We are all moving autographs of the Almighty.

— Sri Ram
స్థానపురము పట్టణం
నాగార్జునం జిల్లా
డేం లోపల మండలం

సిద్ధములు నంబరు : 2008
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JOURNEY INTO
JOY
Letters for spiritual seekers

Sri Ram

SRI RAM SPIRITUAL CENTRE
HYDERABAD

STERLING PUBLISHERS PRIVATE LIMITED
NEW DELHI
The One remains the many change and pass;
Heaven’s light forever shines, Earth’s shadows fly;
Life like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity.

— P.B. Shelley
Journey into Joy
owes its existence
to beloved
C.S. PRATAP SRI RAM SUNDAR
whose scintillating presence
inaudibly echoes
through
every page of it.
Dedicated
with
reverential love
to
Prof. M. Sivaramkrishna
the lighthouse of my life
Books by and on ‘Sri Ram’


2. *Voyage into Consciousness*: The Fiction of Anita Desai and Virginia Woolf (with Special Reference to Where Shall We Go This Summer? and To the Lighthouse), Sterling Publishers Private Limited (New Delhi); 2000.


4. *Sayings of ‘Sri Ram’*.


7. *Divinity in Nature*


9. *Adhyatmika Animutyalu* (Telugu)

---


# CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Preface</th>
<th>xi</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>An Eternal Companion</td>
<td>xvi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Acknowledgements</td>
<td>xxi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foreword</td>
<td>xxiv</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## PART ONE

**WAVES OF THE GANGES**  
(Letters)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Letters in English: 1-27</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td></td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II</td>
<td>Letters in English and Telugu: 28-45</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Letters in Telugu: 46-64</td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## PART TWO

**SMILING TEARS**  
(Poems in Telugu)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>357</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**DIVINE INSIGNIA**  
(from *In Search of Mother*)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>379</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**IN PRAISE OF ‘UNCONDITIONAL LOVE’**  
(from *The Face of Eternity*)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>387</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**TEARDROP**  
An Ornament of the Eye  
(from *Smiling Tears*)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>391</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Foreword**  
(from *Divinity in Nature*)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>398</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Foreword**  
(from ‘Zamanath and other Stories’—Author: Zimbo; Translator: Dr. T.Sreenivasa Reddy)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>399</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Note on Recipients**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>414</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Afterword**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>419</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Preface

The little gap between the knowledge of truth and the experience of truth is filled with tears.

A cheerful, courageous smile, perennially dancing on our lips is the visible proof of our invisible faith in God.

Journey into Joy is a journey in tune with nature and its laws. Discovery of these laws is simply experiencing the pages of the book of life as it unfolds itself. This is what spirituality is all about. Keeping these laws in mind is easy if we look at the natural processes which underlie every event of our lives. From our birth to death, life unrolls itself in a way that even crises and calamities are as much necessary as triumphs and victories.

The basic awareness for coming to terms with that which seems to prevent our journey into joy is to see the interdependence and interrelatedness of everything in nature. Everything is related to everything else. What appears to be opposed is simply - if the lenses of perception are cleansed - a complement to the other. Not its contradiction.

When we unfold our lives with this awareness what we experience is unified without dividing something as joyful and something else as joyless. Vivekananda pointed out this truth in his own idiom: "The God of heaven becomes," he says, "The God in nature, and the God in nature becomes the God who is nature and the God who is nature becomes the God within the temple of this body, he at last becomes the temple itself, becomes the soul and man - and there it reaches the last words it can reach." (Vivekananda, CW 2:128 emphasis added.)

Once this naturality is held as the anchor of the boat of our life, everything falls into its proper place and the boat sails gaily. We want to succeed in life and achieve set goals accordingly. Do. Nothing negative about it. This is the primary desire which is natural. Therefore, it cannot
be negated or nullified. But do not allow it to hiss like snakes. For, desires are not snakes. They are there because they are necessary for nature's design, for her purposes.

Therefore, it is not by getting rid of desires that one discovers joy. It is by recognizing the limits to our desires. Beyond a point everything in nature is toxic. Similarly, everything within the limits is joyful. Our instinct is to crave for continuous happiness. But our experience is exempted from sorrow if we recognize Nature's law: continuous joy is possible only by its occasional absence.

This does not mean that one cannot control desires. It is possible. But it is also possible that the control, in most cases, may boomerang and create psychic imbalances of a serious kind. The body has its own logic which is not easily wished away. This, perhaps, can be put in another way: whatever Nature creates carries with it a corresponding disease. Apart from the disease, every part of our body is potentially subject to its corresponding imbalance. Moreover, even minerals like iron, even copper gets rust. Our health is the disease of the bacteria. Our accidents are positive to something else.

This fact is given the grand name of "dualism". Dualism cannot be got rid of. It is basic experience. But, then, accepting the brick of dualism is the crux of wisdom. Dividing one from the other and privileging what we like to experience is the source of sorrow. Sorrow of any kind, mental, physical or psychic, is not the absence of joy but our willful suspension of the joy which is the counterpart of that very sorrow. In our own body there is impure blood, but there are natural processes which purify the blood within the body itself. The tongue can taste but can be bitten by the very teeth which masticate the food.

This brings us to the fact that all that exists in the universe is necessary for Nature. Even those which seem unnecessary, indeed, vicious to us. In the light of this, the journey into joy is the extension of the fact that, for Nature, being alive is itself the goal; and therein lies the secret of joyful living. The moment we want to become something we voluntarily give up our natural state of joyful living. We forfeit the greatest gift of Nature: our body, senses, intellect, instincts everything that it blesses us with. And even imperfections do not take away this fact. A
Preface

Stephen Hawking, physically handicapped, can still make the most radical scientific discoveries.

Indeed, all spiritual laws are sheer scientific laws. They arise from natural experiences of the lives we lead. But awareness, for whatever reason, is blunted by the hammer of our fragmented outlook on life. And this creates blocks to joy. We wonder why should there be tears alongside smiles. The reason is entirely natural. Nature not only creates and sustains life; it has also to destroy it. Sorrow is the surest and the most effective instrument to wish for death and destruction.

Whether God is omniscient, omnipresent and omnipotent is a theological issue. But sorrow and suffering show that they are all these. Sorrow, the omniscient principle of Nature, knows every way, every method of creating itself in tune with the tone and temperament of everyone. Thus it is present everywhere. It is thus the pervasive presence in all—the rich and the poor, the beautiful and the ugly etc.,

Similarly, sorrow is omniscient and knows the most vulnerable areas to strike. The one who tries desperately to be healthy may get sick; the rich pine for peace of mind. The poor pine for wealth etc. It seems to grant whatever we wish only to make us realize that, perhaps as in Puranic stories, the very boon becomes a curse. (The vice versa is also true). Sorrow is inevitable. And, it is invincible and ensures destruction.

Is this pessimistic? It is neither that nor optimistic. It is a stern realistic fact. It is natural. As natural as the air we breathe. But sorrow is not a morbid indulgence in pain. It is the counterpart of joy. Sorrow and separation ripen into union and togetherness, like raw mango itself becomes mango fruit. They are linked.

To conclude: am I negating spiritual practices perfected over centuries? No. They have their uses and users. Meditation etc., are effective only when they are natural and spontaneous. If the mind focuses outward, let us allow it. Even the outer is the concrete, visible form of God. “Sarvam Khalvadam Brahma,” it is said. Everything is the Supreme Principle, whether you call it God or Nature.

Whatever is your Chosen God or Ideal, as soon as you remember that symbol, the intelligence of the entire cosmos must dance before
your eyes. This is possible, ultimately, when your heart is filled with
love for all that is. The totality of our holy and holistic love must dance
in gratitude to both the real blessings and apparent blemishes. One is
grateful then to both Christ and Judas, to Krishna and Kamsa, to Rama
and Ravana (and also to the films which present both the hero and the
villain, fighting for one heroine).

This dance of the heart rooted in joyful and joyous affirmation of
the universe, of order in chaos, is meditation that yields ecstasy. But
keep a watch constantly: extract maximum joy from life but balance it
with the underlying inevitability of its absence (rather variant
manifestation) also. Above all, the most natural and actual fact, the
strangest of all facts: we try to get rid of something which does not
exist: sorrow. We want to gain something which we already have:
joy and happiness.

Perhaps, Ananda K. Coomaraswamy the celebrated savant and art
critic, puts this effectively in his essay on “Sahaja”, “It is only by pursuing
what is not already ours by divine right that we go astray and bring upon
ourselves and upon others infinite suffering—to those who do not pursue,
all things will offer themselves. What we truly need, we need not strive
for.” (The Dance of Shiva; New Delhi, Sagar Publications; 1987; p.136.)

These are let me clarify, my subjective feelings at this point of time,
not streamlined and incisive arguments. I do hope they will be of some
use and that is all I hope for. May I conclude with an extract from a
poem in my Smiling Tears?

Lord!
Your hands that rain heavy blows
Love me more than
Your lips that shower kisses.
There is no place in my body
Where there is no wound
Made by the arrows of sorrows
But
Every festering wound, oozes
Fertilizing streams of wisdom
Into the sterile desert of my life.
Pain and pleasure are the
Two tantalizing eyes of the bride of dualism
Born of Your cerebral womb.

- Sri Ram
An Eternal Companion

I

Journey into Joy is just that. An enchanting voyage into the heart of a life that is natural, balanced and above all, rooted in the unshakeable experience of the world in which we live as a perfect cosmos. It is a book that not only counsels but also leaves the reader free to launch on his/her own path to joy. There is nothing that is not pragmatic—here in this unique companion to and a compass by which all those who are perplexed can steer their odyssey into joy. In their own way! Since all ways are already well-chosen, however ill they appear.

The origins of the book are interesting. Journey into Joy arose from letters that ‘Sri Ram’ wrote to friends over many years—until many of them settled down in life. We do not know the contents of the letters his friends wrote to him. But the responses tell us—rather give us—some clues. And there is nothing obscure or mysterious about the problems which elicited these invaluable letters.

The range is comprehensive: from the perennial questions of life and death through karma, predetermination, free will, etc., to meditation, detachment, desirelessness, etc. But the most insistent are the ambitions of the young, their urge to succeed, to achieve, to lead a happy life surrounded by love. Nevertheless, lives which face the prospective (often real) threat of failure and frustration. Often striding towards self-destructive tendencies.

Normally, counseling is advice. It assumes that there is a magic path, an infallible specific that solves the problem. Journey into Joy certainly shows directions but offers no clear-cut decisions to be taken for guaranteed results. For the simple reason that problems are solutions. Both are Siamese twins. The one contains the other. Like the raw mango which ripens into a sweet fruit. Both are inseparable. Both have their uses.
These are not theorized by ‘Sri Ram’ from Olympian heights of detachment. He himself has gone through phases of unemployment, apparent inability to find a niche somewhere on one side which he joyfully accepted. He lived like an Avadhuta learning from every little bit of experience as either latent or patent avenue to joy. On the other side, he appeared for IAS and would have been among the first few to get selected but joyfully withdrew from the final paper and instead went to a movie! Both phases he decided are welcome and “finally” settled as a Sr. Lecturer in English in an Institute of Electronics in Hyderabad.

II

At the risk of simplifying, let me place the core of the Journey into Joy before you. To begin with, we should note what ‘Sri Ram’ said: it is not journey to but into joy. ‘To’ stops at the threshold; ‘into’ leads us inside joy. ‘To’ discovers sugar, to use Ramakrishna’s image. ‘Into’ makes us taste it. But all those who discover may not qualify to taste the sugar. One should be free from diabetes and other impediments! What are the ways to overcome these?

First, the perceptions of the fact that the goal of life is to live. Joyfully. Okay. Set your mind on achieving something but with the constant awareness that it should not imperil the joy of life and living. Ambition without anxiety to “succeed” at all costs. Or, aspiration denuded of ambition to achieve at any cost. Unchecked ambition creates corresponding imbalances.

Second, the world in which we live is built with the bricks of duality. Pairs of opposites mark everything in the universe. This holds good for even gods and demons. Every story whether ancient or modern, whatever the media (such as films and TV today), is an inseparable texture of good and evil, positive and negative. Then, how do we react to what we regard as negative, as evil? Accept it as part of nature’s design. And what appears as negative or evil is, in the memorable idiom of ‘Sri Ram’, “misunderstood wisdom” of Nature. It has its function. Therefore, negative has to be put to positive uses. Like, as ‘Sri Ram’ says, pluck out the fangs of poison from a snake. You can then play with it! Similarly, we admire the rose but we are careful about the thorns. See, says ‘Sri Ram’, Sai even in kasai, a butcher. In fact, there is no negative in nature.
An Eternal Companion

Third, the natural fact is, there cannot be joy unmixed with sorrow. Joy can be ensured when we accept the fact that there is the potential for sorrow in it. Our tendency is to long for uninterrupted joy and happiness dissociated from the slightest hint of sorrow. Therefore, enjoy the world and our life in it with the principles of attachment and detachment. Attachment is positive since it is based on affection. But that very attachment becomes a sure source of sorrow when it overflows its boundaries. Like the very love of Dasaratha for his son Sri Ram engulfs the former in sorrow which ultimately culminates in his death. What is positive becomes negative.

Sorrow has its profound, natural function, says ‘Sri Ram’. Nature creates, sustains and destroys everything. There must be longing to put an end to what looks like a wearisome life. Then the consequent sorrow is the instrument which makes us long for release from it. It is Nature’s natural trick. Joy persists when we are constantly alert to its potential for sorrow. Detachment when attachment threatens to be a source of grief. Attachment when one is threatened with the puritanical streak of senseless, almost inhuman detachment.

Fourth, in the face of duality, the sure strategy is balance. Neither fragmentation of the two and privileging one of the two, nor a desperate attempt to run away from both. Balancing both is the only way. Accepting and balancing. This is built on the irrevocable fact that it is Nature’s structural principle. For instance, nothing can eradicate poverty totally. A minimum of deprivation is Nature’s way. But, then, in this, as in everything else, Nature is, says ‘Sri Ram’, a ruthless, rigorous ‘communist’. However rich a person, an amount of sorrow is a natural guarantee. Status, affluence, prestige, power . . . nothing can exempt one from sorrow. Nature has to create sorrow.

III

Don’t misconstrue this. Then should we not make any attempt to achieve progress, development? Above all, peace and harmony? Yes, we should, undoubtedly. Nature herself ensures that there are resources imbedded in herself for our well-being. Resources that are needed to sustain life in tune with the social, economic, political and cultural ethos. But, to satisfy what is needed, not what is greedily coveted. Overstep this, and Nature adjusts the balance in its own, necessarily destructive ways. The
cosmic order continues. The apparent tilt in the pendulum is set right. Life goes on. The play, the film continues with the nucleus of joy undisturbed. The destructive dance of Kali and Nataraja is as beautiful as their creative dance. Both are joyfully natural.

I am aware, these reflections are not only random but strictly unnecessary. Pick up any page and you will be charmed and fascinated by ‘Sri Ram’s’ delightful, friendly way of stating natural truths which, like Dushyanta, we have forgotten. There is cool, passionless good sense in everything that ‘Sri Ram’ says. These are so uncannily natural facts that we are amazed at the obvious and astonished at the invariably natural. Even reading about them is a joyful act. Surrender to the music and magic of language and you are sure to be overwhelmed by the exquisite, exhilarating joy the very words (charged with the authenticity of experienced truths) communicate. In short, the various intertexts, the poems, the quotes from religious scriptures, the parables and fables, the personal details (piece them together, and you get an approximate picture of ‘Sri Ram’) — the very structure of Journey into Joy — is unique.

We are grateful to ‘Sri Ram’ for sharing his enchanting letters with us. Personally, for giving me the joy and privilege of associating myself with the book in this way. Strictly unnecessary, I know. But then, ‘Sri Ram’ is always disarming in his persuasive love.

Finally, the first edition of this book had VIVEKA SRIVANTI as its title. It is now being published with this new title. This edition also contains Forewords ‘Sri Ram’ wrote to various books. Otherwise, everything else is the same as the first edition.

The undeserving can always be made to appear worthy by one unfailing ‘weapon’: disarming love and affection. Thereby, Sri Sri Ram, perhaps, made the inner child in me spring into being to accept with unabashed delight his dedication. I am immensely grateful to him.

Happy journey into joy!

24th August 2008
Sri Krishna Janmashtami

M. SIVARAMKRISHNA
Former Professor and
Head Dept of English
Osmania University
Hyderabad
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Salutations to the Supreme Lord 'Siva', The pure Awareness in the sky of consciousness in the heart, By meditation on whom, 'Ganesa', Guha, Mother - 'Sakti' who is the embodiment of Siva's grace and Myriads of 'Devas', saints and devotees have Attained their cherished goals.

-- Ribhu Gita (Chapter 1, Verse 1)

In the following pages the Acknowledgements, in a rather unconventional way, are structured in seven sections reflecting our spiritual evolution.
1. The University

We are the students of words;
We are shut-up in schools and colleges
And recitation-rooms for ten or fifteen years;
And come out at last with a bug of wind;
A memory of words
And do not know a thing.

-- R.W. Emerson

The Golden thread of all education is in the first questions: How should I live? What's good life? What can I hope for? What must I do? From the day I was conscious of my own life, I tried to find answers to these questions. I am nearing forty I read countless books (Science, Spiritual, Religious, Literary...) and met many who looked sensible (Theists, Atheists Communists, Social workers, Philosophers, Scientists, Saints, Yogis, God-men, Gurus...), but Life and Universe remained as much a riddle to me as it was until I met Sir. Our education system, our universities have failed to answer those golden questions to my satisfaction. I believe that the aim of higher education is wisdom. Wisdom is the awareness of the existence of higher laws, and the experience of the Divine. In the absence of this wisdom, the 'Misery-Index' (mental or physical or both) rises. We were both welcomed andillusioned by this materialistic world. Those of us who are deep in the pit understand this very well. The friends who are looking from above, see a part of paradise in this sticky mud. There was a deep rift between our knowledge, skills and our ability to understand and cope with the problems that surround us. Life was moving on with fatigue and fascination. Problems of life were becoming intractable and the future lying ahead was an ever darkening road. Career planning and knowledge accumulation converted us into some kind of polished modern barbarians. Finally for instance, I passed out from the university as a learned ignoramus, like a flower without its scent.

The university has done its job. The fresh water spring has been plugged, successfully. Mind was spiralling down the drain burying me in the garbage. The spiritual insight of life is totally absent in our education system. University painted a colourful world in our minds. That dreamy world is Maya. That Maya muffled our spiritual signals, whatever we had before entering the university. The university utterly failed to satisfy my intellectual curiosity, my
spiritual quest, and my emotional needs, because of which, still being thirsty, I tasted the spiritual drink when it was offered to me by my Lord. Until then I was a soul singing in darkness because I never had a chance to see the divine light. Words are inadequate to express my gratefulness to my beloved friend Raghunath for bringing me into Sir's fold. In the second week of Jan. 1986, unknowingly a new chapter in my life began.
2. The Universe : 'SIR'

"When you arrive at the sea, you do not talk of the tributary"
(Hakim Sanai (Sufi Mystic), The Walled Garden of Truth).

★ ★ ★

"Nothing is ever what it used to be"
(Les Vrais Paradis son't les paradis quion a peradus)

I was lured by the Divine. The spiritual drink made me mighty free (17 July, 1987). The core of wisdom which is God, has been put back into my life. With that vital component added, I could escape the books, and endless discussions which are fabrics of logic weaved with unreality. What more, I don’t feel like reading even spiritual books. There is no desire to know anything including spiritual. There is no desire to achieve a better state. My friends know what happened to me from 1986 onwards and I know what happened to them before and after that. Nearly eleven years have rolled by since I met Sir first time. The problems of life have been only changing from one type to another and seem to continue forever. But our domain of understanding has enlarged and our
bearing capacity has increased. One who has read Mark Twain’s
*The Mysterious Stranger* knows the thrill of moving and living with
*Sir*. Of course, this is a pale comparison. A very pale comparison!
The tranquility and peace that we enjoy today is the Gift of God.
*He is our Universe. He is Sir. He is our Lord. He is our beloved
friend, father, mother, doctor, teacher, child, guide... and what not...
all rolled into one. Whatever I may write to describe *Him*, it can
at best represent *Him* only very poorly. On my request our friend
Srinivas (Sree Sree) composed a poem on *Sir* expressing his love,
gratitude, devotion and capturing most of my friends’ feelings and
joy in the following stanzas.


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3. The Galaxy : My Friends

From quiet homes and first beginning
Out to the undiscovered ends
There's nothing worth the wear of winning
But laughter and the love of friends

-- Hilaire Belloc

In the Galaxy of my friends everyone is a star. I have plenty to share with them. These days our personal meetings are becoming less frequent and of less duration. The world is swallowing our time like a Black hole. Each one of us has portfolio of problems and
an inventory of broken dreams: Crushing reverses, torture of temptations, romantic ups and downs, cobwebs of sentiments, worries, regrets, tarnished hopes, empty fantasies,... collapsing spirits, subverted confidence... and all the awful troubles of ordinary life. Life has been becoming a no-win game. Frustrated by failures, or by problems of success, every day, the inability inspires waves of remorse and sometimes self-loathing. Expectations were jarred by realities and the melodies were in a minor-key. It wouldn't be an exaggeration if I say that Sathyajit Ray could have fished out several stories for Oscar quality films from our lives.

But, as my friends are more aware of than anyone else, our story is imposed by the teller (God). I was a Cafeteria philosopher to some of my friends. Since then we have travelled a long way. I have been happy in their timeless world. Wherever and whenever I met them I got transformed into some kind of spiritual pleasure. For me, life doesn't and will not exist in an hour-glass, though this body of mine is a bubble destined to blow-up. In God's Game 'Time' is the referee as well as the coach. In the next life, I hope to comeback to my friends like another echo. Our origins, back-ground, education, habits, tastes, temperaments, life-styles are all different. We are like birds of different feather flocked together in the 'Holy Vedic Tree' (ॐ ब्रह्म तमसः) created by Sir. No common thread exists that would bind us and keep us together so long except this spiritual urge and love for laughter. We have been blessed with many blissful visions, some like blazing suns and some like tiny jewels in our spiritual bracelets, made possible by His infinite Love, that left our hearts and souls intact. I many times wondered, what have we ever done to deserve this much love, care and concern. With the presence of my spiritually inclined friends in my life, the clarity of creation became more visible to me. How beautifully His master plan has been unfolding itself! How intelligent His hands are! Even a fraction of His intelligence makes a million Nobel Laureates disappear into insignificance. This Divine Romance is full, wholesome in itself and is enough. God has blessed me so lavishly. To every one of my friends I say:  

Aksat, Kosat, Saratsat, I searched the whole world round,  
But another one like you I never found  

-- A kirghiz folk song
4. The Bright and Lone Star : 'AMMA'

(ඇමුමක) පොංගුල් අමුමකයි
සමුධී විශේෂ, ඉංග්‍රීසි මංගලය

(මහා බැලිය) මහා බැලියේ කරුණාකර, මෙහෙයේ මංගලය
මහා බැලියේ කරුණාකර වෝධිය)

Love is the greatest miracle of all in God's creation. Love ripens with years. And love is stronger than life. It is much deeper than even faith and belief. Our divine mother Amma has been referred to many a time in these letters. She has been the nerve centre of our emotional and spiritual life. Her home has been a healing place from worldly wounds. She possesses the purity and love which kept our friends together like the invisible gravitational force controlling the non-linear paths of the celestial bodies. Her body has been working like a non-stop Honda engine to keep our friends stay, on every spiritual feast, comfortable at Ananthapur and other places; her mind like a powerful computer remembers every need of ours, on individual basis; her love reduced us many times to tears. She reaches, with her undivided attention, our hearts in the most simple ways. Love is simple, yet it is so rare and complex. With sincerity and honesty I say unto my friends that I have never seen such a mother. She is above our birth-mothers. But for her presence in our lives, our bonds wouldn't be so strong and long lasting. Her love reveals the knowledge, schools have never known. Her pious thinking and actions show the kindness of God. "Love talked about can be easily turned aside, but love demonstrated is irresistible" (W.S. Mooneyham). She has the Doctorate in love from the school of humanity. We are all blessed to feel the velvet touch of her love. She is not alone. She is the mother of several sons, who are with her. She is the chosen and the beloved of our Lord. On behalf of every son, I pay respects to our beloved spiritual mother for all the love she poured on all of us. I am ever grateful to my friend Raghunath for introducing Amma into my life. The best description of her and her sacrifice, again, flows from the creative genius of my friend Srinivas (Sree Sree)
Acknowledgements

ಅನ್ನು ನಮ್ಮುದು,
ನೆನಪ್ಪು ಮತ್ತು ಹಬ್ಬಿಸಿದ್ದಾರು,
ಮತ್ತು ಇದ್ದು ಮಾಡಿದ ಮಂಜರಾಂಕಣ,
ನಮೂನೆ ನಿರ್ದೇಶಿಸಿದ್ದಾರು,
ನಿರ್ದೇಶನ ಮಾಡಿದರು,
ಎನ್ನು ಇದ್ದು ಮಾಡಿದರು.
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ಭಾಷೆಗೊರು,
ದೇವರು ಹಬ್ಬಿಸಿದ ಹಬ್ಬಿಸಿದ ಸರಿಸೃಪಿಕೆ,
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ನಮೂನೆ ನಮೂನೆ ನಮೂನೆ ನಮೂನೆ ನಮೂನೆ.
5.0. The Milky Way: "Sir’s letter, written to some individuals, parables told on seemingly casual occasions are the Divine gifts bestowed on us. His first drafts are the final copies. Whenever our friends received a letter, a phone call, a greeting card from Sir... our spirits soared. Joy was multiplied by our good habit of xeroxing, exchanging and communicating. Thanks to the Japanese xerox machines and Indian P & T. Whenever I received a copy of Sir’s letter written to friends, I had a feeling that I was collecting pieces of the Cosmic-Puzzles. Yes, Divine wisdom inspires. It’s a source of strength and wonder to me. In times of darkness, it has provided light. In times of distress, it has given us comfort. In times of uncertainty, it has given us direction. His parables corrected my myopic visions. They have, deep within them, the seeds of solutions to all the problems. I am writing these lines not to review Sir’s letters with admiring quotations: God doesn’t
need praise; but to tell you that we have been off on an odyssey that Lord himself has set, which promises a path to maturity.

I myself wanted to have a copy of His letters, nicely printed and bound. If you have a copy in your hand now, you might better treat it as only a spin-off benefit from my selfish interest. Release of this volume ॐॐॐ (Vol.I) marks the culmination of fourteen months' effort to see the divine voice in print. I wanted this book with Japanese perfection, German Robustness and beautifully bound with bright Saffron or Skyblue colour Mysore silk. But, my friends, we had to operate under stringent budgetary and time constraints. We tried to improve the quality of the book with the only tools available with us: Imagination and Creativity. To finish is both a relief and a release from a kind of extra-ordinary pleasant prison. Prison, in the sense that we were gridlocked by prosaic possibilities.

The question of divine knowledge is so deep that it is really known only to those who have it. A child has no real knowledge of the attainments of an adult. An ordinary adult cannot understand the attainments of a learned man. In the same way, a learned man cannot understand the experiences of enlightened saints.

— Idries Shah, The Sufis

The Divine music solidified as ink on paper in His letters, parables and sayings is the launching pad for our spiritual voyage towards Godhead. The Divine wisdom is the source of all our spiritual strength. Whenever we read, re-read, study ॐॐॐ may the God’s voice be invoked within us! May your joy know no bounds and restraints! And may your soul dance to the tunes of spontaneous song of divine love!

But those who wait on the Lord
Shall renew their strength;
They shall mount up with wings like eagles;
They shall run and not be weary;
They shall walk and not faint

— Isaiah (40:31)
6. Summer & Spring : Thanksgiving

He who gives much is rich : not he who has much
It is well to give when asked.
But it is better to give unasked, through understanding.

-- Khalil Gibran, *The Prophet*

The inspiration for this book sprang from unknown depths of my being. An inexplicably mysterious force seized my heart. I prepared one format which would help us record our experiences. Years passed we could not do much because of our own problems. In a revised plan, I made a bargain with myself by lowering my goal and attempted to bring this first volume consisting of letters. Perhaps, this would help us when we put our efforts for the second volume.

Some of the friends told me to go ahead with the printing of the book and promised to bear the financial burden. My playful calculations and idle musings came to an end and real work began the very next day. The master copy travelled with me to far-flung places: Bombay - Madras - Tirupati - Hyderabad - Delhi - Dehradun - Nizamabad. We used our Time and Energy efficiently. The work went on like a Ferrari at 500 Kmph. Otherwise completion would have been delayed by another 6 months.

It is my pleasure to appreciate the help, held out unasked by my friends though they are too matured to expect even a single word of thanks from me.

— The list of the friends and the spiritually inclined souls who, with ecstatic hearts extended their physical, psychic and cerebral assistance, is too long to be accommodated here. For them, this book is not an inanimate bundle of printed words; it pulsates with live impulses. In fact, all these friends are the inseparable limbs of this book. On behalf of Sri Ram Sir, I express my ever lasting love and gratitude to them all.

— I am reverentially grateful to Prof. M. Sivaramkrishna who has permitted us to dedicate this book to him.

— We wish to express our deep gratitude to Shri S.K. Ghai, Managing Director, Sterling Publishers Private Ltd., New Delhi, for consenting to publish this book, for us, in a short period of time. Sterling has already acquired stature as publishers of significant books on the inner dimensions of life. This is one more feather in this rich and dynamic dimension.
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For his labour of love we express our sincere gratitude and wish Shri. Ghai success in whatever he pioneers.
— On behalf of Sir, I offer my thanks to all the publishers and authors from whose works Sir has drawn inspiring lines to adorn and add spiritual lustre to his letters. I specially offer my grateful thanks to Rev. Henri Nouwen whose inspiring passage on 'Letter Writing' echoes Sir's ideas.
— I thank all the other friends who had a heart to share but no time and resources to spare.
— And what is my role in the preparation of this work? What am I without you! Do I have any independent existence apart from you all? I emerge out of the coherent collection and fusion of all your loving and lovable hearts. In fact I am the sonorous symphony of all your hearts and an inaudible echo of Sir's heart. By myself, I am nothing. It is Sir's love and your love that made me do what I have done.
— Finally, it is the omnipotent, kind hand of God that has made our Sir write these letters, has blessed us with these letters and is making spiritually inquisitive readers read them. The author of the book and the reader are 'one'. God, to serve the dramatic purpose, has transformed himself into these three objects. It is all His Divine Drama. The Director, the Drama, and the Spectator - all merge and dissolve into the ultimate, transcendental essence.
I cannot think of any other way of thanking God, the real architect of this work, other than dissolving myself ecstatically into His 'Love' and eternally wondering at His amazing 'wisdom'.

"Whodunit? Every Body!
Oh! dunna! My Lord willed it!"

Everyone worked untiringly and flawlessly for a faithful reproduction of Sir's poems, letters. If there are any mistakes, whatever, the total responsibility is mine. My friends' work and assistance is brilliant and near perfect. My visceral dynamism, caused tiresome days and sleepless nights to many of my friends. The strain was palpable but not paralyzing. The greatest benefit we derived while compiling this volume is that, we re-discovered the eternal truths expressed in Sir's letters and our monkey-like minds were disciplined to go through the ring of truth several times. Before concluding this, let me tell you one more thing. I had Lord's help whenever
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"Whodunit? Every Body!
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my circuits were overloaded, or, when my strength made me weaker. Every moment, I saw miracles happening while on this job. I had a dream to see this volume ready as early as possible. With a little delay, I realized it.

My soul counselled me and charged me
Lest I be exalted because of overpraise
And lest I be distressed for fear of blame.
Until that day I doubted the worth of my own handiwork;
But now I have learnt this:
That the trees blossom in spring, and bear
Fruit in Summer.
And drop their leaves in Autumn to become
Utterly naked in Winter
Without exaltation and without Fear or Shame

-- Khalil Gibran, *Prose Poems*

7. Voyage into the Future & Conclusions

I asked a child, walking with a candle,
"From where comes that light?"
Instantly he blew it out, "Tell me
Where it has gone - then I will
Tell you where it comes from."

-- Hasan of Basra

Years will do their job. What is a man after fifty or sixty? old, sick, worn-out; various parts of his body needing repair; slowly slipping into the lap of second-childhood. Let us not be inert in our inner spirits.

Morning and Evening
Day and Night,
Month and Year,
Thus the swift footed
Time flies,
Life on Earth (Ayus)
Runs out,
May the wise men
Leave paltry
Acknowledgements

Sense - Enjoyments!
May they
With devotion
Come to meditate
Upon the sacred feet
Of the Lord (Heavenly Ganga!)
May not the intelligent
Say "Tomorrow"
To things
They should do
Today!

-- Swami Tapovan, Hymn to Ganga

I, along with my friends had many blissful visions. We are blessed with a good gift of intelligent insight, by the Lord. In the twilight zone of our lives I guess the only thoughts that we might wish to share to cherish would be the ones related to our spiritual golden years from 1984 onwards and "अमोराजाय". That period, from 1984 to 1996 was perhaps like the period during which those cowherd boys in 'Vraja', played with and so immersed in the Love of Lord Krishna that they didn't even realize that He is the divine incarnation. It is my heart-felt feeling that we make an attempt to record our experiences to print another volume, which would help us, and the future friends to understand many things in the cosmic perspective. It will help us to put the burden of years behind and work like enthusiastic children with renewed vitality. If we could see God every moment, in everybody and in everything, there is no need, indeed, even for such books, including this one. Since most of us couldn't, we need one. I wish to reconstruct, record and reproduce the experiences of our friends. It will be our version of 'They lived with God' and 'The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna'. We can work slowly and steadily. And there is no urgent need to prove that we are prolific. Let us try to overfly the impediments by the spiritual magic-carpet we have with us. Meanwhile, let me wish you irrepressible energy levels in your mind, body and soul.

"God is not a cosmic bell-boy for whom we can press a button to get things" (Harry Emerson Fosolick). It is my contention that the alert and wise do not lose sight of the fact that we are all same, with same vulnerabilities. Please understand that I am speaking from the ground-level. Let us try to be His worthy children.
If you know not these states, pass on nor
Join the infidel in Ignorant counterfeit
... But all learn not the secrets of
The way.

-- Shabistari, Secret garden

Is it possible to understand God's actions and his motives?
He creates, he preserves and he destroys. Can we ever understand why he destroys?
I say to the divine mother: 'O Mother, I do not need to understand. Please give me love for thy Lotus feet.' The aim of human life is to attain Bhakti. As for other things, the mother knows best. I have come to the Orchard to eat mangoes, what is the use of calculating the number of trees, branches and leaves? I only eat the mangoes; I don't need to know the number of trees and leaves.

-- Sri Ramakrishna

★ ★ ★

'Life can only be understood backwards; But it must be lived forwards'

-- Soren Kierkegaard

If I lived only to see my Lord, I am happy to die now. A short life might be a blessing. I had my own failures and frustrations. In the hind-sight, to me, it appears that every worldly failure is a spiritual triumph. A step closer towards God. I believe that this movement is possible only through misery (Misery is God's mercy). The best periods of my life had been when I just stumbled into future, not when I created my own future. There is a Chinese wisdom piece which says that if Gods want to curse us, they start fulfilling all our desires. Of what use is worldly riches which lead to spiritual malnourishment? After initial exposure to real spirituality, any worldly success scares me. And let us never forget that God's art of double entry book keeping is hidden in Karma-Theory. There is a spiritual opportunity cost in a secured life and in a life devoid of sorrow. We better brace up and immerse ourselves in the deep devotional study of जिन्दगी में ही सुने। Somewhere Swamy Vivekananda says that spiritual development has three requisites: a human body, a spiritual guide and a strong will to be free from Maya. We have all three. Can anyone in the entire Universe measure our richness?
Without His presence in our lives we all would have been 'lost sheep'.

Before I conclude, let us recall the first questions of all education: How should I live? What's good life? What can I hope for? What must I do?

These questions lost their validity. They vanished because We're in God's Lap. Forward or Drawkcab...How does it matter when we are Godward? And let the journey be without clocks and maps.

When we are tired with the game of Maya, can we comeback to our Lord, our beloved Sir, like children seeking reassurance from a father returning after a long journey?

Let me close this by singing some songs from Gitanjali:

\[\text{పెంచే చింతలవల్ల పూత్తొందు,}
మామిడి చింతల మామిడి పూత్తొందు
ప్రపంచం. (71)\]

\[ముందు మంది మంది మందియనం,
మందియనం మందియనం మందియనం
మందియనం. (32)\]

\[ప్రత్యేకంగా ముందు సాధనం
మందియనం ముందు సాధనం
మందియనం ప్రత్యేకంగా
మందియనం మందియనం మందియనం. (1)\]

\[పొట్టు మంది పొట్టు పొట్టు
పొట్టు పొట్టు పొట్టు పొట్టు. (79)\]
Before the garden, vine or grape
were in the world
Our soul was drunken with
immortal wine.

-- Idries Shah, The Sufis

(What words can express comes to a stop when the domain of
the mind comes to a stop!)

-- Nagarjuna

C.S. PRATAP SUNDAR
5th Sept., 1996,
Sri Krishna Janmashtami,
NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY,
BOSTON,
U.S.A.
FOREWORD

Despite being conscious of the fact that I am infinitely small to write this Foreword to this magnum opus, I readily accepted to obey the fiat issued by my friends for the sheer pleasure of it. My pleasure is my competence.

I have known Sri Ram for four to five years and whenever he visits my little home, he has been shedding 'Cosmic Light of Knowledge' to dispel my accumulated and corrupted spiritual truths gathered over years and also some handed down to me by my elders ages since. Indeed, the real grain was never revealed to me by pandits, pontiffs and self styled 'Gurus'. So, my quest for 'Real' - continued unabated till I met Sri Ram a few years ago.

Sri Ram did not administer capsule formulae to swallow, did not recommend rigorous 'Sadhana'; nor did he instruct any breath control exercises. I found the simple, straightforward and untainted practical approach of Sri Ram as the panacea for all spiritual ailments.

Now Sri Ram is just on the threshold of middle age, well-educated according to present day standards, soft spoken, unruffled at any event and above all smiles all the way through life.

Barring the hard core traditionalists, the modern Indian mind has also come under the cloud of European Metaphysical thought beginning with Greek Philosophy of 9th Century B.C., starting with Homer to Sartre of recent years, of course, Marxism holding its strong sway for over half a century. The great German Philosopher Immanuel Kant in an obvious despair said that "Metaphysics is always keeping the human mind in suspense with hopes that never fade, and yet are never fulfilled." It is said that "Platonism, Aristotelianism, Scholasticism, Cartesianism, Kantianism, Hegelianism all have had their periods of popularity and all have been challenged." What then is the ultimate spectre of European Thought?

The answer to this as provided by Frederick Copleston, SJ. in his 'A History of Philosophy' is: "European Thought" may be "represented as littered with metaphysical systems, abandoned and unreconciled." (Vol.I) It is not that the Indian Metaphysicians have
achieved any unity of thought or found a solution that can reach a very common man. The debate on 'Dwaita', 'Adwaita' and 'Visishtadwaita' or the preference of one to the other is a perennial one and the common man is totally indifferent to all this. The Theism and Atheism, with their diametrically opposite and uncompromising projections are chasing each other in an endless sport. I look at and look to Sri Ram, against this panorama of metaphysical universe, for emancipation from the present confusion. The simple question that I often asked the well versed, in a given instance, was "Why did I fail in the examination though prepared very hard? In this event how much of it is God's role and my own." The usual answer that I received used to be evasive, ambiguous and imperfect.

To a friend who faced somewhat a similar problem and entertained obscure ideas on 'Fate', Sri Ram explained as follows:

"Fate never comes meaninglessly or illogically as you wrongly think. It comes in many forms, never directly. For you it came in the form of mistakes you committed in statistics or psychology. In other words, it came in the form of insufficient preparation. For some it may come in forms like change of optionals, difficult questions, death, fever, accident or some other unknown form."

This solved the puzzle that tormented me for years. Let there be no qualms that 'Fate' produces only bad effects and even when good happens, that also is due to the handiwork of 'Fate'.

But the problem of Metaphysicians in the continent seems to be different. The Determinists are classified into three categories. Hard, Soft and Indeterminists.

"Hard Determinists say that our actions are caused in a way that makes us not as free as we might have thought so that responsibility, if it implies Free-will, is an illusion...."

"Soft Determinists by far the largest class in recent times, say that our actions are indeed caused but we are not therefore any less free than we might be because the causation is not a constraint or compulsion on us. So long as our natures and choices are effective as items in the casual chain, the fact that they are themselves caused is irrelevant and does not stop them being what they are." The third group called indeterminists may be either, but are usually incompatible.
Foreword

All this shows that confusion reigns high crescendo; and this can be avoided when we understand that cosmic design of universe is perfect and precision oriented. In a very casual conversation, Sri Ram once said that though we do not do anything and yet we are made to feel that everything is being done by us and that is 'Maya'. The concept of 'Maya', if understood in proper perspective, would solve many a problem but even great saints have complained about this spiritual sphinx.

Without indulgence in loud metaphysical debates, there are proofs to believe that be it a slip of the tongue or slip on the staircase, or a slash in stock exchange all are pre-determined. What then is our role? As said by some one, 'Geography is the stage and History are the players'. Sri Ram would often say we are simply actors on the stage but, in this Cosmic Drama there are many other actors, who are not human and events greater than war take place in the Universe which we seldom notice, like collapse of a star which is also pre-determined.

This subject of pre-determinism seems to have engaged the attention of Shakespeare too.

*If you can look into the seeds of time, And say which grain will grow and which will not, Speak then to me.*

--- *Macbeth (I-iii)*

Now, I imagine without hesitation that Sri Ram would have said, "Yes, it can be said which grain will grow and which not and further which grain should grow and which should not is also pre-determined." Sri Ram says:

*Man's Free-will seems to be crippled. The endless debate about Fate and Free Will continues. No final crystallized conclusion has been arrived at. Whenever I think of Free-will I am reminded of Robert Browning's famous poem 'Andrea del sarto'.*

wherein he says

*... We are in God's hand, How strange now, looks the life he makes us lead! So free we seem, so fettered we are!*
Dilating on this to an extent, Sri Ram fully justifies the absence of 'Free-will' as a part of Cosmic Design. Besides all this, one of the greatest contributions of Sri Ram to the realm of epistemology is his 'thoughts' on the existence of 'Evil'. One cannot lose sight of the fact that the functioning of the entire universe is based on the theory of 'pre-determinism' and to be explicit for the sake of clarity, our thoughts and actions are also pre-determined.

Sri Ram says:

"... the problem that perpetually defies durable solution is the existence of evil in the divine scheme. There is only one fruitful way of removing evil from this world that is, through understanding evil, not by cursing and blaming evil... just as there is no other way of removing darkness except using light."

Referring to the existence of 'Evil' the author of this great work Sri Ram said:

"Evil is the misunderstood wisdom of Nature."

Each word of this very great sentence must be pondered over, reflected and respected, to grasp its importance.

On occasions Sri Ram has also said that nothing exists in nature without a purpose.

Autumn is necessary for the existence of spring, summer with its scorching heat lifts water drops up from the sea, only to drop them down in rainy season. Night is there to enhance the beauty of the day....

There are scores of examples, instances and illustrations given by the author in his inimitable style. Basically, Sri Ram calls the entire activity in the Universe as 'Cosmic Drama'. In a stroke engulfing all the apparent contradictions, doctrines and also scriptural truths he said:

"The Law of Karma is the logic of Cosmic Drama."

What a marvellous thought, nay, a dictum indeed. Shall we hope that this may put a stop to all spiritual quibblings?.

'Law of Karma' will be familiar to those who believe in 'Rebirth', 'Rewards and Retributions'. All these will find their justification on the corner stone of 'Law of Karma'. The Law of Karma, the 'logic of cosmic drama', read in conjunction with 'pre-determinism' would lend assurance that the 'Sinner' and 'Saint' are also actors
Foreword

with a distinction that while the former is not 'Aware' of this truth, the latter is.

The paucity of space demands restraint. However, I am tempted to invite the reader to pay attention to one or two other important subjects of author's ideas on certain aspects of the Gita.

Before looking at the Gita permit me to place before you, Sri Ram's 'thoughts' on the controversial and sensitive subject of 'Evolution' where the 'sober' scientific mind seems to be slipping into fantasies and perversities. The current opinion on the concept of evolution is:

_The working of the universe no longer needed to be attributed to the ineffable will of the creator, but were brought into the realm of science - an explanation of phenomena through natural laws. Darwin accumulated evidence showing that evolution had occurred, that diverse organisms share common ancestors, and that living beings have changed drastically over the course of earth's history._

--- *Encyclopedia Britannica*

The 'theorem' of evolution, axiomatically eliminates the concept of God and Creation and when this is done 'Darwinism' stands out as a luminous body in the firmament of scientific world. But the truth seems to be otherwise.

The simple and straightforward question of Sri Ram is:

_Let us remember that there is no evolution. Evolution means that there is a state of imperfection. In God's world only perfection exists. So there is not and cannot be any evolution. If one is born, grows, dies and is born again we cannot call it evolution. Journey from birth to birth via death is not evolution._

Recently one oceanographer Wallace Broecker said, "*God has designed this system that runs perfectly. But God did not give us a blueprint*." (Span 89)

I am afraid that some one must still answer the elementary question. Is the creation imperfect? In this stride, Albert Einstein may not look casual when he said:

"*God does not play dice.*"
Now reverting to the Gita let us see what Sri Ram has to say:

_It is true that normally, the very mention of 'Desirelessness' and 'Detachment' makes the listener or reader immediately become serious and look stoic as if stripped off all desires and attachments, at once. The inarticulate expressions employed by the 'Scholars' leave the listener in no better frame of mind at the end of discourse than in the beginning._

Sri Ram poses a simple question "please tell me. What did Arjuna do after having been taught the Gita? Did he leave the desire to fight? or Did he fight?"

Strictly speaking earlier he did not have the desire to fight. Then, when it did not take away any desires from Arjuna, who directly heard it, why should it take them away from us? This is how the Gita is to be understood. It simply taught Arjuna the technique of avoiding the bad consequences of the desire (Battle).

_Thus 'desirelessness' is not an escape from 'desire' but an escape into the 'desire' with the capacity to neutralize the bad consequences of its fulfillment._

Indeed this is an exposition of Sri Ram on an aspect of the Gita. But, alas! Sri Ram has not yet said anything about the other aspects. Let us hope that he would do it soon.

Now coming to the 'parts' of this Book.

This great book is named as 'Viveka Srvanti' which in its objective would mean 'River of Discrimination'. The book is divided into two parts - the First part is titled as 'Waves of the Ganges'. These are the letters written in English and Telugu, some times partly in English and partly in Telugu by Sri Ram to his friends.

Sri Ram as a student gathered friends on the 'pretext' of preparing for Civil Services examination. The purpose of picking up particular souls may still remain to be a cosmic secret, and he has not made a secret of this. Sri Ram's main interest was to draw a chosen few to his bosom and this objective becomes clear when we read the lines in a letter written by him to a friend. Sri Ram has been a source of inspiration and fountain head of knowledge to all his friends in preparing for examinations. On an occasion commenting about the result of an examination Sri Ram who knows 'which grain will grow and which will not', wrote:
Dear Raghu! why were you so reluctant in conveying my result. Nothing contrary to my expectations has happened. What I got is what I richly deserve. My unintended entry into competitive arena is a cosmic-pretext to come into contact with a galaxy of 'Glorious Children of Immortality' like you. That's all. Why do you mistake pretext to be the text of my life.

These epistles have been written to a variety of friends and the form and contents some times depend on the proximity of his acquaintance with the recipient of the letters. These are indeed a bouquet of letters reflecting different fragrances and colours.

Sri Ram sometimes, while touching the sentimental and sensitive chords of the person, slowly lifts him or her into wider horizons of spiritual bliss. Be it a letter of consolation, encouragement or comfort, the recipient is at once given what he needs and slowly is introduced to spiritual truths that he ought to know.

I have picked up a few of the letters at random from the bunch, as I found it difficult to make a choice to spot the best jewel among many jewels. The other reason is these letters cannot be read in continuity, because neither the subject matter nor the recipient is the same person. For instance let us look into the letter written to Venkatarami Reddy. The time chosen by the author to write this longest letter was at twelve midnight. Why midnight? details about date and place have not been given. Author has violated the conventions!

This is just not a letter - may be a treatise or call it a dissertation or something better. Sri Ram sat at the table, burned the midnight oil and completed the epistle by day break. The letter starts with a personal touch and slowly, steadily and gently takes the reader through the untrammelled paths of eternal truths, places him on the lap of Mother and introduces the apparent 'hissing spiritual cobras' in the Gita. The letter is sprinkled with humorous anecdotes and sprayed with a mild perfume of poetry of relevance to remove the strain off the mind to sustain the interest in the reader. This single letter, if read at least once, will leave the reader, wiser and enlightened.

Besides this, what makes the author, so different and so enviable from the other 'Spiritual Masters' is the total absence of negativism in his approach and his convincing justification of the ways of God which at times appear to be ununderstandably unkind.
Let me draw your attention to a letter addressed to C.S. Pratap Sundar. I have known him quite well, and I say with some authority that he is totally different from most of Sri Ram's friends in his depth of spiritual knowledge and in his approach to Sri Ram. In fact, but for his impregnable faith in Sri Ram, untiring efforts and meticulous planning, this book which heralds the dawn of New Era, in spiritual concepts, would not have been possible.

The letter written in November 89, centres around a Greeting card, sent by Pratap Sundar to Sri Ram. The card conveys an interesting greeting that invited a response from Sri Ram. It reads:

*Nature needs not your tables great and small, accepts she one and all.*

Sri Ram most eloquently explains the message in the Greeting card and brilliantly introduces an incident that had taken place in his presence. A dog that walked into Shirdi Baba temple, sat with rapt attention listening to prayer songs, unmindful of provocations by mischievous children around it. The dog at the end, quietly walked away without casting even a scornful look at its teasers. Sri Ram says:

*It is generally said that dog is considered to be very mean. Is it really so? In the world controlled by God who has been the most successful Communist, do we really have mean or noble births? All births are noble... equally noble.*

I would like to draw your attention to a letter addressed to Leonard Rebello. Sri Ram makes copious references to the Bible to instil confidence and re-double the faith of Rebello in God. When compared with other letters, this indeed is short but is spiritually rich. Sri Ram's counsel to Rebello is useful to all: "*What if, there are piercing, outrageous storms outside; there are protecting, outstretched arms of God beside.*"

Sri Ram's letters pregnant with felicitous expressions have reached the tender and delicate hands of children and sisters too. Indeed, each letter is a Song Celestial.

The Second part is entitled as "*Smiling Tears*". This is neither an antithesis nor merely a metaphoric expression of literary flair. The tears have a positive role in educating the spiritual student towards better understanding of life. Sri Ram says:
Foreword

Tear-drops are the dew-drops on the petals of our life. Let us weep and grow rich. What a joy in getting our tears wiped out by the celestial fingers.

In this part Sri Ram has written eighteen verses at one stretch without either halting or giving a pause to his moving finger. These eighteen verses remind us of the Eighteen Chapters of 'Song Celestial'. In these verses, Sri Ram makes God look beautiful and merciful even when we face trials and tribulations. These verses have been chiselled in Telugu of exquisite style. From literary point of view these verses bear a testimony to the versatility of Sri Ram. The only difficulty that one may encounter in these verses is they simply resist easy rendering into any other language and the task cannot be simplified, except when the author himself condescends to oblige the non-Telugu reader in some way.

After reading these divine leaves, one can walk fearlessly and cheerfully in the long labyrinth of life with smiles and smiles, for miles and miles without a drop of sweat on the brow.

C. VENKATA KRISHNA
Advocate
High Court of Andhra Pradesh
Smile is the most potent antibiotic for all the diseases of life.

— Sri Ram
PART ONE

Waves of the Ganges

మాటి కాయలు
Evil is the misunderstood wisdom of God.

— Sri Ram
SECTION - I
(Letters in English)
LETTER WRITING

As I was writing letters today, I realized that writing letters is a much more intimate way of communicating than making phone calls. It may sound strange, but I often feel closer to friends I write to than to friends I speak with by phone.

When I write I think deeply about my friends, I pray for them, I tell them my emotions and feelings. I reflect on our relationship and I dwell with them in a very personal way. Over the past few months I have come to enjoy letter writing more and more. In the beginning it seemed like a heavy burden, but now it is a relaxing time of the day. It feels like interrupting work for a conversation with a friend.

The beauty of letter writing is that it deepens friendships and makes them more real. I have also discovered that letter writing makes me pray more concretely for my friends. Early in the morning I spend a little time praying for each person to whom I have written and promised my prayers.

Today I feel surrounded by the friends I am writing to and praying for. Our love for each other is very concrete and life-giving. Thank God for letters, for those who send them and for those who receive them.

Henri Nouwen, Seeds of Hope
7.3.1996,
Nizamabad.

Beloved
Pratap ...

When the whole world ceases to love you, 'my love' seizes your heart. When everyone is tired of you, my tired soul takes rest in your presence. When all the people on earth forget you, remember, here is one who forgets every one to remember you.

My love is a psychic seismograph which records the earthquakes of your heart, and rescues you from the rubble either understandably or ununderstandably, either visibly or invisibly.

I may be hated by some and loved by others; but my 'love' imprisons all in the hall of heart.

Don't be worried about small or big obstacles. Understand the nature of Mother and her love and become undeterred. The mother sometimes throws up the child. It is just a play. Don't be worried. When there is an obstacle, like a stone on the way of a running stream, it runs over the stone or moves around it and thus makes music and sings a song. Similarly, every hurdle makes a better musician. Sometimes He drowns us, only to make us collect or pick up the peerless pearls in the depths of the ocean.

You are born, reborn to sing, to listen to unborn songs of your life. You are born to love Him and allow Him to love you. Your birth is a 'Divine Romance'.

with love,
Sri Ram
Affectionate friend
Pratap ...

I have come to you, Lord
For a new lift,
A new load,
A new love,
A new light,
On my life's road,
I have a powerful positive
suspicion that you have a plan
for my today and tomorrow
and this beautiful plan
is unfolding exactly
as it should!
I will stop trying
to understand and instead
start enjoying whatever
comes my way!

-- Robert H. Schuller, Positive
Prayers for Power-Filled Living

Your articles sent through Ranga Reddy, bearing the ineffable
stamp of indelible love reached me safely and overpowered, like
the scent of winter rose, the nostrils of our hearts.

