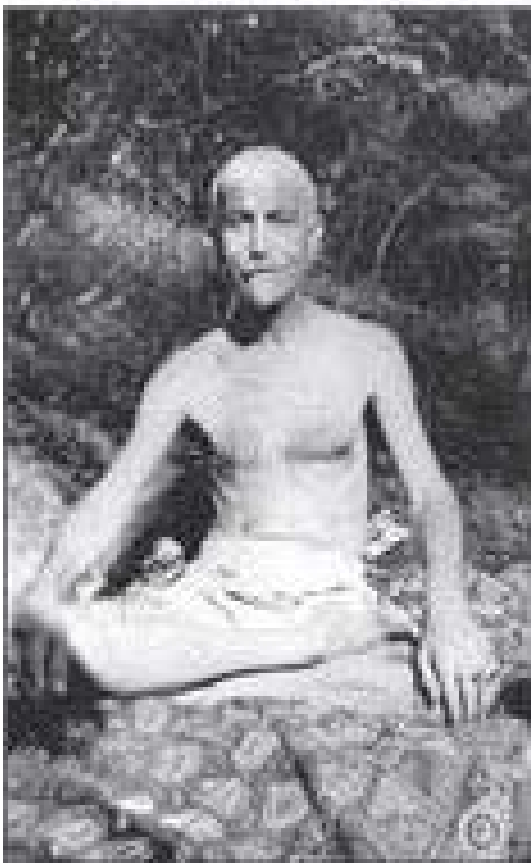
He shows the path to all. Bhagavan is not a mere explicator. He does not stop with just a speech. He has the power and persuasion to drive home his message and tenets with ease. Bhagavan's path is not the harsh Yoga Mārga but is the Bakthi and Jnana. Just as the Muslim turns his face to Mecca from wherever he is, my mind turns to Tiruvannamalai. It is the sacred Margās place in my psyche. Remaining at the feet of Bhagavan, lighting up the spiritual flame, and taking it to the West, I gave it to the spiritually parched souls. They received the light with earnestness. I should not pride myself because of this good deed. This spiritual flame, received by the Western Sādhakas was lighted by Bhagavan; and in truth I am simply the messenger and the bearer of the torch.

Paul Brunton was the driving force behind Sādhakas from many foreign countries paying homage to the mountain, Ramanar and other Jñānis.

Jñānam is not the exclusive property of one nation, one religion, and one path. Man, in pursuit of Jñānam is at it constantly. Tiruvannamalai is the refuge for the seekers. Ramanasramam is a great fane.

Paul Brunton's book has many rare tidbits in its pages. He described Tiruvannamalai beautifully from the perspective an Englishman. Forty years later, he came to Tiruvannamalai and paid homage to the SriRamanar's Samādhi. Many events were forgotten in forty years. He confides, "The memory of Srīramaṇar is in me as fresh as ever."

Paul Brunton adds, "Bhagavan's Darśan is still an event even today."



Sakthi Vikatan 24 Jan, 2012

ஞானச் சூடரின் விஸ்வரூபம்



சிவபிரகாசம்
சிவபிரகாசம்

பாலகுமாரன்

The Universal form of the effulgent Jnana



RamanaMaharishi

ஸ்ரீரமண
மகரிஷி



Author Balakumaran

In mid-April 1949, Dr. Sankar Rao excised a mass in the forearm near the left elbow.

Bhagavan: This mass does not hurt me. Why should I have it removed? It looks benign. Heavy pressure on the mass causes pain. Let it be.

Dr. Sankar Rao opined, "This mass is getting bigger. If left alone, it will get even bigger. If the surgeon excises it, it won't get bigger. We can control it. Bhagavan Ramana Maharishi kept silent.

The devotees, the doctors, and the president Niranjana Sami came to the president's office. They chose surgical excision of his mass and informed Bhagavan on their decision.

Bhagavan accepted their recommendation. His devotees panicked.

