



# VENUGAANAM

Monthly Newsletter of Sai Krishna Charitable Trust

**SEPTEMBER 2016**

**ISSUE #58**



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We are delighted to bring you the 58th edition of Venugaanam this September.

In this edition, we bring excerpts from Swami's Divine Discourses compiled in Prema Vahini where he highlights the path for a bhaktha to attain liberation.

In Atmajyothi, we continue to learn the pull of illusions and sensory objects. We also learn about the process by which we can overcome these illusions.

We bring to you some recent pictures from the SKM activities as part of the SKM updates. From the visit of Doctors from the Sri Sathya Sai General Hospital to dispensary construction to the birthdays of the children to vegetable garden developments, its all captured in this section.

Prakash shares his thoughts on the recently concluded Olympics and his memories associated with it.

True love is the embodiment of patient waiting for the beloved. Read Sriharsha's article highlighting this supreme virtue of the greatest lovers of all time.

We conclude with a Chinna Katha highlighting how Maya is around us and how we can overcome it.

We are happy to have your feedback on how to make 'Venugaanam' a better communication tool. You may kindly mail us at [contactus@saikrushnamandir.org](mailto:contactus@saikrushnamandir.org) . Do feel free to share with us your experiences in following Swami's teachings or on any other theme of your choice.

We pray to Swami to bless all the children and inmates so that they may all come up to His expectations.

May Swami turn our lives into a celebration of His message of love, sharing and caring.

With All our Prema,  
**Team Venugaanam**

## Bhagavan's Discourse: Path for Bhakta to Become a Mukta

Source: Prema Vahini

This human birth is very difficult to attain. It cannot be got for a song. The body is as a caravanserai, the mind is its watchman, the Jivi is the pilgrim. And so, no one of these has any kinship with the others. The pilgrim is bound to Salvation City, Mokshapuri. For a trouble-free journey, there is nothing so reliable as Namasmarana, the remembrance of the name of the Lord. Once the sweetness of that name has been experienced, the person will not have exhaustion, unrest or sloth. He will fulfil his pilgrimage of sadhana, joyfully, enthusiastically and with deep conviction. Still, for achieving this sadhana, Sabdhava or righteousness is very important. Without fear of sin, righteousness cannot originate; love of God, too, cannot develop. This fear produces Bhakthi which results in the worship of the Lord.

Stupidity is the root cause of man's downfall. It is like sheepishness! When one rolls into a pit, all fall into the same pit. That is ruinous. Avoiding

this, it is better to think about the good and the bad, the pros and cons of whatever is done and then jump. Death will not leave off anyone, whatever he be. It continues to threaten all, that, if it is another's turn today, it is yours tomorrow. Look at the

blossoms in the garden! When the gardener plucks the flowers, the buds exult that tomorrow is their turn to be gathered into his hands, and their faces are so full of joy when they unfold in that hope. Do they feel any sadness? Do their faces droop? Are they any the less bright? No, the moment they know that the next day it is their turn, they make themselves ready with great gusto and excitement. So also, one must be ready on the path of sadhana, enthusiastically remembering the name of the Lord, without worrying and feeling sad, that one's turn is tomorrow or so, because someone died today. The body is like a tube of glass. Inside it the mind is ever changeful and restless. Seeing its antics, death keeps

laughing. The bird Jiva, is in the nineholed pot. It is a wonder how the bird has a body, how it came into the pot, and how it rises up and goes. The Suras (Devas, Gods, angles), the Munis (the sages) and Naras (human beings) of the Nine Khandas (continents) and the Nine Dwipas (Islands) are all undergoing the sentence of carrying about with them the burden of the body. Now, of these, who are the friends and who, the enemies? When egoism dies out, all are friends. There are then no enemies. This lesson has to be remembered by all.