The dress, you sent for 'Soumya' adorned her on her birthday
(September 7th). We felt extremely happy and are highly thankful
to you. We would have been happier and more thankful to you
if you had not strained your dehydrated and already anaemic purse.
I have a strong, serene feeling
that
God is planning something good for me today.
I cannot explain it,
but
I have a deep feeling
that wonderful things are in store for me.
I am expecting God to surprise me
with his tender mercy.
He will turn my hurts into halos.
He is guiding my life
In such a way
that whatever happens to me
will prove to be a beautiful blessing.

-- Robert H. Schuller, Positive
Prayers for Power-Filled Living

The news about Shiva Reddy's marriage intensely delighted me, beyond description. But the death of Amma's father deeply pained me. Death is painful but an inevitable dramatic requirement of 'Cosmic-play'. The very crimson lips of life which entice us and entrance us, crush us most mercilessly; throttle us and stop the melody of our breath. "Every calamity brings with itself an unseen spiritual compensation". Death is an alluring secret and an awful mystery sealed in the bosom of Life, which is like a peerless pyramid worth hugging and worth kissing; there are stifling echoes and intimations of Death. All our tender delightful dreams, lingering on the dunes of time, across the banks of life, get wrecked on the adamantine rock called death. Rolling over thorny paths, with turbulent tears welling up in our eyes, we drag our already dead bodies into the grave where our search for the non-existent aroma called 'happiness' comes to a happy 'end'.

The corners are full of the dust of disuse, the cobwebs of neglect, the attic is full of broken promises, unwanted responsibilities, hidden desires, forgotten dreams; the basement overflows with the seeds of discontent, the coals of resentment, the tears of sorrow and self-pity; but through the door I feel the light from your face shining and the
assurance of your warm and tender presence gives me fresh
hope and courage to face the future.

-- Sara Zimmerman

But on detached and deeper analysis one finds that death is not
that dreadful as it appears to be. What appears to be an end of
our earthly journey is actually a bend on the path of soul's journey.
Death is a door to immortality. All our troubles are nothing but
a transcendental transport leading us to Divinity. One may question
-'Why does death exist?' The right answer would be that death
is there because God wants to enhance the beauty of life. Though
paradoxical, death is the only Cosmic and cosmetic brush that
beautifies life. God has given us sorrow only to deepen our joy.
Though unbelievable, sorrow is the only potent apparatus that
enlarges the horizons of happiness. But when these are understood
in a narrow perspective they do not lend credence or meaning to
each other. These truths if one wants to find them to be true must
be understood against the broad backdrop of Cosmic screen. In
our lives because of the existence of Maya and its victim Manas,
it is difficult, though not impossible, to crystallize these eternal facts.
God is great, apart from His omnipotent traits, for two things. Of
all His creations, the most baffling, the most bewildering things
are - Maya and Manas which are the twin masterstrokes of Divine
genius. These are the two things whose nature has never been fully
comprehended, whose depth has never finally been fathomed, whose
intricacies have never adequately been explored.

For instance, look, how difficult it is to reject adroitly the
explosive demands of the adolescent flesh; how excruciatingly painful
to accept the death of Amma's husband at her tender age and now
that of her father, the mere mention of which makes her feel
psychologically shrivelled up. All these are existing only because
of those inevitable Two. Maya and Manas which are the two
perennial perplexities endlessly baffling the best brains of humanity.
The main metaphysical fulcrum of all the world scriptures hinges
on their attempt to understand and ultimately master these 'Two'.
These are the two Cosmic-blinkers that perpetually hang on our eyes,
preventing us to look at 'reality' as it really is. These are the two
hypnotizing agencies that make us believe that the 'Cosmic dream'
called 'Life', is real, the truth of which is otherwise. These are
the two 'M's which are at the root of all misery. Ironically enough,
these are the things which are at the root of all melody also. &

The death, that apparently appears to be so dreadful is, in fact, equally delightful if understood in the Cosmic light. It is only by the proper diagnosis of the Maya and Manas, one can get a glimpse into the captivating charms of death. It is wrong to say that one dies. One should say that he or she dies into life. Death is the door to immortality. Death is in no way inferior to birth. The very process of living is the process of dying. We die while living; we are in love with life while dying.  

Death is not merely the dreadful desert where the streams of life lose their way and get dried up; death is also the delta of delight for the one for whom the difference between dualities disappear. Life is not just the birth - sorrow - and death as it is wrongly supposed to be; life is the birth - birth into bliss -- death into life. What can deter a Jnani for whom death is a joke and life is a dream? What can ruffle the one for whom the dualities (apparent opposites) are the equally important ophthalmic aids to enjoy the cosmic-drama?! What can perturb and petrify the one for whom the 'dualistic disturbance' dissolves into 'transcendental essence'? Whether life or death - what does it matter to him? For the one who is incurably intoxicated by the wine of 'Divine Love', 'Death' reveals the blossoming rose buds of delights, hitherto, unperceived by the ordinary eye.

I personally feel that only two persons of whom one should genuinely be jealous are -- the dead man and the unhappy man. If one really tastes the delights and glories of death, it is very difficult
to be alive. Don't we feel jealous of the one who is going to be blessed again with childhood which is showered with and surrounded by 'sense of wonder'? Is it not a source of jealousy to, again, be rocked to rest on the mother's breast?! Is it not difficult not to feel jealous of the one who is once again given a chance to empty his tears on the cheek of the mother who smothers our sorrow with her serene smiles?! For us life is meant - a flight into the flames of existence. For a child, life means an escape into the transcendental, non-dualistic essence of existence. There is divinity in the dimpled cheek of a child. Each child is a 'moving Gita'.

So let us not say that somebody is dead. Instead, let us say that somebody is given a chance to recapture his or her childhood. Children are Divine inscriptions which hold powerful keys to the Cosmic clues. Each child is the Gita presented to the parents by the God. Child's play is not a childish play, it is the demonstrable dramatization of the distilled essence of the Gita. In the faltering footfalls of a child, there are Cosmic imprints capable of giving us a transcendental leap. In the resonant lips of the child, there are the reverberations of Vedic drums. In a word, a child is a tangibly concretized Divinity. Every child is a Krishna, whose every act is a dramatic reenactment of His message of the Gita. To cap it all, death is the tentative eclipse of tormenting flames of existence. It lifts us up from the thorns of life. These truths are available to all but understood only by a few. To understand these truths, one has to free oneself from the pythonic-grip of Maya. Intelligence is an awfully-inadequate instrument in this sphere, where rationality is the first casualty. Look at the prayer of Jesus who was filled with the joy of the Holy spirit:

> I praise you, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, for hiding these things from the intellectuals and worldly wise and for revealing them to those who are trusting as little children.

-- Luke 10:21
Letters for spiritual seekers

Next to the dead man, the one whom one should feel irresistibly jealous of is the unhappy man. Remember, he is the one in whose possession are the seeds of wisdom. Unhappiness is the most important and perhaps the only channel through which wisdom flows. After all, what is wisdom, except, unhappiness unmasked!

Understood against this broad Cosmic back drop, death and unhappiness are not something to be wept over, but something to be happy about and proud of. We must weep over the dead man, not because he is dead but because we are still alive; and not yet dead. This fact may be unpalatable but it is the inevitable, eternal truth. Realization of this truth hurls us into unending peace; joy overwhelms us.

Every time one door closes, another door opens. Every sunset is a prelude to a new sunrise. Death is always the prelude to resurrection.

... ... ...

So let me come to the end of the road with pride behind me, love around me, and hope ahead of me; only to discover that what I thought was the end of the road is a bend in the road, leading me into an exciting new world of opportunity or eternity.

-- Robert H. Schuller, Positive Prayers for Power-Filled Living

At least for me - I do not know how others feel nowadays, - as days roll by, death seems to be more beautiful than life. Day by day worldly objects cease to be the sources of joy. There does not seem to be anything worth achieving. Many times I feel like falling a prey to the seductive charms of death; oftentimes they seem to be irresistible. 'The pleasure of the pain is more pleasurable than the pleasure of the pleasure'. How wise was Shelley, in feeling like that! Poetically echoing his views on death in his masterpiece, Adonais, Shelley sings:

Peace, peace! he is not dead,
He hath awakened from the dream of life -
He continues:

_It is we, who lost in stormy visions keep_
_With phantoms an unprofitable strife._

Shelley's mystical enquiry into reality gets further deepened when he further maintains:

_And that unrest which men miscall delight_
_Can touch him not and torture not again;_

Thus to put everything in a nutshell, death is a Cosmically induced attempt to recapture childhood. The spiritual heights one has scaled depend on how happily one embraces death. Let us take a glance at the one who prepares for sleep. He first lays out his bed and then he lies upon it, blissfully forgetting the world and awaiting the tender fingers of sleep to touch his eyelids. Despite knowing fully well that sleep will take away the world of wakeful state and that he will be hurled into a strange world of dreams, one prepares for the unimaginable, unknown to escape the agonizing fatigue of the day. One writer sings:

_My heart yearns for that death_
_Which makes the world tremble,_
_Only that death shall bring_
_Endless bliss._

Like the one happily preparing for sleep one must prepare for death. Death is like the drop of dew vanishing from the petal of rose; death is like the rose fading away to fall into the dust below.

"_To die is to break all relationships,_
_And to live, is to live with sorrow._
_That is the lot of man, chosen for him_
_In all the worlds._"

Death is the extinguishing flame of life, if death takes away happiness, it also takes away sorrow; if it extinguishes the flame of joy, it also lights the flame of hope. Death reveals us that there is life beyond it, just like there was life before it.
Just as the gardener waters both the rose flower and the thorn, so also God’s grace is felt both in birth and death. Both are equally potential transcendental instruments in understanding the non-dualistic essence of life.

Just a minute back I have had a phone call from Raju (from Ananthapur). It seems his father had suffered the second stroke of heart-attack and has been hospitalized at Tirupati. Raju and Harish are rushing to Tirupati.

For the beautiful blessings of life that come masquerading as troubles, I thank you, Lord. I know that trouble is not always misfortune. It is often your wise way of protecting me from an unknown hazard on the road ahead.

... ... ...

Look how our tender heart suffers from so many strokes.

Thank you for friendly troubles; troubles that help me clean up collected clutter that I have valued too highly and did not have the courage to discard.

... ... ...

Thank you for troubles that really are not troubles after all, but only blessings in disguise! I praise you, oh, Lord!

-- Robert H. Schuller, *Positive Prayers for Power-Filled Living*
So sings a poet with grateful heart.

The pleasure of your company both at Tirupati and Anantapur is something which cannot be adequately thanked for. It is only on occasions like these that I feel resurrected and bounce back to life. At other times I am more or less like a dead body lying in the graveyard. Whatever it is, one thing is undeniably true. During my earthly sojourn your company is something unforgettable. The kind of things we used to discuss and the kind of thoughts we used to exchange are still lingering in my ears. Without an iota of exaggeration your transcendental awareness is rich enough to see what lies beyond and behind the veil of Maya. Spirituality is, in the ultimate analysis, the journey from intellectual realization of 'Divine impulses' to experiential crystallization of 'Divine impulses'. It is a quantum leap into the lap of the Lord. All these truths find full expression in your spiritual perspective of life.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{My fears are going, going, gone!} \\
\text{I felt a mysterious,} \\
\text{calm,} \\
\text{quiet,} \\
\text{tranquil,} \\
\text{assurance rising deep within my being.} \\
\text{This remarkable spirit of courage is overpowering me} \\
\text{It is the very presence of God} \\
\text{working peace} \\
\text{at the core of my invisible soul.} \\
\text{All my fears are gone.} \\
\text{What a relief!}
\end{align*}
\]

-- Robert H. Schuller, Positive

Prayers for Power-Filled Living

Thanks a lot for your greetings and I feel indebted for the photos, sent along with the 'Diwali Greetings'. Photos are very nice. Hope things are quite O.K. at your place. 'God's delays are not God's denials'. God's timing is perfect. Patience is what we need in prayer. Sometimes the door to our dream suddenly swings open and there stands God saying 'Go!'. For the things which go beyond our hand, let us not feel responsible. Strictly speaking we are not responsible for anything. Our duty is to do all that we can, in all possible ways we can and to the extent we can, finally leaning on
the Lord. He will take care of them if they are really worth taking care of.

One finds in the long run the only thing worth treasuring is the pleasure of the pain and the only worth preserving pearls are tears. Tears have tremendous metaphysical potentiality to tear the veil of Maya. The flow of invisible tears that possess the pupils of our eyes make metaphysical bridges between the devotee and God. That is why all the great devotees wept and shed poetic-tears. All the great mystic poets did the same thing. Tears are Cosmic-metaphors symbolically conveying to God our inexpressible agonies and ecstasies. They are the fertile waters which irrigate our barren brain. Tear-drops are the dew-drops on the petals of our life. Let us weep and grow rich. What a joy in getting our tears wiped out by the celestial fingers!

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears, from the depth of some divine despair,
Rise in the Heart, and gather in the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And think of the days that are no more.

-- Tennyson

Things are O.K. here. There is nothing special to be written about myself. Sometimes like the sudden gust of the wind, celestial pain pierces through my heart and occasionally I feel like a solitary boat afloat on the waves of life, on a full-moon night, moving towards unknown shores. Some kind of cosmic inaction invades, making me incurably inactive. Now my only way of spending time is to play with my baby - Soumya and plough through some interesting books and enjoy plays and other programmes on the TV now and then. The desire for the deep dreamless slumber of solitariness grips me. The desire for the growth and achievement is fast disappearing as though the 'Rathyatra' of my life has suddenly been stalled by the unseen soldiers. I do not know whether this kind of feeling creates healthy mental weather or not. I want to be what I am. I do not want to be something else. So now the overpowering desire is to be what I am. 'Being' is slowly replacing 'Becoming'. The result is the stagnant state in academic and other spheres of life. Despite this, I somehow feel that the life's aim is to be what we are; to be where we are. This, on the face of
it, appears to be tragically negative approach. But on deeper observation this seems to be intensely true, though psychologically, The intellectual affirmation of this fact is slightly difficult. The truth is even if we want to grow, we cannot grow; even if we want to be something else, we cannot be so. But apparently, the contrary approach seems to be true. What we call progress or achievement is nothing but exchange of minor problems for the major ones. Childhood problems give way to adulthood problems which in turn are replaced by old age problems. All the progress in the world is nothing but an attempt to expand the size of the zero not putting One on the left of it. The problems of poverty do not disappear in riches. The problems of the primitive age have not disappeared and cannot disappear in the scientific age. But things appear to be so. This is the Maya. The whole Progress in terms of mathematics is something like this. In olden days - we had only One Rupee which was taken away by the one who had given it. Now we have 1000 Rupees which are being taken away by the one who gave it. The net result is same. We merely have the illusion of having 1000 Rupees. The same experiment I do with my baby while playing with the toys. The same amount of sorrow continues, problems continued. None can solve the problems. Look at the present day world. It is worse than what it was. Problems, by their very nature, cannot be solved. All the progress aims at the solution of the present problems. No one in the past has ever succeeded in solving the problems; nor can any one solve them in the future. 'Problem' is the indispensable spiritual spinal cord of life. Solution to the problem results in the annihilation of life. So the problem cannot be solved which means there cannot be progress. At best there is transformation of one problem into another problem. All our progress is an attempt to draw a circle i.e., to come back to from where we have begun. Probably it is a Cosmic secret that life is not meant for 'becoming' but 'being'; life is not meant for technological advancement but transcendental enjoyment. Any attempt to flout this law is bound to end in failure. That is what is happening now. Animals, birds and trees follow this law. So they are relatively happier than we are; nearer to God than we are. There is no doubt about it. Only man has become intelligent and tries to flout that law. Nature likes innocence precisely because of the preservation of this Cosmic law. Man must be intelligent only to the extent
that his innocence is not destroyed. In other words what one needs is *Intelligent Innocence*. The very word 'Progress' presupposes 'Movement'. What we need is 'moment of stillness'. All movement is sorrow; all stillness is joy. There is movement in the stillness; there is stillness in the movement. One has to find 'stillness' in the 'movement'. The aim of life is to find the spiritual still-point. That is probably the reason why the mountains and trees do not move. In fact nature does not allow any movement or progress. To satisfy our ego nature has created the feeling in us that there is progress. All progress is an opthalmic-hallucination. All stillness is Cosmic realization. That is why the 'saints' retire to a lonely corner and enjoy the bliss of the 'stillness'.

Look at the tragedy. Everyone wants to move, progress, advance and become something else. But it is not in the very nature of *Nature* to allow all these. It can at best create the illusion that they have done so. It is exactly what is happening. Every obstruction in the progress and movement yields frustration. So the modern man is in a state of perpetual frustration. Let us remember that there is no evolution. Evolution means that there is a state of imperfection. In God's world only perfection exists. So there is not and cannot be any evolution. If one is born, grows, dies and is born again we cannot call it evolution. Journey, from birth to birth via death, is not evolution. Since there is perfection and no evolution, our duty is not to evolve, progress, move and advance; but being in perfection and enjoying our perfection. All these truths, one may find it difficult and almost impossible to believe, when understood from a narrow perspective. In order to find them to be undeniably true, one has to observe them through the prism of heightened consciousness. Look at the small infant. The secret behind her sweet smile is her being in a state of perfection, stillness and the total absence of the desire to evolve and progress. The moment she is in search of a better toy her sorrow begins. A happy life is a movement towards stillness; it is an achievement of non-achievement. If the drama of our lives demands progress or achievement, let us do so detachedly, realizing fully well that this is merely the trick of 'Maya'. Let us not fall a prey to that; because the 'Dream - progress' is necessary for the 'Progress of the Dream'. Let us do so as an actor or as a dreamer. If there is any obstruction in this Dream-Progress let us see that, that does not result in frustration, because it is only progress in
the dream. That is how a ‘Jnani’ lives in this world. There is ‘movement’ in the ‘stillness’ of his life; there is ‘stillness’ in the movement of his life. There is ‘action’ in ‘inaction’ and there is ‘inaction’ in ‘action’. There is detachment in attachment and attachment in detachment. This is the paradoxical coexistence of apparent contraries. Human life is a perennial dance of Divine paradoxes. For the one who understands them, life is a playground and a mansion of mirth; for the one who cannot understand them, life is a prison and a mine of misery. So spirituality is the ability to throw a delightful glance at the dance of Divine paradoxes. A paradox is a source of pleasure and amusement when resolved; it is a source of pain and annoyance when unresolved. Unless one wears Cosmic lenses and removes the blinkers of Maya it is very difficult to believe in this fact. Our effort to convince the world will also be a waste. It will be something like this, in the words of a poet, whose name I do not remember:

"I, a dumb person, have seen a dream
And the entire world is deaf;
Alas! I have no tongue to speak with
And they have no ears to hear me!"

That is the poignant position of the modern man. But even if one fails to make others realize this fact, one need not be worried because all this is a part of the unalterable predetermined Cosmic-design. So it is natural that the voice of the wise becomes inaudible to the mundane ear, as a result of which the spring of joy is never found in the perishing mirage of modern man's life. He is not able to perceive the Cosmic message that rustles in every leaf of the forest; that echoes in the humming of bees; that shines in the darkness of the night; and that twinkles in the stars in an unsteady glow. He is lost in the charm of material splendour. But a ‘Jnani’ like the bee lost in the sight of the rose is oblivious of the external world.

"If the voice of the nightingale
Contained the love that could carry
It beyond the bars of steel,
The fragrance of the rose would leap
Over the walls that hid the cage."
I will slowly draw my letter to a close. Every now and then very lovingly we remember you. Your name very often figures during discussion with our friends also. Whenever my son plays with toys, your love that is inscribed in them, makes him unconsciously utter 'Bombay uncle'. How can we pay you back except through tears of gratitude?! May your highest expectations be realized and your most beautiful dreams find full blossom in the years that are ahead! May you perpetually smile and make others smile! Drop a line whenever you feel inclined to do so and when time permits you.

★★★

Go forward without a path!
Fearing nothing, caring for nothing
wander alone, like the Rhinoceros!
Even as lion, not trembling at noises,
Even as wind, not caught in the net,
Even as the Lotus Leaf, unstained by the water,
Do thou wander alone, like the Rhinoceros!

-- words of Dhammapada

(These are the words which inspired Swami Vivekananda. He used to, constantly, remember these words)

— Hissing ignorance, whose roots extend to many 'Janmas', is still raising its head and has not yet stopped spreading its hood. The pectoral-girdle of my life is still in the pythonic-grip of Maya. But God, the compassion-incarnate goes out of the way to excuse his children. But the children never stop misusing their parent's love. This is the irony of life. It requires many more attempts to genuinely deserve father's love.

with love,

Sri Ram
23.3.1992,
Nizamabad.

Beloved friend
G.V.G. Raju ...
with *Ugadi* Greetings ...

Incredible, though it may appear, it is the ingrained, ineffable love of your letter, that has held me back from taking a long leap into languishing loneliness. Here, Life, as you are unmistakably aware of, is a journey from *alone* to *alone*. I am my own company. Into such a desert of life there was a sudden descent of delight which put my loneliness to flight. My memory began to unroll itself nostalgically. I suddenly felt, surrounded by affectionate, inaudible whispers. Then, there comes my natural state, ecstatic dance of heart. But for your love-laden letter, how could all this have been possible?! To your epistle, goes my gratitude, unspeakable.

Didn't many months roll by, since the soothing lips of your first letter caressed the pale, sunken cheeks of my heart?! It is not a poetic outburst, nor is it an exaggeration, blown out of proportions, to say that your recent letter, written in inimitably chaste English injected invigorating freshness into my dead nerves. Except lying like a lifeless fossil on the rickety cot and looking endlessly at the ceiling fan, which sometimes threatens to crash my hollow bones, what else do I do here?! Whenever, I am allowed by my anaemic body, I begin to trudge towards polytechnic college, only to bring down the fatal fist of ignorance on the lethargic backs of the about-to-die students. Once the classes are over, I gracefully disappear into my graveyard. It is only on an occasion like this, when my partially deaf ear hears the footfalls of fragrance arising out of letters like those of yours, that a little life is breathed into the nostrils of my fossilized existence. Isn't every word of your letter rooted
in the depths of your heart?! Aren't the arresting words and sparkling sentences, armed with astonishing 'sparks', cascading from your letters, ready to fertilize the barren hearts like the one imprisoned at Nizamabad?! I wonder why your heart hides so much of love for a psychic-leper like me! Why do captivating waterfalls dancing on the high hills take an irreversible leap into the nauseating lap of valleys? I do not know! Are my embryonic linguistic potentialities capable of conveying my thanks to you for all the unasked, unalloyed warmth! I do not know?!

The subdued whispers that echo through your letter lay bare the inner anatomy of your heart. Your letter does display a lot of transcendental maturity, stemming from the systematic analysis of the chaotic flux of life. Your psychic shock absorbers are so strong, that you need not be baffled by the bumps on the road of your life. Paradoxes of life will no longer perplex your contemplative heart. What pleases me most is the fact that your letters mirror the eternal yearning of the heart for the ultimate. In your heart, thus, there seems to be an interplay of many hygienic impulses. This is what distinguishes you from most of the other film producers.

Now, in the modern age, we are no longer the farmers working in the field; we are warriors in the battlefield. Unless we get in touch with the dynamics of battlefield, our joyous smiles join hands with tears. Modern man is now at the cross-roads and is always placed on the horns of a dilemma. The world now is too much with him. The on-rush of materialism has blunted the edge of his spirituality. Now he is a slave to 'spirit'. He can now no longer happily get into the embrace of sleep which is -

_The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,_
_The indifferent judge between the high and low!_

-- Sir Philip Sidney,
_Astrophel and Stella_

He has no time to say:

_And we will sit upon the rocks,_
_And see the shepherds feed their flocks_
_/By shallow rivers, to whose falls_
_Melodious birds sing madrigals._

-- Christopher Marlowe,
_The nymph's reply to_
_the passionate shepherd_
Do we now join Wordsworth (?) and say:

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.

Now, no rainbows! Our hearts curl up in the rain of tears. Do we follow Wordsworth?! and wander:

... lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,

Our hearts do not dance like that of Wordsworth when we see:

A host of golden Daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Modern man's lips theatrically smile, but his heart oozes tears. We feel frozen with fear when we see the naked dance of sorrow on the bleeding bosom of modern man. In a word, modern man has become the wooer of the woes.

Life is a perennially baffling, insoluble enigma. We have gathered enough of bricks but have no time to erect an edifice which shelters us. We continue to collect more and more bricks and continue to neglect the art of construction. So the scorching heat of the sun continues. The modern disease of materialism does not spare children also. Now a modern child is more in love with TV than with her mummy. The child says she can survive without mother but not without TV. Filial love has vanished from the hearts of the most of the modern sons and daughters. All parental affection has disappeared (exceptions apart). Only the infection of 'idiot-box' remains.

There is no proper diagnosis of the modern man's psychic disease. What is astonishing is his unwillingness to approach the doctor. He blissfully wants to continue as a patient. This is, exactly, the reason why the modern man, though surrounded by a bevy of beauties whose faces are more lovely than the monarch of the sky, though rolling on the soft bed of reputation, though gets garlanded and incurably falls in love with his own face on TV, though enviably occupies a high pedestal of power, though his riches rush onward like a roaring stream, though gets buried under the heap of encomiums and though, in a word, becomes an inexhaustible source of jealousy for others, in the deep, silent depths of his heart, experiences excruciating pain, sheds many invisible tears; discontent,
restlessness — restlessly knock on the 'inverted bowls of bone, we call skulls;' gets shrivelled up into inner loneliness and then there begins the deadly dance of disenchantment on his furrowed face which is occasionally beautified by synthetic smiles, stemming from celluloid contraction of lips. Dismantled dreams, like splinters of glass, pierce into the psychic-flesh; blood unendingly oozes, refusing to coagulate. All his efforts to drown his sorrow in wine and women prove to be futile. Raging frustration threatens his sanity. Although, encircled by at least half a dozen dazzling, doe-eyed, dream-damsels to entertain him, since he thinks the beauty of a woman is the ultimate and most effective shock-absorber of sorrow, the enveloping darkness continues to cast its eerie shadows. A woman, especially for the one who is in the grip of Maya creates more mirages than oases. Like a moth attracted to a blazing torch he is irrevocably drawn to the flame of radiant Maya. Modern man's tentative, apparent coolness is like the lull before the storm, or the ominous silence of the volcano before eruption. Blueness of the sea and the sky deceive him. In an effort to filter the blueness of the sea he finds himself in the jaws of sharks. Thus, his loneliness continues; restlessness continues; spiritual barrenness continues; but his dreams do not cease. With tear-filled eyes, he unsuccessfully collects the broken-pieces of his dreams and piously hopes that the tantalizing 'tomorrow' cements them. A thousand tomorrows roll by. We still find him hanging his embroidered hopes on the peg of highly deceptive 'tomorrow'. His bruised heart cannot survive without credulous trust in tomorrow. The luscious and seductive lips of tomorrow are too tempting to part with. Mentally unhinged, sitting all alone in the rudderless ship he leaves for an undisclosed destination on the perilous, turbulent sea. His tormented heart fatally totters towards the grave. A very tragic and intensely poignant spectacle to watch! That is the fatal and inevitable march of humanity towards the tantalizing 'tomorrow'. Nothing has deceived him so much as 'tomorrow' did. But ironically nothing commands so much of respect from him as 'tomorrow' does. In the words of Longfellow:

...our hearts, though stout and brave,
still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

— A Psalm of Life
Man falls a perpetual prey to the charms of bliss. His hunt for unending happiness still continues. But bliss unalloyed always escapes his clutches. Life seems to give nothing but grave. Life that appears so fair, seems to be a bubble blown up in the air. Life is a narrow passage between womb and tomb.

Times without number modern man’s attempts to embrace bliss, have been frustrated. He tried for bliss - in power and pelf; he failed. Then he tried in wine and woman and failed to find it. He tried everywhere and found nowhere. Everyone wants it and no one finds it. Man crossed continents to come into contact with it and its awful absence continues.

Unalloyed Bliss - is an ever-smiling, vivacious woman, with an ivory complexion and golden voice. Her whispers sound like music wafting from afar. Her chiselled, dream-promising face, laced with the fibres of heavenly intoxication, makes the modern man spend endlessly sleepless nights. One stands arrested at the very sight of luxuriant curly, billowing black hair behind her breath-takingly beautiful face. The ravishing smiles dropping like dancing daffodils from her lips, inject romantic restlessness into one’s nerves. Modern man is fatally possessed by the desire to possess her. Every one wants her. She wants no one. One finds it difficult to imagine one’s existence without her presence. But she is not and cannot be possessed by any one. Man’s hunt for her bewitching smiles continues. Fortune never smiles on him. Her constant rejection makes him neurotic. He is now a bundle of nerves, anxious and excited. All his high hopes come crashing down with a thud. He is dazed. For all his dreams are shattered into smithereens. All his ambitions come towards a dead end. He now has only raw-wounds and life-long scars to boast of. He is now an outsider, unloved, unwanted, criticized. He is ostracized, laughed at and ridiculed.

Bliss is always a virgin. Modern man, in spite of the bleeding wounds inflicted by the claws of her constant rejection, desperately tries to drag himself towards her. Her heart is not moved by his pathetic state. She prefers to be a virgin. He is totally shattered. He withdraws himself into the protective safety of his self-built cocoon. The brave front that he still puts on is nothing but a facade. He sinks, slowly to an abysmal low, his confidence in tatters. All his dazzling dreams get tragically wrecked on the granite rock of death. Isn’t it a nerve-shattering, heart-moving pathetic spectacle?!

This has been the tragic story of man since ages and it continues
Letters for spiritual seekers

to be so as long as he prefers to fall a prey to Maya.

The perennial enactment of tragic-drama on the stage of human heart makes us cry with 'GloUCEستر' in Shakespeare's King Lear:

As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods-
    They kill us for their sport.

Whom should we blame for all this flood of tears? Shall we blame ourselves? If only some of us are the sufferers we could have done so. But the entire human race is suffering. Then there must be some common Cosmic thread running through all hearts which may be responsible for all this tragedy. Shall we blame God? We cannot do so because He is Cosmic-wisdom incarnate and is father and mother rolled into one. By any stretch of imagination He could not have done it. Shall we attribute it to some other external agency? This also does not seem to be logical since this is a globally applicable phenomenon cutting across spatial and temporal barriers. How many tried to amend or put an end to this human condition! How many failed! How many are still unsuccessfully trying! How many books have been written! How many discourses have been delivered! How many psycho, social and economic experiments have been tried! The same tragic situation continues to raise its hood and vomit venom. Christs and Buddhas have come and gone. The world seems to be worse than what it was. Shall we attribute the failure to the inefficiency of Christs and Buddhas? Definitely this does not seem to be correct since they are, by common consent, enlightened souls capable of anything and everything. Or shall we hold our own intellectual infancy responsible for this? I do not know! If it is one's own 'Prarabdha Karma', why should it be universally so?! Questions like these perennially hammer on the back of modern man. But no satisfying answer seems to be in sight. I do not know what is to be done!

l, myself, am a victim of it.

Man's Free-will seems to be crippled. The endless debate about 'fate and free-will' continues. No final crystallized conclusion has been arrived at. Whenever I think of Free-will I am reminded of Robert Browning's famous poem Andrea del Sarto wherein he says:

...we are in God's hand.
How strange now, looks the life he makes us lead!
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
I sometimes, feel perplexed whether one should be 'free' in this strange, pathless, inexplicable world, where all of us appear to be strangers. Sometimes I don't want to be free and feel like having a guide, a right guide, to lead me through this intricate Maya. I do not know whether I have such a right and intelligent guide. I think I have one, and all of us have. Whenever I try to grasp the intelligence of God and get the clear picture of my ignorance and comprehend the incomprehensibility of the Universe in which I live, I think, I need a guide, an intelligent one, a reliable one, a generous one, a Cosmic guide who can guide me through harmless channels of my life. But I do not know whether I have full and final trust in Him.

I do not know whether I can understand His, sometimes apparently illogical, ways. I do not know whether I can successfully resolve His paradoxical behaviour like being apparently cruel only to be inherently kind for the reasons best known only to Him; like making us shed tears only to bless us with more smiles. But I think I have unshakable faith in His Cosmic intelligence and His inherent kindness. And this makes me happily hold back my tears, smiling from the corners of my eyes. I do not and cannot know anything about my Mother, her name, her biographical details and her characteristic features etc. Unfortunately I am too illiterate a person to read and understand what others have said about my mother. But fortunately I believe that She is not unkind to me. One thing I never doubt is the fact that I am Her child and She is my Mother. And of the rest I am totally ignorant. I am more grateful to Her slaps than to Her smiles. Had She showered more smiles and given fewer slaps, I would have become a greater fool than I am now. Sometimes I feel like crying- "Thank God I am not free! I am imprisoned in your embrace. Every footfall of my life is kindly and carefully controlled by you." I am not sure whether I could have fully utilized my freedom in the right way, had it been, unfortunately, given to me. I really do not know what I really need. My Mother knows better than I do. Thank God! I am denied my freedom but given a Mother.

Now, for all the apparent cruelty, my Mother inflicts on me, whom should I blame? I do not know whether I should blame my Mother or myself or somebody else! I do not even know whether Her cruelty is worth blaming. Sometimes I feel it is worth praising. But for Her apparent cruelty, I would not have survived at all. The
Letters for spiritual seekers

real solution to the non-existent cruelty in my Mother seems to be the fact that I should remove blinkers from my eyes and correct my mental lenses so as to see kindness inherent in Her cruelty. All Her cruelty is nothing but Her kindness, conveniently misunderstood by our ignorant mind. She has always been right. I have always been wrong and felt I have been right and She has been wrong.

Now I am totally baffled and I humbly sit on bended-knees before Her and question Her, "Mother, why did you not make me so intelligent as to understand you? Mother are you a sadist." Mother seems to whisper, "...dear child, it is all Divine Leela. Had I made you as intelligent as I am this Divine Drama would not have come into existence. This is only a 'Drama' meant for the Dramatist's pleasure, actors' pleasure and the spectators' pleasure. Why are you worried? You are not really ignorant. You are not really unhappy! You are not really denied anything! I have simply made you feel so, since you are made an actor in my Drama. You were and you are my child. Realize this. Act your role well, always remembering me. Please me, please yourself. Please other actors. There is no real sorrow in the Drama. You appear to weep; you do not really weep. You are the glorious child of immortality. All the evil in the world is my misunderstood wisdom. Don't unsuccessfully try to annihilate evil. You better try to understand its dramatic inevitability in my Drama, just as you, as an adult now, understand my rods of wrath descended on your back in your childhood". So saying: She ecstatically hugs me to Her bosom. I forget everything; forget to blame Her and forget to praise Her. I get dissolved into Her.

A farmer is worried when the trees in his field shed all the leaves. Sometimes he blames himself, not realizing it is not one or two trees that are shedding their leaves but all the trees are shedding their leaves. Sometimes he blames the quality of the manure he applied. Sometimes he doubts whether he adequately watered the trees or not and some other times he feels that the trees are getting devitalized. In paying excessive attention to all these facts he loses sight of the fact that it is 'Autumn' season. In Autumn it is natural for the trees to shed their leaves. The moment 'spring' smiles, the tender leaves begin to dance on the hitherto naked branches of the trees. The farmer must realize this fact, instead of shouting at the trees and blaming himself. This does not mean that he should stop his efforts. He should by all means, continue his efforts and at
the same time should realize that it is Autumn and he cannot do anything about it, except to wait for Spring. Autumn and Spring inseparably depend on each other. So the solution to the sorrow of the farmer is realization of the nature of Autumn and also of oncoming Spring. Shelley sings:

If winter comes, can spring be far behind?
-- Ode to the West Wind

I do not know whether the world is now passing through 'Cosmic-Autumn'. And probably, it is spreading its naked branches bereft of all values. How long can a farmer try to adhere back the fallen leaves in Autumn? Do hundred farmers succeed in doing so? It is not the farmer's failure. Farmer is not meant for that. It is its nature. If, in spite of Buddhas and Christs, the world is what it was, is it not their failure, is it the inevitable nature of the world. If thousand stars do not dispel the darkness of the night, let us not blame the stars; nor is it their duty to do so. In the unalterable and ununderstandable Cosmic scheme everything has a role. One has to realize this and smile. Autumn is necessary for the existence of Spring. Summer with its scorching heat lifts water drops up from the sea, only to drop them down in rainy season.

Night is there to enhance the beauty of the day. We sleep only to wake up in the morning with invigorating freshness. We sometimes beat our children only to make their lives blissful. We fall ill and realize the wealth of health. There are patients so that doctors can exist. There are sinners so that saints have a role to play. Our houses are clean because there are dust-bins. Let us not hate dust-bins. There is what one may call 'dualistic interdependence of realities'. Human Life is an unending dance of dualities. This is necessary for Divine Drama. Dualistic essence is the centripetal core of Divine Drama. Once, dualistic essence dissolves in non-dualistic nature of your inner self, the Divine Drama disappears. You will become one with Him. The Director and the actors sip coffee together under the same roof. Gandhi and Godse disappear into each other. The victim and the victimizer become one. The sword and the shield, prepared by the same blacksmith, and fought against each other so far lie hugging each other in the corner. A real 'Jnani' is aware of all these apparent contradictions and that is why sorrow is afraid of touching him.
In this context I am reminded of a parable of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa:

Once a holy man, while passing through a crowded street, accidentally trod upon the toe of a wicked person. The wicked man, furious with rage, beat the sadhu mercilessly, till he fell to the ground in a faint. His disciples took great pains and adopted various measures to bring him back to consciousness, and when they saw that he had recovered a little, one of them asked, 'Sir, do you recognize who is attending upon you?'. The Sadhu replied, 'He who beat me'. A true Sadhu finds no distinction between a friend and a foe.

That is the nature of a Jnani. Those who want to lead spiritually surcharged life must be a little cautious about what it means to be spiritual. Sometimes-inactivity and psychic-pathology are mistaken to mean spirituality. The more inactive you become, the more lethargic you grow, the more withdrawn you become and the less responsible you are; the more spiritually oriented, you are mistaken to be. This is absolutely not so. The real Jnani at the height of inner ripeness becomes 'non-active' not inactive. But the term, spirituality, as applied to an ordinary man, leading an ordinary life means an ability to look at the things as they really are. What we normally see is the reality, refracted through the prism of Maya. Unless one dissolves the seven-coloured, 70mm Maya back into the 'white radiance of eternity' the 'real reality' cannot be grasped. A 'rope' is most often mistaken to be a 'snake'. Spirituality is the ability to transmit more smiles; it is the ability to be perennially happy. When you smile through your tears you are spiritual. Spirituality is the ability to resolve the paradoxes of life. If you find melodies in maladies and meanings in miseries, you are spiritual. If you can find sorrow in joy and joy in sorrow; if you can see ugliness in beauty and beauty in ugliness, then you are spiritual. Spirituality is the fragrance emanating from the expanding petals of the purified soul. It is not the ability to break coconuts on heads—heads whether of our own or those of others. Spirituality is the ability to remain unshaken when your heart is broken. God sometimes breaks our heart so that He can enter it. It is not the ability to run away from the world into the cave; on the contrary it is the ability to run into the world, with the cavities of one's heart plugged by the art of living. It is not the art of leaving out
of exhaustion. It is art of living cheerfully amidst storms, in spite of heavy odds. It is to be a dew-drop on the lotus leaf, touching it but not adhering to it. It is not breaking bonds but bridging gulfs. In the words of Tagore: "Deliverance is not for me in renunciation. I feel the embrace of freedom in a thousand bonds of delight." (Gitanjali)

It is one's capacity to see 'activity in inactivity' and 'inactivity in activity'. It is one's capability to go to sleep with eyes open. As one writer says:

While keeping awake
I snore in slumber
While working hard
I rest in peace
While remaining in crowds
I dwell in the cave
While alive to all appearances
I am dead to the world!

This is the distilled essence of spirituality. That is the art of living. So you have to re-define the dust-laden, ritualistic, distorted definitions of spirituality. When you go to the real sources like the Vedas, Upanishads and the Gita, you will find the unalloyed definition of spirituality. It is not distorted or ritual-ridden. There are, undoubtedly, highly vitalizing and meaningful rituals, designed to dress our psychic weakness so that the barriers on our way, both psychic and physical, are happily crossed. But in the ladder of social evolution, certain unnecessary, unhealthy rituals leaving behind the real philosophy have stealthily crept in. About them, one has to be careful, retaining the inner core of spirituality.

The only real ritual of spirituality is 'love'. If you have it nothing more is required. If the toothless smiles of your son, Srinath, teach you more wisdom than the transcendental scriptures do, you are spiritual. If you find your son's innocence to be more intelligent than your own intelligence, you are spiritual. If, to you, natural things appear to be supernatural and supernatural things appear to be natural, you are spiritual. If you feel stronger when you are alone than when you find yourself amidst friends, you are spiritual.

The famous dramatist Ibsen is of the view:

The strongest man is he who stands most alone.
Letters for spiritual seekers

Leaving aside all the different branches of the definition of spirituality, if you come to the trunk of it, in a word, it simply means this. Spirituality is the ability and capability (irrespective of how one acquires it) to decipher the Cosmic inscriptions, etched, indelibly, on the bosom of eternity.

When one acquires the ability to do so one can go right into the eye of the storm and come back unhurt. Let us by all means enjoy the world and see that the world does not enjoy us. This can be done by adding 'insight' to our 'sight'. Let us see that we are in the world and not the world in us. If a boat or a ship is in the water, there is no problem; it is actually meant for that. But if the water is in the ship then the problem arises. Let us be in 'Samsara' like a boat and cautiously see that Samsara is not in us. 'Ship is safe at harbour but it is not what it is built for.' So let us not allow our ship to lie unused. So, enjoying the soft smiles of the dawn, sweet silence of the setting Sun, the beaming bliss of the blossoming bud, let us launch the ship of our life, into the sea, unafraid of its depths, undeterred by the oncoming storms and endless dark nights. Let the waves roll, roar and dash against the sandy shore. Let the sharks open their deadly jaws. Let there be eclipses. Let us not be worried. Eclipse is not extinction. Let us calmly, silently move, unaffected, unruffled and unperturbed. When the farmer buries the seed underneath the earth, the seed does not doubt his mercy. It does not accuse the farmer of murder. Similarly when God buries us under the dust of discontent, He is not trying to cruelly throttle us. He is trying to throw us onto the throne. He is trying to stretch the seed into the plant.

When the in-dwelling divinity slowly opens its dewy petals - the very world that induces disenchantedness in us, will begin to introduce us to the elixir of life. The very clay which absorbs water when made into a pot will contain water. So to convert clay into pot, the art of living is needed. The very world - if there is inner flowering in us - which robs us of our joy, will roll us into resonant melodies. Prison becomes play-ground. Life is an intractable elephant. If one wants to ride on it one has to have the goad of spirituality. Then the virgin, called Bliss, becomes a beautiful bride and you are locked in her ecstatic embrace.

It is in this direction that you are taking long strides and successfully trying to strike a fatal blow on the deceptively rosy cheeks of Maya. Constant control of Maya is the fulcrum of any
religion. Kahlil Gibran, the immortal prophet of Lebanon, in his letter to Nakhl, who was his cousin and inseparable companion in his early youth, writes: "It (Life) gives us today in order to take from us tomorrow. Then it gives us again and takes from us anew until we get tired of the giving and receiving and surrender to the final sleep." Let us not become disconsolate either about the present or about the past. If future bares its front paw let us not be baffled. Everything is controlled by Cosmic-Computer. Sometimes the most joyous and highly positive things flow through the most impious and negative channels, just as the spiritually enriching messages of a holy man may be carried sometimes by a postman who is sinful and is leading a contaminated life which does not contaminate the contents of letter. What is apparently bad, may be inherently good for us. We do not know His inscrutable ways. All that He allows to happen, we must constantly remember, is for our good. A postman is merely the carrier. So are sorrows. Once sorrows are uncovered what you find are nothing but smiles. Tears are the carriers of smiles. Let us wait a while. Tearing the womb of tears, smiles will emerge. So let us not hate or reject tears. Kahlil Gibran whom I quoted, a little while ago, says, elsewhere, in the same letter:

...if I had to choose between joy and sorrow
I would not exchange sorrows of my heart for
the joys of the whole world.

So let us unfurl the wings of wisdom and understand the value of tears resulting in the luminous expansion of the soul.

So let us be wise enough not to bend before Maya which is very tempting. Let us not yield to the pressure of the plastic lips of Maya. If 'Maya' breezes into your house, leaving a trail of expensive perfume behind her, don't succumb to her snares. All our sobs will soon subside into sublime bliss. Strange new world begins to unfold before us. Inner turmoil will dissolve into transcendental illumination.

Dear Ganapati!

Move a little nearer I would like to whisper something into your gentle ear. Now evening is shading off into night which is unrolling its bed. A strange unknown feeling like the scent of moist earth, steals into my heart and makes me feel the thrill of eternal absorption ...

Lend me your ear ... today, you try to wake up in the far reaches of the night and gently dislodge yourself from bed so as not to
disturb sleeping Srinath, ... stumble in the darkness towards the house top and sit there comfortably in the cane chair and ... stare at the twinkling stars. Don't they whisper answers to your countless questions, eternally agitating your mind? Don't they look like "immortal letters written by an unseen hand on the slate of the sky?" Don't they look like, "the lamps lit by celestial damsels before their house?" Don't you hear the distant echoes of roving sea, singing a lullaby to your drowsy ears? Don't you strain your ear to hear the romantic rustling of the coconut leaves in front of your house?!! Hope your cheeks are suffused with smiles. The Moon mesmerizingly glides in the sky, playing hide and seek with silvery clouds. The cool breeze coming from the Madras sea wafts over your face. The whole world is resting under the wings of the night. You feel you are in the lovely lap of the Lord. You don't need anything now. Your heart is full. Suddenly, from nowhere fading echoes of unfulfilled dreams begin to resurface on the limpid lake of your heart. Tears moisten your eyes. Your eyes begin to blur. Behind the cloud moon is moving. With a thud, you hear a cry piercing into the eerie silence of the night. May be, your son is awake. The marvellous touch of the mother makes your son curl back into the womb of slumber. Clouds move away. Ripples in the lake subside into a sonorous song. When the snowy rays of the Moon play on the strings of your young heart all the sound and fury that surrounded you during the day disappears. The din and roar of daily life will vanish. Your atrophied existence will leap into a new life. You begin to hear hitherto unheard melodies and feel the celestial touch of immortal hand. An ecstatic shiver runs through your spine. All your tears, troubles, trials and tribulations, all your faults, flaws and foibles are given a decent burial. Till the descent of the dawn - a peculiar, psychologically soothing, inexplicable, sweet memories of the otherworldly melodies entwine you. You are intoxicated with the wine of ecstasy... 'calm of mind, all passion spent'.

Spending a little time like that in the lap of nature enjoying the song of the murmuring brook, the sublimity of the snowy summits - is necessary. That will open the mystic doors of our heart. That is the real spiritual sermon. Listen to this story:

There was a religious teacher who used to talk every morning to his disciples. One morning he got up onto the platform and was just about to begin when a little bird came
Journey into Joy

and sat on the window sill and began to sing with full heart. Then it stopped and flew away and the teacher said:
'The sermon of the morning is over.'

No one, who has spent some time in the hypnotic lap of nature, can be the same again. The curse of the modern man is that he is heavily handicapped by lack of time and is poignantly denied a chance to be nearer nature. The result is tears, only tears and nothing but tears.

Amidst the dull, dead, dreary and drab existence, there must exist such mesmerizing moments of intermittent glimpses of immortality which resurrect us from the ashes of our daily death. Many people are deeply worried whether there is life after death. In fact, we must doubly make sure whether we are really alive before we die.

I need not share all these feelings with you since you are steeped in aesthetic and spiritual propensities. Woven into the fabric of your heart - are the fibres of Spirituality. You can enjoy the moon drenched Madras sea shore without getting swallowed by the waves of the sea. You cannot be at sea, because you are near the sea. You cannot be in the sea because the sea is not in you. You enjoy the sea. The sea does not enjoy you. That is why you are able to see the placid waves, splashing waters on the moonlit shore. I am happy about it; I congratulate you; I feel jealous of you.

Like an impregnable granite rock amidst the roaring ocean, remaining erect, defying the destructive waves that endlessly lash on it, you have to move in the impenetrable jungle of human life, always fearlessly roaring like a ferocious lion. Come what may, continue your roar. Do you know how strong your iron fists are? You can crush huge mountains to dust. You get your energy from the Divine reservoir. Move onward, forward … indefatigably, indestructibly! If He wills, walls will become ways!

It is nearly one year since your first letter reached, then follows your second letter close on the heels of the first one and then the third one follows. My inordinate delay in replying can be attributed to my sagging spirits. Hope you will understand me. I am now in bad need of being understood. My apparently paradoxical behaviour, induced by my intuition, baffles many. It seems on the face of it, absolutely baseless and illogical. Heart, don't we say, has its own reasons which reason cannot understand.
Letters for spiritual seekers

How is your little son Srinath now? He is, I believe, now galloping, spreading, like twittering little sparrows, smiles in and around your home. The child’s lilting laughter like the ceaseless, sweet songs of a cuckoo pours forth ecstasy into your hearts. He has, I think, not yet left toes and toys. Toys, we will never leave, even as grown-ups. We only change our toys. The poem Toys you sent in your letter, enthralled my heart. As you rightly said it brings tears into our eyes. Thanks a lot for sending it.

The joy you gave, during last summer, when I was at your place, is still humming in my heart. The love and affection you showered on me and the members of my family during our Dussehra visit to Madras, makes the ink flow back into my pen, making me unable to thank you adequately. But for the animating presence of the children—Bhavani, Lakshmi, Karuna and Shravan - I don’t think, my visits to your place would have been, what they are. The sweet memories of Madras anointed by the ineffable perfume of your transparent hearts, are still, like tender tendrils, entwining my heart. Similarly, it is equally difficult for me to forget the strain, induced by my presence, stretching your nerves beyond breakable limits. How is mother? With the petals of her innocence wide open, she is the constant source of harmony in your home. Hope, sister Padmaja, is getting on well. Her motherly heart must be swelling with joy, cascading from the toothless smiles of Srinath. This time during Dussehra, we put her too - to immense pain. She had to strain her every nerve to keep us in comfort. Convey my thanks to her. Your sister Vijaya is, I presume, as usual radiating your lives with her cheerful smiles and sparkling wit. In her presence, we forget the gnawing agony of insatiable heart and begin to chase smiles. Your brother-in-law also is doing well there, I believe. Convey my good wishes to them, both.

How can I pay back all the unasked love and undeserved affection you are showering on me, except by once again falling a prey to the tempting hook of your affection. The time we spent together at the seashore was simply unforgettable. It defies description. The moment the sea of Madras is flashed on my mental screen, joy inexpressible wells up in my heart. My heart too dances along with the waves of the sea.

What else is left untouched?

You are not left untouched by the unseen hand. So pain does not touch you. Even if it touches you, it pleases you. Pain touches
you only to release the imprisoned pleasure. "The pain is an
everlasting bliss temporarily lost. The sorrow is an eternal peace
momentarily obscured... when suffering, like a surgeon's knife, is
applied to a rotten part of character, the operation may be durably
beneficial as it may be temporarily painful!" That is the use of
apparently negative impulses.

How is life? I hope it is worth living, not leaving. It is worth
loving also. Twelfth April is very near. That is the day you saw
the light of the 'Day'. Nearly three decades disappeared. How
fast time flies! A lot of glorious future is stretching itself before
you.

May your birth be a source of million rainbows! May the crown
of your life be adorned by many more birthdays like these!

Move on to the ends of eternity, sprinkling smiles on your path.
Remember on your birthday you must throw more smiles at others
and at yourself whose echoes must reach my ears!

In you are held the spiritual and secular threads in a healthy
balance. There must emerge a shining summit of smiles in the
depths of your heart. Don't worry about anything. Distant are the
shores of sorrow. Gone are the days of desperation. Sweet, sublime
and elevating must be the song of your soul!

Once again my wishes to everyone at your place! My kisses
to your child! Well! what else would you like to hear from this
frozen mummy of Egyptian pyramid?!

Once again wishing you a happy birthday,

1. The sun can give heat and light to the world,
   but he cannot do so when the clouds shut
   out his rays. Similarly as long as egotism
   veils the heart, God cannot shine upon it.

2. Rainwater never stands on a high ground, but
   runs down to the lowest level. So also the mercy of
   God remains in the hearts of the lowly, but
   drains off from those of the vain and the proud.

3. The cat catches her kitten with her teeth
   and they are not hurt; but when a mouse
   is so caught, it dies. Thus Maya never kills
   the devotee, though it destroys others.
4. The mythical swan can separate milk from the water which is diluted, and drink only the milk, leaving the water behind. Other birds cannot do this. God is intimately mixed up with Maya. Ordinary men, cannot see Him apart from Maya. Only the Paramahamsa can reject Maya, and reach God in His purity.

5. As an unchaste woman, busily engaged in household affairs, is all the while thinking of her secret lover, even so, 0! thou man of the world, do thy round of worldly duties, but fix thy heart always on the Lord.

   -- Sayings of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa

   with love and affection,
   Sri Ram
18.11.1989,
Nizamabad.

In the New Year, may the radiant dreams of your life fructify into resplendent realities!

A thousand thanks for your Greetings and we heartily reciprocate the same. I felt deeply touched by the lines on your second greeting card. I don’t know how to adequately thank you for having unearthed such a nice greeting card. The lines are still green in my memory: "Nature needs not your labels great and small; accepts she one and all."

The spiritual beauty of these lines gets further enhanced by the enchanting landscape. Nature is the tangible manifestation of God. That is, perhaps, why we feel the touch of the moving hand of Cosmic wisdom when we get into the lap of the nature. God, being, a transcendental being - does not distinguish between dualities like, good and bad, great and small, important and unimportant. Nature also does the same as it happens to be the concretized Divinity.

Incidentally this idea is one of the theoretical sheet-anchors of the concept of Pre-determinism, to be more precise, Absolute Pre-determinism. When God, by nature, is incapable of dualities, can or will He "determine only the important aspects of our life, leaving the unimportant ones to the free-will?" 'Unimportant' is the word which never exists in the 'Dictionary of God'. He being a transcendental creature. We always tend to analyse the
world and understand it in terms of 'dualities'. This is our nature. Constitutionally, we cannot go beyond dualities. God's nature is non-dualistic. So the discrepancy creeps in when we try to look at a non-dualistic being, through the lens of dualism, as a result of which, we begin to attribute to Him our own traits and in the process fall a victim to the illusion that for Him also certain things are important and certain other things are less important. This, I think, is what makes us believe that probably God determines only the major incidents and not the minor ones. Intellectually unpleasant - but transcendently true-ironic reversal of this kind of thought is what lies hidden in the lines of your greeting card. It is very true, in fact nothing can be truer than the fact that nature does not heed our labels. The District Collector and dish-washer are not different for nature because She willingly suffers from Dualistic blindness. Forgetting the difference between 'great and small'. She accepts one and all. If we move a step ahead, we begin to feel that nature not only accepts great and small, but, in fact, for Her 'great and small' do not exist. Only transcendental oneness exists for Her.