A woman devotee: This is not a big deal. Application of the sap from Ficus religiosa would suffice and will help shrink the mass.

Bhagavan: Yes, it will shrink with the sap. What am I to do? They have other plans. They are all experienced doctors.

Bhagavan had the tranquility to say, 'Let what should happen, happen. My input is none. The surgeon removed the mass and he had a bandage in his arm. Three months later, another mass above it appeared. The doctors recommended surgical excision. Some devotees argued that surgery was not an option.

Treatment with Āyurveda, Homeopathy...came up.

After the second surgical excision of the mass, homeopathic treatment was the choice. Bhagavan neither regretted the surgical excision nor wondered about homeopathic treatment. Homeopathic doctor instituted his treatment after a prayer. He further added Bhagavan himself should do his own healing.

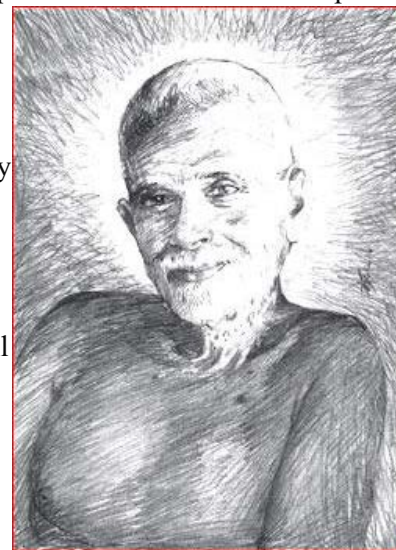
But the disease did not end in cure. Many argued at length continuation of Āyurveda and Bhagavan consented.

Kuñju Swāmigaḷ a devotee brought Mūse from Kerala. The Ayurvedic doctor upset said, "OMG, why was it streaked (operated)? It is like annoying the cobra." He treated Bhagavan. The arm was swollen and red with oozing of blood. It must have given Bhagavan much pain. Not one murmur from Bhagavan. He tolerated his pain with dignity.

A country doctor applied herbal bandage. The herbs were too strong he developed shaking of his legs. He was unsteady on his feet. A fear he may fall was real. He could not walk. These side-effects resulted in the termination of herbal treatment.

Bhagavan used to pop his head into the kitchen before he went to the dining hall. Now he washed his hands in the sick bed. This caused a great deal of anxiety to the devotees. They asked the doctor whether they can apply Āyurvedic bandage with the sap of the sacred tree. He said in anger, "Do what you want. Don't ask me those questions. Get a good doctor and do the right thing."

The devotees did not know how to help Bhagavan. Bhagavan himself maintained silence giving them a free hand and kept his



fortitude.

Ayurvedic bandages were in place. A new doctor came from Chennai. He recommended surgical intervention because of fear of hemorrhage. The devotees removed the Ayurvedic bandage.

A woman devotee said she had masses in her neck and the Ayurvedic bandage dissolved them in a few days. The doctors performed third surgical treatment on Bhagavan. They raised the possibility of amputation of the diseased arm. Shrewd Bhagavan asked the doctor whether the same mass could appear elsewhere. The doctors could not answer the question. The prevailing opinion was it could recur. So, Bhagavan refused the option for amputation.



Kaviraj Pandit coming from Bengal prescribed expensive medications. He opined that Bhagavan himself should heal himself and left for home. The medications caused side effects and so the staff stopped giving the medicines.

The mass was getting bigger and bigger every day and looked red. Someone recommended exposure to sun. The mass shone like an emerald. Bhagavan said, "Look at it, it shines like a diamond." Some people recommended Sun worship and Mrutyāñjaya Japam.

Bhagavan questioned, "Would Japam stop death?" No one had an answer. "The Japam helps reduce the fear of death but does not stop death," said Bhagavan. He supported them imposing no objections on the devotees.