Man is experiencing joy and misery, through the ear. Therefore, avoiding the cruel arrows of hard words, one should use words that are sweet, pleasant and soft; and with that softness, add the sweetness of Truth. To make the word soft, if falsehood is added, it would only clear the way for some more misery. A person who has become a Saadhaka should use very soft, sweet, true and pleasant words. Such persons can be recognised by their good qualities themselves. Thus, of those who have become

Saadhakas, the Manas (mind) is Mathura, the Hrudayam (Heart) is Dwaraka, and the Deha (Body) is Kasi. At the seat of the tenth gate, it is possible to realise the Paramjyothi, the Supreme Effulgence. Efforts are of avail only if the heart is pure. Look at the fish! Living as it does perpetually in water, has it rid itself of its foul smell to any extent? No. The Vasana (cravings, attachments) of man will not disappear even if he is immersed in many heart-purifying sadhanas, so long as the heart is full of the illusion of egoism. Such a man, if he is desirous of getting rid of the feeling of "I" and "Mine," must worship Hari. He must become a Saadhaka, without likes and dislikes. Vikaras (agitations of the mind) like these cannot coexist in the same heart, with the Sadhu nature. Light and darkness can never coexist at the same place, at the same time, isn't it? He whose heart is ruled by the group of Six Passions can have only Ahamkaara, as his Manthri (minister)! Those who have such a Manthri are worse than foolish men, however great they claim to be as Pundits, Sadhus, or Sanyaasins.

## Atmajyothi

-by Shri Lakshminarayan Aithal

In the last issue, the Ego and its attachment and enjoyment of illusory sensual objects was described. Are these really a mere illusion ? This worldly illusion (संसार) fetches us love and hatred by these different forms, can we call this affairs of life (संसार) an illusion ? Do we not find any way to cross this illusion ? Those who suffer from this mental anguish obtain the emboldening answer in the four (46th to 49th ) aphorisms. This is not really a meaningless appearance. This is a conceived (कल्पित) appearance in the Self. श्री शङ्कर tells :-

सर्वज्ञस्येश्वरस्यात्मभूते  
इवाविद्याकल्पिते नामरूपे  
तत्त्वान्यत्वाभ्यामनिर्वचनीये  
संसारप्रपञ्चबीजभूते सर्वज्ञस्येश्वरस्य  
माया, शक्तिः, प्रकृतिः इति च  
श्रुतिस्मृत्योरभिलप्येते ॥ सू. भा. 2-  
1-14.

The श्रुति and the स्मृति tell : Names and forms are conceived as if they are the Form of the Omniscient Lord; none can determine that these are either the Own Form of the Lord or different from Him; and, these names and forms are

Energy, the Nature – of that Omniscient Lord. Though the Real Own Form of these appearances is the Omniscient and Omnipotent God, Himself; those who know that that Form doesn't see these appearances in the Self; and, for others, these are seen really. Does the one not see the division of reality and unreality in the dream ? As long as the dream lasts, this division seems to be a real one; similarly, even in the conduct all the following aspects are real : Knowledge and ignorance, merit and demerit, march of family (संसार गति), modifications of birth, death, etc; and, happiness and distress. Those who take refuge only in God through the mentioned expedients in this Scripture of Devotion – cross this Illusion; and, they don't have the worldly illusion caused due to this illusion - dream, once and for all.

दैवी ह्येषा गुणमयी मम माया  
दुरत्यया । मामेव ये प्रपद्यन्ते  
मायामेतां तरन्ति ते ॥ गी. 7-14.

According to this expression of the Lord, this Illusion

called as the illusion, the

consisting of good, passion and ignorance – is dependent upon God. Those who have the worldly illusion sink and float in this ocean of illusion; and, their self-effort to cross this becomes futile. But, those who give up their self-effort and surrender to God alone – cross this Illusion. This aphorism has started to tell the method of surrendering to God.

दैवी ह्येषा गुणमयी मम माया दुरत्यया  
। मामेव ये प्रपद्यन्ते मायामेतां तरन्ति  
ते ॥ गी. 7-14.

According to this expression of the Lord, the Illusion consisting of good, passion and ignorance – is dependent upon God. Those who have the worldly illusion sink and float in this ocean of illusion; and, their self-effort to cross this becomes futile. But, those who give up their self-effort and surrender to God alone – cross this Illusion. This aphorism has started to tell the method of surrendering to God.