Entrusting ourselves to such a transcendental and an Omnipotent hand - is an inexpressible thrill. Such was the experience your greeting card injected into the veins of my psyche. Could I ever adequately thank you for that?! When I read the lines on your greeting card, I was unconsciously reminded of an important incident in the life of Swami Vivekananda that brought about a total attitudinal metamorphosis in his concept of Free-will and Divine will. Since I feel like sharing that experience with you I am briefly narrating it.

Sitting in the Kshir-Bhavani Temple (in Kashmir) in the year 1898, Swami Vivekananda was painfully pondering over the destruction wrought by the Muslim invaders. Deeply disappointed at heart, he thinks: "How could people permit such a sacrilege without offering strenuous resistance! If I were here then, I would never have allowed such things. I would have laid down my life to protect the Mother." No sooner had this thought struck him than came the voice of the Divine Mother:

"What even if unbelievers should enter my temples and defile my images: What is that to you? 'Do you protect me? Or do I protect you?"
Mother's voice came to him again in the same temple when he thought of building a new temple to the Mother on the same spot where the dilapidated temple stood:

"My child, if I wish, I can have innumerable temples and magnificent monastic centres.
I can even this moment raise a seven-storeyed golden temple on this very spot."

The scales are removed from Swamiji's eyes. 'No more Hari Om'! It is all 'Mother' now! He later says, 'All my patriotism is gone. Everything is gone. Now it is only 'Mother! Mother!'... I am only a little child! Back in Calcutta, he told a disciple, 'Since hearing that Divine voice, I cherish no more plans. The idea of building Maths etc., I have given up; as Mother wills, so it will be'.

The same thematic thread seems to run invisibly through the lines on your greeting card. That is why those lines thrilled me beyond description. Well!! What else?? It is more or less ages since I either heard from you or saw you. How are the things at your place?! I believe they are always what they ought to be. I felt that an enchanting leaf from the life of Swami Vivekananda might be of some psychic assistance to you either right now or a little later. I have made many unsuccessful attempts to come over there and share some memorable moments and thus crystallizing them out of this fluid life. My efforts to join Raghu also have been frustrated. Our pilgrimage to Shirdi is yet to materialize. Let us be a little more patient and wait for Divine grace.

There is another, trivial but spiritually very touching incident which I would like to share with you. This happened just yesterday night (17-11-1989, Thursday). There is a small but splendid Shirdi Sai temple at a nearby village, called Madhavanagar. It is a temple with marvellously sculptured marble image of Sai as a presiding deity. Every Thursday many devotees gather there and special puja is performed. Yesterday along with my sister and our Uday, I went there. We were there at 5-30 P.M. The puja was to begin at 6.00 P.M. So just to while away our time we hung around for 10 minutes or so and then came back and sat before the image in the temple. As it was nearing 6 o'clock many people started pouring in. Small kids were also there hanging on to the apron-strings of their
mothers. The puja began at 6 P.M. Then suddenly one dog appeared amidst the devotees and sat right in front of 'Sai image', stretched out its head on the floor, and closed its eyes - as if in deep meditation. Nobody tried to drive it away.

The puja was continuing as usual, and bhajans were also being sung. In the mean time some naughty kids (of five or six years) gathered round the dog and started kicking it all over its body. Some were giving very hard kicks on the back, and some were standing on the tail. Mothers were immersed in the bhajan with their eyes closed. So this whole thing was going unnoticed. Now the strength of these little boys, kicking the dog swelled into seven or so. Their kicks also became harder, as there was no protest from the dog. The dog bore all the kicks silently like a yogi. It never opened its eyes. Any dog in its place would have barked and bitten them. Moreover, the boys were not familiar to the dog. They were actually strangers to the dog. Now the kicks and their mischief went beyond bearable limits. Even to look at, it was disgusting. I could not bear the sight and was about to reprimand the boys. Then the dog slowly lifted its head with unruffled serenity in the face and eyes still closed. It, lovingly moved its head, stretching it towards the boys as if to plead not to disturb it. The whole scene was surcharged with emotive richness. My son, Uday also started enjoying it with suppressed smiles. All the pleadings of the dog went unheeded. The hard kicks on the back continued to rain. The dog still half wrapped in reverie, was enjoying the devotional music. I was simply stunned by the serenity and peace on its face. After sometime bhajan came to an end. I was suddenly startled to find the same boys saluting the dog with folded hands. All the boys who were hitherto kicking it began to touch the dog with reverence and bend their heads before it with both the hands joined together. My son also felt amused by the stunning reversal in their behaviour. The moment the bhajan was over the dog quietly got up and once again threw a glance transmitting the warmth and love and left the temple with same calm face radiating stunning serenity.

The Dog impressed me so much that I hardly found any difference between the devotees gathered and the Dog. To be true it appeared to be more spiritually elevated than the rest. It is generally said that dog is considered to be very mean. Is
it really so !? In the world controlled by God who has been the first successful communist, do we really have mean or noble births?! All births are noble... equally noble! Very true.

Nature heeds not our labels
Great and small
Accepts She one and all.

Emotional realization of this fact is spirituality. If this is the real nature of the world, where is the meaning in our trying to be something which we think is better than what we are?! When nature does not need or heed our labels, what is the point in becoming a better label?!

Well! how are things at your place?!

Most of my aimless hours are being spent in reading the stimulating books which you sent. The toys, sent by you, keep Uday also busy in his leisure time. I do not know how to dissolve the deep debt of gratitude I owe to you for all those valuable things. So far umpteen number of people fell in love with the pretty calculator. I have yet to collect the books which you sent through Srinivas.

With all the transparent honesty I firmly believe that you are one of the very few who put the brief demonstration of pre-determinism into the best use. It is such a bitter pill of truth that it is very difficult to swallow. Sometimes even if one swallows one cannot digest. There are instances where it has been vomited out, as people found it to be out of tune with their psychic constitution. Luckily this was not so in your case because of the presence of certain symptoms which generally surface at the advanced stage of spiritual maturity. To reach that stage, apart from being spiritually inquisitive, one has to undertake a cerebral excursion into the inner-most recesses of one's own psychological being. Some times even after doing so, doubts keep stabbing our minds. The powerful pulls of the unleashed lures of the material world are so instinctively ingrained in our psyche that we don't mind being an unhappy victim to them.

I don't know when I started this letter. I am writing this in phases whenever I get time. As days roll by my desire for self-imposed solitude is deepening. I feel that there are other better things to fall in love with other than the world. It seems the supreme achievement of all activity is 'inactivity'. This truth
seems to strike deeper roots in me. The desire to become a 'better label' appears to have become feeble. It is against this psychic background that I do not know whether I can complete my research. Nothing seems to be worth achieving. The only real achievement I believe is the extinction of the desire to achieve.

Let new year (1990) bring more and more spiritual air into the window of your life. May you successfully pilot across the uncharted waters which stretch ahead of you! Life always, like the imponderable immensity of the star-filled sky, fills us with awe and wonder. What will be shall be. There is a general belief that if one reaches the transcendental stage, one can escape the clutches of pre-determinism. It is true also. But when one reaches that stage he can escape but he does not want to do so, as he realizes that whatever is existing is the best available form. A king living in a palace can enter a hut but he does not do so as the palace is better than the hut. That is why Rama and Krishna, though they were spiritually elevated to the transcendental stage, though they could mould the pattern of their lives, never did so. They gladly bore what they were made to bear. The Cosmic-Map is so perfect, that the transcendental man, in spite of the fact that he is potential enough to redraw and redesign the map, does not do so because he is also potential enough to realize that the existing map can never be improved upon. If a transcendental person tries to rewrite the cosmic story he is bound to fail, because he is not a really transcendental man. A real T.M. (transcendental man) is eternally aware that there are no and can never be better revised or enlarged editions of the Cosmic story. So the T.M., in spite of his ability to go beyond pre-determinism, is a willing victim of its tentacles. In other words, what is predetermined equally applies to all. In still other words, the unalterable sheet of fate — reigns supreme even in transcendental lives like Christ, Rama, Krishna etc., In a word the accurate and infallible index of a transcendental man is that he will, with all the humility, bows his head before what is cosmically predetermined in spite of his ability not to do so. Even if he appears to have gone beyond predetermined pattern, it is only apparent, not real. Even if he appears to have really done so, he is predetermined to go beyond pre-determinism to that extent, paradoxically.
Before these metaphysical abstractions eat into the very vitals of your valuable time I would like to draw my letter to a close. May your life in the new year (1990) be brightened with smiles that chase the clouds away!

Journey into Joy

with love,
Sri Ram
Beloved
Nagaraj ...
with Dussehra Greetings ...

All the letters, written by you, reached me. Your slightly big, beautiful letter, covering Shirdi trip, is replete with spiritual bliss. Thanks a lot. Soumya’s birthday gift, sent by sister Vasanta, also reached. I am inexpressibly thankful to her.

As I am unusually busy, these days, I am not getting time even to sleep. Sometimes I sleep only for one or two hours. Some other times I don’t sleep at all. This is the kind of mechanical life I am now leading. Time has become my tyrant. Somehow I must get away from the cruel clutches of time. This is the reason why I am not replying you in time.

I am very happy about your Shirdi trip. It is the place where our doors of perception are cleaned. God does not prescribe for us new medicine. His first prescriptions are always perfect. When we visit places like Shirdi -- God does not change the prescription but transforms our perception, making us realize that His diagnosis is right. All that we have to do is to realize that the Cosmic Doctor is more aware of the diseases of our soul. Let us smile at Him and swallow the pills given by Him and get cured.

Prepare well for the exam. Forget everything. Don’t feel depressed psychologically. Leave everything to Him. But don’t forget to do what you are expected to do. God may acquire any form. For students He appears in the form of hard work. Don’t hate God if He appears to you also, in the form of hard work. When God stands before you, don’t you forget everything!? You
too should forget everything except hard work. God does not make you work hard. God is hard work. Just as you went to Shirdi to see God, so also you have to make your journey into the heart of hard work which is another form of God and you have to enjoy every minute of your hard work. So please, redouble your work and feel God more intensely.

Regarding your choice of Kurnool or Hyderabad, take any decision that is comfortable to you. But see that you get exposed more to the world outside. Meet friends, visit people, laugh with them, enjoy their praises, bear and understand their sneers. The world is much different from what you imagine it to be. So let us not be cut off from the social streams and also study for the exam., without tears and tension. All unhappiness arises from our attachment to the result of our action. So let us not be attached to the result. All that happens is for our good. Ask Hari also not to be worried about anything. Let us do our duties and smile. Look at the 'rose flower'. Some people unnecessarily complain that God is cruel in creating thorns around 'the rose'. But did you ever see the thorns on the rose plant pricking the petals? God has taken care to see that the thorns do not prick the rose. We too should design our life in such a way that tears do not dissolve our smiles. They should, on the contrary, enrich them. Thorns are there not to prick the rose but to protect the rose. Problems are there in our lives not to make us weep but to make us wise. In fact the rose smiles more beautifully than any other flower does, not in spite of thorns but because of thorns. So should our lives too.

How is sister Vasantha? Her smiles through letters reach me. I am strictly following all the instructions she is giving me. Convey my thanks and good wishes to her.

How are your parents and their health?! Allow them to bask in the warmth of your smiles. Smiles and tears are not antonyms. We have wrongly been taught so. There are no antonyms in this God's world. There are only understandable synonyms. All antonyms are apparent. Tears and smiles are misunderstood spiritual synonyms. Tear the stomach of tears. You find more smiles than you find them anywhere else. As a child, my mother gave me many a slap and I shed tears. That is the reason why I can smile now to some extent. Now, Cosmic Mother is slapping me and I am shedding tears so that I can shower more smiles later. In fact, only those smiles which are rooted in tears and draw nourishment from
them do not fade out. Tears are the spiritual nourishment of our smiles. In rejecting tears, especially when they are God's guests, we are also rejecting smiles. Let us open our doors when smiles knock on them, wearing the masks of tears.

So go ahead! To stop worrying one should make oneself wise enough to find similarity between apparently dissimilar opposites of life. That awareness must sink into the very core of our psyche. If this is taken care of, immediately your uncontrollable palpitations and other problems will come to an end. Let us ask mother to cook food for us; let us also ask her to serve us that food; we can also ask her to feed us with the hand or spoon; but let us not ask her to swallow the food on our behalf. Swallowing is our business. She cannot do anything. That is the limitation of our mother in this pre-determined scheme of life. All of us can swallow the food, once we vomit out our ignorance. It is the poisonous ignorance inside, that is creating vomiting sensation and not allowing us to swallow the nourishing food.

Let us not blame the mother. Let us promise the mother that we would vomit ignorance and swallow the food served by her.

As devotees of God, all of us must remember one important point. When a child suffers, let us not be led into the belief that only the child is suffering and not the mother. In fact mother also suffers along with the child. To be more exact, mother suffers more than the child. This fact is known only to the mother. The child is not and cannot be aware of it. So when the mother creates tears for the child, she too gets drowned in them. Same is the case with God. "In all their affliction, He was afflicted..." (The Bible, Isa. 63:9). Whatever our afflictions, hardships, sorrow and sufferings are, our Heavenly Father also suffers with us. Whenever we suffer the Lord suffers. Whenever we are unhappy, He too suffers and is unhappy, unnoticed by us. When we are weeping, He weeps, ununderstood by us. Whenever we are hungry, He is hungry. What a sacrifice, something undreamt of by human beings! Jesus says, "I will wait for you and I will suffer with you, do not think you are suffering alone". When we understand this fact, we understand the cosmic need for our suffering. Now, my child Soumya Sree is literally groaning under the heavy weight of typhoid. What a bitter pill was forced down her gullet unwillingly and forcibly! So are we. Sai is not sadistic but therapeutic. This is not a home-spun theory, but a stern statement of the spiritual fact. Once our sickness
is cured, the doctor does not allow us to swallow the pills. How long we should swallow the pills depends upon the nature of disease we suffer from. Let us not doubt the efficacy of the Cosmic Doctor.

The other day I was reading the book, Sharing God's Secrets. I would like to share a few lines from this book. "We, as human beings are full of fears. Even though we have enjoyed God's goodness in abundance for many years, and have seen Him working on our behalf mightily on many occasions, and have seen answers to our prayers, yet we find we are full of fears and keep saying 'What about this, and what about that?' 'What about tomorrow, or next month or next year?' Our minds are full of fear and anxiety and we are always worrying about the future, about our health, about our old age, about our children or something; even less important. But one Verse (from the Bible) is sufficient to take away worry and anxiety of every kind. They are not the words of man, but the words of the living and loving God saying to us who have become His heavenly possession. 'Even to old age I will carry you'. In other words 'I am responsible till you die'.

Most of us fail to command God, because we fail to obey Him. It is by learning how to obey God, blissfully, that we can learn the art of commanding God. God listens to those who would listen to Him. He is more moved by our confident smiles than by our diffident tears.

Nagaraj... please smile! Your smiles are more enticing for Him than your tears. The day when all of us will dance like daffodils in the sunshine of smiles is not far off. Till then let us all patiently wait and do what is expected of us. What is expected of us is not sorrow but an incessant shower of serene smiles and calm, intelligent, hard work. Try to come over to Hyderabad. Spend some time in the library. Get exposed to more friends. Discuss with them. Spread your net wide. There is still a lot of time dozing at your doorstep. Please stop writing letters. Start loving intelligent hard work. Stop complaints; curl back into 'confidence in God'. The moment you start really smiling, success will be really yours. Smile is the outer, tangible proof of inner, intangible faith in God. Success dances into those hearts which have complete confidence in God's guidance. Please ask Hari also not to be anxious about the negative result in his recent interview. When smiles knock on our doors in the guise of tears, let us not be deceived by their outward appear-
ance. *When we smile through tears, rainbows are created in the soul.* Hari is enlightened enough to know and experience all these truths. The little gap between the knowledge of truth and the experience of truth is filled by tears. Tears are the bridges between the knowledge and experience of Cosmic reality. Allow the horses of wisdom to gallop. Your distant dreams are not really distant. Once your distaste for tears disappears, the distance vanishes.

*Whither shall I go from thy spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.*

*The Bible; Psalms: 139 (7,8,9,10)*

— Never renounce smiles.
Success will never renounce you.
— My wishes to Vasantha, Vishala, Vanaja,
Hari and to your parents.
— Now I really feel jealous of you because you now know the art of making use of tears and thus becoming wise.

*with love and affection,*

*Sri Ram*
Beloved
Ganesh ...

How are you?! Sure parents, brothers and sisters are doing fine! Heard you look reduced. Trust, you are not neglecting your health.

Remember our body is a biological temple where the soul resides. There is no other aim of life than 'being alive' in tune with nature. All the other aims are artificially induced aims. In fact, they are not Goals; but they are Gaols. You are born, you die. In between life exists. So the aim of life is just to be alive in harmony with nature.

We are not surrounded by problems but by solutions which appear to be otherwise under the dramatic impact of Maya. God is more present unrecognizably in a problem. He is ‘less’ present recognizably in a solution. So a problem is nothing but ‘unrecognizable more presence of God’. A solution is ‘recognizable less presence of the Lord’. This is the reason why an ordinary person moves into misery when invaded by problems. But a Jnani moves into the moving presence of the ‘mover of the universe’.

Remember, countless juicy mangoes are unrecognizably available in a hundred rupee note. This may not be known to my little Soumya. Similarly, hundreds of blessings are present in a 'problem' - invisibly. God makes himself more available in the form of problems. Thank God there are problems.

Probe into any problem. The problem disappears into Divine grace. Accept life in its totality. Don't do the act of accepting some and rejecting some other components of life. Let us accept life, as it is presented to us by God.
Letters for spiritual seekers

Christ accepted Crucifixion as much as Resurrection. Resurrection is preceded by Crucifixion. Crucifixion is made meaningful by Resurrection. Crucifixion and Resurrection are the two legs with the help of which 'life' walks. Let us love both the legs so that we can walk happily.

How is life at Delhi? There also you can feel the silent squeeze of the palm which says 'I Love You'! He is never tired of 'Love'. He peeps through the pale blue sky of Delhi. Soft fragrance of past memories of the days we spent together, melts my heart into nostalgic ecstasy. It is nearly ages since I have seen you. On your way back to Delhi, if possible, drop in to drop us into joy unspeakable.

Thanking you for the unfading lilies and lilacs of your love,

with love,

Sri Ram
Beloved
Raghu ...

"When daylight shone
And the market was open,
I purchased no wares!
Alas for me!
The night hath come;
The shops are closed;
I remember the things I needed!
Lord!
If thou turnest away from me
Give us another thee
For we want nothing but thee!"

— Trust, this letter finds you being haunted by the fragrance of white jasmine of joy. How is your conjugal life?! Is it like the melodious voice of the violin? It ought to be so! My - 'marital wishes' to your 'eternal companion'. Hope you are enhancing each other's happiness. Marriage is the cream of the dream of life. Even after the dream becomes one's nearest reality, it should generate as much joy as it used to do earlier.

A good marriage requires determination to be married for good. One writer says: "I have bound myself for life; I have made my choice; from now on my aim will not be to choose a woman who will please me, but to please the woman I have chosen." There is one biological irony inherent in the marriage. Our zoologically
Letters for spiritual seekers

Your marriage must be the proof of this eternal fact. This is what I mean by 'eternal-companion'. Marriage, I personally feel, is not a search for the colour of the skin; nor is it, I psychologically believe, a search for the organic orderliness of various parts of the body, which we call 'beauty'. It is essentially an orderly search for the reflection of one's own psychological image, which is called, not beauty, but-- beatitude. If beauty, at best, becomes a means to beatitude, then it is O.K. Otherwise beauty takes us to Hell through the gates of Heaven. 99% of the marital dissonance stems from one's ignorance of or one's biological inability to accept this fact. A real marriage is the conjugal dance of two hearts. A real marriage is the process of tying two hearts together. When two hearts intoxicatingly melt and indissolubly merge into each other - we call it marriage. It should convert all mirages of our lives into oases. When two hearts, ecstatically, flap their wings across the endless pathways of life and sing conjugal songs -- it is marriage. A real wife unrolls her heart over the thorny path of her husband's life so that he can safely walk on to the ends of life. So does a real husband. This discourse on marriage may move on endlessly. Before it makes your ears impatient, let me stop it.

— Here all are O.K.
— Drop a line whenever you feel like doing so!
— My wishes to you and your 'eternal-companion'.
— Don't be worried about anything!
— All that happens is for your good!
— Smile and make me also smile.

"Faith is the best antidote for fear.
Trust Him when dark doubts assail you.
Trust Him when your strength is small;
Trust Him when - to simply trust Him
Seems the hardest thing of all!"

I will meet you whenever the time is ripe. ែេេេើរជាពិសេេឡើងខ្មែរ អព្ទេអាទិភ័ន្ធដំបូងរបស់អ្នក! អ្នករស់នៅពេលអាក្រក់នោះ - អ្នកគួរតែនាំអ្នកដល់ខ្លួនឯង! May your conjugal bliss soon crystallize into a little, lovely kid.
Journey into Joy

Physical pain, mental agony, spiritual anguish,—nothing lasts for ever. Everything lasts for as long as it has a purpose to fulfil. When it has done its work, it falls away like the dead, dry leaves of autumn.

with love and affection,

Sri Ram
23.11.1991,
Nizamabad.

Beloved
Nagaraj ... Vasantha ... Hari ...

Received your gifts and greetings. All the letters, written by you, safely reached me. Highly thankful to you for all this. All of you do your best and God will do the rest.

"God only puts us on diet; He never makes us starve."
(though we may some times feel so)

Remember when we understand the real nature of God, the very need for prayer disappears. Mother rushes to the rescue of the child. All that a child should do for this is just to be her child. Let us not forget the fact that God needs our 'love' more than we need His 'love'. Just as mother cannot survive without children, God also cannot live without the love of devotees. A child may run away from the mother, but mother never runs away from the child.

Sometimes God loves us so much that he neglects us, just as mother preparing sweets for the child, tentatively does not care to attend to the needs of the child. Entrust all your burdens to Him... smile... wait..., Joy and Victory will await you. So now let us stop praying to God and start understanding God. Once the child knows the actual nature of mother's love, she need not pray to her.

Understand God and wait.... Sow the seed and wait; don't shout at the seed. Wait, it will slowly sprout.

Let us not ask God "How long should we wait?" Let us wait as long as mother is busy making delicious food for us. Let us become the astronauts of inner space and be the explorers of interior landscape. The centripetal core of spirituality is the dissolution of illusion into illumination. Let us all dissolve our illusions about
'God's cruelty' into the illumination of the innermost core of our consciousness.

God merely puts us on diet. He never puts off or denies our food. He never puts out the flame of our delight. Understand God and stand under the shade of his grace.

Let us stop praying. Let us understand Him. He has no other work except to love us. Let us also have no other work except to love Him and leave our burdens at His door-step.

The only thing worth doing in this world is to love. We are here to love Him. We are here to shed tears and become wise; not to smile and become foolish. Let us live happily because we are given a chance to weep and grow wise. At least, I some times feel, had I not been given a chance to weep, I would have committed suicide long back. Our sole concern is with God. We are here not to please society, not to please relatives, not to please friends; we are here Only to please God. Forget society, forget your friends, forget relatives, forget your parents, forget yourself. All these are not there. They were never there; they will never be there. This illusion must immediately be dissolved before it eats into the very vitals of our consciousness.

As long as you love God, you are fully discharging your duties. Don't be worried about others' comments. If your love for God is intact, the purpose of your life is fulfilled. We have no other business to do here. We are here not to do Ph.D.; not to do M.D; not to become an I.A.S. Officer; not to become a politician; not to get a job; not to earn money. We are here only to love Him. That, all of you are doing to your heart's content. As long as you suck mother's milk, don't be worried about the toys around you. Don't remember the dolls that are denied to you. Don't waste your time in playing with toys and dolls or in pestering mother for more and better toys. Suck more of mother's milk. You are here to suck mother's love, not to play with the dolls. Even if you want to play, do you think you can play with the dolls?? Are you not yourself a doll in the hands of God?!! Highly good-for-nothing things, like getting jobs or getting married need not worry us. Whenever we really need them, mother can flood you with them. Let her first nourish you with the milk. She will also give you dolls (which we think are the real riches of life). Don't worry. First finish sucking mother's milk. Dolls are ready. Don't be in a hurry. They are there. You need not shout for them. You need
not pray for them. You need not weep for them. You need not blame mother for them. First close your eyes, or look into Mother’s face. Enjoy Her smiles. Suck more milk. Feel the marvellous touch of Mother’s hand. Please, also understand Mother’s mind. Stop praying to Her. Understand Mother... smile. Wait... dolls are ready. Mother gives not only milk, but also dolls. But when She wants to give you milk, don’t... please don’t ask, don’t pester Her for dolls, saying that we are already late for the play; saying that others are already playing : saying that others are blaming you for not playing.

What is this world to you?

It is a five minutes play, a dream, a drama, and a joke. Are you worried about it and it’s criticism, losing the mother, in the process?!

All of you already have attained an adequate degree of spiritual maturity. See that you expand your petals and transmit spiritual fragrance all around.

Ganesh also has registered tremendous inner growth. The serenity and stillness on his face speak volumes of this.

Don’t be worried about anything.

Don’t try to understand God with the head. Try to feel Him with the heart.

You don’t know how many toys Mother has stored for you in her toy-box.

First suck Her milk, smile, understand Her, wait; don’t question how long.

First don’t stop loving, wait. Don’t use intelligence to understand her acts. You cannot do so rationally.

Become innocent. Be a child. All the dolls are yours. All the smiles are yours. Till then smile, wait.... Do your best, God will do the rest.

— Vasantha....

Do whatever you feel like doing; accept whatever is given to you as the best. Just are the ways of God. Injustice will never touch you. So... smile. What we need is stillness amidst storm.

— Nagaraj And Hari....

Do your best, God will do the rest; wait and smile. Spend more time in understanding Him than in praying to Him. Your dreams
will never be dismantled. My only nourishment is the pure love flowing from the hearts like those of yours. When that disappears, I have no reason to be alive. *I need your love more than you need my love.* Because even if my love is not available to you, there are others and other things, to be busy with, for you. But for me, there are no other things to be busy with. *I am here only to love you and be loved by you.* All the other things are just incidental. *Whenever there is no one to love me and none for me to love, I leave this world.* Nothing can attract me except *Love.* Don’t give me anything except your *love.* Don’t ask me anything except my *love.* When there is an encounter between my love and your love, there emerges a *Miracle.* Miracle is merely an encounter between my love and your love and nothing more. Nothing moves me except *love,* visible or invisible. Nothing mars me more than the absence of *love.*

— Dear Nagaraj, Vasantha And Hari....

We need here only love; love both human and Divine. This you are receiving more than you need. So, be more alive to receive it in more abundant measure.

Please convey my good wishes to Vishala and your parents. I will write to Vishala as soon as possible.

Give me your smiles, your love.

Leave everything to Him; wait and understand the tentative eclipse of His grace.

*Yours affectionately,*

* Sri Ram*
7.12.1989,
Nizamabad.

Your letter safely reached me and watered my barren heart which was hitherto like the 'Thar Desert'. It was like a sponge saturated with the impulses of love and affection.

The news of your spending some days with 'Pratap' at Tirupati... did indeed, trigger off waves of jealousy in me. I am one of those unfathomably unfortunate ones who are literally cribbed, cabined and confined with internal handcuffs. So I cannot hope to be what you are!

Don't be worried about your not joining Vijayawada College. All that you do or feel like doing, is for your good. Transfer all your anxieties onto the head of the God and be happy. At this stage you must triumphantly transcend the dualities of life, and indulge in 'cerebral pilgrimage' to the sources of life, and experience the Reality which can only be felt, but never communicated.

It is against this mystic backdrop that you must examine and explore various activities of your life. Your spiritual career graph must register a steady rise and all the Illusions of Life must melt away in the scorching heat of spiritual fire.

A life of complete inwardness and of neurotic subjective indulgence is not a solution to the problems of life. Nor is the other extreme of complete conformity and total draining out of the individuality and imaginative vitality as a person — the proper way out of the dilemma. One should try to connect the prose and passion of life. Generally, our tragic dilemma in our lives arises from our
unwillingness to grow up and accept the responsibilities of an adult life and our failure to connect the prose with the passion.

Anything bad can never happen to us. Life is a spiritually satisfying Cosmic Design. We must learn the delicate art of exploring that design and glean indescribable delight from that. Life today is a challenge which cannot be evaded. 'Truth', although severe, is a 'Real Friend'. As Dr. S. Radhakrishnan rightly puts it, "The World is not a private dream of man. There is no unbridgeable gulf between what is beyond and what is here. We need not abandon our life in time to reach the timeless.... The religious soul moves and acts in the world bearing all its shocks, with peace of mind and heart. In the midst of life's disharmonies, he keeps an equable temper."

Now the New Year (1990) is ready to cross the threshold of your life. In the New Year, I believe, your present problems will fertilize into inestimable riches. To borrow a line from Dr. Paul Brunton, "your present sorrow is an eternal peace momentarily obscured. The apparent pain is not an instrument of human torment but a device for human education". You will, I think, certainly be lifted to a loftier plane in the New Year and give me a chance to congratulate you and at the same time, ironically, become an inexhaustible source of jealousy for me, to the extent of paralysing the arteries of my psyche. Time has a mysterious value and will transmute the deepest woes into benign wisdom. Eternal lessons lie hidden behind ephemeral experiences. In your new year - life will be durably beneficial as your present year is temporarily painful. May the Sun of new year smile through the dark clouds of this year and thus generate rainbow on the horizon of your life! May the tears of joy rise in your heart and gather in your eyes!

You expressed the desire to meet me. The same desire resides in my heart. But my life, as you are aware is a mysterious matrix of dismantled desires. It is a heap of crushed hopes and crucified promises.

Because of some incommunicable reasons, I can have the good fortune of meeting you all only in the third or in the fourth week of December. Till then again, because of ununderstandably and inexpressibly complex network of reasons, I cannot make myself available in Nizamabad also. This is exactly the reason why I request you not to trouble yourself with the idea of undergoing the torture of a tedious journey. Till the last week of December I cannot be
present in Nizamabad. The reasons are too distasteful to express. Nor can I make myself available in Hyderabad.

But one consolation for both of us, I think, is the fact that we are not too far from each other to be in need of intimate physical presence. You are more present in your absence. Further more my absence is as good as my presence. On top of all these, fourth week of December is also so near that it doesn’t make us impatient. After all, "All That Happens Is For Our Good". The same reason denies me the pleasure of witnessing Kulasekhar Reddy’s marriage. I am very unhappy to miss his marriage. But my psychic involvement continues and joins you in sharing the joy of being present there!

మహామతి ఒకమంది చెప్పింది. ఆమోదం మెరి తయారుచేసిన అబ్బుడు.

ఇప్పటి కదిలుకు ఉంది. నా కొలువు మెరి అప్పుడు ఉండాలా. నా ప్రతి చెప్పింది. నా రోజులు పంపంది అందిస్తుంది. నా కొలువు మెరి అప్పుడు ఉండాలా. నా రోజులు పంపంది అందిస్తుంది.

స్మారకం మారిన చెప్పింది. ఎక్కడ రెండు రోజులు మెరి తయారు చేసిన రంధ్రం. మారిన చెప్పింది. ఎక్కడ రెండు రోజులు మెరి తయారు చేసిన రంధ్రం. మారిన చెప్పింది. ఎక్కడ రెండు రోజులు మెరి తయారు చేసిన రంధ్రం. మారిన చెప్పింది. ఎక్కడ రెండు రోజులు మెరి తయారు చేసిన రంధ్రం. మారిన చెప్పింది. ఎక్కడ రెండు రోజులు మెరి తయారు చేసిన రంధ్రం...
Beloved cheerful children
Bhavani, Lakshmi,
Karuna & Shravan ... with *Ugadi* Greetings ...

"All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes, and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter."

How are you Bhavani? Hi Lakshmi! fine?
Hello! Karuna and Shravan! Still playing with the waves?!
How mellifluous was the lilting music, floating from your innocent lips!?
Did we not gambol like golden gazelles, jumping along with
the dancing waves. What a joy! What a thrill! The fading echoes
of those distant pleasant days still fall on my enthralled ears.

"*When the Voices of children are heard on the green*
*And the laughing is heard on the hill.*"

Gone is that music! Gone are those days!
Now, I live curled up in the womb of the graveyard. I do not
know—when will the gracious gifts of your sparkling smiles caress
my dead heart?!

All the letters you threw at me, thrilled my heart. Your riddles,
puzzles, beautiful drawings, still more beautiful greetings - gave me
a new lease of life. I cannot laugh like you; nor can I make you
laugh. On the other hand, you can laugh and make me also laugh,
making me float on the foam of life. How can I thank you children
except by escaping into your ecstatic smiles once again. Please
don't say 'never again'.

24.3.1992,
Nizamabad.
Letters for spiritual seekers

Well. Let me also try, at least unsuccessfully, to make you laugh!

Here is the story about *The Sermon of Nasruddin*. The name of Nasruddin, I think, you must have already heard. This is the story about the sermon, which Nasruddin was asked to deliver by some villagers. Now read the story and burst into pearls of laughter.

"One day the villagers thought they would play a joke on Nasruddin. As he was supposed to be a holy man of some indefinable sort, they went to him and asked him to preach a sermon in their mosque. He agreed.

When the day came, Nasruddin mounted the pulpit and spoke:
'O people, do you know what I am going to tell you?'
'No, we do not know', they cried.
'Until you know, I cannot say. You are too ignorant to make a start', said the Mullah, with indignation that such ignorant people should waste his time. He descended from the pulpit and went home.

Slightly changed, a deputation went to his house again, and asked him to preach the following Friday, the day of prayer.

Nasruddin started his sermon with the same question as before.

This time the congregation answered, as one man.
'Yes, we know'.

'In that case', said the Mullah, 'there is no need for me to detain you longer. You may go!' And he returned home.

Having been prevailed upon to preach for the third Friday in succession, he started his address as before:
'Do you know or do you not?'
The congregation was ready.
'Some of us do, and others do not'.
'Excellent', said Nasruddin, 'then let those who know communicate their knowledge to those who do not.'

That is how the story ends.

Your letters are very nice. Bhavani! Your letters display a lot of psychic maturity. Your heart unrolls itself in your letters. I am highly thankful to you for your love and affection expressed in your letters. Your presence at Madras was simply mesmerizing. This time when I come to your place I would like to waste more of your time. Let us spend more time at the seashore. In the meantime, study well.

Lakshmi! How are you preparing for your exams? You must make your presence felt and emerge triumphant. Now you have
rabbits also to add to your joy. Your beautiful letters made me immensely happy. In your recent letters you have posed very important and intelligent questions to an unimportant and ignorant person. How can he answer those baffling questions? Your questions include: 'Death', 'Life after death', 'Heaven and Hell', 'God and devil', 'Seeing God through meditation' etc. These are perennially perplexing enigmas. How do I know answers to them?

I am not yet dead. How do I know anything about death? There isn't also any dead man who has come back alive. During my sleep I think I die temporarily. Similarly, I think, death is an ever lasting sleep during which body dies and disintegrates and the soul escapes unhurt like a tenant forced to vacate the house, the soul is now in search of another house, called another body. This is theoretical assumption. But the authentic, practical answer I will give you only after my death and thus personally experiencing it. I think you are not in a hurry for the practical answer.

Another question is Life after death. Why are you worried about life after death? Let us first try to be really alive before we die. That is more important. I do not know the real answer to this question also. But one thing I know. When I am in your presence I am throbbingly alive. When I am away from you I am dead. Thus I am sure of life in death and death in life.

Then comes your question about Heaven and Hell. I have not yet visited any of these places; nor did I ever come across the one who did so. When I roll on the moonlit sandy beaches of Madras, perfumed by your innocent presence, I feel I am in Heaven. So Heaven is there. When I move away from Madras, Hell is let loose on me. So Hell is also there. Heaven and Hell are there in the head; not somewhere else.

God and devil is another question. God I see in your pure, innocent and unalloyed soul. Every child is a tangible God. Devil I can easily make you see. He is none other than your own dear uncle, 'Sri Ram'. If you want to see the devil once again wait till May. Man evolved is God; Man involved is Devil. Man expanded is God; Man contracted is Devil. Man perfect is God; Man intolerably imperfect is Devil. You used the word devil, I think, in the sense of an unseen evil spirit. Evil can exist in two forms; with form and without form. When evil exists without form, that is bad spirit, or devil. When it exists with form it is 'Sri Ram'. 
Your last question is about God and meditation. I am the one who is addicted to medication not meditation. How can my diseased heart be capable of meditation? I am in bad need of medication.

...Yes! One can see God! If one really wants to. When the same question was posed to Sri Ramakrishna by Swami Vivekananda, the answer was: "I see God, as I see you! Not only that, I can make you also see Him." One can see God with the help of meditation or without its help. One can be healthy with the help of medicine or without its help. Some people are naturally healthy so they do not need any medication. Similarly some people are naturally in God-intoxicated state. They do not need meditation. Others, may need meditation. Meditation means an inner journey, burning one's way through the impregnable wall of 'Maya' or 'Illusion'. When Maya is removed what remains is God. When clouds are dispelled what remains in the sky is God. So God must be discovered, not invented by going beyond apparent illusion called 'Maya'. You cannot see the fish in the pond as long as there are weeds and scum on the surface of water. Once they are removed the fish keep smiling. It is easy for children to see God. Wordsworth in his fine poem Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood says, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy!"

That is why I feel jealous of you, all. I feel jealous of your innocence. I feel jealous of your serene smiles. I wish I could go back to childhood. Your wealth is your 'sense of wonder' and innocence. Your 'hearts leap up' when you 'behold a rainbow'. My insulated heart is immune to the beauties of nature. I alone cannot enjoy the dancing and smiling waves of the sea. I require reinforcement from you. So I learn so many lessons from you. You are my unconscious educators. The goal of my life is to go back, though not to God, at least to childhood psychologically, though not physically. You are children physically and psychologically. That is why you are a bundle of bewitching smiles and I am a bundle of corroding anxieties and tensions. The mere mention of your names by your uncle Raju releases my tension and I am psychologically with you.

Karuna! and Shravan! - Your lovely little letters are the source of animation to my lousy and drowsy life here. Are you preparing well for your exams? Fare 'well' in the exams. Then 'farewell'
to studies in May and 'welcome' to the waves of the sea. O.K.?! Uday here, with suppressed smiles, recalls the happy days he spent with you.

Well! Bhavani, Lakshmi, Karuna and Shravan - Good Luck to you all. All of you fare well in the exam. This time I will spend more time with you. Let us all go to the seashore alone, accompanied by none, so that we can enjoy more. This time — more stories are in store for you; more puzzles, more riddles, more jokes and more wit and humour. What can I write to you children?! Children are wisdom incarnate. I have yet to learn a lot from you. The real wisdom is - in the words of William Blake:

To see a world in a grain of sand,  
And a Heaven in a wild flower,  
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,  
And Eternity in an hour.

-- Auguries of Innocence

All of you keep writing though letters flow late from these lazy hands. I need you more than you need me.

Convey my wishes to everyone at your place and also to your friends. My good wishes to your Mummy and Daddy! My Ugadi Wishes to you all!

Wishing you more smiles, and hoping to lose myself into your innocent hearts —

Man was made for joy and woe;  
And when this we rightly know;  
Thro' the world we safely go.

-- William Blake

— May you all create million melodies and  
billion rainbows in the lives of your parents!  
— May your birth be a blessing to others!  
— May you smile onto the ends of your lives!

with lots of love,

Sri Ram
is dying. By the time the sun is up, the dew-drop smiles, dances and dies. There is a lot of Death in Life; a lot of Life in Death; a lot of Loss in Gain; a lot of Gain in Loss and a lot of Advancement in Postponement.

Look at the human being's unending hunt for happiness, which for Buddha, never existed except in a state of 'Desirelessness', the centripetal core of the 'Gita'. In our tradition this message is transmitted to us by our mothers when we are rocked to sleep in our childhood. While rocking the cradle, to lull the child into sleep, every mother generally (of course modern-mother is an exception), sings a song which is as follows:

_Hula, Hula Hace (ছলা ছলা হচ্ছে)_

The song begins with these words. When the child begins to cry, the mother begins to rock the cradle and sings this. We generally cry only for happiness! So does the child! Now the mother philosophically tells the child when she(child) begins to weep. _লাগলে তিনি আমার বাড়িতে_ (লাগলে তিনি আমার বাড়িতে) _কাকেশােনা_ (কাকেশােনা) _হামার দুই জনে_ (হামার দুই জনে) _হামার দুই জনে_ (হামার দুই জনে) _হামার দুই জনে_ (হামার দুই জনে)

_হামার (Happiness) হামার দুই জনে (হামার দুই জনে) হামার (Happiness) হামার দুই জনে (হামার দুই জনে) হামার (Happiness) হামার দুই জনে (হামার দুই জনে)

_18 এবং 18 হিসাবে_ (18 এবং 18 হিসাবে) _না হলুদ কাঁথা_ (না হলুদ কাঁথা) _না হলুদ কাঁথা_ (না হলুদ কাঁথা) _না হলুদ কাঁথা_ (না হলুদ কাঁথা)

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The point is even after growing up we continue to fall a prey to the divine magic. _তায়ের হামার দুই জনেও_ (তায়ের হামার দুই জনেও) _তায়ের হামার দুই জনেও_ (তায়ের হামার দুই জনেও) _তায়ের হামার দুই জনেও_ (তায়ের হামার দুই জনেও)

So, the best thing is.... _Let us be like a dry dead leaf at the mercy of the divine wind; work like a horse and live like a hermit._

Well! Let me draw this metaphysical digression to a close!

So! you got one more chance! Congrats. Please take care of time. But at the same time see that anxiety does not enter you. Whatever the new year offers, put it to the best use without hurry
and anxiety. Be calm, silent; smile and dance! Don't be worried about the basic problem of life—how to be alive and yet to be happy. As long as you take shelter under the protective wings of Divine grace, even the fiercest earthquake cannot shake you.

Try to top the list. Anyone can get into the I.A.S. It is not a mighty thing. Even getting State cadre is not a great thing.... Try to top and be second to none. So I will be really happy only when you adorn the front page of the Competition Success Review. With hope in the heart, breathing confidence, with delight always dancing on your lips, with eyes beaming with unbreakable and unshakable faith in the God and his ultimately justifiable ways... move with rock-like resolution and dogged determination... come what may! cautiously resting your fingers on the pulse of time... muster courage... roar like a lion... march ahead and stop not till the goal is reached.

ಬೆಂಗಳೂರು ೨ನೇ ಜನವರಿ (೨೯ನೇ ಜನವರಿ) ರಂದು Monday (29th of Jan.) ಇತರೆ... I am not able to send my details in time. Let us not be worried about it. ಅವನು ಬೆಂಗಳೂರು ರಂದು ಅಧ್ಯಾತ್ಮಿಕ. Things will always happen in the best possible way. Let us wait and watch... how all the earthly intrusions are the ultimate cosmic contributions.

I will be in Hyderabad from the eighth of February to fourteenth of February. Then I will bring all my details. Highly thankful to you for the hearty efforts you are making and sorry to have stolen much of your time.

Don't be worried about your mother. She will be all right soon! Hoping that you will give more and more chances to congratulate you, and hoping to get your long, lovely letter soon... I am drawing my letter to a close! Please convey my hearty wishes to Harischandra. Hope everything is O.K. with him. Prepare well for Probationary Officers exam.

— Carefully control deceptive time.

Yours lovingly,

Sri Ram
One has to bear the heat and dust of life, particularly people like me. What can an insignificant ant do to face the heavy odds of life except to add stoic dimension to it.

Stoicism is realism, not negativism. This is what actually a self-actualizer does. May I remind you of some lines from the book -- Motivation and Personality written by Abraham Maslow in 1970. Abraham Maslow, I think your memory is still green, is the spiritual father of humanistic psychology which is also called third force psychology. He says:
Letters for spiritual seekers

One does not complain about water because it is wet, or about rocks because they are hard, or about trees because they are green. As the child looks out upon the world with wide, uncritical undemanding innocent eyes, simply noting and observing what is the case, so does the self-actualizing person tend to look upon human nature in himself and in others (p. 156)

This is what Buddha did. A total absence of complaints against any kind of stroke! Let us also do that and be happy. This is the only way to be happy, because the world can never guarantee us pleasure and peace. Why should we ask for something which it cannot give? Let us realize its inability and search for other inner sources. Let us not try to solve the problems; let us try to transcend them by understanding them.

Here one of the rich relatives of our 'owner', is on the deathbed. She is young and enchanting. So what! Death is haunting her! She is now in one of the costliest hospitals of Hyderabad, with her husband, three children, weeping by her bedside! So far Rs. 60,000/- have been spent. So what! An unexpected liver disease struck her.... Right now, here, all her relatives are shedding copious tears. What can you do about it?!

Understand and transcend!

Look!... What Blake in his poem The Marriage of Heaven and Hell says:

If the doors of perception
were cleansed,
everything would appear to man
as it is - infinite

So let us cleanse our doors of perception.
Understand! Accept! And Transcend.

Nothing special about me! I am nowadays more interested in being lost than found. My good wishes to everybody there! I may come over there in the first week of June.

Do not come to any hasty conclusions in life; do not take any drastic decision, because each one of us has not only noons but also dawns.

Life is and continues to be...

a perpetual puzzle!
an eternal enigma!
Journey into Joy

what is the purpose of life? who are we? what is our role in this world?

with love,
Sri Ram
Beloved
Nagaraj ...
with *Easter* Greetings ...

All your telegrams, letters etc., giving graphic description of the tormented landscape of your psyche -- safely reached. The anguished cry of your twisted heart, echoes through your letters. You have very poignantly exposed the traumatic nerves of your life. You seem to feel as if the tender rose petals of your life are being tragically roasted.

*Dr. Nagaraj*—

Let us not forget the unfailing physician of human heart *God. He* is the supreme *Doctor* whose diagnosis of the disease of our lives is always perfect. His prescription is flawless. Let us - with a delightful smile dancing on our lips - accept His medicine. Let us not bypass and be blind to the inner sweet syrup which is coated with outer bitter layer. This is exactly the reverse nature of 'Physical Doctor's perscription'. His tablets are outwardly sweet but inwardly bitter. The Cosmic Doctor's medicine is outwardly bitter but inwardly sweet beyond belief.

Let us not, as patients, give suggestion to the Doctor as to what kind of medicine He should prescribe for our disease. Does He not know better than we do? Or do we know at all?! Or should we doubt the efficacy of Cosmic Physician? Is He the inefficient Doctor to kill us by His cruelty or by His wrong diagnosis? This unconscious, inner disbelief in the efficiency and proficiency of the *Cosmic Doctor* and His incurable love -- is the main thematic thread on which the tragic-tale of human life runs. "Just are the ways
of God; and justifiable to men” so said the seer and the poet John Milton. All children cry; all mothers love.

Look at the paradoxical coexistence of 'cry' and 'love'. What is missing between 'children's cry' and 'mother's love' is an adequate comprehension of mothers' ways. Mothers, many times, out of sheer love and compassion do not answer children's pathetic cries.

All our tears that gather into our eyes, arise from the ruptured rapport between the biologically incurable ignorance of the child and the inexhaustible but incomprehensible love of the mother.

Dr. Nagaraj -- mothers love us. The love of immortal Mother is much more. Who else can do so? Delays are not Denials. Let us allow our mother to love us in a way She wants to. If our way and Her way coincide, let us be happy. If they don't, then also let us be happy. Because Her love did not disappear and dry up; it simply changed the routes. Tears are nothing but crystallized smiles flowing into our hearts through un understandable channels. The result is the eternal advice of the collective wisdom of the ages -- i.e., have unswerving faith; bear and forbear.

Absence of all complaints is the first sign of flowering spirituality.

Dr. Nagaraj, don't you love your patients? Then don't you think the Cosmic Doctor loves us much more than you do? Absence of anxiety and fear is the testimony to this implicit belief in the goodness of God. Let us allow the pot of our life to be shaped by the skilful hands of God. Let us constantly remember -- we are not and can never be as skilful as God is.

Dear Nagaraj——

All that happens is for our good. You are not the discarded but the most dearly treasured child of God. If He wants to love you, kiss you, embrace you and melt into you, please don't stop Him. Smile and allow others to smile. Drown all your despair in the wine of Divine love. You pray to Shirdi Sai. Don't you? You know the actual meaning of 'Shirdi'. It means sugar cane. Then why do you complain about the bitterness of life? Your life will be much more glorious than you imagine it to be. God is now in the process of making you wiser and making His presence felt more by you. He does love you so much that He doesn't want to see you and allow you to be like any other ordinary child. You are His beloved one. Do all that you can.
Then smile. Accept what you get. Then again smile. What you get is what you ought to get. Be wise... smile. What you get is the cream of your dream. Wait... all your dreams will come true. Smile. God, now, is not dismantling your dreams, as He apparently appears to be; He is busy with the magnificent reconstruction of them. Smile. Wait and see how He does it. Miracles begin to rain in your life.

Please believe in the eternal wisdom:

We are not intelligent; we can never be so; we should never be so.... Only God can be intelligent. Please allow Him to be so... don't stop Him. Let Him plan for you. Don't dismantle what He does. He is a grand architect. What and how He does (things) is an endless fascination.

When you remember....

Resurrection follows Crucifixion, you don't mind getting crucified. When you exhale, you are not denied oxygen; it is a preparation to receive it more.

Resurrection and Crucifixion; Exhaling and inhaling -- are the inevitable, eternal heartbeats of cosmic creation. For the one who understands it, life is a comedy; for the one who fails to understand it, life is a tragedy. Smile, forget your complaint; you are taken care of; shun fear and anxiety... win His heart.

Why do you think continuously about security, safety, bread and butter and clothes and shelter? Why?

"Consider the lilies of the field... can't you see these lilies in the field? Poor lilies, but how beautiful! How do they grow?. If some universal force protects them, why won't that force protect you? If the universal force has not forsaken them, why should it withdraw from you? These small flowers of lilies, they are flowering, growing, they are not afraid. And you are 'conscious flowers' — God's greatest creation on the earth — why should you be worried?

Take therefore no thought for tomorrows."

Do what you are allowed to do. Smile.

Do not complain against God.

Smile... Wait... Allow Him to plan things for you. Smile at Him when He does this, though sometimes He appears to be foolish and cruel. There is a lot of wisdom in His foolishness. There is a lot of kindness in His cruelty. Realization of this fact is the ultimate proof of an enlightened soul.
Dear Nagaraj—

Don't worry about anything. There is a lot of spiritual aura around your life. Your irresistible spiritual inclination, indissoluble love for God, your gentle manners, your exceptionally sweet and lovable smiles, total absence of ego, undying faith in the ultimate reality and your captivating humility and simplicity... These are all unmistakable symptoms of blossoming spirituality.

God's desire seems to be to deepen your wisdom. God is interested in the education of both your head and heart. He wants to enhance your perception of His ways. The external problems, that He is now apparently creating are only pretexts to perfect the text of your heart. He will never let you down. Be the spectator of your life.

Hiding just behind your difficulties is the Divine hand, ready to come to your rescue, whenever things go out of gear.

I repeat... allow Him to plan things for you in a way He wants to. Do what you are permitted to do.

If, luckily, the entrance test is postponed, be happy and grateful to God. If it is not postponed, be still more happy, and still more thankful to God. Because whenever one is driven to the edge of the precipice, one begins to see the hovering hands of God trying to lift him up. Miracles begin to flood you; they find their way into your heart. Are you not still more blessed then?! A miracle is a metaphysical peg on which you hang your amorphous faith. There is a lot of postponement in advancement and a lot of advancement in postponement. How? We do not know!

So, if the test is postponed put all your time to the best use. Even if it is not postponed spend fruitfully all the time that is at your disposal. Don't worry... your share is never denied. In spite of denials you will be what you want to be. Don't try to understand this truth intellectually.

Do write the test even if it is not postponed. Do all that you can. Wait for the miracles to happen. If it is postponed be grateful to Him.

Good luck!

God bless you!

Give me a chance to congratulate you!

Don't forget to smile. Don't forget to put an end to your fear and anxiety.
Let the master-weaver weave the fabric of your life.
The agony of your anguished heart will soon give way to ecstasy... But do not question His ways. His ways are far beyond human comprehension. He makes the lame cross the mountains and makes his life an inexhaustible source of joy. How are Harish and Ganesh? How are sisters? How are parents? Wishes to them all. All will be all right!
Patience is a flower that grows not in everybody's garden. Let us grow it in our garden and it will scatter its fragrance all around.
Nagaraj... Don't worry! Do write the test.
Leave the rest to Him.
That which is the best for you will happen.
Fly not on the wings of intellect... but travel silently along the luminous lines of intuition.
We are not only 'Christ's' crucified on the Cross of life, but also we are 'Christ's' capable of Resurrection.
Go ahead!... undeterred by Crucifixion and amused by Resurrection.
Good Luck! God bless you! Give me a chance to congratulate you!
Let us try to unravel the ironic reversals of life and its perennial paradoxes; then bliss, unalloyed, will be ours.
Life is a perennial dance of divine paradoxes.

with love,
Sri Ram
Dear Raghunath ...

But for the fact that you began your letter with the words 'Please Reply', I would not have supplied you this reply. Right now I am busy like a bumble bee with series of marriages and mirages.

Well, let me first congratulate you on your having commendable will-power and dogged determination. I heartily appreciate your rock-like resolution. I am also happy about the fact that you are not disappointed over your Main's result. Before you enter the heart of this letter, you must also promise that you have enough courage and confidence so as not to be disappointed by certain 'remarks' in my letter. Hoping that you do not loosen your grip and lose heart and with strong belief that you persist in your efforts --- I am going ahead with my letter. Once again I request you to be bold even after reading this letter. This is a Must. Then only my heart swells with joy.

The impression I gathered from your letter is that something is radically and recklessly wrong with your understanding of the theory of Fate. There seems to be gross misunderstanding and distorted perception of Fate. It is not my theory. It is an age-old one. It is a cosmic reality which has not been adequately understood by many. It is ever aging but never old. Its origin goes beyond the beginning of the Universe itself.