Yukāthi festival in April 1950. A female devotee gave as is customary a gift of loincloth and an upper garment. Bhagavan said, "Oh, it must be Vikruthi year, Ok." I did invited Yukāthi. He sounded like it was the beginning of the end. The devotees hearing it were brimming with tears.

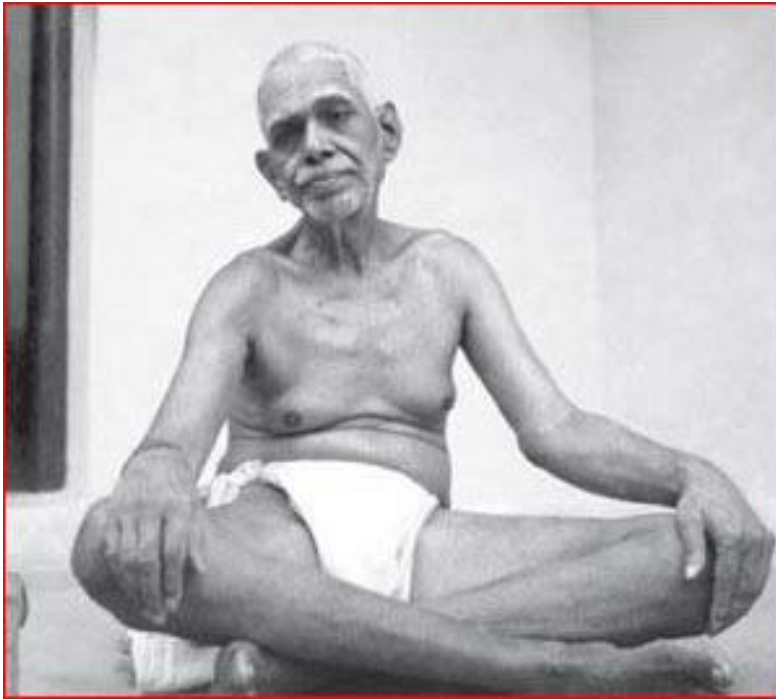
The female devotee went near him and cried, "You have cured the diseases of a multitude of people. Could you not heal your own disease? Could you get relief from the pain?"

Bhagavan pointing an accusative finger chided and calmed her saying, "Why do you regard me as a body? Knowing me all these years, you are ignorant of this."

Day to day, Bhagavan's body weakened. He fell as he walked. The bandages were soaking in blood with spilling of blood on the floor. Many came rushing to help him. He stopped them and got up on his own strength. His eating became difficult. He could eat only rice water. He has loose stools and nausea. His digestive ability suffered. The disease and the medications made him sicker.

The devotees gave medication from Kaviraj Pandit as liquid every four hours. He became weary of taking medicines again and again. He appeared to say, "Give it up." The devotees did not give up. Bhagavan did not refuse. He went along with what they said. He remained steadfast in giving Darśan to the visitors. He did this for 1 and ½ to 2 hours every day from his cot, though he was in a collapsed state. He blessed and looked at them in their eyes.

On April 10th, the Āśram stopped Darśan. He showed no movement in the bed. His blood pressure was low, a sign of impending death. But Bhagavan had shallow respirations. He opened his eyes and said something. On April 13th Darśan resumed. They lined up the people and rushed them through. They came in droves. When the Āśram officials stopped the Darśan, Bhagavan ordered them not to stop it. They lined up



the visitors and sent them for Darśan. He saw the visitors, opening his eyes. He moved his eyes as if he embraced each one. Some devotees, controlling their anguish and tears, prayed with opposed palms. With the mind focused on his survival, they supplicated to Bhagavan not to abandon them. Some devotees in a soft voice offered prayers and said, “Should you go past all these sufferings. It is alright. Leaving this body, you remain in all places and in all people.”