यः सङ्गास्त्यजति यो महानुभावं सेवते

87.As told already, giving up the association of the wicked and having that of the great – is the first and the foremost expedient.

महत्सेवां द्वारमाहुर्विमुक्तेस्तमोद्वारं  
योषितां सङ्गिसङ्गम् ॥ भाग. 5-5-2.

The association of the eminent personages is the supreme expedient to cross the ocean of illusion which is caused by ignorance; similarly, the association of licentious people is the cause to fall in to the ocean of worldly illusion made of ignorance. According to the प्रश्नोपनिषद् , सुकेश भारद्वाज and others, in order to have the Knowledge of Supreme Brahman, surrendered to revered पिप्पलाद; the latter preached about the Reality and the formers accomplished their duty. ते तमर्चयन्तः त्वं हि नः पिता योऽस्माकमविद्यायाः परं पारं तारयसि ॥ प्र. 6-8. They showed their gratefulness by worshipping him: 'This ocean of illusion made of ignorance is filled with crocodiles like : birth, old-age, death, disease, sorrow, etc; O Sir, you have crossed us from the ocean of illusion; and, you, yourself, is our real father.' By the association of elders, their great qualities and our defects are seen. This is so, as a mirror shows un-cleanliness of the face of the one who looks at it.

## Updates from SKM

August has been an active month. From the visits of Dr Ramkumar and others from the Sri Sathya Sai General Hospital, Whitefield to the latest developments in the vegetable garden to the



The SKM family with the Doctors from the Sri Sathya Sai general Hospital





The SKM garden tended by the new gardener Shivanna and caretaker lady Lakshmi, even as the kids exhibit excitement over the new developments in their SKM garden .





Happy Birthday Sridhar and Manikantha!

Birthday celebrations of two of the resident children of SKM was a grand affair with a host of delicacies like chaat items, custard cake, sweets and gifts from their friends.





School students observing experiments conducted in the science lab.



We were delighted to have Happy Foundation coming and distributing free saplings to all the school students from classes 4-7.



'Hum toh Bindass hain'.  
The SKm children making the most of the monsoon and posing for posterity.



Dispensary work in progress.



The dispensary as it will look after completion.

## Memories Of Olympics

-by Prakash Srinivasan

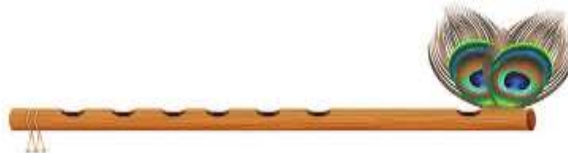
My earliest memories of watching the Olympics was the Seoul Olympics in Korea in 1988. I was just used to seeing games like Cricket and Tennis. When I watched the Olympics I realized there are so many other sports which are equally good. Uncommon sports like fencing, rowing, group gymnastics, diving, handball, cycling etc were so much fun to watch. The most lucrative sports are ones which are telecast like Soccer, Tennis, Golf, Cricket, in that order of popularity. Today we have dedicated sports channels but I am not sure if they cover more sports and games apart from these popular ones.

This year I had an opportunity to watch some Olympic matches held in Rio 2016 and I felt nostalgic remembering the first time I had watched them on TV. It's such a prestigious event where many countries converge. Winning or even participating on this world stage is a life-changing experience for all the athletes who are at their patriotic best. When we hear the different national anthems being sung, we can see the pride and passion in the faces of the respective countrymen. Winning even one of the coveted medals is probably the biggest milestone in every sportsman's life. Of course, the Gold winners have their own special place in history and it is a memory to cherish for a lifetime.

India has had mixed results in such events and we are happy if we even win a Bronze medal. We have steadily but very slowly improved by notching up a medal or two during the Olympics. This year, undoubtedly the best moment was Sindhu winning the Silver in Badminton. The more we see such intense, high quality games, the more we can appreciate the hard work of these champions. For a cricket-crazy country like India, it was refreshing to see so many Indians rooting for Sindhu and wishing her. It was hard luck that she lost in the Finals but even that was a monumental achievement. Of course, the other Bronze medal winner, Sakshi Malik also deserves all the adulation for her victory. She has defied all odds to excel in a male dominated sport, hats off to her! Let's hope that these wins spur our authorities to provide better facilities for our sportsmen who give their sweat and blood for our country.

