

2010-04-28-Part 1 & 2
Ramanamaharishi20100428

சக்தி விகடன் - 28 Apr, 2010 part 1

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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 is the existence; this and here is 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 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 discrepancy? 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 tranquillity. 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...

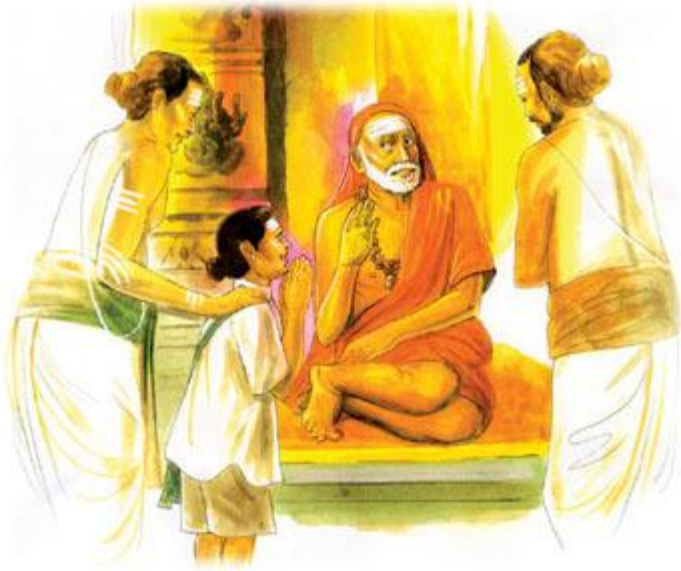
சக்தி விகடன் - 28 Apr, 2010 part 2

தொடர்கள்

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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 Pūraṅakumbham (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 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 called 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 Re.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 Re. 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 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.