So my first task would be to remove the cobwebs of confusion in understanding Fate. For easy understanding and better assimilation -- I quote certain lines from your own letter. In your letter you
Letters for spiritual seekers

wrote: "I could not touch the statistics part in General Studies and did blunders in Psychology paper. This is my present conclusion." From these lines it is clear that fate is only that which works against us, even when we do everything well. This seems to be your impression about fate. You think that just because you could not do well in some papers, you missed Main. So fate, you think, is not responsible. You are responsible. Isn’t this your conclusion? This is first misunderstanding about fate. Please carefully follow. I shall try to clear up certain points. Fate is not just that which spoils our efforts, even if everything is OK with our efforts. Follow carefully. Fate is not like a merciless sword which straight away comes and stabs. It comes in many forms. This time Fate has come in the form of your inability to deal with certain things in Statistics and Psychology. In other words it has come in the form of your inadequate preparation. For this you think, you are responsible. No! what made you make insufficient efforts?! If I say, Fate, you may laugh. But it is true. It comes in some form. Not meaningless straight away. For some other man who fell in love and missed Main, fate has come in the form of his beloved who destroyed his concentration. For some other man who changed his optionals and missed, fate has come in the form of his desire to change optionals and his inability to correctly assess pros and cons. Thus Fate comes in meaningful disguises and does its duty. It never comes illogically as you think wrongly.

Look at me! Am I not the worst victim of fate? When I was doing M.A. English, fate came in the form of the death of my uncle just before second semester. Then I redoubled my efforts (just as you are doing now). But fate again came in the form of death of another close relative just before third semester. As a result of all this I had to be content with fourth rank. In my B.Sc., also, there is another story. I was doing what all I could, to stand University first in Chemistry, which was my favourite subject. But I got only 81% where as another girl got 84% and snatched away the medal. There, fate came in some other form. Thus, mind you -- fate comes in many forms, never meaningless. How it comes -- is beyond our comprehension.

Just as when Dr. Raja Ramanna teaches you about the entire nuclear system you may fail to follow; so also the mechanism of fate is highly complex and defies your comprehension.
Dear Raghu -

The impression, I got from your letter is that you hold distorted perception of fate and sometimes radically misunderstand it. What I talk and mean in our casual and informal talk or in our friendly chitchat is not what I really mean.

One more thing. Fate never comes meaninglessly or illogically as you wrongly think. It comes in many forms. Never directly. For you, it came in the form of mistakes you committed in Statistics or Psychology. In other words, in the form of insufficient preparation. For some, it may come in many forms like -- change of optionals, different questions, death, fever, accident or some other unknown form.

with love and affection,

Sri Ram
The glorious
'Child of Immortality'
Ramakrishna Reddy ...

Hope and sure this letter finds you in the pink of health and best of times. Thanks for your letter and congrats on your having shifted to a new house.

Highly paradoxical and incomprehensible are the ways of God, though they are essentially just. So, inexhaustible should be our patience. God may delay or deny but never disappoints our trust. He does things in His own inexplicable ways. God may sometimes stretch your patience to enlarge your soul. He may lead you around, but He will always lead you right.

"There is a Guide who never falters,
And when He leads I cannot stray,
For step by step He goes before me
and makes my path - He knows the way."

Let us hope for the best and move ahead with unshakable faith. Let us believe that the infinite future, unendingly stretching before us, will translate our distant dreams into delightful realities.

Let us see to it that the smiles on our lips do not fade away. Absolutely flawless is the Cosmic design. Let us gladly allow God to work in His own inimitable ways. Let us continue our smiles and bask in the warmth of 'His' glory.

"Whatever life may bring your way
Each hour of every passing day,
Throughout the months and long years too,
The Lord in heaven will care for you."
Good luck, God bless you!
Give me a chance to congratulate you!
My wishes to you and to Mrs. Ramakrishna Reddy. May your life explode into million rainbows.

with love,
Sri Ram
Beloved

Panduranga Rao garu ...

No soul can be forever banned,
Eternally bereft,
whatever falls from God's right hand
Is caught into his Left.

-- Edwin Markham

Your letter, heralding your ecstatic smiles, reached and
showered your ineffable love on me. The spiritual observations,
you have made, are absolutely true.

అయితే తెలచే మనీ తమ అయ్యలు చేసాం,
అయితే తెలచే మనీ ఉపారం చేసాం,
అయితే తెలచే మనీ అన్నం చేసాం

— తెలచే అవి అని కూడలి అవి అవ్వారుండా, హెచ్ కాని అందిల్లే గ్రహణం శతాకాలం. The end of all spirituality is the
discovery of ununderstandable and unfelt Love of God.
Sometimes He does not make us feel His Love deliberately to
run His 'Divine Drama' successfully.

One of the 'tricks' He uses, to escape our 'metaphysical net',
is the fact that He hides, in disguise, at places where we suspect
His presence least. One such place is 'problem'. God is 'more'
available in 'problem' 'unrecognizably'; He is 'less' available in
'solution' 'recognizably'. So when He is available unrecogniz-
ably let us not reject Him.

One day when my little child Soumya was asked to choose
between 'a mango' and a 'hundred-rupee note', she chose 'a
mango', whereas my son Uday, who is a grown up boy, joyously grabbed 'hundred-rupee note' and thanked me. More mangoes, that were available unrecognizably, to Uday, were not available to Soumya in hundred-rupee note. That is why a 'Jnani' is more thankful to God for the problems He blesses him with. A 'Tear-drop' is more pregnant with Divinity than a smile is. When a 'Jnani' is not fortunate enough to be blessed with 'tears', he accepts 'smiles'. He always prefers tears to smiles. Tear the 'Tear-drop' - His Grace overwhelms you. A Tear-drop is a disguised smile; A Tear-drop is a misunderstood smile; A Tear-drop is an unripe smile. Nothing is as much misunderstood, hated and rejected as a Tear-drop. For the one who rejects Tear-drop - 'smile's smiles' are never available. Any one who happily collects drops of tears, is never dropped down by 'God'. A Tear-drop, in fact, is the transcendental dew-drop dancing on the lotus-leaf of life. A Tear-drop is the transcendental teacher of our lives. A Tear-drop is the 'transcendental bridge' between the devotee and Divinity. Any one who really wants to avoid 'tears' should fall in love with 'them'. There is no other way of avoiding tears. The centripetal core of spirituality lies in one's ability to ecstatically accept tears.

As you have rightly pointed out in your letter, 'His Hand' never leaves our hand; 'His Heart' knows what our heart needs; 'His Light' never has any eclipse. God is more in search of us, than we are in search of Him. Advertently or inadvertently we are 'running away' from Him, while He is running after us. To be true, our first step to catch Him should be to stop running away from Him. There is no need to run towards Him, because we do not know where He is. If we stop running away from Him, He will run towards us because He knows where we are. So there is no problem if we do not know where He is; it is enough for us that He knows where we are. Let us not run away from Him when He tries to catch us. Though unbelievable it may appear, He does 'miracles' not to demonstrate His strength, but to prevent us from running away from Him. This He does, as He loves us more than we love Him. He needs us more than we need Him. This may sound paradoxical. But it is true 'A childless mother is more unhappy than a motherless child'. A child can live without mother. There are many children who run away from mother whenever their need for
Letters for spiritual seekers

her is over and are happily busy with their own work. As a mother cannot live without children. Mother's only work is to love the children and take care of them. So as you have pointed out, Her hand never leaves our hand. Let us not run away from Her. Let us allow Her to catch our hand. She is more available in our tears and in our problems and 'She' tightens Her grip. It is a tremendous thrill to feel the marvellous touch of the Mother. A Tear-drop tries to tie us to Mother. Tear-drop drives us towards Mother. A Tear-drop is the only door to Divinity. Let us shed tears and divinise ourselves. A Tear-drop is a chance 'given to us by God', to get a glimpse of His Glory. The eyelids that hide tears bear the transcendental imprint of 'the celestial lips'. Beautiful are the eyes that shed tears. Happy are those who are unhappy. Let us shed tears and grow wise. Tear-Drops are the precursors of the crystallized drops of Divine Grace. Thank God there are tears. A crying child is carried by the Mother. A smiling child is left with the toy. Tears are the Royal Road to God. 'Real Krishna' was available to Arjuna only when his eyes were filled with tears. अर्जुने चैव अनन्तन्तर अनुस्यते, निश्चितं ते 'रीतिनी'। When we shed tears transcendently we are doing highest yoga practice.

I personally feel tears acted as the detergent of my soul and removed the dust and dirt, accumulated over ages on it. The day I lose the chance to weep, to cry and to shed tears, I think, I will silently slip into eternal sleep in the lap of the Lord.

Spiritually lovely lines of your letter speak volumes of your enhanced inner growth. Don't be worried about anything. In order to really smile, please don't mind shedding tears. Smile through tears. Intermittent intimations of immortality must be made permanently rooted in our psychic-soil. One should be eternally vigilant about the dust of Maya, which imperceptibly settles on our soul.

Leave everything to Him. Your children are more of His children than they are yours. The bond between your children and God is stronger than it is between you and your children. Their worry is more of His worry than it is yours. These sweet bonds of love and affection - do bother us when our cosmic awareness is tentatively eclipsed. We should immediately
become vigilant. Eternal vigilance is the price of spirituality.

Please remember, God loves your children more than you do. He is more pained by their problems than you are. The only problem with God’s love is, He expresses it sometimes incomprehensibly. Then our inner faith in 'His Love' must swallow the incomprehensibility of the expression of it.

Let us all silently smile at our tears, at our problems, at our aching hearts. God breaks our heart only to enter it. 

---

Use the bow of silence and the arrow of smile - to face the 'slings and arrows' of adversity. The moment our problems are exposed to the sunshine of silent smile, they get evaporated. No problem is strong enough to defy our delightful smile. There is no tear-drop that is not a blessing in disguise to us.

A Tear-drop is a 'cosmic convex lens' that makes us get the better vision of God.

How can I thank you adequately for the ineffable affection and effervescent love that you and the members of your family shower on me, whenever I unpredictably intrude into your home!?

How are the glorious children of immortality 'Aparajita' and 'Karuna'? I am inexpressibly thankful to you for sharing your tears and smiles and congratulate you on your having been blessed with more smiles.
Letters for spiritual seekers

My good wishes to you all!
All of you start smiling... smiling... perennially! We are never pricked by problems. All our problems stem from cosmic illusion. We are surrounded not by problems but by solutions which appear to be problems under the dramatic impact of Maya. So no need to try for any solution. Let us not solve the solution. Let us realize that what is apparently a problem is inherently a solution.

We need not try for liberation also, we are already liberated. But we don't appear to be so. This is again due to cosmic illusion. So the real liberation is the liberation from the illusion that we are imprisoned. నా మనము ట్రీపుపు అంతర్జాతి, నా మనము అయిది.

*A pupil asked Seng-ts'an (Sosan):
*What is the method of liberation?'
*No one binds me!' *Why then', asked Seng-ts'an,
*should you seek liberation?
*In that instant the pupil became enlightened.

-- Zen Story

అసలు ట్రీపుపు అంతర్జాతి. What is left 'unsaid' about Him is always more fascinating than what is 'said'.

Please feel Him everywhere, in everything, in the problem, in the solution, in the tear-drop, in the smile, in pain and in pleasure.... and give me a chance to congratulate you many more times!

మే గొంతు తండ్రికి నా మనము అంతర్జాతి;
మే గొంతు నా మనము అంతర్జాతి మనము నీతి నా మనము అంతర్జాతి;
మే గొంతు నా మనము అంతర్జాతి నా మనము నీతి నా మనము అంతర్జాతి;
మే గొంతు నా మనము అంతర్జాతి నా మనము నీతి;
మే గొంతు నా మనము అంతర్జాతి నా మనము నీతి;
మే గొంతు నా మనము అంతర్జాతి;

-- ఎంపాలు
— అయిన సామనే మనకు రాగింది స్వభావం. We are 'Christ' carrying the eternal cross of life. We are Chrits - capable not only of 'Crucifixion' but also of 'Resurrection'. 'Crucifixion' precedes 'Resurrection'. 'Resurrection' makes 'Crucifixion' meaningful. 'Crucifixion' and 'Resurrection' are the two legs of life. Let us love both.

with love,

Sri Ram
"Whenever I am afraid, I will trust in you"
-- Psalm 56:3

Date: Days dissolve into timeless eternity so quickly that I do not remember any date.
Place: Hyderabad.

Dear
Leonard Rebello ...
with Christmas Greetings ...

"Whatever life may bring your way
Each hour of every passing day,
Throughout the months and long years too,
The Lord in heaven will care for you."

— Thanks a lot for your letter....
The graphic description of 'suffering' in your letter is very touching. But, I don't think there is any need to worry about it. It is only a tentative eclipse of joy, not extinction of joy. The role of suffering - as a student of the Bible you must be knowing better than I do - in our life is immense. The Book of 'Job' in the Bible bears witness to this fact. Tears are the best detergent that cleanses the impurities of the soul. "Sweet are the uses of adversity". Today's tears are tomorrow's pearls of your life. Let us weep and grow rich. Suffering is a subtle device, by God, to draw us into his arms. God is not a cruel butcher but a kind surgeon. He is cruel only to be kind. Let us not doubt God's love. He is father and mother rolled into one. "Just are the ways of God and justifiable to men," says Milton. So let us smile and fight out the tears of life. Tears are a 'must' for the creation of a rainbow. When the sun smiles through 'dark clouds', rainbows are created. Suffering rains in our lives only to create radiant rainbows.
The psalmist David, when surrounded by persistent enemies and false friends, didn't try to avoid danger by adopting a 'don't-think-about-it' philosophy. On the other hand, he acknowledged the storm that was raging around him and looked up to the Lord. He wrote, "In God I have put my trust" - (Psalm 56:4). When he did, he was led into a place of calm.

Let's follow the example of David facing up the difficulties of life; this may be frightening, but God can use that fear to draw us into His arms. When this happens, we will experience real deliverance from the harsh realities of life. When troubles call on you, call on God. Reread the Bible, renew your faith, revitalize your sagging spirit and retaliate upon the trials of life with redoubled ferocity. Victory will be yours. Fortune will soon smile on you.

Don't be worried about anything. All that happens is for your good. So keep smiling and make others smile. Be patient. Wait a little. All your crushed hopes and crucified promises will dissolve into the pure sunshine of joy. Believe in 'Christ'. You can cross the ocean of misery. Celebrate spiritual Christmas (not social Christmas). See that Christ is born in your soul. Your existential agony and dismantled dream will disappear into radiant rainbows.

So please wait, renew faith, smile and fortune will soon smile on you.

My wishes to all the members of your family. Convey my wishes to Mr & Mrs. Chalam and their little son.

Good Luck! God bless you! Give me a chance to congratulate you.

What if, there are piercing, outrageous storms outside; There are protecting, out-stretching arms of God beside.

with love,

Sri Ram
Hi! Baby! How do you do?! Hope, you have safely reached your home? It is nearly twenty million light years since I have seen your tooth-less smiles. How are your credulous Mummy and quiet Dad?! Remind me to them if they have forgotten. I am now here more or less O.K. On that very day when you left Hyderabad, I developed malaria with shivers, bodily pains and started running roughly 104° F. temperature. For about three days I used injections and medicine. But, as ill-luck would have it, fever did not subside and on top of it, the medicine, I used, has begun to give side effects. Since my purse became unbelievably weak and I was left penniless, though I was still in the grip of fever, I somehow managed to reach Maldakal. From there I was expecting to get back to Hyderabad within three days. But, on the contrary to my expectation, the side effects began to assume unusual proportions. Eyes began to blur; vomiting sensation was intolerable; Whatever I took, I immediately vomited. This state of things continued for about eight days or so. I am slowly being nursed back to health. Now.... a bit O.K. There, your Grand-Ma! reminded me of the days when I was under the protective umbrella of your mother,... absolutely carefree!... merrymaking... least bothered about myself as she was there to take care of. I really do not know how to thank her adequately! In fact, I cannot and do not thank her, since I am not a demonstrative type.... Well, leave it! How is your Dad's health now? He was slightly suffering from stomach ache. I have many more things to tell you. That, I will do in my next letter. By the by, when will you give me a chance to have a look at your sweet smiles!
Journey into Joy

Bye! See you again!
My sweet kisses on your soft cheeks!
— Drop me a line, if you feel, so inclined and if you are permitted.
My dear baby —
Remember my words when you become a grown-up child.
Please don't neglect these which are my crystallized experiences.
Though you do not need these now, when you grow up these will be of immense help to you, if you want to be a successful girl.

1. Develop the capacity to demonstrate your inner feelings, affection and love either through deeds, things or at least in the form of words. Even if you do not have, at least try to pretend to be so, successfully. That is enough.

**Reason**: Though you bear in your bosom tons of affection, unless you express them in some form or the other how can they know? Because they are not mind-readers; nor are they Gods to know everything. So they want you to externalize your feelings. Human nature is like that. Don't blame them for that.

**Caution**: Don't think that this warning is applicable only to friends and others. It applies to every one... whether—— they are — friends, brother, sister, son, daughter, husband, father, mother, son-in-law, brother-in-law or daughter-in-law, whoever he or she is... because every one needs, though the degree may vary. No one is an exception.

**Example**: Suppose as a child, you kick your mother or pull her hair, you will get a kiss. Even after becoming four or five years old if you gently scold your father he will just laugh at you. Because, you are pure, your heart is like a mirror and you are a child. If I do the same thing, even if I really have the same childlike nature as you have, I will get a kick, not a kiss. This is because I am just a grown-up man. How can they go into my heart and see, I am also internally a child like you. They do not believe that. Few days back, one of my friends, of course a close one, described me as 'wolf in sheep's clothing'. I got this title just because, I still have a childlike nature which you have and also have inability to pretend and demonstrate. You don't need a better example than this. This is followed by many other examples. Another distinguished friend, slightly insulted me before others, misunderstood me and
stopped talking to me. This happened just because, I use words just like that without any inner motivation. I don't even remember what I have talked a minute back. But how can they know that? They cannot read our minds. They need smooth, polished, methodical words.

I will give you another example: I have two groups of friends: one group thinks that I am good, pure, unselfish, philosophic, intelligent and calm, lonely and given to less-talking. They even many times ask me, "why are you always calm, quiet?" They say, "why don't you talk to your friends?" Now, another group (of friends) thinks that I am talkative, chatter-box, utterly selfish, deceptive and hurt others. See! How the same man is described in two utterly different ways. Who am I then? The fault lies not in them but in me. The reason is my external behaviour with them, though internally I am and was same - with both the groups.

2. Don't develop brutal frankness. You have to polish your words whether you like it or not.

   **Reason:** Each individual needs words of consolation, particularly when they are in distress and psychologically weak. So you cannot use rough words and be frank. They cannot accept realities, and they are not bothered about your intentions but about words only. That is every one's weakness.

   **Example:** This very nature of mine, made some people think that I am very proud, careless and don't care for others. As a result of this I have lost many of my friends, if at all I have any.

3. Whether you like it or not-- pretension (though not over-pretension) is necessary if you want to succeed in society. This you must use in small doses as and when it is necessary. (Here, the word pretension is used in a positive sense as an indispensable instrument for social harmony. It simply means an effort to concretize one's inner intangible love, though, sometimes, one does not feel inclined to do so.)

   ★ ★ ★

Don't think that even if others don't understand you, at least your father, mother and uncle understand you. If you think so, you are mistaken. Now that you are a child, they may laugh at you, play with you, excuse you though you commit a mistake. See! What happens when you grow-up. Of course, as they are
your near and dear people they understand you to a greater degree
but not to the fullest extent. That is what I am today. You don't
commit the same mistake.

4. **Important**: Though others blame you, beat you, misunderstand
you; you don't do that in turn. Be calm, cool and do your duty
irrespective of whether they thank you or beat you with a stick.
If they stop loving you, you don't hate them; excuse them and
love them with equal respect and affection. If they don't
understand you don't blame them; that is human weakness. If
they love you and understand you, it is O.K... smile. If they
hate you and misunderstand you, then also, it is O.K... smile.
Take hatred from them, turn it into affection and give it back
to them.

If you want to cross this ocean of life happily, we need all
these. Since you are a child you do not understand all these;
but some, though grown-up, are still like you mentally. They
too don't understand these. But I don't misunderstand them
or you. All this you will realize later. There are many more
things to warn you about. But I will tell you slowly as you
grow-up. I am really jealous of you my child! I cannot laugh
like you; if I do that people think me to be a fool. I cannot
play like you with others; if I do that, they think me to be childish
and mannerless; other people cannot kiss me as they do to you;
I will only get a nice kick. I cannot be happy like you, because
I have more burdens to bear.... These are the ways of the world;
you are too young to understand them. They are too young
to understand me. I have all my **hopes on you only**. Since
you do not need all the things which grown-up people need,
like demonstration, pretension and expression. Even if I do not
give you chocolate, you smile at me; even if I don't express
my love towards you, you don't misunderstand me; though I beat
you now, next minute you forget the whole thing and come to
my arms smilingly. Others don't forget like that. They remember
till they die and start hating or stop loving forever. Now do
you understand why only you are my true friend! So I write
letters only to you and to none else.

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స్వామియుని నామకు,

మాన్యదేవుడు
28.1.1992,
Nizamabad.

Beloved
Nagaraj ...

The ultimate tonic to the tormented soul is -- transcendental awareness. Read the Gita. The Gita is not a book of information; it is a book of transformation. If you disappear into the Gita, your disappointment disappears. If you listen to Krishna, your 'Trishna' will vanish. Banish all disbelief from your mind. Bend yourself before God in belief, He does not mind amending the constitution of your life, if it is desirable for you. Resurrect your love for God. The only one thing I learnt in my life is never to lose faith in the love of God. Tear up your disbelief into pieces. Peace begins to flow from your eyes. Tears cease to flow. Be like a dry, dead leaf at the mercy of Divine wind. Divine wind is always merciful. God is stronger than our strongest enemies. In His folded fist, there lie remedies for the most incurable maladies. Why do you, then shiver, when all Divine power is behind your back? Belief in God is the backbone of your life. God Can break the back of your incurable ill-luck. He can bring you back to the shores of your past glory. But before that, lose yourself in Him if you do not want to lose your precious pleasure. Letters of Sai Nivedita and Hari are reaching me. సై నివేదిత ఆడి తనిఖీ కొండపై వచ్చింది. హయం తనిఖీ. Thanks. Replies to their sweet and short; long and lovely letters will follow soon. Sense of wonder and total surrender are the two indispensable components of Innocence which alone is the inexhaustible source of incandescent Divine delight. God bless you!

Yours lovingly,
Sri Ram
25.8.1991,
Nizamabad.


Your greetings and gift greeted me with the 'spring' of gracious smiles. Your letter, written in inimitably chaste English, burst into dancing daffodils and an unending stretch of radiant roses. Every letter of your letter, springing from the unfathomable depths of sisterly love, lighted the dark mossy labyrinths of my heart and lightened the heavy weight of frost settling on the leaves of my life!

Could I ever reciprocate your love adequately?!

What else can I do except to allow the tears of joy, trickling down my cheeks to fall into the vessel of your love?!

Losing myself intoxicatingly in your letter was like:

-- The Sun-rays of sisterly love, ecstatically, caressing the dew-drops of brotherly affection.

Do I deserve all the encomiums heaped on me?! To be true, I am an incurably inhuman 'human being', unsuccessfully trying to be at least as human as a human being ought to be. The healing touch of affection, showered on me by persons like you, makes the scars of ill-luck disappear from the walls of my life. Out of sheer love you see in me so many non-existent traits, which I never claim to possess.

Nagaraj’s letter belching out volcanic-lava of his life is very touching and deeply moving. May the delta of delight smile on him soon! The cassettes of Hari constantly convert the cacophonous
noises of my life into symphonic notes. Convey my thanks for that.

This year yours is the first Rakhi to reach me. Your ineffable letter and Rakhi exhausted my linguistic potentialities to express my gratitude. Your letter displays a lot of inner growth which is an indispensable instrument for the art of living.

I am indissolubly grateful to you for the photographs of Baba which are so sparkingly spiritual that they radiate meditative profundity and emanate divine sparks. Whoever stole a glance at them wanted to possess a copy of them. Hari’s cassette is melodious. Every morning and night I am enjoying it. Nagaraj’s incandescent letter glows with spiritual beauty. His unswerving faith in God will steer the ship of his life to the shores of pleasure. 'Spring' will certainly smile upon the out-stretched naked branches of his life groaning under the weight of Autumn.

Let us also appreciate the advantages of adversity. Faith coupled with patience works wonders. The real rest lies in leaving the rest to Him after doing all that we can. The only source of peace is the unconditional and unshakable faith in His ways which are always just and justifiable, in spite of being humanly incomprehensible. Faith is seeing with the eyes of the heart. Nothing can make God happier than our being patient with His ways.

May the Divine Grace cascading from the heart of Baba fertilize the fields of your lives and bring 'Bliss' to you all!!!

— Keep writing letters now and then.
Beloved
Pratap ...

"What has happened
has happened for the best.
What is happening
is happening for the best.
What will happen
will happen for the best.
Do not brood over the past.
Do not worry about the future.
The present is on."

... back here, carrying, still, on our back the sweet memories of the days spent in Bombay, basking in the warmth of your ineffable affection. The entrancing rainbow-like ride, for a week, through the streets of Bombay eclipsed our existential enigmas. Yashoda's lonely journey on the path of her life, is now accompanied by the vitalizing sweet memories of Bombay visit. The best and unforgettable part of our trip was — pilgrimage to Shirdi which drowned all of us in transcendentual drowsiness. Everything was so smooth and so perfect.

Out of sheer kindness, you gladly bore the strain of all kinds, inflicted on you. The kind of pain, we have introduced to you, is something you do not deserve. The kind of pleasure you induced in us, is something we do not deserve. I do not know how to thank you for all this ironic reversal of roles. It is equally difficult to thank Williams, and Jagadish, the victims of our trip to Bombay.
Letters for spiritual seekers

All our indissoluble deep debt of gratitude to your limitless love, uncontrollably gets dissolved into tears of joy, blurring our eyes. All the children and ladies also felt animated as sodium on water. Occasional, nostalgic re-capture of enraptured moments spent in Bombay, constantly revitalizes my sagging spirit.

Jesus offers us life,
Even though we caused his death.

with love and affection
too deep for articulation...

Yours lovingly,
Sri Ram
Date: Are you in a 'hurry' to know it?
Place: 'Hari's' heart.

Beloved
Harischandra ...

Congrats. on having added one more feather to your already scintillating cap. Go ahead doing whatever you feel like doing. It is often said that if a lucky man is thrown into the sea he will come back with a fish in his mouth. So are you, the son of some lucky mother. It is nearly ages since I heard your sonorous voice. If I am lucky enough I may once again get exposed to your cascading melody in May second week, on my way back from Madras. I am likely to be hijacked to Madras by Ravi Raju around tenth May. So I can meet you either at Tirupati or at Madras if you can join us there. How is your Prof. Baig and his son. I think I can see them when I come to Tirupati. Convey my good wishes to his son.

What else? Live like a hermit, work like a horse. Do all that makes you more dynamic, and move enthusiastically. Be like a dry dead leaf at the mercy of Divine wind. But don't forget to remain more active and throw more smiles. You must always be found full of vitality. Be wise, take any wise decision following your conscience and remain unperturbed. All that happens is for our good. If something happens to us let us allow it to happen and let us also make something happen to us, though everything is His will. In other words, let us be effective instruments in the hands of God.

Enjoy both the dawns and dusks of life. Enjoy the dark clouds and delightful rainbows. About your recent job -- think of the pros and cons and wisely take any decision you feel like taking. Then again continue to transmit bewitching smiles.
May all the melodies of life emerge from the flute of your life! Let there be music in your throat and music in your heart. May the jasmine of your life scatter undying fragrance all around. Answers to the questions, posed in your earlier letters, can comfortably be discussed when we spend some time together soon.

Good luck. God bless you. Give me a chance to congratulate you.

Yours lovingly,

Sri Ram
I owe so many replies to your letters, which concretely capture the melodious songs of love and affection filtering out of the four walls of your heart. Your letter is a Xylophone thrill. Your love has always the freshness of the lotus and the loveliness of the lily. Could I ever adequately reciprocate your ineffable love for me in any other way, except by hugging you to my aching heart and exhaust on your shoulders, the suppressed tears of joy, hiding under my tired-eyelids. I feel more at home if I am addressed as 'friend' or at best 'Sir'. In fact, I am neither your 'Sir', nor your 'Seer'. I am your servant. I do not know how many serpents raise their hoods and hiss in the subterranean caves of my heart. There is more joy in being a servant than in being a master. As for me, I am still alive in order that I may not be denied a chance to shed tears. Let us call tear-drops drops of wisdom. Lean on the Lord. Expand the petals of your smiles. Lying curled up in the arms of the mother, let us enjoy storms outside! 'పాండ్రలు' అయిన మాయా, బ్యాయ్పాడ పరమ దేవో, పరమ శివుడు తమ హృదయం, పరమ శివుడు తమ హృదయం - రామ్భామూషి చెట్టు....

— Don't strain yourself too much. Properly nourish your body also.

Yours lovingly,
Sri Ram
The 'Child of Immortality'

Aruna ...

Please smile... Hope you are recovering fast. The news about the tragic accident is simply unbelievable. It startled me and stunned me into numbness. 'Fate' -- is undeniable. We should happily succumb to its dictates.

_Fate links the 'unlinks',_

_It unlinks the 'links',_

_It links 'the things which no man thinks'._

This is how fate unknowably and unalterably works. Every death blow dealt by 'fate', must make us more undeterred. Muster courage, smile, move ahead cheerfully.

There is nothing like 'an accident' in anybody's life. All 'accidents' are predetermined, divinely determined 'incidents'. The only thing is we are not aware of it. We cannot question 'Divine ways'. 'He' is un-understandably kind sometimes. Then 'He' appears to be cruel.

I am not trying to console you; I cannot also. I am only placing 'Facts of Life' before you. By the acute analysis of the ways of life, like a spiritual scientist, you have to console yourself.

Whenever I hear about a tragic thing like this, I always remember the words of _Shakespeare_ which are pregnant with wisdom.

_As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods-_
_They kill us for their sport._

Doesn't it sound true? It does sound true. But the most important word here is 'Sport'. It is a sport. Life is undoubtedly, 'Divine
Sport'. It is *His Leela*. It is the ‘Dream-Drama’. Once we remember that life is just a drama, a dream, a sport, we are not worried about the consequences of our efforts. We develop 'spontaneous detachment'. We act our 'assigned role' detachedly, cheerfully. Because it is after all a drama, being enacted for 'His' sake and for 'our' sake. Once this fact, that we are characters in this 'Cosmic Drama' playing our roles, is kept in mind life ceases to be tragic. The 'poisonous sting of life' disappears. All the unbearable agony arising out of comparison with others vanishes.

In fact none is superior to us; none is inferior to us. They appear to be so. This 'appearance' is needed for the progress of 'Drama'. But the reality is - there is inherent, ineradicable communism in our life. All the differences are an illusion, like the blueness of the sky. Let us not be a victim to Cosmic Delusion. There is no hierarchy. There is only a dramatic 'Variety'. The difference between the Peon and the P.M. is that of 'Variety', not of hierarchy.

So please smile...smile...smile. 'Happy are those who are 'unhappy', for the 'kingdom of wisdom' belongs to them. Let us be happy about the fact that an unhappy child always remembers Mother, and feels Her presence and above all 'Mother' keeps such a child always on Her lap. There cannot be a greater blessing than the 'marvellous touch of the mother'. This is the only real wealth. All else is the 'dream-wealth' of life; Let us not be worried about the denial of 'dream-wealth'.

I believe, your pain is unbearable. But bear it like "Ramana Maharshi". You can cheerfully bear it. Pain, once we patiently bear, becomes a source of blessing in many ways and bears the fruit of pleasure. This is divinely inflicted pain. Pain is disguised pleasure. It may be difficult for you to accept this fact. But in the larger cosmic perspective, nothing can be truer than this.

In this 'Divine Drama' - everything is pre-determined and well-determined (sometimes understandably). We just cannot do anything, need not do anything. Even the minutest incidents are pre-determined. The very words like, minute, big, important, unimportant - belong to the dualistic language of human beings. For God there is nothing like tiny and big. He is a non-dualistic, transcendental being. Sometimes I am inclined to feel that for 'God' there is no difference between the death of Buddha and the death of a bird. There is only a dramatic difference, not a transcendental difference.
Letters for spiritual seekers

Human life springs from an unalterable sheet of fate. If you cannot believe the words of a lesser mortal like me, see what P.D. Ouspensky the world famous thinker and philosopher had to say about this aspect. I do not know whether you have heard about him or read his books. In his famous book *In search of the Miraculous*, he says:

...actually no body does anything and nobody can do anything. This is the first thing that must be understood. *Everything happens.* All that befalls a man, all that is done by him, all that comes from him - *all this happens.* Out of himself a man cannot produce a single thought, a single action. Everything he says, does, thinks, feels - all this *happens.* *Man cannot discover anything, invent anything.* It all happens.

He continues:

To establish this fact for oneself, to understand it, to be convinced of its truth, means getting rid of a thousand illusions about man, about his being creative and consciously organizing his own life, and so on. There is nothing of this kind. *Everything happens* - popular movements, wars, revolutions, changes of government, all this *happens.*

*Man is born, lives, dies, builds houses, writes books, not as he wants to, but as it happens. Everything happens.* Man does not love, hate, desire - *all this happens.*

"But no one will ever believe you if you tell him that he can do nothing. This is the most offensive because it is the truth, and nobody wants to know the truth."

He further maintains:

Everybody always thinks he could do it better. They do not understand and do not want to understand, that what is being done and particularly what has already been done, in one way, cannot be and could not have been done, in another way. Have you noticed how every one now is talking about the war? Every one has his own plans, his own theory. Every one finds that nothing is being done in the way it ought to be done. Actually everything is being done in the only way it can be done.

That is what is written in that famous book, *In Search of the Miraculous*, by Ouspensky. The words, written above were uttered to Ouspensky by his Guru, Gurdjieff. Gurdjieff was not an ordinary
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man. He was a highly enlightened saint. He was a world famous figure. I again do not know whether you have heard about him. This is what the sages have discovered out of their practical contact with Divinity.

Your unexpected tragic accident is also a predetermined Divine act. Accept it cheerfully. Recover from it. Smile, continue the journey of your life. You have not lost anything, nor are you going to lose anything. Open your eyes. Enlarge your inner vision. Everything is O.K. Everything is a blessing (in disguise). We are here not to achieve anything. The Aim of life is not the achievement of anything. You yourself are God's achievement. The real aim of life is just to be alive, intensely in tune with nature. Life is a chance, given to us by God, to smile come what may. Smile through tears. Rainbow is the result of the Sun, smiling through dark clouds. Once you smile at tears they are transmuted into 'Smiles'. We should never be unhappy. We are the glorious children of immortality. We are the 'broken part' of 'unbroken pleasure'. We are the 'broken piece' of 'unbroken peace'. Let us continue the unbroken pleasure and peace in the 'broken part' of cosmic whole.

Even now there is every reason to smile, there is no reason to shed tears. Nothing is taken away from you. You have not lost anything. God has arranged so many things to make you feel enthralled. The wide, blue sea of Vizag leaping up in joy; the mellifluous music of rolling waves; gurgling streams; the sonorous song of cuckoo; the delightful dance of Peacock; the sky like a giggling girl, blushing in the golden light of the Sun, sinking beneath western horizon; fluffy clouds floating in the sky; mesmerizing moon-lit-nights; star-studded summer skies; the innocent smiles of a tooth-less baby; the vast velvety lawns; dancing daffodils; rainbows; cascading waterfalls... all these blessings of God are there to thrill you, to whisper eternal secrets into your ears, to draw you into the lap of the Cosmic Mother.

Flap your wings like the multicoloured butterfly and get nearer to the eternal thief of butter, the blue boy of Brindavan.

If you smile and recover fast your 'Mother' will feel extremely happy. I convey my good wishes for the quickest recovery of your health. Don't be worried about anything. Be brave, be cheerful. He will take care of you at all times. All your psycho - physical traumatic pain must slowly dissolve into the stillness of the absolute.
Letters for spiritual seekers

Laugh like a lily, dance like a daffodil, gambol like an innocent lamb... dance your way into Lord's lap and give me a chance to shed tears of joy and congratulate you.

Smile! There is every reason to smile and no reason to shed tears. Tear your tear-drops, drop all your future fears, enjoy the crystallized drops of Divine Grace, emerge out from the chrysalis of psychic agony, enlarge your inner vision, feel the marvellous touch of the Mother's hand, lead your life like a full blown lotus and like a baby being rocked to sleep in the cradle of mother's love, dissolve yourself into unalloyed bliss.

Yours eternally,

Sri Ram
Beloved
Pratap ...

with Guru Purnima (30th July, 1996)
Greetings ...

It is impossible that anything so natural so necessary, and
so universal as death should ever have been designed by
Providence as an evil to mankind.

-- Jonathan Swift

The mercury soaring to unimaginable heights has disappeared
into the dampness of rainy season, descending upon the earth. An
icy blast of wind has been blowing through the window chilling
my room. The sun who threatened to scorch us with his burning
beams has been hiding behind the rain-bearing clouds for the last
ten days or so.

Every one must succumb to the pressure of time. The Sun is
no exception. This is nature's law. I don't think anyone can ever
make a better law than that of Nature. The objects of nature and
the laws of nature are the ultimate symbols of perfection. That is
perhaps, why Wordsworth chose nature to be his teacher. Some
where he says:

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral, evil and of good,
Than all ages can.

We can never improve upon nature. Any object in nature is
amazingly perfect. For instance, we cannot improve upon a tree
in a particular area. The structure of a tree is most suited to its
existence. The structure of a bird is most suited to fly in the sky.
Letters for spiritual seekers

We can never create a better structure. The creatures living in water can never be improved upon. Xerophytes in the desert can never be improved upon. They are the best available structures of nature. We can at best copy them to some extent and become scientists.

When a tree sheds leaves in autumn it is not an error in nature's design. It holds mirror to its nature's supreme intelligence. A child - the most beautiful expression of nature's perfection and love can never be designed in a better way.

>You made all the delicate inner parts of my body and knit them together in my mother's womb. Thank you for making me so wonderfully complex! It is amazing to think about. Your workmanship is marvellous - and how well I know it. You were there while I was being formed in utter seclusion! You saw me before I was born and scheduled each day of my life before I began to breathe. Everyday was recorded in your Book!

Psalm 139 : (13-17)

The dance of daffodils and daisies, the laughter of lilies and lilacs, singing birds, swimming fishes, rustling trees, running rivers, the blueness of the sky, the calmness of everlasting hills, dewy meadows, twilight shadows, cascading waterfalls, rolling waves, mesmerizing moon-lit-nights, the dance of the dews of the dawn, the captivating, innocent toothless smile of a child, the intoxicating giggle of a glamorous girl, the romantic glances of an eye-eyed damsel, the scent of a winter-rose, the smell of the sweat, the taste of tears, the lovely kisses of mother on the eye-lids of a sleeping child, the magic of love, the unheard sonorous music of twinkling star, intermittent whisper of nature's immortal intimations, cool summer breeze caressing the cheeks of the evening sky - all these!... oh!... an everlasting Divine insignia. The whole universe is like an unfoldment of a golden dream on a mid-summer's night. The universe has been consciously and carefully crafted by the creator with an eye not only on supreme perfection but also on aesthetics. Conceived impeccably with amazing wisdom, the universe is a peculiar amalgam of apparent opposites. In every object of the universe, there is an unheard heart-throb of Almighty. In fact this 'Universe' is the 'Uni' - 'verse' about the 'Love of the Lord'. That is why 'Love' is so powerful on earth and the instinct to write verses about it is so deep-seated.
Such being the truth about the objects of the universe, we, who are also indispensable components of nature must be equally perfect. Just as we cannot have a better design of a tree, a better design of a bird, we cannot have a better structure of our bodies and a better version of our biographies. But to be happy, one need not understand the perfection of creator's plan. To be true, the complete comprehension of cosmic scheme is not only not possible but undesirable. In fact the need for words like, 'Unconditional love' and 'Faith', arise out of incomprehensibility of cosmic plan. Our joy has nothing to do with our awareness of the creator's design. Without knowing anything about Him and His Plan - it is possible to love Him. On the contrary, it is desirable to love Him without knowing anything about Him.

The best example is - the child - the greatest transcendent teacher ever available on the earth. Look at the child. Look at an infant. She loves her Mother without knowing anything about mother. Her love for the mother is unconditional. Child's love must be unconditional because Mother is understandable. By any stretch of imagination, it is not possible for the child to understand the mother. So the child 'feels' the mother. She never 'understands' the mother. In spite of resounding slaps on the tender cheeks, in spite of chronic reprimands see how the child clings to mother. How many times, the child's dreams have been shattered by the mother, how many times the innocent hopes of the child have been cruelly crushed by the mother, how many times the child has doubted, blamed and cursed the mother! But, how is it that, in spite of all these chaotic and traumatic experiences - the child cannot run away from the mother and illogically longs for her lap?! The slap on the cheek has failed to make the child leave the mother. That is why the child's love is unconditional. The reason for child's ability to do so is the fact that the child does not 'know about' the mother. But he 'knows' the mother. The child 'belongs' to her. He does not 'understand' her. When you belong to somebody you don't try to understand him or her. The desire for understanding disappears. My hand belongs to me. I do not try to understand my hand. I just love it. It just loves me unconditionally. 'Knowing the mother' is different from 'Knowing about the mother'. So when we know God, when we belong to God, then all our desire to analyse and understand disappears. A lover, when he belongs to his beloved, never tries to understand her. He just loves her in spite of many
flaws, known or unknown. The desire to understand is swallowed by the sense of belonging. The lover and the beloved 'feel' each other. Love dissolves the desire to understand. In fact only when the desire to understand disappears, real love blossoms.

Understanding is intellectually logical, feeling is biologically logical. A feeling is greater than understanding. The instinct is greater and truer than intellect. Radha and Krishna belong to each other, know each other, so they can love each other so intensely and so passionately. Krishna never tries to 'understand' Radha. She is his own extension. She is an inseparable part of Himself, just as an 'eye' is the part of our body. Radha also never tries to 'know about' Krishna, because she 'knows' Him. Krishna separated Himself from Himself to love Himself. Radha is the other self of Krishna. They are like the two halves of the same circle. Though, it is hard to believe all our misery starts with our effort to understand Nature. A child is incapable of understanding mother. That is why he is capable of unalloyed bliss. A bird is happier than man because of its 'inability' to understand nature. A bird just loves nature living in tune with it, accepting nature in its totality.

In spite of their dreams and disappointments how happy are the birds, animals and trees! Their ability to be happier than man is rooted in their innocent acceptance of nature. In fact the whole humanity is in bad need of Non-understanding - not understanding, ununderstanding or misunderstanding. Look at the strange paradox! The more we try to understand others, the more understood they remain. The more we try to make ourselves understandable to others, the more understood we remain. The more logic, the more powerful language we use, the more is the failure. Are we now not aware of the fact that the modern man's constant complaint is that there is no one who understands him? The whole disillusionment of the modern man is traced back by the psychologists, to the absence of the one who can understand him. He feels lonely. His life has become a constant readiness to be misunderstood by all at all times.

Some of you may not agree with me if I say that the real reason for man's inability to understand others - is the fact that - all understanding is against nature; it is unnatural. Nature never allows 'understanding' as a result of which we either misunderstand or find ourselves unable to understand. Though paradoxical it may appear 'understanding' is possible only where 'understanding' is absent. It
is absent between the child and mother. So there is perfect understanding between them. The moment the child grows up, acquires intelligence and tries to understand mother, misunderstanding slowly creeps between the child and mother.

Again to know why nature is against understanding we should know our relation with nature. We are all inherent, inseparable parts of the whole, called Nature. The part cannot and should not try to understand the whole. If it does so, it dilutes the bond between the part and the whole. So what a part can and should do is 'to remain a part' of the whole. That is all. My leg is the part of my whole (body). It never tries to understand my body. It just remains a part of my body. That is the greatest favour a part can do to the whole.

Look at Adam. How happy he was when the ability to understand God was absent in Him. The moment Adam tried to question and understand God's command that he should not touch the "fruit of the forbidden tree", his misery began. Eve tempted him, acting under the evil pressure of Satan and forced him logically to eat the fruit of the forbidden tree. Then God gave him wisdom; intelligence, logic but took away, his peace and happiness. Adam was finally thrown out of the garden of Eden. We are all unconscious inheritors of Adam's temptation to understand God. So we too have become peaceless pieces of existence. The first step in our transcendental approach towards God is the total absence of the desire to understand. It is a cosmic illusion to think that we can understand and understanding enhances our joy. Our desire for understanding is same as our desire for salty water to quench our thirst. The more salty water we drink the more thirsty we become. The more we try to understand; the less we succeed in doing so.

Now there is misunderstanding between man and man, wife and husband, parents and children, state and state, country and country. All this misunderstanding arose out of our effort to understand more by means of better communication, than by means of logic and refined languages. 'Communion', not 'communication' is the language of the heart. It is through communion only it is possible to understand.

Whenever there is deep, indissoluble love there is 'absence of understanding'. Love and understanding cannot coexist. That is the tragic fate of modern couple. Their today's duet is tomorrow's duel. Every wife wants her husband to understand her. Every
husband wants his wife to understand him. Our mental myopia makes us believe that if we can understand more it is possible to love more. In fact the reverse of it is the truth. It is love that gives birth to understanding. 'Love' is the mother of all real understanding. The Mother of love gives birth to the 'child of understanding'. The moment the desire for understanding or getting understood disappears love blossoms. Love precedes understanding. Understanding does not precede love.

The moment the desire to understand divinity disappears in the heart of the devotee, he gets divinised. A devotee is, not logically, but biologically related to Divinity. Wherever there is biological relation, logic must disappear. Look at the normal behaviour of mother towards her child in our ordinary lives. Whenever the child argues with the mother, she says, "Don't argue; Don't try to understand. Just do what I say." Mother dislikes to be understood by the child as she is biologically, not logically related to the child. She likes to be loved by the child, she dislikes to be understood.

Pratap! my personal feeling is couples can be happy if they spend a couple of seconds in belonging to each other, instead of trying to understand each other. Radha and Krishna did the same. They did not waste even a second in understanding each other. All the time they tried to belong to each other. All the Gopikas did the same. In fact the whole of universe is throbbing with the sense of belonging. When we too master the art of belonging, instead of longing to understand or to be understood, we get in tune with nature. Then nature out of sheer love reveals so many eternal secrets. That is how a devotee gets divinised by belonging to God. Understanding means 'separation', only when we are separate from somebody we try to understand. 'Belonging' means togetherness and oneness.

In the physical world also, the same is true. Electrons in the atom belong to nucleus. Planets in the solar system belong to the Sun. When all the electrons all the time happily move around the nucleus, when all the planets all the time harmoniously move around the Sun, it is like Gopikas moving around Krishna ecstatically in the Brindavan. Yes, Krishna is the Sun, the spiritual nucleus of the universe. Let us all belong to Him, let us not try to understand Him, let us not try to 'know about' Him, let us 'know' Him, let us 'love' Him, let us move around Him and ultimately move into Him and become the inseparable limbs of His cosmic body.
The news about your successful completion of your pre-Ph.D. Exam. has thrown us all into ecstasy. Boldly go ahead with your Ph.D. and give us a chance to congratulate you as early as possible.

Don't be worried about the problems of any sort. Don't be worried about the depression, disappointments. Don't be worried about the incomprehensibility and apparent imperfection of the 'perfect cosmic map'. Even if you hit rough weather, even if your life develops in-separable snags which threaten to bury you under the debris of insanity... remain unperturbed, unruffled and undeterred. Hurl all these hurdles into your indissoluble faith in His love. Once you belong to Him, no sorrow, however much it tries, ever belongs to you. What is a problem after all! It is more availability of God unrecognizably. When God, out of sheer love, makes Himself more available unrecognizably, we call it a problem. In fact God is less available in the solution recognizably. Let us enjoy God's love 'more in the problem', if we are fortunate enough to have more problems, or at least less in the 'solution', if we are unfortunate enough to be surrounded by 'solution'. He is there in the problem, in the solution, in the tear-drop, in the smile. Let us capture Him whenever He is available, in whatever form He makes Himself available.

'Wielding our will power is no substitute for yielding our will to God's power'. God's plan always includes us. We should not forget to include God in our plans. Once we allow God to protect us, all the problems are put to flight. If they don't fly away, they will all be smashed to smithereens and we will soon find that the highways of our lives are strewn with the wreckage of dismantled problems and spineless sorrow. Let us not be worried about any problem. He will take care of everything. Let us try to 'solve' the problems. Let us become strong enough to 'bear' them and let us try to 'go beyond' them.

Your beautiful greeting card, sent in connection with Uday's Birthday, reached in time. He felt extremely happy. Convey my Gurupurnima wishes to Sagar, Gita and other friends also.

Once again, I request you to smile always. The universe is perfect, and harmonious. It is difficult to discover the perfection, the harmony of the spheres, since they are clouded by the dust of dualism. We do not feel God's love because it is refracted through the prism of dualism; we cannot see God as he hides behind the mist of dualism. This scientifically perfect solar system, astronomically astonishing stellar system, these biologically perfect
creatures in the water, on the earth, this paragon of animals called man, could not have come out of an 'imperfect' hand. All the cruelty, all the imperfection is apparent. It is nature's necessary apparatus to run the Dualistic Divine Drama. This can be understood, not by trying to understand it, but by gently belonging to him and silently loving Him, feeling Him, moving to Him, melting into Him and becoming Him.

The eternal enigmas have never been answered adequately and can never be answered; but the enigmas get evaporated when we feel Him, when we belong to Him.

At least for me, there is no need for greater proof of His presence, than your 'unalloyed Love'. I never tried to understand you. I just felt that I belong to you and I feel your love. That is why all the flaws, which you think you have, are never visible to me. Similarly, once we feel that we belong to Him and love Him, all His faults, flaws and foibles, if He has any, will disappear. Love is the final solution to all the problems that plague the whole humanity. It is only through Love that we can understand others better and get understood better. There is no other way. Let us all love to live and live to love. This is the goal of life. To be alive, intensely in tune with nature, in order to love every object of nature - is the real goal of life!

One of the cosmic reasons why a man dies, (when a man dies?) is losing one's ability to love and be loved. When I become old - can I love the objects of nature (both animate and inanimate) with as much zeal as I do now? When I become old - do others love me and my withering body? I fail to be the object of love. Then out of sheer... perennial love, nature, the eternal lover takes me into her lap and lulls me into a long... sleep and wakes me up again into lovely childhood and makes me the fit object of love. That, I think, is what happened to your father. There is no need to get worried about your inability to serve him. If you really owe any debt to your father, nature would have made you dissolve it, would not have left you. Remember nature is a merciless judge. We cannot evade any debt.

We do not know whether your father has actually dissolved his debt which he owed to you in the past birth, or you are going to get a better occasion in the next birth to pay back your debt in the most appropriate way. Nature's plan is magnificent. Once we really know the 'dexterity of Divine hand' we feel like chopping
off our hands so that everything is done by His hand, so that we are not tempted to do anything with our hands.

So don't be worried about your father's death. He discharged his duties and died into another childhood. He is now being loved more and will love more. Again he has so soon become the object of love. Thank God for that. May be, he could not have got as much love as he is now getting, had he continued to live. Mother knows better when a child is hungry and what sort of food is to be given to him. God knows better when one is really starved for love, what kind of love he really needs and how to get it for him.

Hunger is a divine device to increase the taste of food. Absence of love is again a divine device to increase the pleasure of love. Tear-drop is a cosmic device to enhance the beauty of smile. Between a problem and a solution there is a mathematician. Between a tear-drop and a smile there is joy. God is available, joy is available somewhere on the way from tear-drop to smile; failure to success; problem to solution.

This is Divine dualism, the necessary cosmic brick of this mansion called universe. A hungry stomach, being fed, is any day, better than and is happier than fully fed stomach. Thirsty throat, being quenched and drenched with cool water, is better than the throat devoid of thirst. Somebody got cancer. He struggled a lot and got cured and is now dancing and visiting every temple, thanking Him. Earlier also he had the same good health which he has now, after he is free from cancer. But then he was not at all happy, let alone dancing. Now he has the same health. But he is dancing now. What is the reason? Dualism, the brick of our Drama. He lost it and got it back. So he is dancing. Joy is available somewhere between ill-health and health. Happiness is available on the way from problem to solution. He loves us so much that he creates problem, disease, tear-drop, failure, hunger, thirst - just to make us happy. We feel, it is by cooking well that we can increase the taste of food. But He feels, it is by creating hunger that the real taste of the food is increased. So let us thank God for Crucifixion, for death since Resurrection makes Crucifixion, which follows, more meaningful; birth, which follows death, makes death more fruitful. Crucifixion and Resurrection are the two legs of Christ's life. It is 'Resurrection' that made Christ a real Son of God, that made the whole world worship Him, that made you
and me visit churches. But without Crucifixion, Resurrection would not have been possible. So ultimately it is Crucifixion which made Christ spiritually, so great. Otherwise, He would have died like any other ordinary man, would have died as a non-entity. Though He is divine, our mortal eyes would have failed to perceive his innate Divinity and we would have treated Him as any other person. It is our mental myopia that drove Christ to the cross. It is only after Resurrection that we opened our eyes wide enough to recognize his divine fire and started warming our lives with that heat. It is to enable us to recognize his Divinity that He allowed Himself to be crucified. In a word, the fulcrum of Christhood is Crucifixion. Crucifixion led to Resurrection which made Christ the real son of God, which inspired us to become Christ's sons. But for Crucifixion, all this spiritual beauty would have been lost. So Christ on the cross is the most fascinating figure. The spiritual prettiness of Christ on the cross is irresistible. When He was being put on the cross and was being nailed, for us it was horrifying sight, we shudder to see it. But for Christ, it was cosmic beautification. He was spiritually being beautified by God, the master beautician, to attract us. Once Resurrection had been over, His 'spiritual beautification' or His 'cosmic-make-up' was complete. He was now irresistibly handsome. He started now attracting us, just as Krishna had attracted Gopikas in the Brindavan.

This is the power of Divine Dualism. So the Crucifixion and Resurrection are the two legs of Christ. Problem and solution, tear-drop and smile, success and failure - are not opposites, are not antonyms... They are supplementary aspects of dualism. They are spiritual synonyms of our lives.