# The Wait

-by Sriharsha K



The first showers of monsoon had already washed the meadows and forests of Vrindavan. The heady fragrance from the refreshed earth wafted with the gently blowing breeze and breathed a new life into nature. The dried grass of the meadows shed their earthly shade and donned bright green. The birds chirped away wildly cheering the rain and as usual the resplendent peacocks danced themselves crazy. In all this din the guilty heat found itself slowly slinking away. As the first drops fell on the Kadamba tree on the banks of the Yamuna, she let out the first buds of her flowers. These buds grew spiny and bright yellow and let out an intoxicating aroma that floated down from the top of the tree to her feet. The Yamuna flowed silently next to the Kadamba, over the years they had developed a great affection for each other. They had one more constant companion.

She was old, her feet not as swift as they were in their heydays, with calculated steps she would walk from her hut every day and then come and sit under the Kadamba in the company of Yamuna. She had a bluish white complexion as if somebody had mixed some indigo with milk. Her hair had turned grey, yet there was definitely some black in it, which she wore in a tight braid. Her facial features appeared as if they had been chiseled by a divine hand. Though old, there was not a single wrinkle on her face, but what affected everybody who met her, were her eyes. They were two deep oceans, where love, longing and hope danced to a divine rhythm.

Everyday she wore the same saree, which she had been wearing for the past many decades and yet, the saree looked perfectly new.

## The Wait

Many seasons had passed, the dark complexioned Yamuna had grown in her girth during the monsoons and shrunk during the summer, many plants had grown into mighty trees, and a million times had the Sun risen and set on Vrindavan, yet her eyes were fixed on the path. The path that ran parallel to the Yamuna where She had seen Krishna the last time, before He left for Mathura.

Nothing mattered, nothing remained, but a promise... a promise of return, before Her end.

As the first light of the Sun shimmered across the cloudy sky, Radha left her hut and walked straight to the Kadamba and reclined against her wide trunk and closed her eyes. Every slightest sound on the path would make her eyes open with a start and check the path for any person coming up. Finding nobody she would again close her eyes and wait.

Presently the Kadamba spoke. "Dearest child Radha". Radha opened her eyes and looked up. "Yes Mother".

"Could I say something?"

"Of course Mother. Does my Mother need my permission to speak to me now?"

"It has been decades child, since you have been waiting. All of your *sakhis* have passed away, nobody anymore understands you in Vrindavan. How long Child how long?"

"Mother this is not the first time you have asked me this question have you," Radha replied. "You asked me the same question when Neerja passed away, then Lalita, then Indulekha, yet Mother my answer to you will not be any different than what it had been on those occasions.

"Kanha gave me a promise when He left that He would give me His darshan once before I left my physical body. It is for that promise that I wait gazing at the path. And this you know already", Radha said.

“Child, Krishna left ages ago, we heard that He vanquished Kamsa and reinstated Maharaja Ugrasena as the king of Mathura. Then Yamuna brought the news that Krishna and the whole of Mathura had shifted to Dwaraka, several thousand miles to the West. At least when He was in Mathura, Yamuna could bring us some news about Him and I would feel happy about it, but with Krishna in Dwaraka, we don't even know anything about Him,” Kadamba said.

“We don't need to Mother, “ Radha replied. This relationship between Him and me does not depend on the distance or any information about Him, this transcends distance and time, this is the eternal,” Radha replied. “This bond cannot be explained in words, it has to be experienced,” She said.

“Oh Mother, I feel Kanha in every particle of this universe and every cell of my body. Tell me Mother where is He not? The flowers bloom, the birds chirp and the Sun rises and sets because of whom, tell me Ma tell me? Is it not because of Kanha?” So when He is here and there and everywhere, where is the question of me being different from Him or away from Him,” Radha asked.

“But child, for then what you wait?” Interjected Yamuna, who had been a silent listener till now. “ If you see Him and feel Him everywhere then where is the question of separation?”

Radha smiled. Mother you have asked me the most fundamental question of this creation.