Darśan session was over at 7 PM. Bhagavan asked the devotees to seat him in Padmāsana position. He asked them to remove the oxygen tubes from his nostrils. Devotees near his mother’s Samadhi Mandapam sang Bhagavan-authored ‘Atcha Ramana Mālai’. When Bhagavan heard it, he opened his eyes and shed

tears. It was all ‘Atcha Ramana Mālai’ all along.

Everyone agonized in their mind he was leaving them. They could do nothing. They could not prevent it. This they thought was his desire and remained silent as if they were under some external control. There was no chitchat. Āśramam came to a standstill. There were sounds of Namasivaya. Some recited Vedas. Some were looking at outer space as if something possessed them. They feared the prospect of losing their ever present helpful majestic Guru. Could it not happen by some miracle? Could Āśramam be again a place of mirth and laughter? Could we not witness his graceful walk? Could we not enjoy his individual attention to us anymore? This happiness will be no more. Everything is coming to an end. They squirmed under the prospect of his absence. They walked back and forth. Though fatigued, they continued singing ‘Atcha Ramana Malai’

At 8:45PM, he breathed his last. His body was cooling down. The devotees cried, some beating their heads, and some rolling on the floor. Some sobbed. It was more difficult to lose a Guru than losing a father or mother. The world went dark; the heart ripped and fell off the chest. They felt like a calf bereft of its mother.

Who else is there for an individual giving help like a Guru? Who takes you to a higher mental state, and offers help in this world and the other? Where will the cows go on losing the herdsman?” Nowhere. They seek another herdsman. They cry and emit various sounds. The devotees of Ramana were trembling in fear at losing Bhagavan.

At 8:45PM in the sky there was a shooting star going north. A shooting star appeared in the skies of Chennai and other parts of Tamil Nadu, a sign of death of a Mahan.

The effulgent Janani’s Ānma left the body, rose with greater effulgence and merged with the outer space. This is the Universal form of Bhagavan. It is the witness that Ramana was not an ordinary earthling.

[Ramanamaharishi20120207](#)

2012 February 7 Sakthi Vikatan



Ramana Maharishi and Author Balakumaran

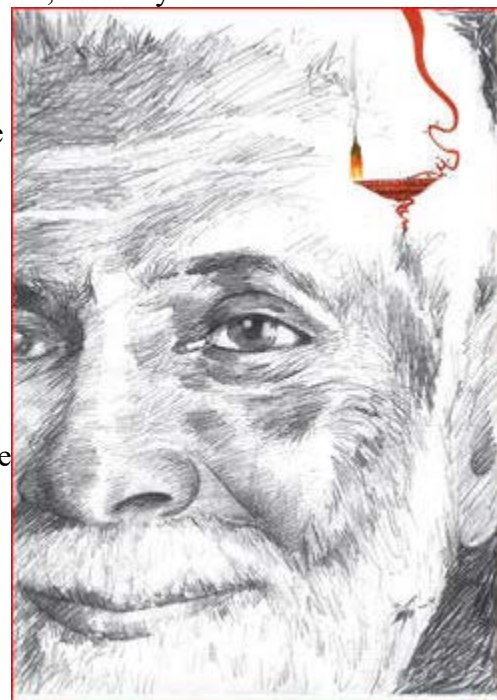
Guru is not a body. "I" the nominative singular pronoun is not the mind, the Buddhi, his body... His death was uppermost in the minds of the devotees.

According to the maturity of the mourners, they rose from their distress. Hey, this will happen to everyone. Everyone will die one day. Everyone there felt like that. It is unnecessary to mope over it. Death is not in me ("I"). "I" does not die. The "I" is greater than death. My Ānma Sakthi is greater than death. Once the perception takes place, there is no problem. They consoled themselves by recollecting the teachings of Bhagavan as said earlier.