So let us all pray to God - asking for both the problem and the solution, both the tear-drop and the smile. It is only on the way from problem to solution, from tear-drop to smile - that we are dropped into the lap of God, into the lap of joy.

Everything is an expression of God's love, understandable or ununderstandable. Let us all lose the ability to understand Him. Let us 'feel' Him, let us 'love' Him, let us 'belong' to Him. The whole universe hinges on God's love. Love is the greatest mantra. Miracle is a friction between the love of god and the love of the devotee, coupled with cosmic need. Our life is a Divine Miracle. Our life is crystallized love of God. There cannot be a greater proof of God's presence than our own lives. Our life is the autograph
of Almighty. Let us preserve His autograph by embalming it with love.

May the One to whom everyone belongs and who belongs to everyone bless you with what is desirable to you! Longing to be embalmed eternally with your ever lasting love...

"Every morning, lean thine arms a while
Upon the window-sill of Heaven
and gaze upon the Lord....
Then, with that vision in thy heart
Turn strong to meet the day."

... ... ...

No soul can be for ever banned,
Eternally bereft,
Whoever falls from God's right hand
Is caught into his left

-- Edwin Markham

with love,

Sri Ram
Beloved

Bharat ...

"Success is how high
you bounce,
when you hit
the bottom."

How is life? Let me restructure my question - How does life appear to you at this moment? The need for restructuring the question is the fact that what life really is - no one knows! What appears as something to someone may appear to be something else to someone else. What appears to be a tragedy may appear to be a comedy a little later to the same person.

The best example is my own life. I have changed my definition of life many a time. That is why I am always a little more careful when I express my views. There were days when life appeared to me as the meaningless mass, an unending stretch of agony. The 'watch' of life is with me; the watchmaker is unseen, unknown and unknowable. Unsuccessfully I try to watch the watchmaker. Sometimes I explode into utter helplessness and feel that I am the meanest and most insignificant ant ever born on the earth. Nobody has a better qualification to commit suicide than this creature crawling... into the grave.

I did feel like this! This is not an exaggeration. Whenever the clouds of suicidal depression hung heavily over my psychic horizon... I used to hear an immortal whisper in the depths of my loneliness... saying; "you are not a dust particle; you are a particle of Divine Dust; you are not an insignificant ant, hated by
all; you are an iridescent antelope being loved by the Lord; you are not a six-feet psycho-physical organism, destined to be thrown into the dust bin of time as a nonentity. You are the glorious child of immortality, being rocked into ecstasy by divine hand. Roar like a wounded tiger. Hiss like an injured cobra. You are not here just to be crushed under the hoof of an unbridled onrushing hurdle. The paralytic strokes of failures should not make you immobile. Move like a hurricane, your heart is impregnable. Your will is unconquerable. Bare your breast to the bullets of destiny.

Let the whole world think that you are the meanest creature ever born on the earth. He knows that you are his lovely child. Pray to Him. Thunder like a hero on the galloping horse. You have enough power to electrify the dark corridors of your life, once the Divine fist descends on the back of your 'Depression', it instantaneously vanishes. Fly on the magic carpet of Lord's Love. His love will neutralize the hatred of the whole world. One day or the other everyone of us should realize that His love is enough. Why should you beg the love from somebody? Why should you beg for praise; for a little consolation from the children of ignorance who are just playing with problems and mistake them to be pearls? Inexhaustible love cascading from His heart drowns you. His love energizes your sagging nerves; open the shutters of your mind. Remove the blinkers from your eyes. You will find that you are being invited into the embrace of enchanting rainbows.

Bharat! This is true. Don't look back. Start from where you are. The raging tempest of your heart will subside. The roaring waves of social criticism will roll back. John Steinbeck said, "Difficulties are like waves; they cannot hurt you if you face them, and as they come nearer, you will find yourself lifted up to meet them." It is quite natural for us to lose hope in God and doubt His existence, when we are buffeted by inclement adverse winds. The arteries of hope are clogged by the cholesterol of excruciating agony. The deluge of disappointment descends on our life. It is an inscrutable irony of fate.

At this juncture of your life, I am unable to please you. Any effort I make to console and coax you back into 'faith' may annoy you. I can at best remind you of a few lines from the Bible:

Do not be afraid - I am with you!
I am your God - I let nothing terrify you!
I will make you strong and help you;
I will protect you and save you.

-- Isaiah 41 : 10
(The Bible)

Silently spend a couple of minutes over these lines. God's love is unfathomable. Take a holy dip in the Ganges of God's Grace. The psychic-cyclone that makes you now tremble like a tender banana leaf, will disappear soon and you will be metamorphosed into a mighty 'Banyan' tree unuprootably rooted in Almighty's Love, defying the deadly storm. The uproar of your psychic chaos will slowly give way to sonorous music.

Let us remember Bharat! God is cruel only to be kind. He saves us not 'from' storms but 'in' storms. You will soon be blessed with the 'nerves of steel, muscles of iron and heart, made of thunderbolt.'

Raise the hood of your hope. March on challengingly, defiantly. Let the swarm of bees bite you, sting you. Don't leave the beehive till you collect the honey of joy into the vessel of your life.

Now you are a hunter with the bow of silence and an arrow of smile. Fill your heart with hope. Vomit fire at your failures. Don't fail to give me a chance to congratulate you!

with love,

Sri Ram
Beloved

Pratap ...

with Christmas Greetings ...

The Sun is slowly withdrawing its hot rays. We are now beginning to feel the icy fingers of winter. Menacing clouds cover the sky now and then. Christmas is almost at hand. Memories race back to the days, when we spent our days happily at Puttaparthy celebrating Christmas. Christianity taught men that Love is worth more than intelligence. This is the opinion of a French philosopher, Jacques Maritain. That seems to be perfectly true. Incidentally, Newton, the great physicist, also was born on 25th of December (Jesus was born on 25th December). Newton became the physical scientist and Christ became the spiritual scientist. Both had an inquisitive mind which is an important quality of a scientist. Newton sat under the tree and questioned "Why did an apple fall on the Earth?" and found the answer in the field of gravitation. Christ sat under the tree of life and questioned. "Why did man fall into sin?". He found that the reason for man's fall into sin is his separation from God's love. Christ came to restore man and got him hooked back to God's love. Thus Christ was a bridge between man and God; between devotee and divinity. Through Christ we reach our father, God. Walking over the bridge (Christ) we reach God. So it became inevitable for Him to bear our weight of sin (as a bridge) so that we are allowed to go over Him in order to reach our father. Since He acted as a bridge, He had to shed His blood for our sake. Out of sheer love, acting as a bridge He could bear our weight which made Him bleed. So His blood is His
concretized 'love'. So it had miraculous power. Love is a miracle. In fact the only miracle is love. Crucifixion is the height of that unalloyed, purificatory 'love'. Only love purifies. Only love cures. Only love is capable of miracles. It is Christ's intense love for us that drove him to crucifixion. It is again father's love for the son (Christ) which made Resurrection possible. Crucifixion and Resurrection are the "Lub-Dub" (heart beats) of love. In other words the festival of Christmas is nothing but the Dance of Love.

It is nearly ages since I felt the marvellous touch of such ineffable love, cascading like a waterfall from your heart. Like the scent of winter rose, its fragrance is still haunting the nostrils of my heart. When I spoke to you from Ananthapur I felt very happy. But the echoes of invisible pain in your voice dampened our happiness. So I again tried to talk to you over phone. Since you were not available over phone, I contacted and spoke to Mr & Mrs Sagar. Sagar said you are quite O.K., though painfully busy with your work. He also passed on the good news that since your project report has been accepted, you may take two years or so less to complete your Ph.D. That made me very happy.

On 23rd November along with nearly twenty friends I was at Puttaparthy. All of us remembered you a lot that day. Amma's health is fine. Psychologically also she is quite O.K. Your mother, sisters could not join us to Puttaparthy as it was extremely risky because of uncontrollable & unbelievable rush. We too had to struggle a lot. That is why all children and ladies could not join us. Amma also stayed back. But nothing to worry about it. Psychological participation is enough.

How are you there? Be brave! Smile! Nothing to worry! What is there to worry about in this dream-drama of five minutes?! Life is a chance to love and be loved by others. Nothing more! There cannot be any greater achievement than that. All the other achievements are a mere illusion. It is only a human being who has a goal other than being alive. Look at any animal, any bird, any plant. Their only aim is to be alive in tune with nature. That is the real aim of life. So always smile. You have already achieved the goal of loving others and getting loved by others. Now smile. Be alive intensely in tune with nature. Take care of your health. 

Smile, Love, Be brave. Be like a dry, dead leaf at the mercy of divine winds, after doing all that you are allowed to do.
The cassettes, you have sent, are missing. Please be least worried about them. Don't relate them symbolically to something else. We can have another copy. Nothing to worry about it.

Once again wishes to you, Mr & Mrs Sagar.

Smile! Quickly complete your work! Love and be brave.

Once again warm Christmas Greetings to you, to Mr & Mrs Sagar and to other friends.

with love,

Sri Ram
There is divinity in the dimpled cheek of a child.
Each child is a moving Gita.

‘వీచుండగాను’ – ‘ద్రశుయగాను’ తయారు వదరం
చెడవడం మనకు కలవు.

— Sri Ram
SECTION - II
(Letters in English and Telugu)
Please forgive my long, unintended silence. At the very outset, let me make it clear that this is not a reply to your letters. I am dropping these lines only to see that my apparent silence is not misunderstood. Actual reply to your letters follows soon.

How lovingly I cherish and recall frequently the time I spent in your cheerful company! I wish I were the bird of the same nest pecking at one another’s feathers to the tune of the same song. Though it is almost ages since you left Hyderabad. -- memories of the days, we spent together, still linger in my ears and hum in my heart.
Whenever I lifted my pen to write to you, surreptitiously, silence creeps into my pen and makes me helpless. It is, as though, we make each other understandable more through silence than through speech. To be true, you seem to be more present in your absence. Psychic nearness dissolves physical distance. In fact, this is one of the main reasons, why I am rendered helpless whenever I, unsuccessfully, lifted my pen. Sorry for my silence. Apart from my inability to feel your absence, sometimes, I also experience, what may be termed as, inadequacy of language to express certain feelings. Words seem to be weak linguistic vehicles for the transmission of certain transcendental thoughts. May be, communion is better medium than communication.

Well, anyway, I feel, as if, eternity gets contracted into seconds, in your presence. I do not know how to thank you adequately for that. In you, I find something which I, pathetically, miss in many. That feeling brings the showers of dew-drops to the parched soil of my heart.

Raghu has introduced me to you. For that, I am eternally indebted to him. And you have introduced me to 'Paul Brunton' without the familiarity of whose books, I would have missed a lot. As you have rightly pointed out, every line of his, is worth quoting. The words that adorn his books are the crystallized drops of spirituality, fallen from the depths of his life's rare experiences, which appear to be the livewires, the mere touch of which confers on us transcendental transformation. Please accept my inadequate thanks for the invaluable books, you sent.

Recently I happened to read a short story in one of the Telugu weeklies. It was written by 'Pulikanti Krishna Reddy', who, I think, has a close intimacy with you and your inner life. The hero of the story, is none other than 'yourself'. All the incidents in the story, converge on the centripetal core of your personality. It holds a realistic mirror to your life's realities. In other words, the story is the exteriorization of intangible dimensions of your personality. I, along with Raghu and other friends, enjoyed it a lot.

I have had the proud privilege of spending sometime in the presence of your Prof. B.S. Rao. As he was in a hurry, the time available was very short. I did not speak anything to him. I intently listened to him for about two hours. I gave a vacation to my vocal chords. He discussed many spiritually significant things. When he opens his mouth pure wisdom drops down. In his words, spirituality
Letters for spiritual seekers

does not merely rain, it seems to pour. Were you (and you alone) not responsible for this blessing also?! Mere verbal gratitude, I believe, does not obliterate my debt... Does it?!

Do I really succeed in thanking you and your friend 'Harischandra' for the captivating photos, you sent?! They are simply superb! The roaring silence and the silent, incommunicable spiritual messages blow over our mental horizon when we steal just a fleeting glance at the Himalayas, the incredible beauty of which has successfully been imprisoned in the photos! I am more than thankful to you and your friend!

Out of sheer love and affection, you spoke of many good things about me, though I do not deserve them in any sense of the term. I told the same thing to your Prof. B.S. Rao also. Before I left, I had uttered only one sentence to him. I simply said : "Pratap is the kind of the person who is blessed with the inborn 'lenses of love'. Things appear to be bigger than what they actually are! So please believe in the fact that all that he told you about me is not at all true!". He gave a hearty laugh and left. I have yet to find a justification for the non-existent qualities in me.

While expressing your desire that I would be of some Help to some of your genuine friends you wrote some sentences under the weight of which I have been reeling. It was like a 'Niagara Fall' on a lame duck. I am a crumpled piece of paper thoughtlessly thrown into the dust-bin of time and nothing more than that. Believe it or not -- just as some people accidentally die, I am accidentally alive.

So long as one enjoys the 'blueness' of the sky, there is no problem. But the trouble arises if one tries to paint his or her house with blue colour which he plans to extract from the sky. Same is the case with me. All the non-existent wisdom, which others attribute to me sometimes -- is nothing but my 'positively misunderstood ignorance'. It is a subjective delusion, not an objective reality.

Well! if you still entertain the illusion that my 'misunderstood ignorance' can be of some Help in preventing some genuine people from falling a prey to a perpetual siege of some contraries, (The only person who can render any Help to anybody is God and none else.... So Help is too great a word, for human beings like us, to utter) I do not mind bringing my 'Ignorance' into operation to the extent I can and in a way I can.
Here my humble request to such persons is that this kind of cosmic awareness is like a 'double edged dagger'. One should carefully and cleverly draw benefits from such --- 'cosmic-keys'. Generally, when understood in a way it ought to be understood, it overpowers us with celestial drowsiness. This when not looked at in proper perspective, degenerates into terrestrial laziness. Here one should be spiritually very cautious and undertake an introspective voyage into the interior landscape of the psyche. One should explore the hitherto unexplored dark corridors of consciousness with the torch of discrimination.

Let us remember -- spirituality does not mean becoming problem-free but problem-resistant. In other words, the best way of becoming problem-free is only by being problem-resistant. In still other words, spirituality means having more problems than anybody else has, and at the same time feeling the absence of them. It is exactly at this juncture that one should flex the muscles of caution. Our capacity to feel the non-existence of the problems should not stem from the mere 'mental blindness' to the problems, but that capacity should spring from our healthy assimilation of such problems into the framework of the cosmic blueprint. Similarly, the problem that perpetually defies durable solution is the existence of evil in the divine scheme. There is one and only one fruitful way of removing evil from this world. That is through 'understanding' evil, not by cursing and blaming evil. If you just understand evil, it disappears. So evil does not need elimination but understanding. In the cosmic blueprint - Evil is and is not. There is a peculiar paradoxical coexistence of existence and non-existence of evil. Just as there is no other way of removing darkness except by using light, there is no other way of removing Evil except by understanding it. It is again here -- in this understanding business, -- that caution and discrimination are needed. One should sharpen the tools properly. In a word, all that I mean by this serial hammering-- is the fact that if I am given the guarantee that I am not unhygienically understood, I hardly have any objection to do what they want me to do. Again here please remember, there is nothing like My and I. Everything is possible through Divine Grace. I can do only to the extent and only in the way -- I am permitted to do. Once again please remember the paradoxical fact that the only truth about all this is that this is an untruth. 'I am not anything which you are
not.' If you believe in the existence of my misunderstood ignorance. I will be happy; but I will be happier, if you disbelieve in it. Both are true. Sky 'is blue' and 'is not blue'. Both are true. But the truly true Truth is the transcendence of both the apparently contradictory truths; not the confirmation of the one and the rejection of the other; nor is it -- the acceptance of both.

I deem it a privilege and a pleasure to get blessed by the presence of your friends and share their rare experiences. As for me, I, with transparent sincerity, tell you that I cannot make any promise. All that I can say is that I do all that I can. The ultimate transcendental triumph depends on cosmic willingness. Finally, I once again request you and your friends to believe in the fact that all this is not a fact. The only aim of this metaphysical illusion is to see that the amorphous awareness of the eternal impulses gets crystallized into tangible transcendental truths. Once again, please make it certain that my half-baked intelligence does not make you a misguided missile. Because this kind of Divine Drowsiness must fructify into the undisturbed fullness of heart and uninterrupted stillness of mind. This inner spiritual poise must neutralize the outer secular noise. One should be eternally vigilant so that the plane of our life, bound for Heaven, is not hijacked to Hell. There are what are called unpredictable and inscrutable intrusions of Maya the spiritual hijacker of our lives. Maya holds irresistible attraction to ordinary mortals like us who continue to be caught in the tragic triangle of -- Power, Wealth and Woman. On the top of all this, as M. Arnold has put it, "We are all like swimmers in the sea poised on the top of a huge wave of fate." And above all, life does not allow itself to be understood so easily. It continues to be an impenetrable jungle. May be, Shakespeare was not untrue when he said:

....Out, out brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

-- Shakespeare, Macbeth

Mere mental intimacy with eternal values does not solve the riddles of life.
So let us be cautious about the secular Heaven that leads to the spiritual Hell.

Let us work like a horse and live like a hermit!
Let us be wise and appear to be otherwise
Let us be like a dry dead leaf at the mercy of divine wind.
Let us once again remind ourselves of the fact that 'Spirituality' -- is neither pessimism, nor optimism; it is realism. It is the stern statement of the fact of life. It is looking at the things as they really are. It is not the butcher's knife but the surgeon's scalpel that removes our mental blinkers. It is to have boy's heart below man's head. It is to walk around the waters of life, not through the waters of life. It is to allow the boat to be in the water, not the water in the boat. It is to greet every morning with a gracious smile. It is to realize that we have nothing to lose and nothing to gain. It is to sleep with eyes open. It is the ability to see no difference between 'Fame' and 'Shame'. It is to realize that communism is not something to be invented but something to be discovered. It is to feel that the greatest communist is God. It is again to realize that no one is and can be superior to you and no one is inferior to you. It is to realize that 'Death' is as charming as 'Birth' is.... It is to believe in the fact that radiant rainbow is the result of 'Sun' smiling through dark clouds.

Let me draw this metaphysical nonsense to a close! In the beginning of the letter, I said this is not the actual reply to your letter. But now I request you to consider this a reply. Is it not true
that my life is a heap of broken promises? This is why I describe myself a 'perpetual sinner'. I am a zero, trying to become a hero unsuccessfully. I have wasted wealth, health, time and what is worse, I wasted 'Divine Grace' and have thus become irredeemable.

However, let us believe that God is cruel only to be kind and hope that crucifixion results in resurrection.

There is not much to be told about myself except the fact that I have left 'Law' and joined M.Phil. (English Literature). I am what I was, I will be what I am. My old address (C/o. J.V., E-6, O.U. Campus) continues to be valid.

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From Hyderabad I stay in a guest house, my friends say. Convey my regards to your Prof. B.S. Rao. I am working hard in Hyderabad during the winter season. My presence in letters always brings me joy. I am highly thankful to you. I am sending you some photos now.

Convey my thanks and regards to him. I wish the future of this world is filled with peace and we all are happy. In short, friends...
Journey into Joy

No letter so far from Raghu. రాఘవు మరియు జ.వ. విశు వారంలో రచయిత. Please don't forget to meet me when you come to Hyderabad. మి మొత్తం ఇందులో నివాసం - ఎందుకంటే స్థానం ప్రత్యేకంగా మొత్తం - నామాన్ని ఐదు రోజులు రాగారిగా. ఈ psychic-inertiaను మంచి లేలిన లేదు సంఖ్యలు. I am getting intoxicated with the wine of sleep. మి సనంతం నువ్వు బండి నివాసం మనం మనం జరిగింది (పాటుసి) రాగారిగా సంఖ్యలు. మే నెలలో శిఖరలో గడించినే అరుదు పైతరాతి నింది నమినా విరపూలను మి రెండు దశలు మినిటులు మాత్రమే రాగాలి... కోసం ఖశ్చు పండించడు.

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

If I have, uncautiously or unconsciously, wounded your feelings in any way, I sit on bended knees and beg your pardon.

Drop a line if time permits you and if you feel inclined to do so!!! మి మాదిరి వినయగిత్వం నాటినందు, మి అదురైన రిటర్నీలు మంది కొరకు ఏమింటే ఎందుకంటే....

Once again with wishes and regards!...
May your birth be a blessing to others!

చాలా చాల శ్రవణం, చాల శ్రవణం, చాల శ్రవణం, శ్రవణం
చాల శ్రవణం శ్రవణం మామిడు మామిడు మామిడు
చాల శ్రవణం శ్రవణం, చాల శ్రవణం శ్రవణం
శ్రవణం శ్రవణం, శ్రవణం శ్రవణం

-- హరంపుల్లే జ్ఞానస్వంతం స్వయంభు మతంశులు
THE QUIET LIFE

Happy the man, whose wish and care
   A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
   In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with breads,
   Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
   In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
   Hours, days and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
   Quiet by day,
Sound sleep by night; study and ease
   Together mix'd; sweet recreation
And innocence, which most does please
   With meditation

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
   Thus un lamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
   Tell where I lie.

-- Alexander Pope

with feelings too deep
for articulation,

Sri Ram
మామాడ: మత్సయంతరం వాయిస్తాంటాం

పండితుడు ప్రత్యామనం ఉంది...

దిని స్వతంత్ర నమోదు పాత్రానికి...

★★★

మామాడ రావియం: పతనం 5వ రావియం
నే నిర్ధారం లేనం నిర్ధారం చేసివేసిందం.

(అంశాలు మూలభాష పరిస్థితులు సంపాదించండి, పరిస్థితులు, పరిస్థితులవాటా బాధ్యత పొందు ప్రకారం, పరిస్థితుల మంచి మరియు పరిస్థితుల నుండి పరిశీలించారు. (పరిస్థితుల నుండి మనం పరిశీలించారు.))

-- ఈ రావియం

★★★
Letters for spiritual seekers

- In Christ's words: "I have told you these things while I am with you. \...
  when I am gone, I will send the Advocate..." (John 14:25-26). As I reflect on...
  with others... The path of faith is not always easy... In the midst of...
  these times, let us remember... As we look towards the future, let us...
  during these difficult times... Let us trust in the Lord... and know that...
  through the grace of God... Let us be encouraged... It is only through...
  and faith... Let us remain steadfast... In these times, let us...
  the Lord... Let us be steadfast... In the midst of these challenges...
  God's love... Let us always remember... when the heart is full, words do not flow. As such, let us...
  and remember... To respond... 'Remember not the former things, nor the things of old; see,
  the things that are even now; for the Lord God is our salvation.' (Isaiah 43:18-19)
  in the context... For it is... 'Remember, I am with you always, even to the end of the age.'
  in the context... As we continue...

★ ★ ★

**Ravi Shankar**

**T S Rajaratnam**


(As an aside, I want to share a personal experience...; another...
  with others...; and with others...; and...; and...; and...; and...)

-- (in italics)

★ ★ ★

*永恒的问题 (which are eternally denied answers)*. Actually when you were in Hyderabad, I
wanted to discuss more or less fifty such questions. As I reflect on these questions... almost all those fifty questions are equally
important and equally interesting. Some of them are as follows:

1. What happens after death?
2. Is reincarnation true?
3. Tears and smiles! Are they antonyms or ununderstandable celestial synonyms?
4. Concentration and Meditation.
5. How to control mind (...successfully)?
6. Fickle-mindedness.
7. Narrative instinct in us (i.e., if any incident happens in our lives, we are instinctively inclined to narrate it to others and thus derive pleasure.)
8. Role of Divine Grace (it is not fate).
9. Why do children derive pleasure from fantasies (Freud)?
10. 'Art' is psychological transmutation of childhood experiences (fantasies).
11. Why is vice more attractive than virtue
12. Is 'evil' a necessary evil?
13. Why are human beings still imperfect, in spite of the coming of Buddha, Shankara, Jesus, Vivekananda etc.,?
14. Is it possible to develop real detachment?
15. Is there anyone (still alive) who can see God?
16. Why do we weep and sleep? Spiritual basis for sleep.
17. Is it possible to experience how death is like without dying?
18. What is the best way of living?
20. Marriage... problems before and after.
22. The end of all achievement is non-achievement.
23. Divine drowsiness.
24. The ultimate end of all happiness is sorrow.
   The ultimate end of all sorrow is happiness. How?
25. PW² (Power, Wealth and Woman) x fame.
26. Can a tear-drop smile?
27. Dream and Day-dream... why do they occur?
28. Archetypes.
29. Spiritual healing.
30. Desirelessness and 'less desire.'
...and a host of other such questions.

...Please try to think over these topics. Remember, these are truths. They are not personal preferences. They should not be observed through the prism of our imagination. When we meet next, if God wills, we can discuss them.

★ ★ ★

మార్పులు మనస్సు మారిని విస్తరించడానికి
ప్రమాణం చేస్తే అయితే ఇతరి జనాం ఎందుకు?

(వియాపారం, వినాయకుడు ఇది పొందిడానికి విషయాలు కమ్మించాడానికి ఎందుకు?
నంతరిక విశేషాలు విశేషాలను నిర్ధిష్టం చేయడానికి)

-- (అయితే అయి)

★ ★ ★

In your letter you expected a few words regarding certain puzzling questions. Here, at the very outset, let it be known to you, that 90% of the spiritual questions have certain inherent difficulties in being answered. From the answer to one doubt spring hundreds of other collateral doubts. - మీ చిత్తానికి వాతావరణం విశేషాలు - unless all these are answered the main doubt appears to remain unanswered.

That way you escape the hook only to fall into a trap.

మార్పులు మీ జీవితం వంటిప్పులు దీని కొడుకు కావడం లేదా మనస్సు మార్పులు లేదా నిరంతర రెండు సంబంధాలు నాండి దీని యాత్రాల సాధారణీ తాము నామే జాబితా చేయడానికి. విశిష్టం కయికుడు నేమ రైల్స్ ప్రమాణం కయికుడు నేమ రైల్స్ ప్రమాణం.

మేమింది జాణం అయితే మనస్సు మార్పులు చాలు వ్యాఖయాతి. ఎందుకంటే మీ జీవితం వంటిప్పులు నిర్ధిష్టం చేయడానికి.

I leave all the collateral questions arising from my answers to the stretch of your fertile imagination.

★ ★ ★

మార్పులు మీ జీవితం వంటిప్పులు
మనస్సు మార్పులు కయికుడు అయితే ఆంధ్రం.
First, I try to draw your attention to whether or not meditation and concentration are one and the same thing. Definitely they are different and never the same, nor can they ever be same. Concentration is one of the components of the larger whole called meditation. In other words, concentration is the first step towards meditation. Stated in still other words, meditation is not possible without concentration and mere concentration does not mean meditation. Generally the distinction between these two remains blurred for the common man and he mistakes one for the other. And what is taught in many spiritual institutes in the name of meditation or transcendental meditation, is nothing but concentration... many times an unsuccessful one and some times a partially successful one. At any rate it is not meditation. The unsuccessful efforts even in attaining concentration are mainly attributable to the inefficient tools they adopt to do so. The more books you read about this concentration and meditation the more confused you become and land in a position which will be worse than the one in which you were, before you read those books. After you read all the books available under the canopy of the sun -- the whole thing boils down to just this. In simple terms, concentration means -- an effort or to be more precise, a successful effort to gather the diffused mental energies and make them converge on one single point so that the mind becomes capable of more work than it was hitherto. Here the business of concentration comes to an end. Now with this mind which is capable of concentration, if you do any **spiritedly useful and productive work**, it is meditation. That is to say, you are now meditating with the help of the concentrated mind, on certain aspect of reality which essentially involves an element of spirituality. If you concentrate on how to rob a man or how to destroy Hiroshima, it is not meditation. Meditation has spiritual connotation. Here again
you need not bang your head against a wall, to know what this mysterious spirituality actually means. Spirituality simply means science of the soul. Remember I am trying to avoid all technical words which unnecessarily create confusion and make one run away from this whole business called meditation. Before discussing further, let us try to know which one gives more joy and how? - i.e., concentration or meditation and how the joy of the former is different from that of the latter. I give you an illustration to concretize what I have said so far. This is what is generally resorted to by spiritual teachers like Buddha, Jesus, Ramakrishna Paramahamsa etc... They have the intelligence to tell stories to convey powerful and difficult spiritual truths. But most of the people have ignorance enough to forget the philosophy behind them and remember only the stories. That is the state of the Ramayana and the Mahabharatha now. They are merely metaphors underlying universal realities which become tangible when understood in proper light. Now for the common man they are simple tales without any spiritual tenor.

**

అమెరికా పాకం చిత్తు
సాధనాలు సాధనాలు విమానం
సాధనాలు సాధనాలు
విమానం విమానం

(మారినికండన మారినికండన, కడిడన కడిడన మారిందన మారినికండన
డారడా డారడా, పేరేడనం పేరేడనం పేరేడనం పేరేడనం. ఏమటి
లేదుండా లేదాండా పాటలేదాండా.)
-- నేరుండన

**

Now an illustration!

If you have a blunt knife (our day-to-day worldly mind) you cannot perform any work with that. To make it capable of doing any work like the cutting of vegetables etc. first you sharpen it. This process of sharpening the knife is the process of concentration. Concentrated mind అదన కప్ప కప్ప భాగం కప్ప కప్ప భాగం
భాగం. అదన కప్ప కప్ప భాగం కప్ప కప్ప భాగం. meditation అదన కప్ప కప్ప భాగం.
So meditation is the spiritual application of a concentrated mind
to achieve certain results which enrich your psyche and thus make
you more and more joyous. This joy, remember, results not from
concentration but from the work done by the concentrated mind.
And that work, thus done, deepens your understanding of your
relation to the soul and melts the mist of confusion called Maya.
This awareness makes you feel happy. This is unalloyed happiness.
This is different from ordinary happiness in that it does not have
the shadow of sorrow. This is what Buddha did through meditation.
Through the meditation, done with the help of concentrated mind,
He found the four noble truths. To dissolve the residue of confusion
I give you one more illustration.

★ ★ ★

మూడు ఎంపులకు కుండా నిర్మించి మనమును
నిర్మించి మనము విషయమును కలుపే మనము.

(మూడు ఎంపులకు కుండా నిర్మించి మనమును విషయమును కలుపే మనము.
నిర్మించి మనము విషయమును కలుపే మనము.
నిర్మించి మనము విషయమును కలుపే మనము.
నిర్మించి మనము విషయమును కలుపే మనము.

-- జంశాంక

★ ★ ★

Illustration: మనం తన సరి, నీ రాత్రి అందరికి నిర్మించి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి. మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి.

మనం తన సరి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి. మనం తన సరి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి.

మనం తన సరి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి. మనం తన సరి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి.

మనం తన సరి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి. మనం తన సరి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి, మనం తన సరి అందరికి నిర్మించి.
Letters for spiritual seekers

No discrimination! We mistake one for the other. బధిచే బధిచే బధిచే గురిచే గురిచే. All our expectations about joy become like a deflated tyre. ఏమని ఏమని ఏమని. Total confusion. Topsy-turvy world. Unweeded garden... tale full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. Thus we take both water and milk. So we cannot behave like a swan. But Ramakrishna Paramahamsa could do so. Hence, he is rightly called వస్తువారు.

★★★

సమాధానము మామలు ఉండడానికి సన్నియత ఉంటాయి ఎందుకు సూరి ఉండవచ్చును?

(నాయక నాయకుడు జీవిత కాలంలో పై మరణంతే సరి, ఆ సమయంలో మరణానికి దాటితే రాగంపై, ఆ సర్ప్రాసానంలో మహా సమాధానం చేస్తుంది, సర్ప్రాసానంలో సూరి మామలు మామలు పాటించాడు అంటే అది దానికి సూరి, సూరిలో అనేక విభాగాలు తయారమై ఉన్నాయి.)

-- (కర్తు వస్తువారు)
... you must have been tired by now after having read eight pages... you have been reading a story too long without a break, isn't it a little bore? But why joke! Anyway!

The difference between the joy of concentration and the joy of meditation: concentration is the act of concentrating. The mind is trying to concentrate on a specific task or thought. Meditation involves the use of mental energies to process waste emotions, thoughts, and actions. Concentration helps in focusing on a task or thought, whereas meditation helps in releasing these energies. Both require regular practice to achieve relief. But the problem here is that concentration mind is at rest by force, not voluntarily. Meditation mind is in control and allows for a chain of thoughts to flow without inhibition. 
So permanent restlessness. This is not so in mediation. Meditation is a way to mind - the mind is not to be exercised. So rest, rest your mind - the mind must be rested. So concentration must mature into meditation. The art of mind control is. It must not be a forced control like the enforced saint-hood of Raju, in R.K. Narayan's *The Guide*. It must be voluntary control. Here mind does not go out, not because it is not allowed to go out, but because there is nothing outside to run after. This realization puts the fickle mind to rest. Thus the joy of concentration (where the mind is chained and so is at rest) and the joy of meditation (where the mind is voluntarily at rest and is involved in spiritually productive process) are totally different. The first one is not actually joy... it is just temporary eclipse of sorrow. The second one is the real joy, enriching your inner life. This alone gives you permanent peace. To show how vast is the difference between them and how they apparently look similar, I tell you a small story which you have not heard and read before.

** * * *

Now the story! Or you need a joke before that?! Why should I disappoint you! Listen:

Now shall I proceed with my story?!
అమ్మ నంది పోశించిన మతానంతర వస్తుంది. అందువల్ల ఆయనారి తపస్సు కొని పోతాడుతున్నాడు. "ఆయనారి" ని పొందుచేసినప్పటి అనే సూచిస్తుంది. నేను తపస్సు చేసుకోవానికి ఏముంటే లాభాన్ని సందర్శించానికి, నేను తపస్సు చేసుకోండా చాలా లాభాన్ని సందర్శించానికి. ఎందుకంటే friend, ఎందుకంటే bag మరియు city ఎందుకంటే 'ప్రయోగాలు' మీరు మాత్రమే ఉంటారు. First show నుండి మరొక జొన్న మంచి నంది తయారి చేసుకోవాలి. నేను నంది తెలుసానికి, నేను అందులో మరియు (necklace) పెట్టానికి. 'ప్రయోగాలు' మీరు మినియో 'ప్రయోగాలు ఉండండానికి!' అంటే కావు అనేవారు. అదే రీతి spiritual inclinations పైన జోడిసి పండించానికి. అందుకే ఎందుకంటే ప్రయత్నించానికి 'ప్రయత్నించానికి ఇంత రెండు నంది పొందారు. అనే ప్రయత్నించానికి ఎందుకంటే control పొందారు. అందుకే ఎందుకంటే ప్రయత్నించానికి ఎందుకంటే control పొందారు. అందుకే ఎందుకంటే ప్రయత్నించానికి ఎందుకంటే control పొందారు. అందుకే ఎందుకంటే ప్రయత్నించానికి ఎందుకంటే control పొందారు. అందుకే ఎందుకంటే ప్రయత్నించానికి ఎందుకంటే control పొందారు. అందుకే ఎందుకంటే ప్రయత్నించానికి ఎందుకంటే control పొందారు. అందుకే ఎందుకంటే ప్రయత్నించానికి ఎందుకంటే control పొందారు. అందుకే ఎందుకంటే ప్రయత్నించానికి ఎందుకంటే control పొందారు. అందుకే ఎందుకంటే ప్రయత్నించానికి ఎందుకంటే control పొందారు. అందుకే ఎందుకంటే ప్రయత్నించానికి ఎందుకంటే control పొందారు. అందుకే ఎందుకంటే ప్రయత్నించానికి ఎందుకంటే control పొందారు. అందుకే ఎందుకంటే ప్రయత్నించానికి ఎందుకంటే control పొందారు. అందుకే ఎందుకంటే ప్రయత్నించానికి ఎందుకంటే control పొందారు. అందుకే ఎందుకంటే ప్రయత్నించానికి ఎందుకంటే control పొందారు. అందుకే ఎందుకంటే ప్రయత్నించానికి ఎందుకంటే control పొందారు. అందుకే ఎందుకంటే ప్రయత్నించానికి ఎందుకంటే control పొందారు. అందుకే ఎందుకంటే ప్రయత్నించానికి ఎందుకంటే control పొందారు. అందుకే ఎందుకంటే ప్రయత్నించానికి ఎందుకంటే control పొందారు.
Letters for spiritual seekers

In brief, this is the art of the 'Control of Mind'. First, we must know why the mind has - 'Out-going nature'. Next we must show it (mind) something which is more attractive than what is found outside or must prove that what is found outside is really repulsive. How to do so - is a totally different topic. For that also time does not permit us. Thus we are all Duryodhanas in the Maya-Sabha of life.
Journey into Joy

That is the spiritual significance of Mayasabba in Mahabharatha. As long as one does not understand this significance and enjoys only the beautiful story, one continues to be a Duryodhana and gets caught in that. Duryodhana must mature into Dharmaraja to avoid it. Not only that, for Dharmaraja, 'Mayasabha' is the source of pleasure. Thus for a 'Jnani'— life not only ceases to be a source of sorrow but also starts becoming an inexhaustible source of joy. Thus prison becomes playground.

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వర్ణలు విశేషాలు కనుగొని ప్రమాణం
నసరిపై ప్రమాణం మీ మార్గం లేదా రసాన

(విచారణలు ప్రామాణిక సాధనాలు ఉండేందుకు ఇది పోషిసిందు, నిర్మల్యం ప్రత్యేకతలతో, ప్రదేశానికి ప్రదేశానికి వచ్చింది)

-- ప్రఖ్యత

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విచారణలు... తాపు నేను కనుమించాను. మాసం బ్రాండ్ Before day-break వారింతకు సమయం లేదు. Are you again tired?! If so, take a cup of coffee before you proceed further.

మంది మాట మధ్యం మధ్యమం మధ్యమం మధ్యమం Mediation is middle ground. This is also true. Meditation is also the process of emptying the brain. తలు నేను తను తను తను తను తను From every answer arise hundreds of other questions. అది అయిని ఎంచుకునే 14 సంవత్సరాల ప్రతి నేను. నేను తాపు మాసం కాను తేనే తేనే, తేనే, తేనే తేనే తేనే తేనే
Letters for spiritual seekers

concentration is the base. Even then, concentration is the base. So the control of the body and its surroundings is also essential. In a word, both mental and environmental climate must be created. 'Mumtaj' - 'Moghal empire' discuss the concept of confusion. 'Shahjahan' - 'Tajmahal' natural concentration develop mind automatically. 'Moghal empire' - 'Tajmahal'. Look at Tajmahal. You automatically develop concentration and feel intensely happy and forget every other thing in the world.

_Tajmahal_: Mumtaj Shahjahan Moghal empire Tajmahal

--

concentration develop breathing exercise - 'Moghal empire' - 'Tajmahal'.
మస్తించేవారి నిందకరమవల్ల
చేసినాను సగంతి ఉత్తరాన్ననం.

— సర్‌బాషాను

"త్రి కాను నడి పోయి మనం కర్తమిలు నిర్మలచు దండయోక్షాతి — ఇతరాంశాలు కోరాం కురుప పోసు సాధనం వివిధ పుస్తకం సంప్రదాయం ప్రతి దానం ప్రతి దానం మిగిలి చేసాలి — దానం ప్రతి దానం ప్రతి దానం మిగిలి చేసాలి — దానం ప్రతి దానం ప్రతి దానం మిగిలి చేసాలి — దానం ప్రతి దానం ప్రతి దానం మిగిలి చేసాలి.

"స్వాధీనం ఉండదు కీర్తనలు నిష్పత్తి పనించేవారి. సాధనాలు అవసాన నిర్మలచు గుర్తుక తినాంటి. తినాంటన చేసుకుని కురుప పోసు సాధనం వివిధ పుస్తకం సంప్రదాయం ప్రతి దానం ప్రతి దానం మిగిలి చేసాలి — దానం ప్రతి దానం ప్రతి దానం మిగిలి చేసాలి — దానం ప్రతి దానం ప్రతి దానం మిగిలి చేసాలి — దానం ప్రతి దానం ప్రతి దానం మిగిలి చేసాలి.

"అవసానం విమరించిన సూచనలు నిష్పత్తి పనించేవారి. సాధనాలు అవసాన నిర్మలచు గుర్తుక తినాంటి. తినాంటన చేసుకుని కురుప పోసు సాధనం వివిధ పుస్తకం సంప్రదాయం ప్రతి దానం ప్రతి దానం మిగిలి చేసాలి — దానం ప్రతి దానం ప్రతి దానం మిగిలి చేసాలి — దానం ప్రతి దానం ప్రతి దానం మిగిలి చేసాలి — దానం ప్రతి దానం ప్రతి దానం మిగిలి చేసాలి.

— Look at one-point concentration!

నేను బాధితం చేశే నేను బాధితం నేను
నేను బాధితం చేశే నేను బాధితం నేను
నేను బాధితం చేశే నేను బాధితం నేను
నేను బాధితం చేశే నేను బాధితం నేను

... ... ...

నేను బాధితం చేశే, మనం మనం చేసే నేను బాధితం, మనం బాధితం మనం బాధితం।
నేను బాధితం చేశే నేను బాధితం నేను బాధితం నేను బాధితం నేను బాధితం
— see the intoxicated concentration!

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— Look at the concentrated concentration. Highly dense like black-hole, bordering on Platonic love.

— see the intoxicated concentration!

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— Look at the concentrated concentration. Highly dense like black-hole, bordering on Platonic love.

— see the intoxicated concentration!

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— Look at the concentrated concentration. Highly dense like black-hole, bordering on Platonic love.

— see the intoxicated concentration!

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— Look at the concentrated concentration. Highly dense like black-hole, bordering on Platonic love.

— see the intoxicated concentration!

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— Look at the concentrated concentration. Highly dense like black-hole, bordering on Platonic love.

— see the intoxicated concentration!
— మామాత నందు
ఎందు విజించి పడాలావా
స్మారంభం రాత్రి విశేషం మాత్రమే

ఆ ప్రకాశం అంశవిశేషం concentration జీవించి మార్గం ప్రకాశం కూడా
అంఖానుయా - అందులే, తెలిసినాడు ఎందుకు అనేక సుందరము మరింత అనేది. అలాంటి ఆవిష్కారం లేదు, ఎందుకంటే మనుష్యం నిర్భాయం లేదా మనుష్య నిర్మాణం లేదా, ఎందుకంటే వంటి వంటి శక్తి, ఎందుకంటే అనేక గురించి, and what are their limitations and side
effects? (modern medicine స్త్రీ వైద్యం మరియు side effects అంకుడు. 
ధర్మం దాడి కనుమా, patient కనుమా,) - ఎందుకంటే తప్పు ఇతర్లు discuss
హైదరాబాద్ 3.30 A.M... రేడియా విచారంపై వండును. ఆయన్ హైదరాబాద్
Hyderabad రేడియా వండును. అయిన ప్రపంచంలోని రేడియా లేదా వండును
ప్రపంచంలో ఇది ఇంత కంప్యూటర్ ల లేదా రేడియా రేడియా లేదా రేడియా రేడియా
3.30 పంచాయతీ అవసరం అవసరం అదే
stop ఎంపుడు. ఆయన్ రేడియా వండును మిసింగ్ రేడియా వండును అదే.
30 రేడియా వండును. రేడియా వండును సంభాగం ద్వారా అమలు మారింది వెలుపు ఎంపుడు. అనే fire-brigade లను సెల్ఫీ ఫోటో రేడియా వండును చూసు
吮ుకు ఎంపికందిమే ద్వారా మిసింగ్ రేడియా వండును. రేడియా రేడియా వండును. Do you
feel again tired? ఆయన్ మనిషివారు అదే వండు వండు వండు వండు వండు వండు వండు. This is written by one of the greatest poets India ever produced.
Incidentally - this poem or poetic piece bears testimony to the
limitations of the beauty, I discussed so far. But it does so in highly
brief and condensed style. So try to unfold and unearth the hidden
meaning.

ఎందు శిశు మూలంలో మారుతుంది తండ్రి
ఎందు శిశుత్రం మారాతుంది తండ్రి
దీనితో విచారింది
స్మారంభం ప్రస్తుతం
నేత అయితే అయితే? అయితే అయితే
విచిత్రం మహా అయితే?
Letters for spiritual seekers

So, how do you define aesthetics? Does it mean something that is beautiful? Aesthetics is the study of beauty. There are many different types of beauty. Some are more powerful than others. They are Divine Love and Divine Beauty. Divine Love and Divine Beauty are spiritual experiences that require concentration and dedication. They are different than ordinary love. Divine Love, Divine Beauty, and heavily guarded central jails are not the same. Divine Love is available to everyone. It is not a privilege that can be bought or sold. It is a gift that is freely given. Divine Love is a different kind of love. It is not intoxicating Divine Beauty and wine of Divine Love!
Journey into Joy

Physical Love, Physical Beauty తో సత్యసత్యం, అయితే మనుష్యాన్ని చెవర్లత్తు వచ్చు -- Divine Beauty and Divine Love తో సత్యసత్యం. అవి హైమ్యిస్ వంచినప్పటి, మనుష్యాలు ప్రాణాలు వచ్చాయంతే సత్యసత్యం --

చాలా ఎందుకు నాయి... ప్రాణాలు ప్రాణాలతో కలపితాం -- సత్యసత్యం వచ్చాయంతే, ప్రాణాలు, ఉపాయాలు, అనవాసం, మరణం... కనుమాలు -- సత్యసత్యం మనుష్యాన్ని మాసం మాసం లేదు. సత్యసత్యం లేదు మనుష్యాన్ని మాసం మాసం లేదు, మనుష్యాన్ని మాసం మాసం లేదు. మాసం మాసం లేదు,

ప్రాణాలు ప్రాణాలలో మంచంపెట్టేందుకు ప్రాణాలు ప్రాణాలతో కలపితాం -- సత్యసత్యం వచ్చాయంతే, ప్రాణాలు, ఉపాయాలు, అనవాసం, మరణం... కనుమాలు -- సత్యసత్యం మనుష్యాన్ని మాసం మాసం లేదు. సత్యసత్యం లేదు మనుష్యాన్ని మాసం మాసం లేదు. సత్యసత్యం లేదు మనుష్యాన్ని మాసం మాసం లేదు, మనుష్యాన్ని మాసం మాసం లేదు. మాసం మాసం లేదు, మాసం మాసం లేదుğini మాసం మాసం లేదు.
Letters for spiritual seekers

Divine Love, Divine Beauty

Divine Love, Divine Beauty

I need not complete it. It is anybody's imagination. Thus Meditation is at once the cause and effect of Divine Love and Divine Beauty.

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Thus Meditation is at once the cause and effect of Divine Love and Divine Beauty.

Divine Love, Beauty (either of woman or any other object in nature)

Spontaneous concentration develop... Art (art). Music, Poetry, Dance, Painting and Magic etc.

Spontaneous suspense... movies, movies, movies... music, music, music, music...
Journey into Joy

160

...
మనుషులు
శాంతిముందు రచయిత విశేషాలు
రాగి వాసించి మనుషులు నమ్మకారి. మనుషులు
సొతుక లోపలి గలాంలో పిలిచారు.
నా నే మార్పులు నిపుణుడు సాగించాడు
విశేషాలు రాగి వాసించి నమ్మకారి.
సొతుక విశేషాలు చేసారించాడు.

--- భారతీ, శ్రీకర్తా

(కమాదొ: రోహం)

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కుటుంబాని
శ్రీమతిని నమస్కరం చేసుకోండి, ఈ శ్రీమతిని
విషయానికి - ఇది విశేషాలు.
అన్ని అవకాశాలు లేదు. అన్ని
సాధనాల ప్రయత్నం.
మాత్రమే మనుషులు రాగి వాసించాను - "శ్రీమతి
విశేషాలు నమ్మకారి అనేకం ఉన్ను
రాగి వాసించి నమ్మకారి అనేకం ఉన్ను."

--- భారతీ, శ్రీకర్తా

(కమాదొ: రోహం)

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"మనుషులు" రచయిత విశేషాలు, నమ్మకారి శ్రీమతి అనేకం ఉన్ను

ప్రమాదం బాగుడు మనుషులు శ్రీమతి
పిలిచి రాగి వాసించారు
అన్ని మనుషులంతి నమ్మకారి అనేకం
మనుషులు రాగి వాసించారు
రాగి వాసించి మనుషులు నమ్మకారి అనేకం.
Journey into Joy

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For one must be a successful spiritual surgeon.

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If you walk towards God; God will run towards you.
Letters for spiritual seekers

... (text continues)
>Journey into Joy

మావాడ రామనం, రాత్రి మాత్రమే, సంధులు।
మంది విశేషం రాత్రి నుండినింది.

... ... ...

ముఖంలో నిర్మించే కాలార్థం
ముఖంలో రాత్రి మాత్రమే మంచం
ముఖంలో అందువల్ల మక్కలు
ముఖంలో నిషీదం మహామతి ప్రగిథమవనాయులు?

-- అతన అవసరం

- ఎందుకు ఈ సంశాంతి అయితే ఉండాలంటి విపాగాలను నిర్వహించి, ఉపసర్గాలను మంచంతే ప్రజలకు కుటుంబం యేలాడు వచ్చేందుకు పిలువడం పాలు లేదు.

- "మంది చర్చ యేటా నిర్మించండి" ఎందంటే కాడు.

- పితారు ప్రపంచం పనిచేయాలి. నిలాచి అంతాంతంటే
సున్నతం సంఘం పనిరాలని కాదు పిలువడం సమాధానం అవసరం ఇందులో.

- "ఇది వారి ఉపాసకుడు మాత్రం. ఈ సంఘం విచారణ ఉత్సవం
పనును బిగించిన సమావేశం" ఎందు ఎయిరించాయను.

కొనసాగాలను, సాంస్కృతికంగా మనము పాటాలు, సంస్కృతం ఏం మనంటి
మనము అమలు కొట్టగలు తయారు చేసాలి -

"ప్రతి సంఘం ఉపాసకుడు మనము అన్వయం. స్వామ్యులు ప్రతి చేసి
చేసాలి" -

మామడ లేకపోయడం.... 4.30 లో కాలం సంచారం. సంచార సంవత్సరం స్ఫలితం కంటే 23 లోని సంచారం.... కొంత లేకపోయడం ఇచ్చిన B.Sc. Final year చెప్పిన మనము ఉపాసకుడు తన సంఘం యేటా భారితం. రెండు తరుగి ఫ్రీడి లేకరు
ప్రాంభం ఉపాసకుడు యేటా సర్వీలు విదేశము నుండు నిర్వహించండి మరియు ఎలా కట్టవచ్చు. ఎందు వారి ప్రతి సంఘం వెలుస్తును విదేశమును
నుండి లభిస్తుంది. ఎందు పైకి వంటి పరిమితులు విదేశము
నుండి లభిస్తుంది. మంది ప్రతి తరుగి విదేశము
నుండి లభిస్తుంది. మధ్యచెట్టు వంటి కారణం ఉంది. ఎందుకు చేసి
విదేశమును పరిమితం చేసాలో ఎందుకు చేసి
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పరిమితం చేసాలో 
white papers ప్రతి సంఘం యేటా భారితం. ఎందు విదేశము పరిమితం 
పరిమితం చేసాలో 
white papers ప్రతి సంఘం యేటా భారితం. ఎందు విదేశము 
పరిమితం చేసాలో
Before drawing my letter to a close... I must spend one or two pages over one very... very... important topic. This topic is the one which has constantly been baffling even the best brains of the humanity, right from its inception. As time passed, it gathered more mass of confusion. This is the topic which is known to everyone but understood by none; this is the topic which everybody needs but nobody bothers to have it. It is the topic which crowns everyone, but everyone thinks that it drowns him or her. Without it life becomes zero, but many think that zero is enough to become a hero. You must be wondering what this topic is and your curiosity must probably have been rising like mercury on the barometer. Don't worry! I will tell you. But once again I remind you that this topic is incredibly important. So please read and read again carefully. Without that life will be like violin in the hands of one who cannot play it. So there will be no music. Before that make yourself comfortable; have a cup of coffee and take rest for a while.

Hope you are all right!

The topic which has created suspense so far is;

The *Gita* : The snake infested house?

A perplexing topic!? Yes! It is so.... It is so for many! Carefully follow! I very briefly... but with an eye on clarity and coherence... discuss.
The very word *the Gita* makes many run away. Catch anybody on the road and ask him what it is. First he looks amusingly at you and delivers half-an-hour lecture and ultimately says that it is a difficult book to be understood easily; it is full of technically confusing words. And you better don't read it at this stage. This is the kind of reply that you are likely to get. That will leave the impression that it is beyond the scope of the common man and it can never be put into practice. It is there--- only to be read, discussed and forgotten. This is what is understood by many about *the Gita*.

This happens to be so-- since many people are only theoretically acquainted with *the Gita* and they never succeed in enjoying it in real life. Now my attempt is to show-- how *the Gita* is simple, inherently clear and intrinsically interesting-- capable of being followed and understood even by the illiterate common man. First, clear from your head the cobwebs of confusion gathered from various lectures and books about *the Gita*. If there is one who is exposed to long series of lectures by some of our traditional teachers, still more will be his confusion. After one year exposure to such lectures, our head contains more 'gobar gas' than we had before we had been exposed to them. This is true even of eminent scholars. For instance-- Aldous Huxley, who needs no introduction, defines *the Gita* as the 'systematic spiritual statement of perennial philosophy of life.' Undoubtedly beautiful definition! But please honestly tell me-- did it really reduce your confusion? Has any common man understood it? They simply use sophisticated language and create confusion for us and for themselves. Remember in the world, 99% of the people are common men. Please bear in mind they are also human beings. Actually they need *the Gita* more than most of our great people.

Look at Ramakrishna Paramahamsa's simplicity of expression. Look at Kabir. Even a baby can understand them. They never use complicated words and deliver long, sterile lectures. That kind of biblical simplicity and directness and coherence-- spring only from direct experience, not from theoretical knowledge. That is why Ramakrishna Paramahamsa was simple and everybody understood him.

Now recapturing the thread of our main topic-- I once again want you to free yourself from the clutches of all pre-conceived notions about *the Gita*-- Now listen!
The Gita is the art of swimming in the sea of life, without getting sunk and eaten away by sharks.

That is all. This is the definition and essence of the Gita. Now let us analyse... without confusion!

One boy is fascinated by the waters of the sea and he wants to play there. So he starts running into the sea. This is quite natural.

Now, stop that boy for a while and ask him where he is running. He says 'Into the sea'. You ask, 'why'. He will say to enjoy playing with the waves of the sea. And now ask him whether he knows swimming. Then he says 'No'. Tell him 'Don't you get sunk if you do not know swimming'. Instead of you enjoying the sea, sea will enjoy you. Then you don't enjoy but you will become the victim of enjoyment. It will be like a fly -- trying to suck honey and in turn getting sucked into it. It is like a police man, who has gone to catch the thief, getting caught by the thief.