Kanha created this universe so that He can love Himself. We are all His images, we are all separate, yet we are one. Unless there is separation there cannot be love. He made Himself separate from Himself to create this highest means of sadhana, which is love, the unconditional and the unsullied kind.



If everything becomes one, then where is the possibility of loving anybody? It will be one vast desert devoid of love,” Radha replied. Then Radha looked at Her saree. Look at this saree mother, this is the same saree, I wore when I saw Krishna the last time. Look at her, does she look decades old? No, she revels in the same love and longing of Kanha that we do and therefore she is ever new,” Radha added.

“I understand, said Yamuna, but you are waiting for Krishna, the form to return, then why is the form of Krishna important?”

“Mother, I know that Kanha is everywhere, yet I crave for the darshan of His form, because the fulfillment and pleasure that His form provides, His formless aspect cannot. Why mother you both remember the Rasa lila He would perform with all the gopikas, the spiritual fulfillment, that provided, could it be matched with anything.” Radha asked.

“Mother Kadamba, you remember when he had stolen the clothes of the gopikas and had spread them on your branches and had himself hid in your leaves, tell me mother, don't you still fondly remember that incident? Can a formless Kanha fill you with the same joy? Radha added.

“ Mother I know how you feel for me. But you should not, because in this wait, there is only hope. The hope of uniting with the Kanha again. Till there is hope, there is love, till there is love, the life is worthwhile.

“Child, but what about the pain, the pain that we see you going through everyday that tugs our heart strings”, Yamuna asked.

“ Mothers, separation is pain. But this pain is with the promise of fulfillment.

The promise of meeting my Kanha again, of touching Him, of speaking to him, for this promise, I am willing to wait ages, what of a few decades,” Radha said.

“ We both always fear for you child, we fear to imagine that Kanha may have forgotten you and may never pay you a visit,” Kadamba said.

Radha chuckled. “Mother when there is love, how can there be any doubt. It is the word of Kanha, my Kanha, and He wants me to wait. So shall I,” Radha replied.

“Radha, you are not of this world, nothing touches you. In our hearts we will always have prayer that Kanha may come and fulfill His promise,” Kadamba and Yamuna said.

“Oh Mothers,” Radha got up and hugged Kadamba tree tightly.

“Oh, Radha, how I feel sad that it was not my destiny to be a human like you, so that I could have thrown my arms round you, Mother Kadamba said. “ Don’t worry said Radha, I will embrace you twice over.”

Then Radha walked towards Mother Yamuna and caressed her holy waters with her soft touch. “ I have the same complaint that Kadamba has,” Mother Yamuna said. “ Radha smiled.

The Sun had already set, sending the cacophonous birds rushing back to their nests.

“Mothers I will see you tomorrow,” Radha said. Both Kadamba and Yamuna nodded. As she made her way back to her hut, a fully bloomed Kadamba flower from the highest branch of the tree dropped at Radha’s feet.

( Also Published in Nava Sarathi- April 2016 issue)

## GETTING RID OF MAYA

Maya has the capacity to ruin our life. If we understand the nature of Maya well, it will go away from us in one moment. If we give a high place to it without understanding, then it will get the upper hand and will begin to dance on our heads.

Image 1 In one village, a marriage was to take place. The party of the bridegroom came to the village and was staying in a house. The party of the bride was staying in another house. In between these two parties, there was one individual who wanted all kinds of comforts and was demanding them from both the parties. This individual used to go to the bridegroom's place and tell them that they were always coming late and causing a lot of problems to the bride's party. People belonging to the bridegroom's party thought that he was some respected elder from the side of the bride. Similarly he went to the bride's house and told them that they were not respecting the bridegroom and members of his party and were not giving them all the respect that was due to them.

This individual was enacting a drama. He was going to the bridegroom's party and was behaving as if he was a respected elder from the bride's side; and he was going to the bride's people and behaving as if he was a respected elder from the bridegroom's side. When this drama went too far, the two parties started investigating and found that he belonged to neither side.

Once you make an inquiry and find out the origin of Maya, it will disappear; even as the individual in our story disappeared.