Soon after death of Bhagavan, the funeral arrangements were in progress. Tiruvannamalai residents came in droves and paid tribute to Bhagavan. Next day, the attendants lowered the body in the pit in lotus position. They dropped Vibhuti, red dust, and turmeric powder in the pit. They closed the pit with a large slab and installed a Sivalingam on top of the slab. It appeared as if he was there and he was not there. The devotees reminisced his teachings. They celebrated his life and living.

Bhagavan's body rested in peace. Once upon a time the Hindu religion was decrepit. People did not know the righteous path. Knowing oneself is the path in search of God. Religion, Bakthi, worship and other works support the search of God. To know yourself, you live the life of a householder, an ascetic or a Brahmachari. All endeavors in life are to know who you are.

Do not give up searching for who you are. Other matters matter less. This message of Bhagavan make its rounds in the world.





Niranjana Swamy's son Venkatraman performed ablution of Sivalingam. The Samadhi works progressed fast.

Ramanasramam is the most wonderful place, which slaked the spiritual thirst of devotees. Ramanasramam remaining peaceful, modest and humble with no show of ostentation. It entertains the highest ideal of spreading the Ramanar's message.

Free food service goes on day and night. Ramanar's presence is eternal in that place. His Anugraham (Grace, mercy, help, favor) runs like a flood and brings about changes in their hearts. As the need for money increased, competition and jealousy afflicted our lives. His sayings have given us hope, peace and relief from tumult. His sayings take us in the path of Satyam (Truth) and gives us no fear of death. Where there is no fear of death, there is enjoyment of life.

There is fulfilment where there is good life. That fulfilment is heaven and brings us near God. We receive benefits from Bhagavan, not obtained by rituals such as Homam, Yāgam, Bakthi, and Yogam. We should not miss using those benefits. Direct eye contact of Bhagavan even for a moment will change us a great deal.



I offer my gratitude and homage to my Satguru. (Tiruvannamalai Mahan Yogi Ram Surat Kumar). I never saw Ramana Maharishi in person. My mother gave me a bound book at my thirteenth birthday on 'Ramanar's Life and Sayings'. I read the book often. Though I had little understanding many saying of his are still in my memory. I knew then his greatness.



Whenever I went to Tiruvannamalai, I liked pacing up and down in Ramanasramam. Bhagavan's Ramanar's (posthumous) love brought me close to Ramsurathkumar. I sat in Bhagavan's Sannidhi and pleaded with Bhagavan, "When you were here, I was not here. OMG, when I am here, you are not here. Who will be my Guru? Where is my Guru?" His heart melted as he was pleading with Bhagavan. Soon thereafter, introduction of Balakumaran to his Guru Surat Kumar took place. Srīramaṇar was the reason for this thick intimate Guru-Śishya relationship.

I read many articles written about Bhagavan.

Ramanasramam eight-volume books (சற்குரு ஸ்ரீரமண மகரிஷி சரிதமும் உபதேசமும்) are the basis for my essays. If it is not for that book, I could not have written these articles. I kept my style of writing.

I wrote the articles in this popular publication (Vikatan) in a simple style of writing. If you want to read more, you have to buy the eight volume books.

I hope you read them often. That is my hope to write these articles. Some of Ramanar's sayings may offer you a fillip for delving more. The afore-mentioned books come in eight bound volumes. My request is you will buy all eight volumes for your reading pleasure.

Understanding Bhagavan Ramanar is easy. Once you have a genuine longing to know him, he will sweep you in his

hold. There is no drama or exaggeration. They don't help to discover the Truth. Only Ramana Maharishi can save us from this world of charlatans. His sayings illuminate the truth. Aspirants longing for life's answers and Self-enquiry can find answers in Maharishi's sayings.

Bhagavan Ramana Maharishi is not a religious fanatic. He is not a chronicler of religious rites. He is not a sponsor or protagonist of a religion, a language, a region...He established no new religion. He shone light on what was there already. His presentations are not colored, fabricated, or corrupted but offered in its originality. All you need is longing; things happen by his grace.

The END