Now the boy thinks for a while and says : 'Yes it is true! This never struck me. If I know swimming I can swim and enjoy the sea in a better way.'

Then he expresses the doubt. 'But who teaches me swimming? How to know it.' Tell him. 'There is a book for that.'

'A book teaching swimming? What is that? Where is that?'

'That is the Gita'

'What ?! the Gita!?'

'Yes, the Gita!'

"But people say the Gita is a book of confusion and pessimism."

"No, It is not a book of confusion, but it is a book which removes confusion, teaches you swimming! and makes you a better swimmer, so that you can enjoy it more than anybody else does."

Then the boy says : "You mean to say the Gita-- is not an escape from the life, as it was wrongly thought of.'

'Yes! You are perfectly true! Instead it is an escape into life, not from life. Not only that! It is an escape into life not for getting entrapped into life, but for getting enchanted by it.'

The boy raises his eyebrows and says 'Really so! Are you not trying to be funny!'
Not at all, if you do not believe me, read the book and find out the truth for yourself. Have you forgotten the fact that Arjuna after listening to the Gita fought the battle triumphantly. He never ran away from battle field. Isn't it enough testimony to the efficiency of the 'Gita'? Thus (the Gita)-- 'हे' teaches 'है'.

Sea does not spare anyone who does not know swimming however great he or she may be--

Please try to understand these truths with emotional involvement. Unless you become emotionally one with me - the words lose much of their meaning. Words by themselves are dead. You must make them come alive by putting yourself into them. I ask you to be so cautious here because of the fact that 99% of the people do not recognize the Gita's real significance as they are too familiar with the technical words and their accompanying confusion-- may cause further confusion.

Now I want to concretize what I have said.

Mentally imagine a scene :

मात्र गीतापाठ करते कभी कभी नहीं होता। जो गीतापाठ करते हैं वह जीवन में फिर से प्राप्त करते हैं। जो गीतापाठ नहीं करते हैं वह जीवन में फिर से नहीं प्राप्त करते हैं। जो कैसे जीवन करते हैं वह जीवन में कैसे प्राप्त करते हैं।

१०ंद्र गीतापाठ करते हैं जो जीवन करते हैं वह जीवन में फिर से प्राप्त नहीं होता। जो गीतापाठ नहीं करते हैं वह जीवन में फिर से प्राप्त नहीं होता। जो कैसे जीवन करते हैं वह जीवन में कैसे प्राप्त करते हैं।

सदैव गीतापाठ करते हैं।

'हे मात्रा में क्या हैं? हेमें क्या हैं? अवतार हैं?' मात्रा करते हैं।

'हे मात्रा में क्या हैं? हेमें क्या हैं?' मात्रा करते हैं।
_letters for spiritual seekers

169

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అండె మరియం. అక్కడే నాయక విద్యానికి కలిగే 10తరవడు నూటే ఎం కావు ఎంచుకునే ఉంది. నీ మహా నయనే కోటడూ, కాలసాగరు ఇద్దరు. నయనే, నయనే కోటడూ లేకుంది. నీ మహా నయనే కోటడూ. నీ మహా నయనే కోటడూ. నీ మహా నయనే కోటడూ. నీ మహా నయనే కోటడూ. నీ మహా నయనే కోటడూ. నీ మహా నయనే కోటడూ. నీ మహా నయనే కోటడూ.

"అంది, అది త్రేయి రాతు ఇది?" ఎలా అంది?

"ఇది" ఎలా అంది. "అది‌ను మాటలు చేసే చోటు తెచెలిసి, మనకు లేదా మరియు అది మనం కేవలం ఉండాలి రాతు ఇది!" ఎలా అంది?

"మనం మీ మ్యూసిక తో తెచెలిసి మనం ఇంటే ఉండాలి రాతు ఇది! ...!" ఎలా అంది?

"మనం మీ మ్యూసిక తో తెచెలిసి మనం ఇంటే ఉండాలి రాతు ఇది! ...!" ఎలా అంది?

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Letters for spiritual seekers

So in simple terms -- the Gita is not the book of confusion. It simply teaches the art of swimming. This house of the Gita consists of two King Cobras, always hissing, ready to bite. Most of the people are afraid of these snakes and so they don’t want to touch the Gita. The snakes are Desirelessness and Detachment. Try to follow cautiously. Now you are walking on razor’s edge. The very mention of the words detachment and desirelessness make many run away, since it is impossible, for any human being to develop them. Even Mahatmas tried and failed. So nobody wants to talk about them. It is humanly impossible to develop them. Please think over carefully. Our growth is the result of our desire, our joys are the result of our attachment. You love your mother and that gives you joy. Can
you develop detachment towards these? If I ask you to do so, you will throw the Gita into the Ganges. Man's entire existence rests on desire. You have desire - to eat, to love, to marry, to study, to get a good job, to love your son, to enjoy. Can you imagine your existence without this? No?-- Only a dead body can do like that! Then why should the Gita teach such sterile philosophy which no human being can follow? Even Gandhiji had desire to get Independence and also had deep attachment to his wife. In Hyderabad also a friend of mine, who is highly educated secretly confessed that he never understood those words and said 'it is attachment and desire that drive me on to my goal and make me enthusiastic. If I don't have the desire to achieve something. I cannot study also.' Detachment even to 'the result', (though not to 'the action') is very difficult to practise. Then why do these two snakes, raising their hoods spit venom? Does the Gita have any meaning to the common man? ... say... a farmer in the field, a barber, a merchant, a fisherman, a washerman, house-wife, a sweeper etc.? In what way does the Gita help them? Take the Gita and tell them that they can find desirelessness and detachment in it and that the desires are the source of trouble. They cannot make out anything if you utter the words like - शान्ति, शान्ति, शान्ति, etc. - confusion in their heads gets intensified.

These are the snakes which are responsible for making many not to touch the Gita.

Now take an introspective voyage into your own psyche-- and tell me with your hand on your heart-- Is it really possible to experience the states of desirelessness and detachment at least partially?

As for me I cannot do so. Did Vivekananda experience desirelessness? Actually his heart was burning with desire to go to Chicago and spread Vedanta. Then what is this sound and fury about these snakes?!

This is exactly the reason why all the people describe the Gita as the snake infested house. On top of all these, another word it utters is - रक्षा (Salvation) This word is the head of the department of confusion. The man shudders at the very mention of that word since it promises you the joy in the other world, taking all your joy now.
Letters for spiritual seekers

In a word-- for all of us the Gita has become the thief of our pleasure. Why was Krishna so ignorant?

It is exactly here that the Gita has been misinterpreted or not interpreted properly. The great scholars and many enforced-saints failed to grasp the essence of it. Thus they turned the spiritually surcharged words like desirelessness, detachment and salvation into terrifying snakes. Thus the Gita in the hands of these pseudo-interpreters lost its vitality and its sting.

This is due to the fact that these people get the knowledge of the Gita through the books. They never experience it and hence the confusion and trouble. A man, like Ramakrishna, who experienced it, never created confusion. His words never created confusion. Even the baby could understand. Such simplicity and directness spring only from experience.

...Now I slowly drag you into the very essence of the Gita in its true form. You may come across many shocking statements. So be extra-careful. And I try to remove all the distortions and impossibilities about desirelessness and detachment.

The Gita is not a book of desirelessness!
But it is a book of desires!
It asks you to develop desires!
It never asks you to put an end to desires.

...Now are you not shocked when you hear this!? But this is the real truth about the Gita. Try to slowly recover from the shock. I clarify the doubts that have started now assaulting you. Remember Krishna was never cruel enough to take away your desires. He is after all there to create your pleasure.

Now follow carefully:
Desirelessness does not mean disappearance of desires or annihilation of desires.

Desirelessness = desires 'minus' the undesirable consequences

If you have desires and can prevent yourself from being affected by harmful effects arising out of desires you are experiencing the state of desirelessness. Now tell me-- is your pleasure intensified or reduced?. You are now more pleasant because-- you not only have the desires and their joys but also free from their detrimental effects. After all, anything in the world has harmful effects also,
apart from useful ones. For instance, gas-stove cooks for you very quickly by reducing your strain. That way it is very useful and we are happy about it. But sometimes it may catch fire or explode. Now if you are taught how to use gas-stove properly and how to avoid bad consequences arising out of its usage, is not your joy doubled? This is exactly what Krishna does in the Gita when he teaches 'desirelessness'. Desirelessness means-- not taking away the gas-stove but to teach you how to use it properly-- without harmful consequences. The word 'lessness'-- in 'Desirelessness' refers -- not to desire but to the detrimental consequences of desires. Thus desirelessness is the art of avoiding harmful consequences of desires. So Krishna does not object to our having desires or increasing them. You can happily do it but one condition he puts is -- see that they do not give rise to bad consequence (since desires also have that nature). How to do so -- is taught in the Gita when he speaks of desirelessness.. Now tell me-- does anybody dislike the Gita? Now it is a joy to read. Everybody loves to purchase and read right now-- since it increases their joy and removes their sorrow. So you can perfectly have the desire to become I.A.S. Officer, to marry, to love, to earn money, name and fame -- but in the process of doing so you must take necessary care -- to see that no bad consequences arise from these desires. This is Krishna's condition. This is for our good only! See how kind Krishna is!

So the Gita is not a thief of pleasure but a policeman of pleasure. It preserves our pleasure and also increases it. Now it has a meaning-- for a barber, a farmer, a merchant, a house wife. Anybody can read it and increase her or his joy. Now nobody hates it. Even if you try to hate it you cannot hate it.

Follow carefully:

Please tell me -- what did Arjuna do after having been taught the Gita? Did he leave the desire to fight? Or did he fight? Strictly speaking -- earlier he did not have the desire to fight-- now the Gita teaching developed in Arjuna the desire to fight. Thus when it did not take away any desires from Arjuna who directly heard it, why should it take them away from us? This is how the Gita is to be understood; the Gita simply taught Arjuna the technique of avoiding bad consequences of the desire (battle).

Thus desirelessness, is not an escape from desire but an escape into the desire with the capacity to neutralize the bad consequences.
Letters for spiritual seekers

Now-- what are those bad consequences, how do they arise?, how to neutralize them?-- all these are taught in the Gita when it deals with desirelessness.

Now no time to discuss all these. So I postpone it to our personal meeting.

I once again repeat-- the Gita is not an escape from life but into life and desirelessness is not a snake but a peacock. It thrills you and increases your joy.

Please shout this truth from the housetops of Ananthapur so that people love the Gita and are not afraid of it. Theoretical knowledge of traditional teaching does not give you correct insight. Only experience does so.

Now apply the same thing to detachment also.

Detachment = Attachment 'minus' the detrimental consequences of Attachment.

All that I have told about 'desirelessness' holds good here also. Detachment simply teaches you how to avoid bad consequences of attachment and thus increases your pleasure. So it is also not a snake, but a peacock. Thus these two save you from getting sunk in sorrow. Thus 'Desirelessness' and 'Detachment' are the two life-belts of the swimmer who swims in the sea of life. This is how the Gita is to be understood in its true light.

Time does not permit me to discuss the other important words -- like self-surrender, steadfast wisdom (सत्य ज्ञान).

For heaven's sake when you talk of the Gita to any man, please don't utter the words -- like अभिज्ञ, अभिज्ञ ज्ञान etc. They do not mean anything to him. They are for specialists not for the common man who is also a human being. They confuse both you and him. The whole of the Gita's essence lies in four words. They are:

Desirelessness,
Detachment,
Steadfast wisdom,
Total self-surrender

If you understand these you understand whole of the Gita. You need not read any slokas (sloka). These are simple enough to be understood by anyone. Unnecessarily the interpreters make them difficult. Follow carefully: I wanted to spend sometime on the word
"Salvation' also but time does not allow me. Once again follow carefully:

The Gita is the chariot. Its four wheels are: steadfast wisdom -- desirelessness, detachment -- total self-surrender. Follow the order also. Desirelessness and detachment must be guarded on either side by steadfast wisdom and total self-surrender. Then only, their existence is possible. Same is the case with चेतन, ज्ञेय, आत्मं, वैषय. The two worldly things ज्ञेय and चेतन -- must be guarded by ज्ञेय and आत्मं. Then only they yield satisfactory results. Now this chariot of four wheels is drawn by none other than भगवान, and its destination is unalloyed, uninterrupted spiritual bliss. This is all about the Gita.

So reading the Gita is like, sitting on the chariot of the Gita, with four wheels and being driven by Krishna towards spiritual bliss. I once again sum up the Gita into a paragraph.

The Gita is the art of swimming in the sea of life without getting sunk and eaten away by the sharks in it. Desirelessness and detachment are the two lifebelts of the swimmer i.e., man.

Desirelessness does not mean non-existence of desires but desires minus the undesirable consequences of it. Similarly detachment does not mean non-existence of attachment. It means Attachment minus its detrimental consequences. Thus the Gita is not a house, haunted by the snakes; but is a house adorned by the delightful dance of the peacocks and so it delights us also. It is not a highway robber who robs us of our pleasure but it heightens our joy. Thus it has got meaning for every one in the society and is understood even by the baby. It is not a book of confusion but of clarity. It is not an escape from life but into life. Thus the Gita is a bewitching bride, a dancing daffodil, a full-blown lotus throwing ravishing smiles at you, and not a hissing cobra.

The Gita can be compared to a chariot of four wheels, namely, steadfast wisdom, desirelessness, detachment, total self-surrender. The flag hoisted on the top of the chariot stands for "self-control'. That is why, it is in the hands of Hanuman who symbolizes self-control. It is drawn by two galloping horses called fearlessness and perpetual smile and is driven by the charioteer Krishna towards the
Letters for spiritual seekers

destination of unalloyed and uninterrupted spiritual bliss. So if we sit in such a chariot called the Gita our journey of life will be safe. -- This is all that one can say about the Gita. And all the rest of technical words in that are nothing but confusion-creating-mechanisms for the common man.

People like, Ramakrishna, Kabir, Tukaram, Meera, Nanak etc. never confused you. What they said was direct, simple, clear and coherent since they experienced the Gita and never read it in a theoretical sense.

One who does not know swimming, however great he may be and whatever things he may possess and whatever office he may hold is bound to get sunk in the surging waves of the sea of life. The only way to play on the sea of life is to learn 'మాఠస్త మారి మారి మాఠి' (swimming) which is taught by 'మాఠస్తే' (The Gita).

In a word-- the Gita is not a Ghost but is our Host. We are all guests in the God's garden called life and the Gita is our host there. And whoever denies the hospitality extended by the host will give up his ghost (psychologically). This is the most important point for a man to remember and this can be understood by everyone who takes an introspective voyage into inner life.
ನನು ಇತರೆ ಮನುಷ್ಯರು.
ನನು ಒಂದು ಒಂದು ಮನುಷ್ಯರು, ಅವನು ಒಂದು ಒಂದು ಮನುಷ್ಯರು, ಅವನು ಒಂದು ಒಂದು ಮನುಷ್ಯರು - ಅದರ ಕಾರ್ಡು ಮನುಷ್ಯ ಮನುಷ್ಯ, ಅದರ ಕಾರ್ಡು ಮನುಷ್ಯ ಮನುಷ್ಯ.
ಅದರ ಕಾರ್ಡು ಮನುಷ್ಯ ಮನುಷ್ಯ, ಅದರ ಕಾರ್ಡು ಮನುಷ್ಯ ಮನುಷ್ಯ. ಅದರ ಕಾರ್ಡು ಮನುಷ್ಯ ಮನುಷ್ಯ.

"ನನು ಇತರೆ ಮನುಷ್ಯ ಮನುಷ್ಯ,
ನನು ಇತರೆ ಮನುಷ್ಯ ಮನುಷ್ಯ."      

If man enjoys life - it is comedy
If life enjoys man - it is tragedy
I belong to the second category. The trouble with life is, it takes a life-time to understand how to live.

"ಅಮುಕ ಆದೃಶ್ಯದ ಉದ್ಯಾನದ ಅಡಳೆ ேವು ನಿಮ್ಮದ ನಿಜ! ಅಂದು ಇತರರ ಬಹುಮಟ್ಟಿನವರು. ಅವರ ಬೇಕದೊಂದು ಅನ್ಯರು ವಿರುದ್ಧ ಎಂದು ನಿಮ್ಮದ ವಿರುದ್ಧ ಎಂದು."

ನನು ಇತರೆ - ನೀರು ನೀರು - ನನು ಇತರೆ, ನನು ಇತರೆ ಸೋಸಿಲ್ಯುಂಡ್ ನಾಮ್ಯಾಯ.

"ಮನುಷ್ಯರು ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾಗಿ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾಗಿ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾಗಿ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾಗಿ,
ನನು ಇತರೆ!"

ನನು ಇತರೆ, ಆದರೆ ಅಂತಿಮವಾಗಿ, ಅಂತಿಮವಾಗಿ ಅಂತಿಮ. — ಆದರೆ ಅಂತಿಮವಾಗಿ. ಆದರೆ ಅಂತಿಮವಾಗಿ. ಆದರೆ ಅಂತಿಮವಾಗಿ. ಆದರೆ ಅಂತಿಮವಾಗಿ.
_letters for spiritual seekers

ಮನೆಗೆ!

ಮನೆಗೆ ಬಾರೆ ಸಮಯ ಸಮಯವಿದೇತು!
ಮನೆಗೆ ಸಮಯ...

ವೈಬಹುದಾ ಸಂವಾನ ವಿಷಯ ಭಾವವಿದ್ದೇತು?
ವೈಬಹುದಾ ಸಂವಾನ ಸಂವಾನೇತು?

ಮನೆಗೆ ಸಂವಾನ ಸಂವಾನ ಸಂವಾನೇತು?
ಸಂವಾನ ಸಂವಾನ ಸಂವಾನೇತು?

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ಸಂವಾನ ಸಂವಾನಂಜೆತು?

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 Mario...
మాయువిరాగం నాడు ఉంది - రాతి వివాహానికి ready ను ఎచ్చేండి!
పచ్చి మీరు మెరుగు కిందించండి. సాగుతుంది ఇతరుల తోడ్డి, అందించండి నిలువు నేను ఉండడానికొండి అనుమోదన ఇంటికి అరుదు తోడ్డ ఇంటి చేసి, అందరిచు కావాలి. అది చిత్తు అంబాలవేద ఆధిపత్యం ఉంటూ ఉంటుంది!

అప్పుడు నాం ప్రస్తుతం కొనసాగించిన పదార్థాలను చేసిన దిద్దలతో సాగుతుంది. యాత్రికంగా వాడుకలో ఉండి. అందువల్ల ఈస్మాన్ పక్కం రాది స్థాయి ఉంటుంది. రాతి వివాహానికి తొడుంటాం తోడ్డు కిందించండి!

ఎందుకు ఇంండి సరి దిద్దలతో లభించింది
ఇంగ్లీష్ తాకిని
వీంటి మనం మనం మనం మనం
నాటి ప్రాంగణం చేసి!

-- మాయా, హాన్ట్స్ (95)

★★★

విగాయి సమయంగా ప్రత్యేకే ఐదు సమయాలు
(ప్రతి స్వయంస్వం మొత్తం అక్రమించండి)

(ఈ స్మితాచారయ్య సమాఖాని (హెచ్)) సమయంగా అంచె తోడ్డు ప్రతి పదార్థాన్ని సూచించండి అదే సమయానికి)

-- (ఈ స్మితాచారయ్య)

★★★

నాలుగు సమయాలు ప్రతి పదార్థం ప్రతి పాటు రాది స్థాయి రావచేది ఇవి ఉంటాం.

నాలుగు సమయాలు ప్రతి పదార్థం ప్రతి పాటు రాది స్థాయి రావచేది ఇవి ఉంటాం.

I.A.S. ను తప్పం prepare చేసి! No despair! ఈస్మాన్ ప్రతి పదార్థం ప్రతి పాటు రాది స్థాయి రావచేది ఇవి ఉంటాం. తప్పం prepare చేసి! No despair! ఈస్మాన్ ప్రతి పదార్థం ప్రతి పాటు రాది స్థాయి రావచేది ఇవి ఉంటాం. తప్పం prepare చేసి! No despair!
Letters for spiritual seekers

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Hyderabad..."

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How lovingly my wife and I cherish and recall frequently the time we spent in your cheerful and illuminating presence. We felt - we were birds of the same nest pecking at each other’s feathers to the tune of the same song.

Though it is a long time since you left... memories of it are still lingering in my eyes; my dreams of you have not been satisfied with the short stay which fledged away much too soon. I wanted to sit with you for long hours and have a heart to heart intercourse.
After Slaughtering a million stars, a dawn is born.
-- Iqbal

As I once told you -- my life is a heap of broken promises, crushed hopes and crucified dreams.  

Please remember the following lines:
1. "Live like a hermit and work like a horse."
2. "Be wise and appear to be otherwise to the world."
3. "Arsanu pekkudha chillumma - brahmakott suvaduri
   saariyada kootumkutvam.  Rama dhamu suvaduri.
   ""
Letters for spiritual seekers

మానవ ఈ కాలానికట్టులు మరణించిన రామ లలితన్ ప్రసాదానికి ప్రచురించాడు:

"ఈ కాలానికట్టులు మరణించిన రామ లలితన్ ప్రసాదానికి ప్రచురించాడు. తిరిగి మన మానవుడు పాత్రికులు ప్రతికూడా ప్రచురించాడు. ఈ కాలానికట్టులు మరణించిన రామ లలితన్ ప్రసాదానికి ప్రచురించాడు.

... ... ... 

"ఈ కాలానికట్టులు మరణించిన రామ లలితన్ ప్రసాదానికి ప్రచురించాడు. తిరిగి మన మానవుడు ప్రతికూడా ప్రచురించాడు. ఈ కాలానికట్టులు మరణించిన రామ లలితన్ ప్రసాదానికి ప్రచురించాడు. ఈ కాలానికట్టులు మరణించిన రామ లలితన్ ప్రసాదానికి ప్రచురించాడు. ఈ కాలానికట్టులు మరణించిన రామ లలితన్ ప్రసాదానికి ప్రచురించాడు. 

... ... ... 

"ఈ కాలానికట్టులు మరణించిన రామ లలితన్ ప్రసాదానికి ప్రచురించాడు.

... ... ... 

"ఈ కాలానికట్టులు మరణించిన రామ లలితన్ ప్రసాదానికి ప్రచురించాడు.

... ... ... 

"ఈ కాలానికట్టులు మరణించిన రామ లలితన్ ప్రసాదానికి ప్రచురించాడు.

... ... ... 

"ఈ కాలానికట్టులు మరణించిన రామ లలితన్ ప్రసాదానికి ప్రచురించాడు.

... ... ... 

"ఈ కాలానికట్టులు మరణించిన రామ లలితన్ ప్రసాదానికి ప్రచురించాడు.

... ... ... 

"ఈ కాలానికట్టులు మరణించిన రామ లలితన్ ప్రసాదానికి ప్రచురించాడు.

... ... ... 

"ఈ కాలానికట్టులు మరణించిన రామ లలితన్ ప్రసాదానికి ప్రచురించాడు.

... ... ... 

"ఈ కాలానికట్టులు మరణించిన రామ లలితన్ ప్రసాదానికి ప్రచురించాడు.

... ... ... 

"ఈ కాలానికట్టులు మరణించిన రామ లలితన్ ప్రసాదానికి ప్రచురించాడు.

... ... ... 

"ఈ కాలానికట్టులు మరణించిన రామ లలితన్ ప్రసాదానికి ప్రచురించాడు.

... ... ... 

"ఈ కాలానికట్టులు మరణించిన రామ లలితన్ ప్రసాదానికి ప్రచురించాడు.

... ... ... 

"ఈ కాలానికట్టులు మరణించిన రామ లలితన్ ప్రసాదానికి ప్రచురించాడు.

... ... ... 

"ఈ కాలానికట్టులు మరణించిన రామ లలితన్ ప్రసాదానికి ప్రచురించాడు.

... ... ... 

"ఈ కాలానికట్టులు మరణించిన రామ లలితన్ ప్రసాదానికి ప్రచురించాడు.

... ... ... 

"ఈ కాలానికట్టులు మరణించిన రామ లలితన్ ప్రసాదానికి ప్రచురించాడు.

... ... ...
ఇది ప్రత్యేకంగా, ఇది సమర్థము -
షియాతా - ఒక విశేష - ఈమ్మ సాధారణం, విద్యా సాధారణం
సాధారణం. విద్యార్థుల మొట్టము పిలువడం జరిగింది, మారుతున్నాను
మార్చాలోంది.

... ... ...

"మానం ఎడం, మానం ఇంటింటి మరియు అంతర్భాగానేటి స్థానానికి
వచ్చినా,
పాతాడారు ఒకర్నా, కావాడారు ఒకర్నా తద్వార మరియు
నిర్ధారించారు!
మనం ఈమ్మ మేము అందుచే నిష్పుధం నుంచి అదే నుండి పై రాతి!

... ... ...

"మానం ఎడం ఎందుకు బంధపెట్టి?
ఈ సందర్భం, మానం ఎడం ఈమ్మను మిగిలింది నన్ను తా చెట్టి.
మానం ఇంటింటి, మానం ఇంటింటి.
వాటి పండుగలు, వాటి పండుగలు.
వాటి బాటులు, వాటి బాటులు.
వాటి కూరు, వాటి కూరు.
వాటి పండుగలు, వాటి పండుగలు?
వాటి బాటులు, వాటి బాటులు?
ఖుచ్చి కాది వద్ది, మానం మారి "ఆనందంలో సంప్రదాయం
సంప్రదాయం ప్రతి తయారు" అంటేందుకు నిష్పుధం.

... ... ...

"మానం ఎడం సామ్యం. ఈ మానం ఇంటింటి మరియు" అంటారు,
మానం ఇంటింటి మరియు మానం ఇంటింటి.

మానం ఇంటింటి ఎందుకంటే?
మానం ఇంటింటి, ఈ మానం ఇంటింటి మరియు మానం ఇంటింటి నిష్పుధం?

... ... ...

-- రామ, ప్రత్యేకం నిష్పుధం

***

మనం ఈమ్మ సాధారణం
మనం ఈమ్మ సాధారణం మిగిలింది
మనం ఈమ్మ సాధారణం
మనం ఈమ్మ సాధారణం.
వినా వస్తువంపాడులు వాటి సమాధాన సమయంలో
వాడిన వార్షిక రోజువలస్తు నుంపోకున్నాం!

-- సిద్ధాంతం, జ్ఞోత్తరం (99)

** **

సాధారణంగా సాధనాధికారితే వరియితే
పరిపాలన పాత్రాలు మాత్రమే వందడనూ,
జింక సభ్యాధికారితే అసమాధానం
మేని సమాధానం సమాధానం వండడాను।

-- సిద్ధాంతం, జ్ఞోత్తరం (98)

** **

మనం విశాడుతో లేపితియే (సమాధానం)
నిష్ణా సభ్యాధికారితే అసమాధానం నిర్మాణం

(విస్తరితంగా రాదే మనము, అనుమతి, అనుమతి అభివృద్ధిచే తూరు రాదే మనము, అనుమతి అభివృద్ధిచే తూరు రాదే మనము, అనుమతి అభివృద్ధిచే తూరు రాదే మనము, అనుమతి అభివృద్ధిచే తూరు రాదే మనము)

-- సిద్ధాంతం

** **

మనం విశాడుతో లేపితియే సమాధానం
మనం విశాడుతో లేపితియే సమాధానం
జింక సభ్యాధికారితే అసమాధానం

-- సిద్ధాంతం, జ్ఞోత్తరం (98)

వినా వస్తువంపాడులు వాటి సమాధానం సమయంలో
పరిపాలన పాత్రాలు మాత్రమే వందడనూ,
సభ్యాధికారితే అసమాధానం వండడాను,

-- సిద్ధాంతం, జ్ఞోత్తరం (98)
- బాయినం, మే నిత్యపరస్మీ అమలు రామలోని
  రామలో ... మే అమలు పరస్మీ నిత్యపరస్మీ అమలు రామలోని....

(చుదియం)
30.4.1991,
Nizamabad.

మంద ... గించ ... కావు కా ... 

ఉష్ణానం కంపురాలు ... 

ఆంగ్లం

మంద- అందు రుచి కుముడి. అందు చందనం. సుందర వాసం, సుందర ప్రకృతి మేలు అభిమానం చేయండి వానా లేదు, అయితే మందం అందు రుచి కుముడి. 

మంద- అనేక కంపురాలు బట్టి మంద అంతా వెలుగు. మందం అందు రుచి కుముడి. మందం అందు రుచి కుముడి. 

మంద- అందు రుచి కుముడి. 

-- మందం -- 

మంద- అందు రుచి కుముడి. 

మంద- అందు రుచి కుముడి. 

మంద- అందు రుచి కుముడి. 

మంద- అందు రుచి కుముడి. 

మంద- అందు రుచి కుముడి. 

మంద- అందు రుచి కుముడి.
Journey into Joy

...
Child, nature and woman when properly analyzed, - are the powerful keys to unlock Cosmic mysteries. If one knows the art of observing these three - there is no need for the Gita, the Vedas, and the Upanishads. A baby or a boy is a moving Bhagavad Gita; one can read Veda in a woman; nature is a never-ending Upanishad.

-- 300 (msp)
Journey into Joy

Be a little more patient; be a little more bold and have a little more love for Him. Make your faith a little deeper. Things will come to happen at ripe time in this Cosmic plan. Don't be worried about anything. Wait a little more. Infinite bliss will be yours. Delays are not only not denials, but they are the deliberate means of making your delight everlasting. Let us not waste our tear-drops. The present tear-drops are the future pearls of our life. One can see through a tear-drop what one cannot see through a telescope. Always smile and make others smile; be bold and make others bold; roar and make others roar. Behind your back there is God. March on! March on... boldly, patiently, smilingly. This is life. Let us not cease to smile come what may! If misfortunes begin to thunder, let us remember that we are under the protective wings of Divinity. If something is delayed, let us realize that delays are not denials. Let the Jasmine of your life scatter fragrance of patience all around. When unbearable despair overtakes you, dance like a daffodil. Remember you are the Divine child of immortality. Even if the lion of ill-luck opens its front-paw, don't shudder because you are in the lovely
lap of Cosmic Mother. In fact ill-luck illumines the inner precincts of your life. Sometimes the Cosmic Mother derives immense pleasure from frightening her children just for fun's sake; just as our mother does occasionally. You will gain much more than what you have lost. Delay adds compound interest to your existing delight.

So smile, thunder, hiss, roar, march ahead, muster courage—you will be the happy inheritor of inexhaustible sources of joy. Let your life run on the twin rails of undying love and unending faith. Goal is not far, wait a little, Fortune smiles on you, luck begins to knock at your door. Clean your doors of perception. Be impregnable against all the unexpected, unpredictable upheavals of life. Amidst disturbing outer noise of your life, maintain deep inner poise. Don't think that you are merely five or six feet psycho-physical organism. You are much more than that. You are the centripetal core of Cosmic essence. You are the grand and glorious child of immortality. So you can smile mesmerizingly like a toothless innocent baby; you can dance like a peacock; you can shine like the rays of the rising sun; you can jump with joy like a cascading water fall; your eyes can sparkle like those of gamboling gazelle... your life must scatter the fragrance of joy like the flawless rose petal. You must ride on the rainbows of life. The gurgling streams of fortune must fertilize the landscape of your life.

Remember! All these, though do not appear to be instant realities, are also not distant dreams. Wait, be patient; Love Him and believe in Him. Be fearless, be pleasant and keep smiling. You will slowly hear the drums of delight arising out of the transmutation of your dreams into realities.
రెండం సంవత్సరం రాచించాను, మహమారం విలువగా మన్నాలు, రెండం సంవత్సరం రాచించాను రాయితే. కొండపొన్న ఇల్లలో విలువగా బాగా నాగుడు బయాటించాడు. నాగేశ్వరుడు చేసిన మామాలు మందిర, మామాలు చెప్పింది. ఈపై మందిరాన్ని... మాంచను ఈ రెండం సంవత్సరం మందిరాన్ని కంటే లభించాను.

మాస చదరిక నెలుగు ఏ యేచుక మంది మామాలు అప్పటి నీలిగాయానికి? అ రోజు రాత్రి, లంకా ప్రత్యేక బ్రతమయాదాని అందుమే చారిత్రది సంప్రదాయ కారణం ఉండాలాం యొక్క

మందిరాన్ని, మామాలు మందిరాన్ని దృశ్యం చెప్పించాను మందిరాన్ని కంటే లభించాను.

మామాలు చదరిక నెలుగు, అ రోజు రాత్రి అందుమే అతిశాయం, అతిశాయం అతిశాయం మందిరాన్ని వినించి పంచండి....

ప్రపంచ చదరిక నెలుగు మామాలు మందిరాన్ని కంటే లభించాను.
12.3.1991,
Nizamabad.

Sirs,

... 

Vice-Chancellor, Nizam College,...

I hope you received the letter today. 'Oh, you don't want to talk?!' is the usual preparation. 'Oh, don't be sad! I'm happy, I'm happy!' is the usual greeting in our college. 'Oh, what a day! What a day!' is the usual greeting.

'She is a very noble lady... convey my regards to her' I wrote... and so on. 'I'm sure you'll be grateful for your help. Please send me your address at once. Don't forget to send me your letter.' The address, Nizamabad, Telangana. Address, Sir, I wrote letter accordingly. In the morning, I wrote, 'I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.' The stationmaster wrote, 'tiffin box? Are you? I'm sorry, stationmaster. Sir, stationmaster. Sir, stationmaster. Sir, stationmaster.'

Box address. Return 'thank you' appreciated.

'Yes, last week - Ananthapur. April third or last week. Send me your address.

Apart from his myriad-mindedness and being a many-splendoured genius, Sir is a highly evolved soul with unbelievable moral
uprightness. Even to understand his unfathomably deep, analytic observations of life and to appreciate the sparkling structural beauty of his sentences, one has to be tremendously intelligent. His hawk-like sharp vision penetrates into our silence and understands us in a better way than we could have done by dressing up our thoughts. That is why I hardly talk anything before Sir. I only listen to him. It is a great blessing to listen to his lecture.

In brief, my life would never have been what it is now, had I not come into contact with Sir. In a word he is more a doctor of my heart than a teacher of my head. The pure pearls of wisdom that drop down the moment he opens his lips, dazzle our eyes. My indebtedness to Sir is something which can never adequately be expressed through words.

The letter is full of wisdom and bears witness to his incisive, critical exploration of the reality. His intuitive comprehension, coupled with intellectual voyage into the intangible inner realities -- has successfully captured the 'Cosmic-quintessence of life' and its various subtle spiritual shades. His two letters-- couched in inimitable chaste style -- bear unmistakable testimony to this fact. Things are understood in exactly the way in which they ought to be understood. I am inexpressibly happy about it. I am now glad that there are others also whose views of 'eternal realities' are in full agreement with those of mine. It is a common human psychological fact that any joy when shared with others gets doubled and any agony gets reduced to half when shared with the near and dear. It is with this selfish desire of doubling my delight that I tried to share some of my views and feelings with you. I heartily thank you for having given me a chance to do so. I have only tried to share my 'Feelings' about certain baffling realities of life. I have never tried to teach; nor can I ever be capable of doing so. I am happy that incidentally my feelings and yours are in tune with each other.
Letters for spiritual seekers

The only thing is that so many good things he mentioned about me, are not as true as Pratap thinks they are. His feelings about me are the realities, not as they really are. They are the realities, refracted through the prism of his infinite love and inexhaustible affection. I know what I am; what I am is not what I ought to be; I am still unsuccessfully trying to be what I ought to be.

To be true, I am accidentally alive. I, personally, do not see any reason to be alive. Perhaps the only reason is to get inundated by your affection. I do not deserve any of the encomiums heaped on me. Pratap is the fine specimen of humanity with flawless heart, full of infinite compassion. He is the one, as you are all unmis-takably aware, who always looks at the things and persons through an inbuilt convex-lens of incurable love, which lends an iridescent dimension to one's personality. There is transparent clarity in his comprehension and experience of Cosmic truths. Every word he used in the letter, is carefully thought over, well chosen and chiselled one.

How is Dr. Nagaraj? He is now being introduced to the paradoxes of life. He is slowly made ready to clear, successfully, the spiritual cobwebs of confusion. Spirituality is the ability to remain unperturbed by the turbulent paradoxes of life. We dig up the past, get perturbed by the present, chase the future and yet the clouds of suicidal depression continue to hang over our mental horizon. This is the Cosmic Leela. One should thunder back at the turbulent waves of the sea. The downpour of Divine rain alone can make the waste land leap to life again. Whatever may be our present mental and environmental state, God is and continues to be kind and is always busy making our lives worth living. Dr. Nagaraj is psychologically and spiritually a very mature person. The apparent temporary discontent and disasters do not demolish his dreams; instead, they deepen his bliss; sharpen his perception of 'Cosmic Script' and make him drink deep at the fountain of wisdom. He wrote many fine letters which mirror the emotional outpourings of his heart. All his letters are artistically articulated cries of an anguished heart. Muffled in the tentative eclipse of ecstasy, there lie the echoes of the intermittent intimations of immortality. Let him be the silent, serene spectator of uninvited phenomena of his life. As soon as the 'Autumn' comes to an end... the bare branches of our life burst into the spring of smiles. Ask him to drop me a line whenever he feels inclined to do so.
How is your preparation? Absence of anxiety and fear is the hallmark of success. You are all 'glorious children of immortality'. Always roar, thunder, hiss, pounce and bounce back. Burn your way through the impregnable walls of impediments. A little patience, a little faith, a little fearlessness— that's all what God expects from us. Now and then a little more cleansing of the doors of perception. As long as our love for Him does not fade, He will not leave us. Get up and get ready. Let us wake up to walk, walking to march, marching to merge into Him and capture the distilled essence of life.

How is Raghu (physics)?? Hope Nizamuddin, Raju, Harish... and others are quite O.K. Remember me and convey my wishes to all. The cassettes of Harish continue to pour sonorous spiritual music into my tired ears. How is 'Amma'!, the emotional 'nerve centre' of all the harmony that you enjoy! Hope her health is O.K. She is indefatigably busy, constantly converting your inner cacophonic noises into symphonic music. She does this so silently that most of you, most of the time, fail to attribute all this to 'her'. What a joy, one experiences, in enjoying the unheard melody of her heart! What a pleasure in getting exposed to the sweet summer showers of the indefinable compassion that continuously cascade from her. So all the joys are yours; all the delights are yours! What is left to me! Except grey hair and graveyard. I, at least try, temporarily to become as fortunate as you are in this summer. How is sister Rajasree and her little kid? How are Manjula and Nagaraj's sisters? Hope the health of Raghu and his father is quite all right. My good wishes to everybody there and salutations to Amma. Drop me a line if there is anything worth sharing. Good luck! God bless you! Give me a chance to congratulate you. The ultimate fact of life is that life is a fiction; and the ultimate fact of fiction is that fiction is a (psychic) fact; so let us, in order to be really happy, enjoy fact as a fiction and fiction as fact. Spirituality is nothing but the ability to do so.

May... you all experience the thrill and throb of raining ecstatic kisses on the rosy cheeks of life!

with love,

Sri Ram
Raghu' Why were you so reluctant in conveying my result. Nothing contrary to my expectation happened. What I got is what I richly deserve. My unintended entry into competitive arena is a Cosmic-pretext to come into contact with a galaxy of 'Glorious Children of Immortality' like you. That's all. Why do you mistake pretext to be the text of my life?! It is in this context that the apparent contradictions assumed deeper dimensions. But nothing is complete without contradictions.

How can you detect flaws in the Cosmically executed Universe?! It exists in the best possible form. Our lives are the best available lives. They cannot be improved upon by human intellect. I don't know why my failures surprised you. Are you amazed, if a make-up-man constantly moving before camera, rubbing his shoulders with actors and actresses-- does not appear in the film?!
I am, some-how, not interested in straight line. రోడి తీయింది జరిగింది, సోమా రుచికి ఎం వంటి (picture) తరాగ ఈరచ. ప్రస్తుత కాశాలు రోడి తీయ మనం సాధ. సంపూర్ణ మహాదేవుడు ఉండి అనేవి నిర్మా. 

Moreover who are we to question the Cosmic-Painter? Human ignorance also is as much of a miracle as human intelligence is. A sinner is as much a miracle of God as a saint is. Otherwise how can there be so many ignorant people and sinners? Only God can create sinner on such a grand scale. To be true-- just as marriage is a means to realize the subtle serenity of life; Miracles are a concession that Divinity allows for human blindness. Raghu-- one should never get affected by the dualities of life. You are the invincible Atma, unaffected by the ups and downs of life. The shadow you cast while trudging along the road falls on dirt and dust, stone and sand, but you are not worried at all, for you walk unscathed. So as the Atma substance, you have no reason to be worried over the fate of its shadow, the body. I repeat-- our lives can never be better than what they are now! Our duty is to understand how it is so. In this connection I am reminded of a story which, I think, is a slight but justified digression.

Once upon a time there was a tree in the forest which had thin, pointed leaves. It felt sad when it saw the large, green leaves of the other trees swaying and rustling in the wind. 'How unlucky I am!', it means, 'If only God gave me leaves of gold, I could stand proud among my neighbours and shine with dazzling brilliance in the Sun.' The next morning, it had leaves of gold. It felt proud when the other trees looked at it enviously. But when night fell, a greedy man crept close and plucked all the golden leaves. 'Bad luck', the tree sighed and wished for leaves made of glass. But a big storm came and all its glass leaves were broken. 'Let me have beautiful and perfumed green leaves', the tree prayed. But soon attracted by the smell, all grass-eating animals gathered round the tree and ate away all its leaves. 'How foolish I have been', said the tree sadly, 'my own leaves are best for me. I have learnt my lesson'. Similarly my own life is best for me. Production of better editions of our lives, than the existing ones, is not possible; nor is it desirable. It is intuitive perception, not intellectual comprehension that helps us in this direction. Emotional contemplation
finally results in intuitive perception. When viewed from this angle — the Gita is not a book of information; it is a book of transformation. It is an inexhaustible source of reverberations of Divine Drums that constantly drown us with Celestial Drowsiness. Otherwise the Gita, like my letter becomes a metaphysical rubbish fit enough to be thrown into the dust bin.

Don't be worried much about my existence or non-existence, or the co-existence of both. It will be what it ought to be. If God is cruel or kind enough to prolong my earthly existence -- I will be accompanying you for some more days in this life's journey. To use the age-old, boringly familiar metaphor,-- we are all the passengers travelling in the same train but with different destinations. Whatever it is, my association with you has added further fragrance to my existence. My unintended association with competitive field-- apart from resulting in better appreciation and broader perception of literature-- brought us nearer to each other, though I am not aware of the otherworldly significance of it.

Another red rose, thrown on the chest of my life, is -- Pratap. He is a spiritually elevated man. No doubt about it. Thrice I tried to write to him, but thrice I failed. యొక్క ఎందుకు చెప్పనిందు కొద్ది గ్రహించబడాం. Silence creeps in between. Somehow I always feel whatever little or lot I want to write to him-- can be conveyed only through silence. ఇవాలను నిమబంగా నిమిషానికి ఉండడం పరిస్థితి. మారముడి మూడవ సంపానుతున్న (కాకుండా) మీదుగా. I think the (most) perfect letter is the one written with the pen, dipped in the ink of silence. మనుష్యానికి మరియు మనుష్యానికి మరియు మనుష్యానికి! If I can be lucky enough to be in Hyderabad when he comes-- I will meet him and get enlightened. మరా వాడలో కొద్ది Pratap యునైటెడ్ లెటయర్ సామర్థ్యాలు. Whenever I think of him I develop a feeling that I am not lonely in this world.

అంతేతో హెపిరాబాద్‌ చే రుచికరం - ఎక్కడ ఎందుకు చెప్పనిందు? - మాను మన స్పోట-వాలు-వాలు తెలియిన డెటేల్స్ తెలుసు. కొద్ది లోకోటే. హెపిరాబాద్ మాను స్పోట్-వాలు తెలియిన డెటేల్స్ తెలుసు. కొద్ది పరివిగెల ద్వారం హెపిరాబాద్ మీదుగా. ప్రిన్సపల్ మనుకు లేదు. మన హెపిరాబాద్ హెపిరాబాద్ పరివిగెల ద్వారం. I think I cannot be there (at Hyderabad) on 22nd of November. The moment I get the
details I will send a telegram or write a letter. అమితం, సహాయాన్ని
నిర్ణయించండి శ్రేయస్తోంది ఒకసారి శ్రావణం వైపు విషయాలు లేదా పాటు అంటే జరిగారాలి!

Let Time disentangle this knot!

సమయం మూలతో లేదా శశించండి నిత్యములను చాలా సుమారు శిघ్రం కట్టడానికి కాని సమయం ప్రస్తుతం లేదా పాటు అంటే జరిగారాలి! So there is a partial fulfilment of my promise -

మనుష్య పాలనా శ్రద్ధలు
మనుష్య పాలన మరణి.

-- S. Ramachandran

- ఇ సదితో కనుగొని వెలి వచ్చాను అర్థానికి 100మంది రోజు మరణి.

అంటే మనస్తాత్త్వానికి!

I am very happy about another good news of your coming to Nizamabad. Hope this happiness will not be neutralized by our mutual displacement of our presence(s).

Convey my wishes to everybody at your place.

వీటి హెచ్ - తనికే కాక నిరంతరాత్తు.. to be more
precise, తను ఇంత నిరంతరాత్తు ఎందుకు నిరంతరాత్తు ఎందుకు

— My wishes and regards to Pratap.

అర్థానికి - ఇంత అర్థానికి మరణి ఇంతా అర్థానికి - ఎందుకంటే మనుష్యానికి

తనికే కాక నిరంతరాత్తు ఎందుకు నిరంతరాత్తు ఎందుకు

- కోసం కోసం...

- కోసం కోసం...

- కోసం కోసం...

- కోసం కోసం...

with love,

Sri Ram
4.3.1988,
Hyderabad.

"... మామ్ముడి సమయ సంఖ్యలు సంయోగం వచ్చింది..."

— Trust everybody is safe there!
— Sorry for my inability to attend sister's marriage!
How is she now?
May her life be a perennial fountain of conjugal bliss!
— The money, you sent, reached me in time and was of immense help.
A thousand thanks for that. But I do not know, why you did it, when your own monetary muscle is weak. It is very true:
'Youth fades; love droops, the leaves of friendship fall;
A mother's secret hope outlives them all.'
— Your failure in Group-IIA filled my heart with grief.

"... మామ్ముడి సమయ సంఖ్యలు సంయోగం వచ్చింది..."

... మామ్ముడి సమయ సంఖ్యలు సంయోగం వచ్చింది..."
"In after-life you may have friends - fond, dear friends, but never will have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows."

""స్వాతంత్ర్య ప్రపంచ"
శ్రీ మాత్రమే స్వాతంత్ర్యం కలిగేవా. అంది ప్రపంచం విశ్వప్రపంచం""

Failure - failure - failure. Life is an unending dance of divine paradoxes. ఫాయల్ ఫాయల్ ఫాయల్. జీవితం దేవత పారడక్షియస్ ఉంటుంది.

God does not give us what we richly deserve; but what is best suited to us. This is important. ఈ విషయం మథి పరిస్థితి ప్రతి సమాధానం కలిగేవా. సదా సదా సదా, సదా సదా సదా సదా సదా సదా. సదా సదా సదా. ఈ ఎగ్జమెన్ జైబ్రైట్ ఎగ్జమెన్ జైబ్రైట్ ఎగ్జమెన్ జైబ్రైట్. ఎగ్జమెన్ జైబ్రైట్ ఎగ్జమెన్ జైబ్రైట్ ఎగ్జమెన్ జైబ్రైట్. ఎగ్జమెన్ జైబ్రైట్ ఎగ్జమెన్ జైబ్రైట్ ఎగ్జమెన్ జైబ్రైట్. ఎగ్జమెన్ జైబ్రైట్. ఎగ్జమెన్ జైబ్రైట్ ఎగ్జమెన్ జైబ్రైట్. ఎగ్జమెన్ జైబ్రైట్. ఎగ్జమెన్ జైబ్రైట్. ఎగ్జమెన్ జైబ్రైట్. Let us be patient. We should be more patient, especially when we pass through the phase of misfortune. Because good-luck knocks on the door once in a while and runs away even before we open the door, but bad-luck, on the contrary, knocks on the door till we open it. రాహుడు రాహుడు రాహుడు రాహుడు రాహుడు రాహుడు రాహుడు రాహుడు. The only consolation is, at least, Raghu and Shiva Reddy got through. Let us hope - they get through interview also. ప్రతి ప్రతి ప్రతి ప్రతి ప్రతి ప్రతి ప్రతి ప్రతి ప్రతి ప్రతి ప్రతి ప్రతి. Let us get what is best suited to us. Till then keep enjoying the warmth of mother's love.

""తలం సన్ తా పాలంపిడి""
రెండు రెండు రెండు రెండు రెండు రెండు రెండు రెండు రెండు. ఎంపి ఈపి ఎంపి ఈపి ఎంపి ఈపి ఎంపి ఈపి ఎంపి ఈపి ఎంపి ఈపి.""
Letters for spiritual seekers

"The best academy— a mother's knee.

Don't worry about the failure. Every failure gives us a profound mystical insight into the mystery of life. It is difficult to enjoy the wealth of life. Because life is so close to us, so absolutely within our own flesh and blood that we do not see it but look for it outside. It is difficult to enjoy it because it is so simple. We do not care for simple things and therefore the simple things do not care for us. Life lies not in scaling Mount Everest but in feeling the snows of Kilimanjaro; not in the conquest of the moon but in the conquest of the mind. These are achievements, but achievement is not life. All achievement is a feather to the cap. But there should be a cap. We have feathers; we must now look for the cap.

""యుగాలప్పుడు పేరు మిగిలిసే సత్యి రామా.
రోజు విశ్వాస నామి!
ఇటి మీది ఉండాడా మంచించండి!"

అంటే ఇది ఉదాహరణ. 'చియా' వాడుతుంది? వారిని మనిషిసే? మనిషి భాగం ఎంతవి? మనిషి యాగన మనిషిజాతి సంపాదించడానికి. Like a bird I want to fly along the eternal pathways of the sky. But my wings are clipped. ఊంచే, ప్రపంచ ఎందుకు ప్రత్యేక పరిస్థితులు లభియున్నాయి. ఇది యాగన మనిషిసే. రోజువారి పరిస్థితులు అమరికానికే. Let us feel the pulse of Divinity in every incident of life.

అంటే సాధన ప్రతిసాధ్య సాధనానికి. ఇది గురివుండి మనిషి ప్రతిసాధ్య ప్రతిసాధ్యం ప్రతిసాధ్యం. My wishes and regards to your lecturer Sri Satyanarayana.

వేషం పంతంలో వాడుతుంది? Please convey my kisses - వేషం పంతంలో వాడుతుంది రేసుకుని పంతంలో వాడుతుంది స్వప్నాన్ని మనిషిసే.

May you have a home of harmony!

అమ్మా సర్వాంతం.

చియా చియా మంచండి.
"A Mother is the only person on earth who can divide her love among ten children and each child still has all her love."

_with love,_

_Sri Ram_
26.1.1990,
Nizamabad.

How are you getting on! This time, at your place, we hardly had any time to spend in solitude. Solitude and darkness are the two things which perennially fascinate me. The silent song of the soul can be heard only in solitude. Similarly darkness delights me a lot. We must relax the muscles of the eyelids and wonder at the marvels that the darkness reveals.

Never be worried about future. Someone funnily said: "A woman worries about the future until she gets a husband, while a man never worries about the future until he gets a wife".

My personal feeling has always been and continues to be that there is no goal in life other than the journey. This is and ought to be true because in life, if we carefully observe, there are no degrees of comparison. All phases and stages are equally fascinating. There are no good and better periods in our lives.
Journey into Joy

The first stirrings of life are as sharp as nails and as soft as feathers, as small as a grain of sand and as vast as the sky.

The blue of the sky is like trying to filter the blue colour of the sky through a sieve. The air is so clear; the day is so bright and the sky is so blue.

The mind is like a mirror. It is affected by what we see. If we clean the 'doors of perception', we see the things as they really are.

So let us accept and enjoy whatever we are given, unasked and unsought.

Let us hope the new year will unite all these apparent knots and showers petals of pleasure on us!

Smile and make others smile.
May fortune smile on you in the New Year!

with love,

Sri Ram
Beloved

Nagaraj ...

I thank you for, and congratulate you, on the dynamic decision you have taken. That is the right decision. This is the art of living. We have to take a plunge into the whirlpool and swim back to the shore. Therein lies the thrill and throb of life. Such stupendous courage, accompanied by Divine Grace, will catapult you onto a higher pedestal of life. Once you remain undeterred by failure, unfettered by fear, you can, within no time, crush the thorns of your life and accomplish your long cherished throne. March ahead. Infinite Divine Grace is behind you. You must implant an ecstatic kiss on the seductive lips of the beautiful bride of victory, whose hands you are now tentatively denied. You must get, soon, intoxicated with the wine of success. Tighten your fist, stiffen your jaws and go right into the eye of the storm, behind which lies inexhaustible bliss.

I don't know how to thank you for that. May ేనే ే Comey Ananthapurే శ్రీమతి! When I see you there you must shoot more smiles at me. Your lilting laughter must always find an echo in my heart. Hari's cassettes are haunting. When I listen to them, it is like sitting under the Niagara falls of melody. Could my gratitude to him ever find full expression in any way??!
My good wishes to you both and to your sisters. Hope your parents are quite O.K. Console, cajole and embolden them. The heavy weight of sorrow should not perturb them. They will soon bask in the warmth of the rays of the rising Sun.

You deserve a pat on the back for the bold decision you have taken.

Good Luck! God Bless You!

— Don't give in!

Give me a chance to congratulate you.

— Now you are learning how to allow Him to plan for you. My wishes to every one at your place.

— When God's work is done in God's way, there will be no lack of God's supplies.

— Tear-drop is the telescope of your life, giving you a glimpse into the cosmic reality.

Yours lovingly,

Sri Ram
30.7.1989,
Nizamabad.

Children run out of the temple
And play in the dust,
God watches their games
And forgets the priest.

-- Tagore

Inexpressibly thankful to you both for sending me the 'cheque' and having given me an opportunity to receive the cheque!

Hyderabad 15th July?

It is ages since your cool hand crept on my aching back! విస్తారం -- మీ చాతుర్వాత శైలిలోని రెలుపు నిదర్శనం, మీ 'creative sparks'
నికి చెందిన నైపుణ్యం మేల్ సేవు అయితే అది ఒక నిధి నిదర్శనం రూపం చెందింది. మీం
నమోదు లేదు మరింత బాగా మనం మేల్ సేవుకు సామర్థ్యం ఉంటే మార్గం మనం. మీ
ప్రభలత మీ సమను సాంకేతిక ప్రభలత మనం మేల్ సేవు ఉంటే మార్గం మనం.
కొని ప్రతినిధించిన ప్రతినిధించే మనం క్రియల్ ఆమె మనం మనం.
కొని ప్రతినిధించిన ప్రతినిధించే మనం క్రియల్ ఆమె మనం.

విశేష 'cards' మరియు అనేషా తరువాత ...sorry to have troubled you. Could I ever thank you adequately for that!
My wife has left for her native place to bring one more 'Filial-bond' into existence. I am now with my sister and son. Hope sister's health is O.K. there. నాసకపై సుశిపట్టను మిస్తోంది కటాఫేకా... may be you are feeling emotionally alienated!

ఈ 'మాయ' నాసకపై... అవరు... సమయాన్ని కటాఫేకా...

మాయా సరుపు ప్రమాణం... రాత్రి సరుపు ప్రమాణం. The power of 'Maya' seems to be the master stroke of 'Divine Intelligence'. The intoxicating lips of 'Maya' always make us feel intellectually baffled and emotionally bewildered.

In research ఇది, In research ఇది ప్రమాణం నిదానం చేయడా! These days it is becoming increasingly difficult to concentrate on 'life' itself, let alone research. It seems to be true that... 'Accomplishment is attained through the art of doing nothing.'

One great sage says: "By doing nothing, everything is done,
He who conquers the world often does so by doing nothing."

I do not know whether what the sage says is true or not; but it seems, at least to me, to be true. తాగభుదయాసు ఎమ్మైనే అరధాసు ప్రధానం చేయడా?

అపాముఖ పరిశ్రమ, ప్రామాణ్య పరిశ్రమ సాధనం అయ్యే,
ప్రామాణ్య మరియు పరిశ్రమ సాధనం సారి, అయితే ఈ పరిశ్రమ ప్రమాణం... అయితే ఈ పరిశ్రమ సాధనం సారి, అయితే ఈ పరిశ్రమ ప్రమాణం... అయితే ఈ పరిశ్రమ సాధనం

-- సినయిన్

Real greatness lies in small things. There is greater thrill in being lost than found. నేను మనస్తత్వం... here at Nizamabad I am denied your gracious smiles. If weather permits I will be coming to Hyderabad, on Twelfth of August.
Letters for spiritual seekers

...
except to put an end to this endless topic.

Life is a constant, spiritual readiness to lose Everything.

Some body asked one sage: "I want salvation"

He was asked to remove 'I' and 'want' from this sentence of life. Then what remains is 'Salvation'.

మంచి మామా మామా రామా సమాధి ఆదివేమ రామా, 
రామా ఆదివేమ రామా

మంచి మామా మామా రామా సమాధి ఆదివేమ రామా,
Your letters reached me exposing the volcanic upheavals and raging tempests of your heart. They also mirrored your undisturbed stillness amidst the reverberations of the tragic drums of your life. That is exactly how a man ought to live on this earth. The exterior cacophony must leave the interior symphony intact. Inscrutable are the ways of God. The more we try to understand them the more ununderstandable they become. In spite of the inexplicability of His ways He is inexpressibly kind.

Our occasional re-lapse into misfortune should not be mistaken as the ultimate collapse into immeasurable misery. *Delays* are not *Denials*. Delays are the metaphysical tools to create indestructible delight. Sorrow and misfortune never exist in God’s dictionary. They are merely used as tools to remove our inner tumours. That is why there are no 'butcher’s knives', but only 'surgeon’s scalpels' in Cosmic paraphernalia. మయెన్నడు (because of *Maya*) అభివృద్ధి పొందుతుంది.
But there are only 'eclipses of joy', not extinction of joy. God is a perfect, kind cosmic scientist. There is astonishing order in whatever He does. He likes and loves us more than we like Him. One may and can demand like a son. But He is so kind a father that He gives us things unasked. So no need to demand. But He does all this in His own perfect, masterly way, though occasionally incomprehensible to us. So what one has and ought to do is neither to demand nor command but to understand, believe, wait and accept. For Heaven's sake let us not doubt His love, since He is the only one who really loves us. God is the Cosmic doctor always busy with the invisible diseases of our souls. All the tears we shed, He turns into pearls. When I read your letter, I felt as if I was reading my own biography. When I spent (after my M.A.) seven years of jobless married life with nothing to hang on to, I was exactly in the same position in which you are now. Now I personally feel that was the golden period of my life. Divine presence is more felt in sorrow than in joy. The sterile joy, stripped of its ability to make us wise, is worth rejecting. The unhappy man is always nearer to God than anyone else is or can be.

Your letter exhibits extraordinary metaphysical maturity and fine literary flavour. There is absolutely no need for you to be worried about anything. The dense darkness is the precursor of the dawn. You are richly saturated with and surrounded by cosmic impulses, the protective hands of God are around your bosom.

The seed buried alive under suffocating ground in a windowless grave agonizes before it ruptures into new life. Failure does not mean we are a failure; it does mean we have not yet succeeded. Failure does not mean our lives have been useless; it does mean that we have enough faith to experiment. We will be sheltered from the stormy times in our lives. Our most beautiful dreams find full blossom in the years that are ahead. Right now all that God expects from us is - a little more patience and a little more courage.

Dear Nagaraj... let us not forget that we are the glorious children of immortality. We are the proud inheritors of Divine grace which can grind any granite rock of social disgrace. Let us not forget what
Vivekananda whispered therapeutically into our gentle ears. He says... "You may meditate on anything you like. But I meditate on Lion's heart.' That is what you need now in the battle field of your life. When you thread your way through the impenetrable jungle of life -- roar like a lion. Remember your name is Nagaraj. You are the king among the cobras. So hiss like an injured cobra; roar like a wounded tiger; pounce like a panther; retaliate with redoubled ferocity. Let me remind you ... you are Nagaraj who encircles the neck of no less a person than 'Shiva'. Whom else does Shiva belong to, if not to you!? Muster courage and move ahead like an unimpeded gurgling 'Ganga'. You are the immortal, fearless pilgrim, on the voyage to the vitals of life. Burn your way through the impregnable barriers of your life with rock-like resolution and dogged determination. The one who stands behind you invisibly, is none other than 'Baba'. Are you now afraid of storm? Can't you go right into the eye of the storm and reach the still point of it?! 'Baba' is the very marrow of the bones of your life. Can't you now rise like a 'phoenix' from the very ashes of your life and flap your wings, happily, along the endless pathways of your life?!

సుందరంగా మరితో నేరుగా. రాయ ప్రసూతిలో సత్యంతో.
సుందరంగా స్దృష్టు. గృహంతో రాయ తాళ్ళు. 

మరితో శక్తిచేరమే 
(వేరులోస్తాడు లే అవస్థలో)
విష్ణు ఇస్తుందే వరద వారు

ఇవి అందుగా రుతామన్న అందుగా ధ్వనితో రసాయనం కలిగి ఉంటుంది. ఈ రుతామన్న అందుగా ఉంటుంది.

విష్ణు మొష్టు మంటు. ఇస్తుందే కొండలో మంటు.
కండ అంశం మంటు.

సందర్శకుడి కొనసాగితే. ఇరి వెంటి చెప్పినట్లు పినించండి. 

చాలా వెంటి మాతండులు చేసింది. అందువల్ల సందర్శకుడి వెంటి నేను ప్రతి పరిశీలించండి.
Don't worry about 'tomorrow'. Let no thought about 'tomorrow' disturb you. Look at the little child, look at the tiny bird, look at the lily, look at the animating serenity emanating from them. They are not worried about tomorrow. God takes care of them. He is our Father also. He knows how to shape our tomorrow. Let us trust Him. Let us thus melt the mist of misery blocking our way. Intense fearlessness and infinite faith in Him are our weapons. We are bound to win the battle. But...

*Let us be a little more patient!*
*Let us be a little more bold!*
*Then perennial bliss will be ours!*

God denies us food not to make us more and more hungry, but to make the food more delicious. How is Hari?! The cassettes he sent, the poetry you wrote, I am still enjoying them. Highly thankful for them. How are your sisters?! Their resonant mellifluous voice is still ringing in my ears. Hope your parents are quite OK. Hope Ganesh is also all right. It is ages since I saw him. My good wishes to everyone at your place and to your parents also.
Letters for spiritual seekers

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38

11.11.1990,
Nizamabad.

మిస్సువు, అన్నుసారం

ఇచ్చి ఎలా …

అయితే నాకు చాలా మేలు కావచ్చు. ఈ అనుభూతి చెందినప్పటికీ మీ వ్యాఖ్యానం సంపన్నం చెందినది. Ramesh sir, ఏమిటి మనుమా సంఖ్య ఉండి నేరులు వస్తుంది. It heightened the tragic intensity. Ramesh sir also felt deeply unhappy. My wife found it difficult to believe the news and became very sad about the tragic way things are going.

That is life! Inscutable are the ways of God. All that one can do is to understand Him and His ways and accept them. ఇది మనం తయారు చేసిన సంభాషలు నేటి మీ వ్యాఖ్యానం సంపన్నం చెందినది.

మీ మరా తానాటా ఆంధ్రప్రదేశ్ మాండవచ్చా, అయితే మాండవచ్చా అందరిక మనము తయారు చేసింది. At least there is one consolation! Your father before breathing his last was fortunate enough to hear the good news of your getting a good job and the good matrimonial alliance also must have made him immensely happy. With the satisfaction of having you settled well he left for the heavenly abode. It is your responsibility now to preserve the peace of your father by not allowing your peace to get disturbed. The peace of your father's soul will remain intact, if your present pleasure remains intact. Please regain mental composure, muster courage and move ahead. Happily get married soon and see that your mother also stays with you so that you can become the constant source of emotional warmth to her and thus heal the wounds of her heart, inflicted by the tragic death of your father.
Letters for spiritual seekers

This is an unalterable, inevitable cosmic-reality. Now you are mature enough to absorb this.

Look at Amma. ఆమ్మ యొక్క కార్యక్రమాలు, అంటే ఎండ్డము సమయం అడుగులు అయినా తారా ఉండకంటే తనం ఉన్నా గుడ్డికి ఆపించాడు! ఆమ్మ మనం కార్యక్రమ నిర్ధిష్ట కాలం లో ఉండాలి! ఆమ్మ మనం కార్యక్రమాన్ని నిర్ధిష్ట కాలంలో తిరుగవు! అమ్మ మనం కార్యక్రమాన్ని నిర్ధిష్ట కాలంలో తిరుగా, అమ్మ మనం కార్యక్రమాన్ని నిర్ధిష్ట కాలంలో తిరుగా అమ్మ - ఆమ్మ మనం కార్యక్రమాన్ని నిర్ధిష్ట కాలంలో తిరుస్తాడు, అమ్మ మనం కార్యక్రమాన్ని నిర్ధిష్ట కాలంలో తిరుస్తాడు. అమ్మ మనం కార్యక్రమాన్ని నిర్ధిష్ట కాలంలో తిరుస్తాడు! అమ్మ మనం కార్యక్రమాన్ని నిర్ధిష్ట కాలంలో తిరుస్తాడు! అమ్మ మనం కార్యక్రమాన్ని నిర్ధిష్ట కాలంలో తిరుస్తాడు! 

And this is worth avoiding but it is unavoidable!

మనదేవదేవ శ్రీ మహాశంఖ శ్రీ సంకోచస్త్ర శ్రీ చంద్రశేఖరస్త్ర దేవరావు. కొండప్పట మధ్య ఇరిల మధ్య అటవే ఇరిల. అటవే ఇరిల ఇరిల ఇరిల... ఈ కవాతానికి మన మహాగుండబాహ్ శ్రీ మహాశంఖ శ్రీ మహాశంఖ శ్రీ మహాశంఖ మహాశంఖ. శ్రీ మహాశంఖ శ్రీ మిత్ర శ్రీ మిత్ర శ్రీ మిత్ర. శ్రీ మహాగుండబాహ్ శ్రీ మహాశంఖ శ్రీ మహాశంఖ శ్రీ మహాశంఖ మహాశంఖ. శ్రీ మిత్ర శ్రీ మిత్ర శ్రీ మిత్ర. 

ఇది మన మనదేవదేవ శ్రీ మహాశంఖ శ్రీ మహాశంఖ మనదేవదేవ శ్రీ మహాశంఖ. ఇది మనదేవ మనదేవ మనదేవ మనదేవ మనదేవ. 

మనదేవ మనదేవ మనదేవ మనదేవ మనదేవ. మనదేవ మనదేవ మనదేవ మనదేవ మనదేవ. 

This is worth avoiding but it is unavoidable!

We do not know what immediate work our 'Father' has with your father?!

Let us accept, bear and thank God for all the blessings he showered on us. Soon after the cremation of your father, you must also cremate your sorrow. You must smile again, dream again; steady the faltering feet of your psyche, move again.

May God give you necessary strength to do so! ఆరాధన అవసరం Nov. 22 మంది పండుగ అధనం. లోత అధన రోమా. రోమా లోత రోమా. లోత అధన లోత అధన. లోత లోత లోత. Till then be brave! Muster courage! Smile again... and grow!

Once again expressing indescribable, deep sorrow of our hearts over the tragic death of your father I draw my letter to a close!

May your father’s soul rest in peace!
May your soul regain peace!

with love,
Sri Ram
17.2.1986,
Hyderabad.

కార్యకర్త

మంచాడం చేసుకోండా ఉంది ... 

మనుష్యం స్థానం ప్రతి స్థానం సాహిత్యం. I am very much pleased with it. And thank you a lot. అనేకాంశాల చెప్పింది చెప్పింది చెప్పింది. నిమిషాలు విశ్వాసం విశ్వాసం అందటాను.

Your irresistible urge to enter the arena of spirituality made me feel immensely happy. Spirituality essentially means a type of mental condition. You already have that. That way, you are trying to be what you actually are! Or what you already are!

In your letter you expressed the doubt whether you have to give up the joys of this world to realize spiritual life. The answer is emphatic 'No'. Please immediately suspect whoever creates that impression. As I repeatedly told you -- spirituality is not - something minus worldly joys', but it is -- 'worldly joys plus something'. This is universally accepted by every seer and saint. Spirituality is the art of making temporary joys permanent. Thus impermanent joys of the world are converted into permanent ones. This is done through inner expansion and progressive probe into the nature of worldly joys.

Anyway!, I heartily appreciate your sincere spiritual urges and hope you will succeed in your efforts.

Here please be clear about one thing! Out of your sheer love and goodness towards me you showered encomiums on me which I do not deserve at all. You said, in your letter, that you experience the feelings of total surrender to me. Please do not do so. Please do not do so not only to me, but... to anybody else also! The only person who deserves total surrender is God and none else.
You expressed the desire to be guided by me. I don’t think I am the fit instrument to do so. At best I can share some of my experiences with you and listen to your experiences. Probably your are not aware of the fact that you are more spiritual than I am.

I do not deserve the holy words like Preceptor and Guide! മാത്ര തന്നെയില്ല നാം തന്നെ തന്നെ സദൃശമായി!

You wanted to know the path to higher things! You need to struggle for that. You accepted the fact that you are now fully convinced that there are higher things. This realization is enough. Nothing more is needed. Everything will automatically come by itself. This is the secret in spiritual life which many people do not know. All that the mother wants from a ‘baby’ is ‘Cry’! It is for the mother to devise the way of taking the ‘baby’ into her arms. It is not the business of the ‘baby’.

‘Inner Cry for Mother’— is all that is needed for spiritual realization. Nothing else is necessary. This ‘Inner Cry’— You are now experiencing. That is enough. Don’t worry about the rest of the things like ‘how to reach the path’, ‘who is the guide’! All that is the business of the Mother. So don’t get confused at this stage. *Please wait patiently and see what happens*, but *keep crying*! You will begin to undergo ‘peculiar experiences’ giving an insight into Divine presence. *Please wait patiently for that... keep crying... Don’t doubt... Don’t worry! Don’t be confused*! It is only after crossing the desert of confusion that you reach the oasis of clarity.

Divine ways ദേവസ്വാമികൾ. You don’t find anything. All that you find is just this— Ununderstandable buzzing noise. As you go nearer and nearer the noise becomes clear. You will understand and hear meaningful words. Ramakrishna Paramahamsa— രാമക്രിഷ്ണന്റെ ഉദാഹരണം. ഇത്തരം ദേവസ്വാമികൾ— തൽ (fair) – രാമക്രിഷ്ണന്റെ ഉദാഹരണം. ഇത്തരം തൽ noisysm തൽക്കടി. ശ്രീ മഹാ ദേവ ഉദാഹരണം രാമക്രിഷ്ണന്റെ ഉദാഹരണം... ഉദാഹരണം, ഉദാഹരണം തൽക്കടി. രാമക്രിഷ്ണന്റെ ഉദാഹരണം രാമക്രിഷ്ണന്റെ ഉദാഹരണം clear ഉദാഹരണം! Same is the case with ‘Divine Ways’. Here one word of
caution - दृष्टिकोण - "Spiritual path is सुविचार 'संधी' रचना ' \\
धीरे धीरे रचना... it is not possible to end 'at one shot'" - अनु मराठी \\
माही वास्तव म्हणजेच या तत्त्वानुसार तो निराशाचेच... please remember \\
that is not totally true! It is a contextualized statement. If you \\
have unquenchable thirst for God, no 'Guru' is needed.

अभी तर दुर्भाव सर्वांवी मनोरम हो, पण विचार मरुदे सोड़े \\
तो सर्वांवी शक्ति शिक करणे! To clear up this it takes one hour. \\
मेरे विचारामुळे मेरे मनोरम हो अंकुशीं त्याचे मेरी निर्देशी \\
अंकुशीं विचार अंकुशीं त्याचे मेरी 'connotation and context' \\
- तर ती ही! असेल किंवा तिसाला म्हणजे अंकुशीं विचाराची.

The only Guru - is your desire to know God. That is all. Once \\
you have this burning desire everything is automatically taken care \\
of by Divine force - please believe in this. Elaboration is not \\
possible through a letter. रंग - का तयार किलोत्तर भरेला \\
तयार रंग - अंकुशीं निर्देशीं ती तयार रंग - अंकुशीं निर्देशीं \\
किंवा शिक करणे - अंकुशीं शिक करणे.

So keep that desire alive and be patient and wait for further \\
experiences.

Caution : You need not and should not give up your worldly affairs \\
for spiritual life. That would be pseudo-spirituality. It is an escape \\
into life and not an escape from life. Please bear this in mind.

आध्यात्मिक रंगावणे - का तयार किलोत्तर भरेला - अंकुशीं निर्देशीं. वापरा \\
विचार किंवा तयार रंग करणे की तयार रंग करणे. तिसाला अंकुशीं निर्देशीं.

Till then I may be excused for \\
my inability.

By the way, how is Mother?! The most beautiful word on the \\
limbs of mankind is the word mother. So says one writer. अभी \\
अंकुशीं निर्देशीं तयार रंग - अंकुशीं निर्देशीं. तिसाला अंकुशीं \\
निर्देशीं तयार रंग - अंकुशीं निर्देशीं. जांच अंकुशीं निर्देशीं तयार रंग - अंकुशीं निर्देशीं.

मातोंची माता किंवा जन्मांची मातांची, मातोंची माता केलेली किंवा हृदयामध्ये केलेली. मातोंची \\
माता केलेली किंवा हृदयामध्ये केलेली. मातोंची माता केलेली किंवा हृदयामध्ये केलेली. मातोंची \\
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Letters for spiritual seekers

ο मानसमु त्रांसूत्त्र मयाव. अक्षम भक्तिविधि स्वाभूमानु एवं सत्ताम अस्मात्मा। तवस्तै तन्नुष्ठिति तथवत्तामान प्रतिवेदि च तोऽरुपावणोऽरुपणम्। नाना अरुणाहत्तुलुण्डुलूलुण्डुलू चादराविलु वा सागरसह ।

But once the 'Child of Wisdom' is born - no more worry. You can play and enjoy with her!

So all that we can do is to have faith and confidence in God and accept everything as divine gift.

After all -

This life, which seems so fair,

is like a bubble blown up in air.

And in the end, it will all be dust.

(śrīmaṇa śrīmaṇa śrīmaṇa śrīmaṇa; śrīvallī śrīvallī śrīvallī śrīvallī. श्रीभग्ना, श्रीभग्ना। श्रीभग्ना नौ श्रीभग्ना नौ श्रीभग्ना नौ ।)

To enhance your spirituality - three essential books to be followed are:

(1) Works of Vivekananda
(2) Teachings and Life History of Ramakrishna Paramahamsa
(3) The Gita (कृष्ण गीतात् - by कृष्णाणुिती रुपान्त) (हीराओई गीतात् -

anywork by कृष्णाणुिती रुपान्त) -

— दो श्री बापे श्री बापे books नमस्तेवर्ते श्रीमाने श्रीमाने। These are

enough.

व इ.एस. में जाबे बापे prepare श्रावो! Don't neglect it.

'अक्षम' नू देवाल्लेख, विद्वं देवाल्लेख - आज व अक्षमीहास्वामी

जाबे बापे बापे prepare श्रावो!
— Our Degree College Lecturer exams. will commence from 16th of March. You can seriously prepare for that also. - This letter is being posted on 21st of Feb. though written on 17th of Feb.

with love,

Sri Ram
"Let Noble Thoughts Come To Us From All Sides"

12.12.1984,
Hyderabad.

అమరికి!

రుపం!

"ప్రామాణిక మౌలిక సాధనాలు
అదిగానే చంద్రపు నుండి
సంచలని మాంసల అంశాలు సూర్యాని
(తూరి, ప్రేమి, వారి ఎడ మాటలు మనిషు)"

Hope, you have reached your destination safely! Have you not?!
March on! March on! The path lies before you and the goal
must be reached. No sleep, no rest. Awake! Arise!

You must not be disheartened if sometimes the pure surface of
your mind becomes dim and clouded. It will not last. After a great
storm comes calmness. After restlessness comes peace. One must
follow the other; this is the law of nature. Without suffering we
cannot realize what happiness means. So we must always remember
that whatever happens in our lives has some deep meaning to give
us only better understanding. It is natural that after the exercise
of great strength there should come a reaction, exhaustion and weak-
ness. Such moments are tests for the true devotee. He who can remain
calm in calamities and can keep the balance and stand firmly in
both conditions holding to his faith and purity of purpose, is a perfect
character. Others are like babies. Anyone can remain happy when
everything goes well, but he is a real devotee who can remain
undisturbed when everything goes wrong and against him.
When miseries and difficulties come, say "All right" and stand-up like a hero. They will run away from you at once. That is the only way to conquer them. Be bold. Be bold and fearless. Even one word of boldness brings strength; so try always to keep your mind bold and cheerful.

A devotee of God does not listen to the praise or blame of the world, but he remains ever intoxicated by drinking the nectar of the Mother's name.

So be absorbed in this Divine Love and forget everything else. Do not care for what others say. Care for Him and Him alone. Let this outward world vanish from you entirely. It is time for you to become mad with this love. "All are mad, some for money, some for name, fame, etc." says Sri Ramakrishna. You be mad for your ideal. Be steady, be firm in faith and move onward and onward. Why should you fear? Fear must not have any room in your heart. Be fearless, cheerful, pure and divine. Let the world see that you are the child of Divinity. Remember that infinite strength is behind you. So be strong, knowing that nothing can shake you. No matter what happens, you must always remain undisturbed... On the pure heart there is no anxiety or sadness. Let your face be always cheerful, like a child who rests happily in his mother's arms.

Pray to Him like a little child and He will protect you. We are all His children. Why should we fear anything? He will take care of us. Our duty is not to forget Him in the turmoil of this miserable world. Remember that everything is done through His will. He can do whatever He (Father) likes. He can make the most impossible possible.

"వనికముడా సంపూర్ణముడా వైన,
నాయిని చూసు బిగుడముడా మనియా"
— పాశ్వము ఈసున్న నిపుణముడా! వైమిసిసియి ఎంపాడి బిగట్ట సననారాయణము సువాతియనా గాని 'గిరు' నాయిము మాసారియియి వై
పాశ్వాడము లూసా మార్చి దికేయుడు - అనాటిని
"Sahasra narashanam, ahi
mamnamrtho nh dhojna tathastu
bhoomi (prasanthi, nhn)
vasudha raja bhisma dho
sahasra nara dasaram
man jaanam shyam
amaradhaya; yasau dho
sahasro na havan manvasanam."

There is not much to be said about myself. I want to be calm, silent and unknown. Convey my hearty good wishes to dear Narsimulu. Convey my salutations to your father, mother and uncle... and my good wishes to the rest. Write (on Raghu's address) to me if you feel inclined to do so!

అమ్మా కను కాంటి అమ్ము అంటే
ఆకారానికీ అభిమానం చేయండి
కోడివేరియము.

ముఖ్యం మామోయా నిందించండి?

ఎంచులు మనుష్యం?
ప్రతిష్ఠానం చెప్పండి సంమానం
నిపుణుడు ఈ రాతంతు పరశువు
తో కలిసించండి. మరియు అందించండి
ప్రధానం మాంచండి
ప్రధానం మాంచండి
వాణియా ఆసానికి
విద్యార్థి చెప్ప లేదు మీరు బుడాం
నీటి నీటి కార్మిక మరియు సభ్యారూ
పుస్తకం సంప్రదాయం విభాగానికి
మాత్రమే మీరు కార్మికం

-- రామాంబ్ సమాచారం--

సంస్కృతంలో యాంటి మాట మాట జంతువుతో అందుబాటు అందట అంటే మామిడి
మాటం మరియు మాటం విశేషం, మామిడి ప్రతిభ ని పిల్లరికి
మామిడి విశేషం....

ఎం.
(మామిడి)
7.3.1992,
Nizamabad.

41

None can change it. All that happens is for our good. And so, let us not doubt His grace. Let us patiently wait.
Be a little more patient. Have a little more faith in God. Wait a little more. Everything will be all right. God can solve even the most insoluble problems. A farmer buries the seed in the soil, waters it and applies manure. Then he waits. If he shouts at the seed, it does not sprout. Now he has to wait for a few days. The seed will slowly sprout. The farmer buries the seed under the soil, not to kill it but to make it sprout.

So are God's ways sometimes. He buries us under the dust of discontent, not to stifle us but to bless us with more smiles. So let us try to understand God's inscrutable ways which are always just and justifiable.

So the solution to all your problems, irrespective of their nature, is to renew and resurrect your faith in God and wait for a little more time and then begin to throw cheerful smiles. Throw a smile at the problem, it will disappear. Lean on the Lord, leave everything to Him after doing all that you can. He will do the rest. You can thus take rest.

Let us not use logic and question how He solves our problems. Life defies logic. God follows Cosmic logic which is ununderstandable to us. So let us have firm faith in His ways.

If He wills, 'walls' will become 'ways'.

If He wills one can burn one's way even through the impregnable iron walls. So please, don't be worried about anything. Be brave, roar like a lion. Problems will run away. So please wait for some more time.

Re-double your efforts.
Renew your smiles.

Sorrow will never resurface.
My good wishes to everyone at your place. All of you place yourselves in the protective arms of God. No harm will knock on the doors of your lives. Give me a chance to congratulate you!
Life is an unalterable, predetermined sheet of fate. So let us allow God to decide what is 'Good' for us!

Smile! March on!
Good-luck! God bless you!

with love,

Sri Ram
What other wealth does this poor man have?! I am not a Shiva (m) like you! Here is a man who is in bad need of two bamboos. I do not feel and there is not any need to continue my earthly existence. In the dense darkness and eerie silence of the dead of the night, my ears begin to hear the gentle, subdued whispers of death. When the entire world lies hypnotically curled up in the lovely lap of sleep...
Raghu’s absence is something which cannot be compensated. His gentle humour, like the dews of the dawn imperceptibly descending on the leaves of the grass, used to swell my heart with the joy, unspeakable. My ears always yearned for his occasional musical outbursts.

J.V. said he would come after Diwali. After he comes, ask him to find out whether my scholarship money has come or not; Ask him to drop a line about his result (Law) and convey my good wishes to him. How is Dr. Srinivas another son of some lucky mother? How badly I missed the gracious smiles (of Srinivas) with which he used to greet me, whenever I crossed the threshold of his house! In this rotten world which believes in the fact that one should either be an anvil or a hammer, his presence, like the cool breeze of the summer evening, always gives me a new lease of life. His spontaneous sparkling wit, used to send me into pearls of laughter. Please convey my best wishes to him.

Unbelievable, but true!... In this stinkingly mechanical world which expects of us a perpetual readiness to be misunderstood, Amma has a peculiar gift of understanding the ununderstandable persons and making herself understood by those who are incapable of understanding.

Did I not miss all these blessings?! Now tell me... Don’t I need two bamboos!?

My little son Uday and his mother join me in conveying their Diwali wishes to you.

Hoping to be there by 22nd of Nov. and waiting for the chance of mingling heads and hearts I draw my letter to a close.
— నాయంపురండి - మనం రాళ్ళు ప్రారంభం 10 వ ప్రారంభం వచ్చింది. మనకి బాగుడు మదానపరి చెప్పడం వల మనం రాళ్ళు ప్రారంభం వచ్చింది. — మనం స్మారకం? మనం అనేటి రాళ్ళు ప్రారంభం వచ్చింది మరియు మనవు అతిపెద్ద విషయం. 'My way of joking is to tell the truth; that is, I believe, the biggest joke in the world'. — నేను తెలుగు పత్రిక లోని విశేష భాగాన పనిచేస్తున్నాను. వారిదికీ ఎంతో అందరియు నిర్దిష్టం కావాలి నాకు తనిఖీ సాధనం కాదిన. నాకు వారికి మరియు అతిపెద్ద ప్రత్యేకిత విషయం ఇది. అనేక వర్షాల సమయంలో డీపులు కూడా ముందు ఉండాలి. అందుకే నేను సంస్కృతం రాళ్ళు ప్రారంభం వచ్చింది. నేను ముందు వోర్ సమయం వచ్చింది నేను వారికి సంశయం వచ్చింది — అనేక విషయాలు.

కొండ రెండాదు నుండి అడవి

"మనుష్యులు" విశాల విశేష
హనుమంతా స్త్రీ వాడుకలు
వేయి ప్రతి విశేష విశేష
అందులు ఎవరేనే కోరుతుంది

"ప్రాణవ్యావహారిక" విశేష విశేష
అందులు ఎవరేనే కోరుతుంది

నేను వారి ఉమ్మడి ఎంతా చెప్పును
రుద్రం "మనుష్యులు" ప్రతి విశేష

"మనుష్యులు" పదానికి ఎంతా విశేష
మరియు అందించిన వారి ఉమ్మడి

ప్రతి విశేషం మనం వాడుకలు

"మనుష్యులు" వాడుకలు ఎంతా విశేష
మరియు అందించిన వారి ఉమ్మడి

మనుష్యులు! తొంగ, తొంగ నీ!

-- కంతారి

అది చెందింది ఒక విశేషం?
మనం నాని ఏదైనా ప్రత్యేకం చూసుకోండి
మనా రాళ్ళు సంమూహం ప్రత్యేకం చూసుకోండి.
చిత్రం: ఎలాంటి.
నిత్యం: ప్రసిద్ధి శిక్షణ.

అభివృద్ధి

చాలా క.. ...

సంప్రదాయం.. ...

మనం ఆధారం కారణం వాటా, మనం సంప్రదాయానికి చెందిన మరణాల, హైయూ ఎందుకంటే వాటా?
మనం ప్రాంతాన్ని సంప్రదాయానికి చెందిన మరణాల, హైయూ ఎందుకంటే వాటా?
ఉదాహరణగా మనం ప్రాంతాన్ని సంప్రదాయానికి చెందిన మరణాల, హైయూ ఎందుకంటే వాటా?
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Journey into Joy

236

Don't worry about anything. Even the death of the near and dear should not disturb you. Even if your marriage is postponed beyond June, don't worry. Do what you are allowed to do. Don't get disappointed. Allow God to plan things for you and accept what you get. All that happens is for our good. Don't think very much about your marriage, and the invisible, unpredictable impediments should not upset your mental serenity. Be a spectator of your life! Smile! Explore all the possible ways. Leave the rest to him. Be a little more patient. Be a little more bold. Infinite bliss is yours. Do coolly and calmly whatever you feel like doing. He will never let you down. Don't become impatient. Try to enhance your perception of the paradoxical ways of God. Deepen your wisdom. Take a deeper look into the mysteries of life. Maintain serene smile always on the lips. Educate both your head and heart.

In the larger Cosmic-Perspective-wife, mother, brother, son, daughter... do not mean anything. Poverty, riches, job, unemployment, health, ill-health, fame, shame... do not mean anything. It's all Maya - Let us all act detachedly as impersonal actors on the stage of
life. Your metaphysical perception is adequately wider. Widen it further. Grow rich inwardly and outwardly leave the rest to Him. One should get accustomed to the ironic reversals of life and its paradoxes. Spirituality is the ability to unravel the ironic reversals of life. Spirituality is the capacity to resolve the paradoxes of life. Spirituality is a journey from Illusion to Illumination. Whenever you are at cross roads, wait, be patient, do what you feel like doing.

With love and affection,
Sri Ram

Next Sunday.
Your absence there cannot be compensated.
Beloved

'Child of Immortality'

Tirupathi Rao garu ...

"If the onslaughts of life shatter your dreams
Be not afraid
The tailor cuts the cloth
Only to sew it."

How are you there? Hope Raghu is also O.K. How are the things there? There are only apparent tragic discrepancies between our dreams and realities. Things are always what they ought to be. A little more faith in the inscrutable ways of God, a little more love for the 'all-loving one' and a little more patience - when the apparent delays or denials begin to register their presence - will neutralize our depression. Unbearable depression can only be cured by unshakable faith in the Divinity.

Just as the seeds, though preserved under same roof and in the same store-house, when sown will take different amounts of time for their sprouting, the seeds of our lives also, though being lived and led together, have different harvesting times. How the miraculous hand moulds our lives is beyond our comprehension. The same Cosmic hand that made the wild ferocious lion, also made the mild, gentle lamb. Such is the paradoxical power of His hand. So His apparently contradictory ways acquire coherence, only when viewed from the lenses of faith and patience. I have taken three decades of my life to realize the simple truth that God knows more and is more worried about us than we do about ourselves.
Let us grow flowers of faith in the garden of our life: Let those flowers scatter the fragrance of patience. Then nothing would be impossible.

So! Don't worry about anything. When the Sun smiles through dark clouds, rainbow begins to emerge.

Let us not look down upon tear-drops. We can see farther through tear-drop than through telescope. Tear-drop is the telescope of our life which allows us a glimpse into Cosmic reality.

The tear-drops we shed are, in fact rain-drops, fertilizing the sterile soil of our lives. "Sweet are the uses of Adversity." "If winter comes; Can spring be far behind."
Let us happily go through the 'Delays', induced by the indis-soluble past Karma.

-- B. Ramamohana Roy

(సంగారీభూమి శ్రీ రమాధిమాణ విశ్వాయం... విధానం శతమంత్ర పి? -- బ. రామాభమోహన్ రోయ్)
4.2.1988,
Hyderabad.

"The hands of a clock
Quarrelled blatantly
Minute hand remarked
   I'm taller and Run faster
   I'm superior to you
Hour hand argued
   'None can infer time
   Without me'
Next day morning
Both hands were dead
Because the clock
Was not wound

Nothing Begins, and Ends,
That is not paid with Moan
For we are born in other's Pain
And perish in our own"

ఇంగ్లీషులో

పత్రిక పగం ...

మనం నాలుగు జనవరివేళలు ...
Journey into Joy

I personally feel that we can serve society more through our silence than through our speech; The world is more in need of our smile than our tears. So let us be silent and smile!

The First and Last Freedom (J.K.)

Love, Death, Time

Dear Reader,

I hope this message finds you well. I am writing to express my appreciation for your kindness and support during these challenging times. I am sending you this letter to convey my thoughts and wishes for your well-being.

Please convey my regards to Prof. B.S. Rao. I understand you have managed to overcome the difficulties and continue your studies in Hyderabad. I am proud of your perseverance and determination.

Best wishes for your success and continued growth.

Yours sincerely,

Hyderabad 5th May 2023

M.Phil. (English) classes are being conducted. Classes are on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday (2 P.M. - 4:30 P.M.) at Arts College. Raghunath Ramesh, Dept. of English.

May you succeed and achieve your goals.
 Letters for spiritual seekers

ఒప్పులు. అందంపై సమానం ఉంది... ముద్రించిన శిల్పానికి అంశం అంతే మనం సమాధి ఉద్యంగా మేము... రామగం రాములు అది. మనం స్వతంత్ర సర్వత్ర స్వాతంత్ర్యం అద్భుతం... ముఖం మాత్రమే అద్భుతం. మన అంశం సహా మన సాధనం అద్భుతం, మన అంశం సహా మన సాధనం అద్భుతం... మన అంశం సహా మన సాధనం. మన అంశం సహా మన సాధనం అద్భుతం అద్భుతం. మన అంశం సహా మన సాధనం అద్భుతం అద్భుతం... మన అంశం సహా మన సాధనం అద్భుతం అద్భుతం...

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మ

(ప్రత్యేకం)

243
అమాయి మని అమాయి శేషంమే అస్థిత్వం.

— చారిత్రక శాస్త్రాచార్యుడు
SECTION - III
(Letters in Telugu)
1.1.1993,
విధానాధికారి.

ఎంపలలో
ప్రమాణం చా..,
మాత్రమే వేలుకు (1993) సంధర్మం కంటే చా...

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ఒకసార్లి ఒకసార్లి
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వేలు నుండి వేలు
లక్షలు నుండి లక్షలు

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మనుషులు, మనుషులు మనుషులు
(ನ್ಯಾ ಇದ್ದರೂ ಕೋಟ್ಟಿಂದ ಮುಂದಿನ ಮಿಶ್ರಮಿಶ್ರಿತಕ್ಕೆ ಮಾತ್ರ ಕ್ರಮಾಂಶವಾದಿ)

ನಿಂತಿ ಮಾತ್ರ ಕಾಲೀಗಾರಿಕೆಯ ಮತ್ತು ನೀಲಕಾರಿಕೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮೂಲಕ ನೇವಿಯು ಎಲ್ಲವ ಆರೋಗ್ಯವನ್ನು ಹೆಚ್ಚಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿತು. ದವನ್ನು ರೋಹಿಕೀರು ಮತ್ತು ಬುದ್ಧವಿ ಕಾಲೀನೇರು ಉಪಯುಕ್ತವಾದುದು. ದೊಡ್ಡ ಕಾಲೀಗಾರಿಕೆಯ ವಿಷಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಸುಂದರ ಮತ್ತು ಮೂಲಕ ನೇವಿಯು ಎಲ್ಲವ ಆರೋಗ್ಯವನ್ನು ಹೆಚ್ಚಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿತು. ದವನ್ನು ರೋಹಿಕೀರು ಮತ್ತು ಬುದ್ಧವಿ ಕಾಲೀನೇರು ಉಪಯುಕ್ತವಾದುದು.}

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ನಿಂತಿ ಮಾತ್ರ ಕಾಲೀಗಾರಿಕೆಯ ಮತ್ತು ನೀಲಕಾರಿಕೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮೂಲಕ ನೇವಿಯು ಎಲ್ಲವ ಆರೋಗ್ಯವನ್ನು ಹೆಚ್ಚಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿತು. ದವನ್ನು ರೋಹಿಕೀರು ಮತ್ತು ಬುದ್ಧವಿ ಕಾಲೀನೇರು ಉಪಯುಕ್ತವಾದುದು. ದೊಡ್ಡ ಕಾಲೀಗಾರಿಕೆಯ ವಿಷಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಸುಂದರ ಮತ್ತು ಮೂಲಕ ನೇವಿಯು ಎಲ್ಲವ ಆರೋಗ್ಯವನ್ನು ಹೆಚ್ಚಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿತು. ದೊಡ್ಡ ಕಾಲೀಗಾರಿಕೆಯ ವಿಷಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಸುಂದರ ಮತ್ತು ಮೂಲಕ ನೇವಿಯು ಎಲ್ಲವ ಆರೋಗ್ಯವನ್ನು ಹೆಚ್ಚಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿತು. ದೊಡ್ಡ ಕಾಲೀಗಾರಿಕೆಯ ವಿಷಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಸುಂದರ ಮತ್ತು ಮೂಲಕ ನೇವಿಯು ಎಲ್ಲವ ಆರೋಗ್ಯವನ್ನು ಹೆಚ್ಚಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿತು. 

(ನೇವಿಯು ಎಲ್ಲವ ಆರೋಗ್ಯವನ್ನು ಹೆಚ್ಚಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿತು, ಸಂವಿತರ ನೀಲಕಾರಿ ಮತ್ತು ನೇವಿಯು ಎಲ್ಲವ ಆರೋಗ್ಯವನ್ನು ಹೆಚ್ಚಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿತು. ದೊಡ್ಡ ಕಾಲೀಗಾರಿಕೆಯ ವಿಷಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಸುಂದರ ಮತ್ತು ಮೂಲಕ ನೇವಿಯು ಎಲ್ಲವ ಆರೋಗ್ಯವನ್ನು ಹೆಚ್ಚಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿತು. 

(ನೇವಿಯು ಎಲ್ಲವ ಆರೋಗ್ಯವನ್ನು ಹೆಚ್ಚಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿತು, ಸಂವಿತರ ನೀಲಕಾರಿ ಮತ್ತು ನೇವಿಯು-feira...
Beloved Sisters

Suja, Gita, Uma ...

with New Year (1993) Greetings ...

1.1.1993,
Nizamabad.

Dear Sisters,

The New Year has arrived and we wish you all a very happy and prosperous year ahead. May this year bring you joy and happiness. May all your dreams come true and may your path be filled with peace and contentment.

Best wishes for the year to come. May health and prosperity always be with you.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]

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Date: 1.1.1993

City: Nizamabad
Beloved Sisters
Suja, Gita, Uma ... 
with New Year (1993) Greetings ...

... the guys in the office are having fun too! They are having a big party...
- I am sure it will be a success. (swadeshi in hand, swadedasam for me too.
Hope you are fit, the last month was very hectic with the elections.
May you have a very happy feel at home. I wish you and everyone thanks
responsibly.

Wear your Swadeshi saree and do your work. Wear your Swadeshi
sweater, shawls... Woolen... Good threads of sisterly love. Wear your
sweaters, shawls... Welcome.

Oh, time problem again - time to spend with you today. Please see you again.
Good for you to see me too. Have a nice day. Write to me soon.

Nizamabad.
Uma! 

feel  

Double-gold medalist. 

Gold medal (medal made of gold) 

Goldmedal (medal made of boldness) 

So try to become bold-medalist. You can become so by believing in God's love. So be a source of inspiration to all.
Letters for spiritual seekers

Let us hopefully look forward to another occasion.

...
Journey into Joy

Sages have, from time immemorial, emphasized the importance of meditation and mindfulness in achieving joy. The practice of 'maana' (mindfulness) and 'mampa' (self-reflection) is crucial for spiritual growth. The mind tends to be dominated by distractions and desires. Meditation helps to quiet the mind and focus on the present moment.

Spirituality is the ability to say 'No' to our sensory organs. Spirituality begins with the control of the mind and ends with the extinction of it. Osho, a spiritual leader, states that spirituality is a state of higher consciousness. It is the art of living in the present moment.

A mature mind is not at the mercy of the senses. Sensory organs are not mature. They are still immature. The mind needs to be free from the grip of sensory organs. Meditation helps to free the mind from the clutches of sensory organs. This is the path to spiritual growth.

Osho, The Spiritual Teacher, states that spirituality is the art of living in the present moment. The mind needs to be free from the grip of sensory organs. Meditation helps to free the mind from the clutches of sensory organs. This is the path to spiritual growth.
Letters for spiritual seekers


dr. 

36. 

Audio cassettes 

National Geographic 

Video cassettes 

feral 

feral 

feral 

feral 

feral. Every incident in our lives has three dimensions. 

feral 

feral. 

feral. 

feral. 

feral. 

feral. 

feral.
(to drive दौड़ाने) 3302.42 act— उन past act वैनुमरा, ती दौड़ी दौड़ाने ठाकूँ वैनुमरा त्यां result of the past and readiness for the future — ती दौड़ी दौड़ाने
साधन उड़ा नाकू - Past, Present, Future - उन वैनुमरा त्यां
वाचा रेखा. So every act is three dimensional. But our approach
is uni-dimensional. 3302.42 कृषि यूकलेस 3302.42 वैनुमरा
वाचा रेखा. ती दौड़ी दौड़ाने ठाकूँ वैनुमरा त्यां result of the past and readiness for the future — ती दौड़ी दौड़ाने
Letters for spiritual seekers

[Text content]

\[ \text{(Telugu script)} \]

\[ \text{(English translation)} \]
Journey into Joy

God is a Communist. He does not allow any kind of degrees of comparison. Degrees of comparison do not exist in the grammar book of life. If they appear to be there, it is only because of the medium of 'Maya' that distorts the reality.
Letters for spiritual seekers

Total illusion. All of them are exactly equal; equally happy, equally unhappy. Remember God is a merciless Communist. He does not allow anybody else to be greater than you are. That is Maya. This is a very great Vedantic truth. It is a verified and verifiable reality. All truth is one, one is all. Power, wealth, woman (man). That is Maya. That is illusion.
Letters for spiritual seekers

- An interview with a wise guru about their experiences with various paintings. They shared, "The wise guru envied the guru. They admired the paintings that were hanging in the temple. They asked, 'Why do these paintings not move like the guru?"

The wise guru explained, "These paintings are like chairs or tables. They are in the temple. They are not like the guru."
ఇతరగా మారింది. అయితే అయితే తయారుచిత్తుడు తయారు చేసి చెప్పిన “నా అధిక పై పాంటింగ్స్” పై blue-glasses గాని, అలాంటి పాంటింగ్స్. బాగా ప్రత్యేకమైన పాంటింగ్స్ మార్గం ప్రతి అంశం ఉండాలి. అందు ప్రాంతంలో “హై మారాడున మనో ధాన్యం వధందులు” అను. మేసింగ్ మారాడుని పరిస్థితులు వాడుకోవాలను అంటాడు. మారింది ప్రతి పాంటింగ్స్ పరిస్థితులు. అందులోనే పాంటింగ్సి మార్గం పరిస్థితులు. మరియు ఇతర పరిస్థితులు. అందులో ఇతర పరిస్థితులు. అందునే మారింది పాంటింగ్స్ పరిస్థితులు. అందు ప్రథమ ప్రాంతానికి సరిసర్ ప్రాంతానికి మారింది. మరియు ఇతర పరిస్థితులు. అందు ప్రథమ ప్రాంతానికి సరిసర్ ప్రాంతానికి మారింది. మరియు ఇతర పరిస్థితులు. అందు ప్రథమ ప్రాంతానికి సరిసర్ ప్రాంతానికి మారింది. మరియు ఇతర పరిస్థితులు. అందు ప్రథమ ప్రాంతానికి సరిసర్ ప్రాంతానికి మారింది. మరియు ఇతర పరిస్థితులు. అందు ప్రథమ ప్రాంతానికి సరిసర్ ప్రాంతానికి మారింది. మరియు ఇతర పరిస్థితులు. అందు ప్రథమ ప్రాంతానికి సరిసర్ ప్రాంతానికి మారింది. మరియు ఇతర పరిస్థితులు. అందు ప్రథమ ప్రాంతానికి సరిసర్ ప్రాంతానికి మారింది. మరియు ఇతర పరిస్థితులు. అందు ప్రథమ ప్రాంతానికి సరిసర్ ప్రాంతానికి మారింది. మరియు ఇతర పరిస్థితులు. అందు ప్రథమ ప్రాంతానికి సరిసర్ ప్రాంతానికి మారింది. మరియు ఇతర పరిస్థితులు. అందు ప్రథమ ప్రాంతానికి సరిసర్ ప్రాంతానికి మారింది. మరియు ఇతర పరిస్థితులు. అందు ప్రథమ ప్రాంతానికి సరిసర్ ప్రాంతానికి మారింది. మరియు ఇతర పరిస్థితులు. అందు ప్రథమ ప్రాంతానికి సరిసర్ ప్రాంతానికి మారింది. మరియు ఇతర పరిస్థితులు. అందు ప్రథమ ప్రాంతానికి సరిసర్ ప్రాంతానికి మారింది. మరియు ఇతర పరిస్థితులు. అందు ప్రథమ ప్రాంతానికి సరిసర్ ప్రాంతానికి మారింది. మరియు ఇతర పరిస్థితులు. అందు ప్రథమ ప్రాంతానికి సరిసర్ ప్రాంతానికి మారింది. మరియు ఇతర పరిస్థితులు. అందు ప్రథమ ప్రాంతానికి సరిసర్ ప్రాంతానికి మారింది.
Letters for spiritual seekers

The paintings are blue-glasses - as in

accidents as blue-glasses. As a matter of fact, they are

seen in the paintings. Glass eyes - as in

accidents as blue-glasses. As a matter of fact, they are
262

Journey into Joy

అంది ఉంది ట్రెండ్లు కనుక అందుతూ ఉంది. తన సంఖ్యలు కూడా అనేకంగా ఉన్నా జాతి. అందులు ముగ్గురు - మదిం మరియు తాతా. అవి అమ్మక అంటేండు వాస్తువలు అనే సమాధానం దాని ఉంది. తాము మాత్రమే మాత్రమే అంటే అంటే మాత్రమే మాత్రమే మాత్రమే. మాత్రమే మాత్రమే మాత్రమే మాత్రమే మాత్రమే. 

యప్పుడు ప్రస్తుతం ఎందుకు మాత్రమే మాత్రమే మాత్రమే మాత్రమే. అనేక - అందరి మాత్రమే కావు ఎందుకు మాత్రమే మాత్రమే. మాత్రమే లేదా మాత్రమే మాత్రమే మాత్రమే మాత్రమే. 

అమ్మక మీద నిర్ధారణలు మాత్రమే మాత్రమే మాత్రమే. మాత్రమే లేదా మాత్రమే మాత్రమే మాత్రమే. మాత్రమే లేదా మాత్రమే మాత్రమే. 

మాత్రమే లేదా మాత్రమే మాత్రమే మాత్రమే మాత్రమే. మాత్రమే లేదా మాత్రమే మాత్రమే. మాత్రమే లేదా మాత్రమే. మాత్రమే లేదా మాత్రమే. 

మాత్రమే లేదా మాత్రమే మాత్రమే మాత్రమే. మాత్రమే లేదా మాత్రమే మాత్రమే. మాత్రమే లేదా మాత్రమే. మాత్రమే లేదా మాత్రమే. 

మాత్రమే లేదా మాత్రమే మాత్రమే మాత్రమే. మాత్రమే లేదా మాత్రమే మాత్రమే. మాత్రమే లేదా మాత్రమే. మాత్రమే లేదా మాత్రమే. 

మాత్రమే లేదా మాత్రమే మాత్రమే మాత్రమే. మాత్రమే లేదా మాత్రమే మాత్రమే. మాత్రమే లేదా మాత్రమే.
Letters for spiritual seekers 263

"ಶುಕ್ರವಾರ ರಾತ್ರಿ" ಅವರು ಮಾತ್ರ ವಿಸ್ತರಿಸುವಂದೇ ಪ್ರತ್ಯೇಕವಾಗುವ ಕಣಾಗಬಲ್ಲದ! ಕಪ್ಪು ಪುರುಷರು ವಿವಿಧತೆಯಿರಬಹುದು. "ಶುಕ್ರವಾರ ರಾತ್ರಿ" ಅವರು ಮತ್ತು ಕೈಗಳಿರುವ ಹೋಯಿ ವರ್ಷಳಿಗೆ ಕುರಿತ ವಿವರಗಳಿರುವುದು. ಅಲ್ಲದೇ ಶುಕ್ರವಾರ ವಿಶೇಷವಾಗಿ ಆರೋಗ್ಯದ ಕೆಲಸಗಳು ಮತ್ತು ಉಪಯೋಗಗಳು ಸಿದ್ದಿದೆ. "ಶುಕ್ರವಾರ ರಾತ್ರಿ" ಅವರು ಹಲವು ವಿವರಗಳಿರುವುದು - 'ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ' ಅವರು ಹೊರತು ಮಾಡಿದ್ದಾರೆಗೆ ಹೊರತು ಪಡೆದು ಹೊರತು ಪಡೆದು ಹೊರತು ಪಡೆದು ಹೊರತು ಪಡೆದು ಹೊರತು ಪಡೆದು. 'ಶುಕ್ರವಾರ ರಾತ್ರಿ' ಅವರು ಇವು ಹೊರತು ಮಾಡಿದ್ದಾರೆಗೆ ಹೊರತು ಪಡೆದು ಹೊರತು ಪಡೆದು ಹೊರತು ಪಡೆದು ಹೊರತು ಪಡೆದು. ಅವರು ಅವರು 'ಶುಕ್ರವಾರ' - ಹೊರತು ಪಡೆದು ಹೊರತು ಪಡೆದು ಹೊರತು ಪಡೆದು ಹೊರತು ಪಡೆದು ಹೊರತು ಪಡೆದು. ಅವರು ಅವರು ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ.

ಅವರು ಅವರು ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ. ಅವರು ಅವರು ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ. ಅವರು ಅವರು ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ.

'ಬಿ‌ನಿಮೆ' ವಾಹನದ ಮೇಲೆ ವ್ಯವಹಾರ ನಡೆದು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಗುಡ್ಡ ಅಂಕ ಕಲ್ಲಿಯಾಟ್ಟಿತ್ತು. ಅವರು ಅವರು ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ. ಅವರು ಅವರು ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ - ವಿಶ್ವತಾಯಿತ್ವ.

ಮಹಾದೇವರು ಮಹಾದೇವರು ಮಹಾದೇವರು ಮಹಾದೇವರು ಮಹಾದೇವರು - ಅವರು ಅವರು ಮಹಾದೇವರು - ಅವರು ಅವರು ಮಹಾದೇವರು - ಅವರು ಅವರು ಮಹಾದೇವರು - ಅವರು ಅವರು ಮಹಾದೇವರು - ಅವರು ಅವರು ಮಹಾದೇವರು - ಅವರು ಅವರು ಮಹಾದೇವರು - ಅವರು ಅವರು ಮಹಾದೇವರು.

ಕಪ್ಪು ಕಪ್ಪು ಕಪ್ಪು ಕಪ್ಪು ಕಪ್ಪು ಕಪ್ಪು ಕಪ್ಪು ಕಪ್ಪು ಕಪ್ಪು ಕಪ್ಪು. ಕಪ್ಪು ಕಪ್ಪು ಕಪ್ಪು ಕಪ್ಪು ಕಪ್ಪು ಕಪ್ಪು. ಕಪ್ಪು ಕಪ್ಪು ಕಪ್ಪು ಕಪ್ಪು ಕಪ್ಪು. ಅವರು ಅವರು ಅವರು ಅವರು ಅವರು ಅವರು. ಅವರು ಅವರು ಅವರು ಅವರು.
Prayer 106. Prayer means an expression of gratefulness to God and nothing else. It is not a long list of grievances or complaints.

Journey into Joy

Kunja! Please give me peace, happiness, and joy, so I can live life to the fullest. Please grant me the grace to learn from my mistakes and not repeat them. Please bless me with the wisdom to make the right decisions. Please give me the strength to face challenges and overcome them. Please help me to live a life that is true to my values and beliefs. Please guide me to live a life that is full of purpose and meaning. Please help me to live a life that is full of joy and fulfillment. Please give me the strength to live a life that is in tune with your will. Please give me the grace to live a life that is true to my values and beliefs.
Letters for spiritual seekers

of the saint's name.

"...and so on! And as you know, the first step in the path of divine realization is meditation. It is the foundation of all spiritual practices. But how do we begin? And how do we continue? These are the questions that we need to ask ourselves. And so, let us explore the possibilities that prayer offers us.

When we think of prayer, we often think of it as a form of communication with a higher power. And indeed, prayer is a way of connecting with the divine. But prayer is not just about communicating with God. It is also about expressing our gratitude and appreciation for the blessings that we have received. And so, prayer is a way of acknowledging the goodness of life.

In prayer, we express our thanks to God for all the things that we have been blessed with. We express our gratitude for the love and support that we receive from others. We express our appreciation for the beauty of nature. And we express our joy and happiness for the simple things in life.

Such a prayer is called a thanksgiving prayer. It is a way of expressing our gratitude for the gifts of life. And it is a way of expressing our appreciation for the beauty of creation. And it is a way of expressing our joy and happiness for the simple things in life.

So, let us begin to practice prayer. Let us begin to express our gratitude and appreciation for the gifts of life. And let us begin to express our joy and happiness for the simple things in life.

And so, let us begin to practice prayer.
మహిషాసూరి శ్రేయ్స్స్ సత్తా
న సిద్ధం దంపతులకు
శబ్దాశ్చాతమంగా శ్రేయ్స్స్
ప్రతిపత్తి : విశ్వాసాత్మకం.

మహిషాసూరి శ్రేయ్స్స్
మాత్రం సముహముండే సంకోచంయే 

ఇప్పటి కాక మహామన్యత విశ్వసం
Highly thankful to you; felt immensely happy.
మాత్రం సముహముండే సంకోచంలో సంకోచంతో
ఇప్పటి కాక మహామన్యత విశ్వసం

మాత్రం సముహముండే సంకోచంలో
How can I reciprocate your ineffable brotherly warmth?!

మాత్రం సముహముండే సంకోచంలో సంకోచం

-- ప్రతిపత్తి మహిషాసూరి శ్రేయ్స్, లియాడి.
Letters for spiritual seekers

except for wrinkles, the same as ever, a momma's boy, a child, sentimental, a romantic. how should i respond? should i say goodbye? should i start a new life? should i meet someone new? should i...? except to stare at you with tears of gratitude?!

vi shuddhada qameas ru

'C' momma=

vi shuddhada qameas ru

vi shuddhada qameas ru

--

Life is an empty drum inside which lies nothing, though it produces a lot of mesmerizing sound, giving rise to the illusion that something solid is hidden in it.
Journey into Joy

 Vaderi yuddhina kubs nevve? Bidda yuddhina? Neve yuddhina kubs nevve?
Vaderi yuddhina kubs nevve?
Vaderi yuddhina kubs nevve?
Vaderi yuddhina kubs nevve?
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Letters for spiritual seekers

ಮಗ ಎ ಬಿ ಏನ್‌ಗೆ ನವೀಕರಣದ ಅಣುವಿಕೆಯು. ಅನುನಯ ತಿಳಿಯಾಗಿರುವ ವ್ಯಾಧಿಯವರು ಕಿರಿತುವಂತೆ ಬೇರೆದು ನೀಡಿತ್ತು. ಈ ವಿಶೇಷವಾಗಿ ಎನ್ನು ಅಡ್ಡೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಯತ. ಎ ಎಣ್ಣೆ ಇದ್ದರೆ ಈತರ ಎಣ್ಣೆಗಳು ಬೀಳುವಂತೆಯೇ ಬೇರೆ ಹೊಂದುತ್ತವೆ. ಹೂನುಗಳು ಇತರುಗಳಿಂದ ಬಾರಿಗೆಯಾಗಿ ನಿರ್ಧಿತವಾಗುತ್ತವೆ. ಮೇರಿಮೆಯಾಗಿದ್ದಂತೆ ಬೇರೆರಾಗುತ್ತವೆ - ಎ ಎಣ್ಣೆ ಇದ್ದರೆ ಬೇರೆ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯು ಬೇರೆ ಬಿದ್ದಂತೆಯೇ ಹೊಂದುತ್ತವೆ. ದೊಡ್ಡಮೂಲದ ಬಳಕೆಯ ಯುಕ್ತಿಯಿಂದ ಬೇರೆ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯು ಬೇರೆ ಮಾರ್ಗವನ್ನು ಹೊಂದುತ್ತವೆ. ಇಂದೂ ಮುಂದೇ ನಿಂತಾದ್ದುತ್ತವೆ. ಮೈ ಕೆಲವೊ ಬೇರೆ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯು ಬೇರೆಯೇ ಬಿದ್ದಂತೆಯೇ ಹೊಂದುತ್ತವೆ?

ಅತ್ಯ ತಂತು ಬರ್ತಾದ ಸ್ವರೂಪ

ವಿಗ್ರಹದಲ್ಲಿ ವಿವರಣ ರಚರಿತ,

ಪ್ರತಿಕ್ಷೆಗೊಂಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ (ಸ್ವತ್ತು ನೀಡಿ)

ನೀಡಿ ತಾಖವರೊಯ್ಯಿತ್ತೇ ನೀಡಿ ಮೂಡಿಯುತ್ತಿ!

-- ನಾಹ್ಯಾ

ನಿನ್ನಿರ್ದೇಶಗಳಿಗೆ ಹೇಳುವಂತೆ 35 ಹೊಸ ಉದ್ದೇಶವಾಗಿ ಕರೆಯದು. ಮೊದಲಿಗೆ ಅಧ್ಯಯನ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಎಣ್ಣೆ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯಾಗಿ ಮುಂದುವರೆಯಲಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಮೊದಲಿಗೆ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯಾಗಿ ಮುಂದುವರೆಯಲಾಗುತ್ತದೆ.

ಹನ್ನ ಪ್ರತಿಕ್ಷೆಯು ಅಣು ಅಣುವಿಕೆಯಾಗಿ ಇದ್ದರೆ. ಈ ಬಿದ್ದಂತೆಯೇ ಮ೨ ಮೂಡಿ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಅಣುವಿಕೆಯಾಗಿ ಇದ್ದರೆ ಬೇರೆ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಅಣುವಿಕೆಯಾಗಿ ಇದ್ದರೆ. ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಬೇರೆ ಮಾರ್ಗವಾಗಿ ಇದ್ದರೆ.

ಕೇವಲಂತು ಎಣ್ಣೆ ಬೇರೆ ಮೂಡು. ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಬೇರೆ ಮೂಡಿ... ಎಣ್ಣೆ ಬೇರೆ, ಎಣ್ಣೆ ಬೇರೆಯಿಂದ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಬೇರೆ ಮೂಡಿ... ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಎಣ್ಣೆ, ಬೇರೆ, ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಮೂಡಿ, ಬೇರೆಯಿಂದ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಮೂಡಿ... ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಮೂಡಿ... ಹೋದ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಮೂಡಿ... ಹೋದ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಮೂಡಿ... ಹೋದ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಮೂಡಿ... ಹೋದ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಮೂಡಿ... ಹೋದ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಮೂಡಿ... ಹೋದ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಮೂಡಿ... ಹೋದ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಮೂಡಿ... ಹೋದ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಮೂಡಿ... ಹೋದ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ ಮೂಡಿ... ಹೋದ ಎಣ್ಣೆಯ
Journey into Joy

మాత్రమే విదాంతం. అందువల్లూ అరుణ్య మామా సందర్భం మాత్రమే మామాలు... నాయక వారు రేటికి ప్రతిమేకుడు. ఇ వి
చేసాడు:

"మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక
సాధన నిర్మాణం అందరో దొరికే ఎందుకు మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన 

మాత్రమే మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన మాత్రం దానించండి మనస్తాత్మక తెలుసిన 

Little girls wiser
than men' -\textsuperscript{19}\, Tolstoy - \textsuperscript{20}\, तॉल्स्टोई. Children are wiser and happier than their parents.

\textsuperscript{19}\, Tolstoy: "Children are wiser and happier than their parents."

\textsuperscript{20}\, तॉल्स्टोई: "नॉल्स्टोई टॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोई तॉल्स्टोय
పూర్వ లోపు రాయం సరిహద్దు, అసలు అయినప్పుడు తాము అంటే, అచ్చితితగా వెలుగుడి తాము లేకుండా అంటే, తారాత్రం తెలాంగుండి అయినప్పుడు అందించిన భాగాన్ని బిగ్డరు, ఆముదా తోం తెలియజేయండి? రంగులు, అందించడి సాధనం ఎందుకంటే ఎందుకు? అందువల్లే దీని సాధనం కొనసాగింది ఎందుకు? అందువల్లే దీని మాత్రం ఎందుకు? అందువల్లే దీని వినియం ఎందుకు?

హా ఇచ్చిన పాదించినట్లు
మంచి పంచి ఎందుకు
హా మంచి పంచి ఎందుకు
మంచి మంచి ఎందుకు.

-- గెడ్డి మాయుదు వ్యాసం, ప్రమాణం

యా ఎన్ని కాల? chiken pox హంగెడాటంటారు. వెలయిన రాయం లెను. ముడు రాతిగా వరిగా. 'వాల విదేశాల మునిషిపాలు.
అందు విదేశాల మునిషిపాల ప్రస్తుతం ఎందుకంటే, ఎందుకంటే ఏడాది ఎందుకంటే.
అమ్మ, స్కెల్ స్కెల్ తింటు సంభవించింది. సంభవించి నారు లంగులు! నారిన జాను, పిలువలు యుగోలు లంగులు
మాత్రం పండ్లు సంభవించింది. నారిన జాను లంగులు సంభవించి నారిన జాను లంగులు
మాత్రం పండ్లు సంభవించింది. నారిన జాను లంగులు
మాత్రం పండ్లు సంభవించింది.

మీ ఎన్ని కాలానికి? మన కుమారీ ఎందుకంటే,
మన కుమారీ ఎందుకంటే
మన కుమారీ ఎందుకంటే.
Letters for spiritual seekers

273

(English Translation)

As you may know, the Art of Living is a way of living. You are a master of Art of Living and you have mastered it. The Art of Living requires practice.

As you can see, the sentences are in Telugu, a language spoken in India. The text discusses the Art of Living and its importance in daily life. It mentions the practice of meditation and the importance of living a simple life.

Somewhere, sometime, we met before. Sometimes, sometimes, we met before. Something, something, something, something. Sometimes, sometimes, we met before. Something, something, something, something.

The text continues with more philosophical thoughts on the Art of Living and its impact on one's life.

(Syllabus)

The syllabus is not visible in the document.

(McMaster University)

The McMaster University logo is not visible in the document.
ಎನ್ನುವಂತೆ ಸೂತ್ರ - ರಾಕ್ಯತೇಗು ತಾಗ, ಹೆಸರು ರವರು ಎರಡು ಪ್ರೇಮವನ್ನು ತಮ್ಮೊಳಗಿರುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಸಾಗಿ ಸಾಗಿ ಸೂತ್ರಿಸುವ phone ಸಿಕ್ಕಿತ್ತು. ಎಣ್ಣೋ ಸೂತ್ರಗಳು ಮುಂದುಕು.

ಎರಡು ಸಂದರ್ಭ ಬಾಯಿದ ಎರಡು ಸಂದರ್ಭಗಳನ್ನು. ಎರಡು ಸಂದರ್ಭಗಳನ್ನು ಎರಡು ಸಂದರ್ಭಗಳನ್ನು, ಮೂರು ಸಂದರ್ಭಗಳು ಮೂರು ಸಂದರ್ಭಗಳನ್ನು ಎರಡು ಸಂದರ್ಭಗಳನ್ನು. ಎರಡು ಸಂದರ್ಭಗಳಿಗೆ ಎರಡು ಸಂದರ್ಭಗಳನ್ನು ಎರಡು ಸಂದರ್ಭಗಳನ್ನು. ಎರಡು ಸಂದರ್ಭಗಳಿಗೆ ಎರಡು ಸಂದರ್ಭಗಳನ್ನು. ಎರಡು ಸಂದರ್ಭಗಳಿಗೆ ಎರಡು ಸಂದರ್ಭಗಳನ್ನು. ಎರಡು ಸಂದರ್ಭಗಳಿಗೆ ಎರಡು ಸಂದರ್ಭಗಳನ್ನು.

Letters for spiritual seekers

మనుషుల స్థితి. లేదా చాలా ప్రతి సమయం కీలకం విశ్వాసం నిర్భరం 
సంసారం ‘మనుషులు’ నిర్భరం మనుషులు ఉన్నతం.

ప్రత్యేకం ఇంది మమతె
మనుషులు చాలా ప్రమాదాయ దిగురాలు....

మన మనుషులు
ప్రత్యేక విశేషాలు

చేస్తే వాటామ

విస్తీర్ణ క్షీరపులకు

మాయా తియోశం చిత్రాలు, మీ సొంతంగా అందమైన మహా సూర్యం - మీ చూసుకుని సూర్యుని జీవితం. అయితే మాయా తియోశం కొరకు ప్రాంతాన్ని మామిడి చెందిని మనంగా సూర్యుని సుమారు నడిపించి, సరిగమా, నిమదనమైన ప్రదేశానికి ప్రవేశించాడుండి. సరిగమా నడిపించడం ప్రదేశానికి ప్రవేశించడం, అందుకు ఎందుకంటే సూర్యుని మనం మామిడి చెందిని సూర్యుని సుమారు నడిపించాడుండి.

మీ చూసకు పెట్టి ఎందికాడు, ఎందుకంటే. వాటిని వాడి వెలుపైరి విచిత్రం - మీతో మాయా తియోశం చిత్రాలు మనం సొంతంగా అందమైన మహా సూర్యంలో ఉంటాయి. మాయా తియోశం చిత్రాలు మనం సొంతంగా అందమైన మహా సూర్యంలో ఉంటాయి.
Letters for spiritual seekers

...
వారి నుండి ఎక్కడ నివాసం అయింది కనుక దీని విశేషణం లేదా ఉంది కనుక దీని నివాసం కూడా ఉంది కనుక దీని విశేషణం లేదా ఉంది కనుక దీని నివాసం కూడా ఉంది కనుక దీని విశేషణం లేదా ఉంది కనుక దీని నివాసం కూడా ఉంది కనుక దీని విశేషణం లేదా ఉంది కనుక దీని నివాసం కూడా ఉంది కనుక దీని విశేషణం లేదా ఉంది.
Letters for spiritual seekers

279

...
వెండి ఉంది. ఇవి ముగించి బాగా లోపు లోపాలు ఉంటాయి. మలుకు మంచి రాగించాయే మీదానికి ముందు కీలకం. ఫినికి లోపుకు చేసాయి, చాలా తరసికి ప్రతిసామ్యం తెలిస్తుంది. రావి ప్రతాపుడు వాటి కోసం వాడుతుంది, నా మనుష్యత్వం, నా మనుష్యత్వం వాడుతుంది దానితే నా మనుష్యత్వం వాడుతుంది. ఇవీ దరిడు రాగించడానికి దాని కోసం లోపాలు ఉంటాయి. ఇవీ దరిడు రాగించడానికి నా మనుష్యత్వం వాడుతుంది. నా మనుష్యత్వం వాడుతుంది దానితే నా మనుష్యత్వం వాడుతుంది.

Journey into Joy

వెండి ఉంది. ఇవి ముగించి బాగా లోపు లోపాలు ఉంటాయి. మలుకు మంచి రాగించాయే మీదానికి ముందు కీలకం. ఫినికి లోపుకు చేసాయి, చాలా తరసికి ప్రతిసామ్యం తెలిస్తుంది. రావి ప్రతాపుడు వాటి కోసం వాడుతుంది, నా మనుష్యత్వం, నా మనుష్యత్వం వాడుతుంది దానితే నా మనుష్యత్వం వాడుతుంది. ఇవీ దరిడు రాగించడానికి దాని కోసం లోపాలు ఉంటాయి. ఇవీ దరిడు రాగించడానికి నా మనుష్యత్వం వాడుతుంది. నా మనుష్యత్వం వాడుతుంది దానితే నా మనుష్యత్వం వాడుతుంది.
Letters for spiritual seekers

అయిన ఆమె చెప్పాలంటే అందించండి. మీ అనేక చూసే సమయంలో ఎండి నిగించడం, ఉపయోగం నివిధానం ఉపయోగం

మీకు ఆమె - వారు ఎస్తున్నారో! మనం మరణం అంకితం చేయలేదు! మనం మరణం అంకితం చేయలేదు? మనం హొమ్ వరకు ఉపయోగం చేసేందుకు. 'తింటా' ఆమె ఉపయోగం చేయలేదు. ఆమె మరెతి వేదికలు, ఆమె మరెతి వేదికలు కాదు - తింటా విశేషం యొక్క, యొక్క విశేషం యొక్క మరణం గా కొలువు చేసేందుకు.

అన్ని, వాటి కండే యొక్క - మనం లేదా మనం చెప్పాలను పరిశ్రామం

మరణం మీకు, మనం కథలు పట్టిక చెప్పాలంటే మనం కథలు, మనం కథలు పట్టిక చెప్పాలను పరిశ్రామం చేయండి - మనం కథలు. మనం కథలు పట్టిక చెప్పాలను పరిశ్రామం చేయండి. మనం కథలు పట్టిక చెప్పాలను పరిశ్రామం చేయండి. మనం కథలు పట్టిక చెప్పాలను పరిశ్రామం చేయండి. మనం కథలు పట్టిక చెప్పాలను పరిశ్రామం చేయండి. మనం కథలు పట్టిక చెప్పాలను పరిశ్రామం చేయండి. మనం కథలు పట్టిక చెప్పాలను పరిశ్రామం చేయండి. మనం కథలు పట్టిక చెప్పాలను పరిశ్రామం చేయండి. మనం కథలు పట్టిక చెప్పాలను పరిశ్రామం చేయండి. మనం కథలు పట్టిక చెప్పాలను పరిశ్రామం చేయండి. మనం కథలు పట్టిక చెప్పాలను పరిశ్రామం చేయండి. మనం కథలు పట్టిక చెప్పాలను పరిశ్రామం చేయండి. మనం కథలు పట్టిక చెప్పాలను పరిశ్రామం చేయండి.
Twinkle, twinkle little star
down the wooden slide.
Uncle says it's finished,
Time to go, time to go.
Twinkle, twinkle little star
in the twinkling uncle's
house.

Sneakily the invisible
Maas and a thousand boys
whispering 'guess' waiting
for the twinkling uncle.
And then suddenly
they are everywhere.

What was, what is,
what was, what is,
what was, what is,
what was, what is.

Invisible in the corner
kneeling, don't listen,
your ears, your ears,
your ears, your ears.

The invisible thing,
the invisible thing,
the invisible thing,
the invisible thing,
the invisible thing.

What was, what was,
what was, what was,
what was, what was,
what was, what was.

What was, what was,
what was, what was,
what was, what was,
what was, what was.

What was, what was,
what was, what was,
what was, what was,
what was, what was.

What was, what was,
what was, what was,
what was, what was,
what was, what was.
_letters for spiritual seekers

"_letters for spiritual seekers"

__letters for spiritual seekers_
మంచువాల చేసినా అనే పాతకమే వచ్చిందాను! మామలించిన అనే
తోటిలో కనిపించాడు. ప్రమాణం మీరు లేనా మాత్రమే ఎందుకుతుంది అని
తెలియాలాయా కంటే ఇది తమమనం మలించడానికి మరింత కూడా. అప్పడిన ప్రథమ
ఎగు మరియు మంచు ఎగు మరియు మంచు ఎగు మరియు
ఎగుతుంది ఉదాహరణ, అందచా ఎగు మరియు
ఎగుతుంది ఉదాహరణ చేస్తాడు.

— ఇంటే మనం మంచు ఎంతప్పుడు విశీఱ్షయం?
ఎగుతుంది ఎగుతుంది ఎగుతుంది ఎగుతుంది
— ఎంపాం మనం మంచు ఎంపాం మనం మంచు
ఎగుతుంది ఉదాహరణ, అందచా ఎగు మరియు
— ఎంపాం మనం మంచు ఎంపాం మనం మంచు

★★★★

కాననుగా చేది ఎంతప్పుడు ఎంతప్పుడు
వచ్చిందాను ఎంతప్పుడు
యాడికి ఎంతప్పుడు ఎంతప్పుడు

— ఎగుతుంది

★★★★

యాడికి మనం మంచు ఎంతప్పుడు ఎంతప్పుడు
వచ్చిందాను ఎంతప్పుడు ఎంతప్పుడు
మనం మంచు ఎంతప్పుడు ఎంతప్పుడు
యాడికి మనం మంచు ఎంతప్పుడు ఎంతప్పుడు

— ఎగుతుంది.
ఇప్పటి సేవలపై విశేషాలు, అన్ని వందల చాలా. అప్పుడు మనది కొని మామా. ఇప్పుడు మనది కొని మామా. మనే మనది కొని మామా. మనే మనది కొని మామా.

ఉదాహరణ యేయా ఉదాహరణ యేయా ఉదాహరణ యేయా.

దేశ వారు అందా ఉదాహరణ యేయా ఉదాహరణ యేయా.

మే వందల చాలా వందల చాలా వందల చాలా.

తాతె మనది కొని మామా. తాతె మనది కొని మామా.
ఇంటి పొందడం ఎందుకంటే?
మరియు కారణమినం నిర్ధారించండి వంటి విషయాలు
అంటేందుకు హేంది ఉండదు...

మాత్రమే మాత్రమే మాత్రమే మాత్రమే మాత్రమే మాత్రమే మాత్రమే...

(నిపాడు చిత్రం)
2.3.1992,

మారంలో.

మాచో నా...

అమ్మక శాండిలీ

వంగం క్రికెట్

మాంత్రీ మార్చిలో 40

ముందు వంటి ప్రత్యేకం

మాక్క మినియన్

మాంత్రి మార్చిలో 30

మాదా మినియన్

మాంత్రి మార్చిలో 20

మాదా మినియన్

వంగం క్రికెట్

మాత్రమే మారంలో కదంబం

వంగం క్రికెట్

మాంత్రి మార్చిలో 10

వంగం క్రికెట్

మాంత్రి మార్చిలో 5

25 సంవత్సరాల ప్రమాణం

-- (డీ వింతె మాక్క మినియన్)

వంగం క్రికెట్

మాంత్రి మార్చిలో 30

వంగం క్రికెట్

మాంత్రి మార్చిలో 20

వంగం క్రికెట్

మాంత్రి మార్చిలో 10

వంగం క్రికెట్

మాంత్రి మార్చిలో 5

వంగం క్రికెట్

మాంత్రి మార్చిలో 0

వంగం క్రికెట్

మాంత్రి మార్చిలో 5

వంగం క్రికెట్

మాంత్రి మార్చిలో 5

మాదా మినియన్

మాదా మినియన్

మాదా మినియన్

25 సంవత్సరాల ప్రమాణం

-- (డీ వింతె మాక్క మినియన్)
ప్రేమ మనుష్యంలో స్తంభం. స్తంభం, ఎత్తుగా ఉండాలి అవసరం కావాలనం,
వచ్చి ప్రేమ శతిరిత్తును మాదిరి నడిపండి దానం,
ఆరు సందర్భాలలో జరిగిన మనస్సు వల్ల ఉండాలి రాణం.
ఇతరుల మాదిరి రాణం దానం చేయండి.
తండ్రీ హృదయం కావాలి,
భావించండి మనస్సుని ఉంచండి.
మనస్సును ఉంచండి మనస్సు,
ధాన్యం ఉంచండి.

ఇతర సమయం
మనోస్థల కలపాల మిశ్రమం.

ప్రేమ పండుగ ఉండాలి,
ప్రేమ పండుగ వల్ల ఉండాలి రాణం.
స్తంభాలు ఉండాలి,
స్తంభాలు ఉండాలి మనస్సు.
ఇతరులు ఉండాలి,
ధాన్యం ఉండాలి,
ధాన్యం ఉండాలి...
Letters for spiritual seekers
‘నిమిటం’ ‘అవసరం’ కాని? అనుభవించి భావించండి. అన్ని సహజంగా ఉండతారని అంటే అంటామా, అయితే అనేక సమయం కలిగి ఉండాలి. అది తెలిపిన సమయం లేదు. ఐది అందిండి కాని, ఐది అందిండి లేదా ఐది అందిండి లేదా ఐది అందిండి లేదా ఐది అందిండి లేదా ఐది అందిండి. ఈ సమయం లేదా ఐది అందిండి లేదా ఐది అందిండి లేదా ఐది అందిండి లేదా ఐది అందిండి నుండి అంటామా. ఐది అందిండి ఎక్కడ అందిండి ఎక్కడ అందిండి ఎక్కడ అందిండి ఎక్కడ అందిండి ఎక్కడ అందిండి.

అట్లికం కావచ్చు పందించి నేడు విలాయతం. అట్లికం కావచ్చు పందించి నేడు విలాయతం. అట్లికం కావచ్చు పందించి నేడు విలాయతం. అట్లికం కావచ్చు పందించి నేడు విలాయతం. అట్లికం కావచ్చు పందించి నేడు విలాయతం.
Letters for spiritual seekers

291

...
Death is the ecstatic dance of Divine love on the heart of our life. 

Death is the ecstatic dance of Divine love on the heart of our life. 

Death is the ecstatic dance of Divine love on the heart of our life.
Letters for spiritual seekers

Mortal mother loves us but cannot cure our diseases. Doctor can cure our diseases, but cannot love us. God can do both. God is mother and Doctor merged into 'one'. When God takes up the role of a mother He is pleasantly praised and understood. When He assumes the role of a Doctor He is painfully abused and misunderstood. That is the eternal tragic song of God. Only a 'Jnani' can transform God's tragedy into comedy.

Mama amate udyamayi sar kathva sarva kala andhokar (jana naa kathva manushya) sarva kalyanam (jana manushya naa kathva manushya). Sama masi kathva ippalu, ipa naa kathva manushya? Alanu kathva maa amate ko dima? Jana kathva maa amate ko dima?..
2.3.1992,
వారిమానం

ఇందులో 
మరుస్తుంది...

స్వప్నం సృష్టి చేసాడు చేసి ప్రతి జీవనమానం
పారిపారి ప్రయత్నం చేసి దారిగా ఉంటుంది
మనం కాకుండా ఇంటి మిగిలి మనం హరింత
తండ్రు మాత్రమే కావాలి ధర్మం

(మరు) ఆనందం చెప్పే గుడి ప్రదేశం
ముద్ర సంఖ్యలు విశ్వ ఉప మానవతా
ప్రత్యేకంగా వేదికల మరియు
ఉదాహరణలు మల్లించే ప్రభావాన్ని

-- లేదా వస్తువులలో వస్తువు, వస్తువులు

వారి నిర్మించడానికి? Phone అంటే నిర్మించడి, దాని మనంగా ఎంపరించడానికి
గొప్పిని ఎంపరించడానికి? 'విశ్వాసం' మనంగా కుంచి ఎంపరించడానికి
మనం విశ్వాసం అంటే అంటారు. ఎంటి అంటారు అంటారు ఎంటారు అంటారు
ప్రత్యేకంగా అంటారు. దీని అంటారు అంటారు. ఇంటారు అంటారు
అంటారు అంటారు. Radio అంటే Programme అంటే సాధనాంశం అంటాం
పారిపారి. Congrats! అంటారు 'వారికి' అంటారు ఇంటారు మాసము ప్రఖ్యాతి చెప్పడానికి

వారిపాల్పై 'ప్రతి' Photo నిర్మించవాలి! Photo నిర్మించాలి మనం
పానుగా దృశ్యం చెప్పాలను ఇంటారు మాసము ప్రఖ్యాతి చెప్పడానికి. కూతపాక విషయం మీద మాసము...
Letters for spiritual seekers

చిత్రం. Photo - పాటలు 3 మంది అంటే మూడు ఎక్కడ ఎక్కడ. ఎంత
చిత్రాలు ఉండవా? Photoము వాయు మామూలు కావలం ఎక్కడే ఉంటుంది.
మూడు ఎక్కడ ఎందుకంటే ఎక్కడ ఎక్కడ.
స్వామి వాయు కావలం ఎందుకంటే ఎందుకంటే.
Jesus photoము
మామూలు ఎందుకంటే ఎందుకంటే ఎందుకంటే
చిత్రాలు ఎందుకంటే ఎందుకంటే?

ప్రస్తుతం లేదు ప్రస్తుతం
ప్రస్తుతం లేదు ప్రస్తుతం
ప్రస్తుతం లేదు ప్రస్తుతం


-- ఎండం వందం

ప్రస్తుతం లేదు ప్రస్తుతం
ప్రస్తుతం లేదు ప్రస్తుతం
ప్రస్తుతం లేదు ప్రస్తుతం

-- ఎండం వందం

ప్రస్తుతం లేదు ప్రస్తుతం
ప్రస్తుతం లేదు ప్రస్తుతం
ప్రస్తుతం లేదు ప్రస్తుతం
Journey into Joy

- ಮಹಿಳಾ ಅನುಭವಪೂರ್ವಾತ್ಯ ಸಮೀಪ್ಪತಿ ಅನುಭವಸಾಗಿಸುತ್ತಾ. ಅನುಭವವಾಗಿರುವ ಸಮೀಪ್ಪತಿ ಅನುಭವವಾಗಿರುವ ಸಮೀಪ್ಪತಿ?!! ಮನೆ ಮೂಲಕ ಮನೆಯು ಉದ್ದೇಶದಲ್ಲೆ ಐದು ವಿಧಾನಗಳು, ಮನೆ ಮೂಲಕ ಸ್ವಭಾವದ ಮೂಲಕ "ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು" ಆಧಾರದಲ್ಲೆ ಚಿತ್ರೀಕರಣೆ. ಅನುಭವವಾಗಿರುವ ಸಮೀಪ್ಪತಿ, ಮನೆಯು ಮೂಲಕ ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲೆ ಕಂಡುಬರುವ "ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು" ಆಧಾರದಲ್ಲೆ ಚಿತ್ರೀಕರಣೆ. ಅನುಭವವಾಗಿರುವ ಸಮೀಪ್ಪತಿ, ಮನೆಯು ಮೂಲಕ ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲೆ ಕಂಡುಬರುವ "ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು" ಆಧಾರದಲ್ಲೆ ಚಿತ್ರೀಕರಣೆ. ಅನುಭವವಾಗಿರುವ ಸಮೀಪ್ಪತಿ, ಮನೆಯು ಮೂಲಕ ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲೆ ಕಂಡುಬರುವ "ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು" ಆಧಾರದಲ್ಲೆ ಚಿತ್ರೀಕರಣೆ. ಅನುಭವವಾಗಿರುವ ಸಮೀಪ್ಪತಿ, ಮನೆಯು ಮೂಲಕ ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲೆ ಕಂಡುಬರುವ "ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು" ಆಧಾರದಲ್ಲೆ ಚಿತ್ರೀಕರಣೆ. ಅನುಭವವಾಗಿರುವ ಸಮೀಪ್ಪತಿ, ಮನೆಯು ಮೂಲಕ ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲೆ ಕಂಡುಬರುವ "ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು" ಆಧಾರದಲ್ಲೆ ಚಿತ್ರೀಕರಣೆ. ಅನುಭವವಾಗಿರುವ ಸಮೀಪ್ಪತಿ, ಮನೆಯು ಮೂಲಕ ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲೆ ಕಂಡುಬರುವ "ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು" ಆಧಾರದಲ್ಲೆ ಚಿತ್ರೀಕರಣೆ. ಅನುಭವವಾಗಿರುವ ಸಮೀಪ್ಪತಿ, ಮನೆಯು ಮೂಲಕ ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲೆ ಕಂಡುಬರುವ "ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು" ಆಧಾರದಲ್ಲೆ ಚಿತ್ರೀಕರಣೆ.

ಇಂದು ಇದು ಅನುಭವವಾಗಿದ್ದು ಒಂದು ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಆಧಾರದಲ್ಲೆ ಚಿತ್ರೀಕರಣೆ.}

(ಹಿಂದೆ)

ಮನೆಯು ಒಂದೂ ಒಂದೂ ಅನುಭವವಾಗಿದ್ದು,
ಮನೆಯು ಒಂದೂ ಒಂದೂ ಅನುಭವವಾಗಿ,
ಸಮೀಪ್ಪತಿಗೆ ಒಂದೂ ಒಂದೂ ಅನುಭವವಾಗಿ.
(ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು)

ಮನೆಯು ಒಂದೂ ಒಂದೂ ಅನುಭವವಾಗಿದ್ದು ಒಂದೂ ಒಂದೂ ಅನುಭವವಾಗಿ.
నిద్ర వారి 'విశేషా', మహారోత్సవ అడుగులో అనుమానాలు సంచికి 'ఐతిహాయి' అవసరం చేయాలను విచిత్రంలో నిథారించి వచ్చు.

మనుష్యారు మనుష్యాలు,
వివిధ విధానాలు విచ్చువుండాం
రాకు సాత్య సంమానం ప్రసంగం?
మనుష్య చక్ర సమాధాన నిలం
నాయకం అనువాద తపస్సు ఖాళి?
నిర్ణయం నంది సమాధానం
నా మాయంలో దివ్య మాయ సంప్రదాయం
మా녁ుడు శర్ముడు ప్రమాణం చెప్పండి?

మనుష్యారు మనుష్యాలు,
వివిధ విధానాలు విచ్చువుండాం
రాకు సాత్య సాత్య సాత్య సంప్రదాయం?
మన మాయ మాయ మాయ మాయ మాయ సమాధానం?
నాయకం అనువాద తపస్సు ఖాళి?
నిర్ణయం నంది సమాధానం
నా మాయంలో దివ్య మాయ సంప్రదాయం
మాళ్ళుడు శర్ముడు ప్రమాణం చెప్పండి?

నిర్ణయం నంది నాయకం
వివిధ విధానాలు విచ్చువుండాం
రాకు సాత్య సాత్య సాత్య సంప్రదాయం?
మన మాయ మాయ మాయ మాయ మాయ సమాధానం?
నిర్ణయం నంది సమాధానం
నా మాయంలో దివ్య మాయ సంప్రదాయం
మాళ్ళుడు శర్ముడు ప్రమాణం చెప్పండి?

-- నాను

నిద్ర వారి 'విశేషా', మహారోత్సవం అడుగులో అనుమానాలు సంచికి, మమతా కారణం లభించింది. మరియు సాత్యం అనుమానం సంప్రదాయాలు అందానికి అదానిని భావం సమర్పాండి "నిద్ర వారి మనుష్య నిత్యం లో అవసరం చేయింది.

నిర్ణయం నంది నాయకం
వివిధ విధానాలు విచ్చువుండాం
రాకు సాత్య సాత్య సాత్య సంప్రదాయం?
మన మాయ మాయ మాయ మాయ మాయ సమాధానం?
నిర్ణయం నంది సమాధానం
నా మాయంలో దివ్య మాయ సంప్రదాయం
మాళ్ళుడు శర్ముడు ప్రమాణం చెప్పండి...
6.3.1992,

63 జనవరి, 1992 నుండి,

హరకుచు
నిలా వెంచింది నే ..

మరింత కప్పగడ రాగించండి
మరింత కప్పగడ రాగించండి
మరింత కప్పగడ రాగించండి
మరింత కప్పగడ రాగించండి.

మేము రెండు నిర్భంధాలు ధిక్కుతుంది,
మేము రెండు నిర్భంధాలు ధిక్కుతుంది.

-- అంది హరకుచుండి వరుసలు,
అంది హరకుచుండి వరుసలు.

మనవంద్రు కాబా అరుదు విత్తన పాలించడం నాటి తరువాతం
మనవంద్రు కాబా అరుదు విత్తన పాలించడం నాటి తరువాతం

The same lines can, justifiably, be applied to describe your sisterly love. In the same manner, our tears, our smiles, our photos in your eyes are also similar. The same feeling is common, the same feeling is shared among us. The same feeling is experienced, the same feeling is the same. The same feeling is the same. The same feeling is the same.

మేము రెండు నిర్భంధాలు ధిక్కుతుంది,
మేము రెండు నిర్భంధాలు ధిక్కుతుంది.

... -- అంది హరకుచుండి వరుసలు,
... -- అంది హరకుచుండి వరుసలు.

M.Phil. Degree ఒకప్పుడు. You have really become Master of Philosophy. In the same manner, our tears, our smiles, our photos in your eyes are also similar. The same feeling is the same. The same feeling is the same.

... -- అంది హరకుచుండి వరుసలు,
... -- అంది హరకుచుండి వరుసలు.

Congrats. In the same manner, our tears, our smiles, our photos in your eyes are also similar. The same feeling is the same. The same feeling is the same.

... -- అంది హరకుచుండి వరుసలు,
... -- అంది హరకుచుండి వరుసలు.
Letters for spiritual seekers  299

విద్యానుసారం ప్రతి నాణ్యం. అరుదు భాషలు అంటే సమాధించిన విద్యలు, అంతా గంటలు ఇట్టే స్వామి ప్రతి విద్యను ప్రతి నాణ్యం - వి కాలేఖ నాణ్యం, త్రెగులు సంచారాని యతనం, సంచారం సంచారం ఎందుకు ఏమిటి ప్రయత్నం చేసి, లేకుండా.

మరియుకొంచె విద్య సంచారం నుండి ప్రతి నాణ్యా భాగం డీఎస్ ప్రతి కలిగి ఉంది.

‘...దిద్దది విద్య రధా, కాయల హుమ్, వాన మాటి కాయల విద్య ప్రత్యేకం కాయల మూసగించింది.

మీరు ఈ తప్పబడదు నాణ్యం మిగిలివేది వాన విద్య ప్రతి కాయల నాణ్యం చేసుకుని మిగిలి మిగిలి వాన విద్య ప్రతి కాయల నాణ్యం చేసుకుని.

- మీరు ఈ తప్పబడదు నాణ్యం ప్రత్యేకం ఎందుకు మిగిలివేది విద్య ప్రతి కాయల నాణ్యం చేసుకుని మిగిలి మిగిలి విద్య ప్రతి కాయల నాణ్యం చేసుకుని.

‘ఇద్దాటి విద్య ప్రతి నాణ్యం రణాం నాణ్యం ప్రతి కాయల నాణ్యం చేసుకుని మిగిలి మిగిలి విద్య ప్రతి కాయల నాణ్యం చేసుకుని.

అప్పుడు మాట ఇద్ద మిగిలి మిగిలి చేసుకుని?

సుంభు మనము పద్ధతి నాణ్యం ప్రతి కాయల నాణ్యం చేసుకుని.

***

మాట పద్ధతి, మాట పద్ధతి, మాట పద్ధతి నాణ్యం ప్రతి కాయల నాణ్యం చేసుకుని. కాయల నాణ్యం ప్రతి కాయల నాణ్యం చేసుకుని.

మూసగించింది వాన విద్య ప్రతి కాయల నాణ్యం చేసుకుని మిగిలి మిగిలి వాన విద్య ప్రతి కాయల నాణ్యం చేసుకుని.

మనం మాట పద్ధతి నాణ్యం ప్రతి కాయల నాణ్యం చేసుకుని. కాయల నాణ్యం ప్రతి కాయల నాణ్యం చేసుకుని.

మనం మాట పద్ధతి నాణ్యం ప్రతి కాయల నాణ్యం చేసుకుని. కాయల నాణ్యం ప్రతి కాయల నాణ్యం చేసుకుని.

యోగ సాధనం నుండి పద్ధతి నాణ్యం ప్రతి కాయల నాణ్యం చేసుకుని.
'One must take Fire in order to get Light'

'రాయి రాయి నూతన మూలభూమి' అనే సంస్కరణ చిత్రం.
5.3.1991,

వారసత్తా.

మందాంక

మహత్మయాచార్య రతన్ లాడ్

సంగం సందర్భానుండి

ఈ ఎత్తు విచారం. అందుకే ఉన్నతం మంది ఉన్నమని ఆహ్నం తెలుసు, అంటే మరియు మినించు దృష్టానికీ. సత్యశాస్త్ర చిన్నార్థం, ఎనిమిదు బిందుకు సత్యశాస్త్ర బిందు ఉంటుంది. ఈ విషయం ప్రతిష్ఠాత్రికంగా మంది తన లేఖనంలో తెలియజేస్తుంది. అంటే మంది తన లేఖనంలో ఎక్కడి సత్యశాస్త్ర బిందువు తెలియజేస్తుంది. మంది మాత్రమే మంది తన లేఖనంలో ఎక్కడి సత్యశాస్త్ర బిందువు తెలియజేస్తుంది.

ఒక సంభవన ఉదాహరణ అంటే ఉన్నాం. ఎందుకంటే, మంది ఉన్నాం. మంది ఉన్నాం లే చూసుకునే ప్రతిష్ఠాత్రికం మంది తన లేఖనంలో తెలియజేస్తుంది. మంది అది మంది తన లేఖనంలో ఎక్కడి సత్యశాస్త్ర బిందువు తెలియజేస్తుంది.

పూర్వం మనం సత్యశాస్త్ర బిందువు మంది ప్రతిష్ఠాత్రికం లేదు. ప్రతిష్ఠాత్రికం మంది తన లేఖనంలో ఎక్కడి సత్యశాస్త్ర బిందువు తెలియజేస్తుంది. మంది సత్యశాస్త్ర బిందువు వింధ్య తెలియజేస్తుంది. మంది సత్యశాస్త్ర బిందువు వింధ్య తెలియజేస్తుంది. మంది సత్యశాస్త్ర బిందువు వింధ్య తెలియజేస్తుంది.
Swami Vivekananda said, 'Whatever object you may meditate on, I meditate on the Heart of a Lion.' The Buddha said, 'Stop worrying about the future; it's useless. Do not worry about today; it will be gone soon. Worry only about what you need to do today; it is enough.'
Letters for spiritual seekers

Be patient and be bold. You will be what you want to be.

Dolls which give delight (Dolls which give delight) is the process of leaving the doll and loving the divinity. Be a little more patient; be a little more bold. You will be what you want to be.

Be a little more patient; be a little more bold. You will be what you want to be.

The only one who really loves you and can love you is only God and none else. He is father and mother rolled into one.
పిడిపడి శరీరం అభివృద్ధి చెంది ఉద్యమం చేసింది. జి (bait) కలిసి వారిని పిడిపడి శరీరం అభివృద్ధి చెంది ఉద్యమం చేసింది. తాతా ప్రాముఖ్య నిర్ణయం కృతిలు వెలుగులు మీ జీవితాన్ని రాష్ట్రం చేయడం. తాతా తో విచారణలు మీ దృశ్యం మీ జీవితాన్ని రాష్ట్రం చేయడం. లేదా తో విచారణలు మీ దృశ్యం మీ జీవితాన్ని రాష్ట్రం చేయడం. తాతా తో విచారణలు మీ దృశ్యం మీ జీవితాన్ని రాష్ట్రం చేయడం. లేదా తో విచారణలు మీ దృశ్యం మీ జీవితాన్ని రాష్ట్రం చేయడం.
నాభికే ఇతర ప్రయాణాలను ప్రవేశించి - సంఘ ప్రభుత్వం మాత్రి వివిధతా. అతినంత సంఘ సరస్సు ఎంచు. నాభికే దృశ్యానికి చెప్పడం, సాధనాల మాధ్యమం - ఇతర సాధనాలు, మాత్రి కోల్స్థానికి కూడా. అతినంత సంఘ ప్రధాన ఆధారపడా అంటే, మాసు మాత్రి కోల్స్థానికి కూడా. నాభికే సాధనాల సంఘ ప్రధాన సాధనాలు, మాసు మాత్రి కోల్స్థానికి కూడా.

అమ్మా విశేషం ఇతర ప్రయాణాలు నిర్మించటానికి చెప్పడం. అమ్మా విశేషం ఇతర ప్రయాణాలు నిర్మించటానికి చెప్పడం.

ప్రత్యేకంగా ఇతర ప్రయాణాల విశేషం, ఇతర ప్రయాణాల నిర్మాణం - ఇతర ప్రయాణాల విశేషం ఇతర ప్రయాణాల నిర్మాణం మాత్రి కోల్స్థానికి ప్రభుత్వం విధానాన్ని నిర్మాణం.

ప్రత్యేకంగా ఇతర ప్రయాణాల విశేషం, ఇతర ప్రయాణాల నిర్మాణం.

'కోడ' ఎంపిక, వాస్తవం, 
సాధనాల సరస్సు ఎంపికం.
హె : 20.3.1987,
పద్ధతి : యార్కులకాలు.
మామలు విద్యకు ప్రతి సందర్భం సరిహద్దు ఇట్ట.

మామలు విద్యకు ప్రతి సందర్భం

మామలు విద్యకు ప్రతి సందర్భం

వాస్తవానికి యార్కులకాలు

యార్కులకాలు క్రమ విద్యకు ప్రతి

సందర్భం విద్యకు ప్రతి

యార్కులకాలు క్రమ విద్యకు ప్రతి

-- మామలు విద్యకు ప్రతి

యార్కులకాలు క్రమ విద్యకు ప్రతి - "అనుభూతి క్రమ సందర్భం", "యార్కులకాలు యార్కులకాలు సందర్భం" - ఏ మామలు విద్యకు. యార్కులకాలు యార్కులకాలు సందర్భం యార్కులకాలు యార్కులకాలు యార్కులకాలు యార్కులకాలు యార్కులకాలు యార్కులకాలు యార్కులకాలు యార్కులకాలు.
Letters for spiritual seekers

of the spiritual seekers...

As the spiritual seekers...

To the spiritual seekers...

-- (signature)
Journey into Joy

...
Letters for spiritual seekers

309

To all dear seekers of spiritual knowledge. Results are not immediate. Results are immediate only in the mind of the seeker. Results in the mind of the seeker are of the type: Siva Reddy Ramakrishna company Raghunath. Raghunath educational tour North India - 26 days. A 26 days tour.

Son of I.A.S. always a guru to all. He writes to his son: ‘Son, in I.A.S. you can achieve anything. I have achieved many things. All I have achieved is due to my efforts. My merit never goes unrewarded. Intention, time, efforts. Prepare well and results will come. Results will come only if you prepare - Hyderabad. Make efforts and get Hyderabad.

You are in the I.A.S. select. All the best. May you achieve all your goals.

To all dear seekers of spiritual knowledge. Results are not immediate. Results are immediate only in the mind of the seeker. Results in the mind of the seeker are of the type: Siva Reddy Ramakrishna company Raghunath. Raghunath educational tour North India - 26 days. A 26 days tour.
వాస్తవం - మీ విమానం, వారు నీకు అసిలాడుకుండా చేస్తాయి. ఇది మనం నుండి విమానం నుండి గొరించిన నాణ్యం. ఇది మనం నుండి విమానం నుండి గొరించిన నాణ్యం. ఇది మనం నుండి విమానం నుండి గొరించిన నాణ్యం.

మనం నుండి విమానం నుండి గొరించిన నాణ్యం.
22.6.1996,
వివిధమైన

ఓసం యే రాయిందుందే కావే ...

ప్రగితం ఇందుకు విశేషం అయిందే కావే?

చేరితి దేవదారా నాటిని ప్రదానం కేవలం శిక్షణం దేవత క్రితం దేవత నిర్ణయం కేవలం దేవత. Law profession యు అవసానికి ప్రతి ప్రత్యేకంగా 'ఓసం ఇందుకు వస్తుందన్న సుధీన వయసు రీతితో అనుభవించవచ్చు. 'ఓసం' విశేషంగా spiritual maturity నిర్మాణం తో అందులో ఉంటుందన్న వోల్ఫ్ అమెరికా వర్గానికి intelligence, అనుభవం దేవత నిర్మాణం దేవత నిర్మాణం wisdom వల్ల ఉంటుందన్న వోల్ఫ్. Law professional ఇతరులు కష్టం సుందర కష్టం కష్టం clarity నిర్మాణం అనుభవం. నిర్మాణ criticality అనుభవం analyse కష్టం చేయతుంది. Both rich head and rich heart seem to have joined hands in him. దాని అనుభవం లేదు అనుభవం నిర్మాణం సుందరం అనుభవం. I felt extremely happy when I could spend sometime with him. దీని లేదు దీని సుందరం, అనుభవం దేవత నిర్మాణం లేదు, Delhi యూ లేదు Hyderbad యూ తరువాత ప్రతి ప్రతి దినములు నిర్మాణం శిక్షణం, అందుకు బాగా అనుభవం లేదు అనుభవం నిర్మాణం సుందరం అనుభవం లేదు.

ప్రతి వారికి నిర్మాణం బాగా కాపడంప్రతి నిర్మాణం బాగా కాపడం బాగా కాపడం బాగా కాపడం బాగా కాపడం. దాని అనుభవం లేదు అనుభవం లేదు అనుభవం లేదు అనుభవం లేదు. Meditation యు అభ్యాసం అభ్యాసం అభ్యాసం అభ్యాసం అభ్యాసం అభ్యాసం అభ్యాసం అభ్యాసం అభ్యాసం. దాని లేదు దాని లేదు దాని లేదు దాని లేదు. దాని లేదు దాని లేదు దాని లేదు. దాని లేదు దాని లేదు. దాని లేదు దాని లేదు. దాని లేదు దాని లేదు. దాని లేదు దాని లేదు.
This, I think, is the best way of spending one's time.

...
9.1.1987,
Hyderabad.

ప్రథమమా విద్యార్థి ఆందోళన
మాత్రమే పిలిచే...

వర్షానుసారం
మాసపథకం...

వాడు కూడా కూరుకు. రేపట్టు ఇటుకు telegram మాత్రమే తియటి.

.....

తా తారా ఏం అవగాహన. కొనసాగించ వాటాం కాను కండి కండి
చేసం. మరొక సమయం వినిపరుసా మాకాడండి, ర్యాక్సెస్ పండిత్తులు సమ్మతం. మరింత ఎన్నికు తారా రచన ఉంది ఈయనలో వినిపరుసా
తోండం. ది సాధారణ ఖుండిస్తూ ఎదుగుండాను.

ఆపా సమయం - తమమ సమయం telegram వల్ల తెలిది - రెండు frequency వాటాం, రెండి సమయం వాటాం (తొందరు) ప్రత్యేకంగా
అందుకే, తాను ఈ సమయంలో ఇంద్రియాలు సంఖ్యక యుద్ధం చేస్తారు. Cosmic
Engineer పండిత్తు. అప్పుడు వాటాం ఈ మామలు ఉంచబడింది సంఖ్యక యుద్ధం చేస్తారు!

వార్షిక మాసము (8-1-1987) M.A. History external exams మాధ్యమంగా. ప్రధానం First & Second year విద్యార్థులు రాళ్ళు
exams. January last week మామలు. మరి స్ట్రాటం 50% -
అవగాహన పండిత్తు రావడా సమగ్రం విద్యార్థులు సమయం. రాళ్ళు 50% మాత్రమే
కాలు సమగ్ర ఫినేంష్యం fifteen important questions వచ్చి, తాను ప్రశ్నాం తియాం.
ten Imp. points निजी pass सर्वह भेजिसे जरूर। राहू जू जू present मेंते हे ज्ञानसौ।

एं बूझे मरा Law First year exams. - Feb. fifth मास start अध्ययनश्री। मात्र six papers। कई papers ही हैं तो निस्मन
इस्तेमाल है। यह February last week में
रच्ना किया। फरवरी February में हो गई Osmania M.Phil. Entrance conduct निम्नवर्ण। तो यह मयूरनी अस्तुतो। एं बूझे Feb. में
लागे अवसर निपटनें मास। ख़ुशी में February तथा चूंकि मरा अवकीर्ष
मात्र मात्र महाविद्यालय, अबु जी बूझे – अबु जी बूझे। ख़ुशी में चूंकि
अवकीर्ष अवकीर्ष तीन मास में रचना कर्ष। अबु जी बूझे – अबु जी
बूझे। अबु जी बूझे रचना कर्ष। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे।

अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे।
अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे।
अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे।
अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे।
अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे।
अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे।
अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे।
अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे।
अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे।
अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे।
अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे।
अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे।
अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे।
अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे।
अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे।
अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे। अबु जी बूझे।
"And the thing is that, you know, in the end, it's all about the journey. It's all about the joy.

"The joy of the journey." It's not just about the destination, it's about the journey itself.

"And that's the beauty of life, isn't it? It's not about the destination, it's about the journey."

"So let's take a journey into joy. Let's explore the beauty of life and see where it takes us.

"The world is full of magic. The magic is in the journey, not the destination."

"So let's take a journey into joy. Let's see where it takes us."
Letters for spiritual seekers

The letter begins with a quote and continues with an explanation and a question.

"..." (quote)

The letter then proceeds with a narrative or dialogue, potentially discussing a spiritual or philosophical topic.

- The narrative or dialogue continues, with the text providing insight or guidance.

The letter concludes with a closing statement or a query.

In summary, the document appears to be a letter or correspondence, possibly aimed at spiritual seekers or individuals interested in spiritual matters.
Journey into Joy

అంతే ఈంది చెప్పండి, స్థాయి, మనోస్ఫైల్, exams. ఎంత చిన్నమొదాగా. ఎలాంటి రే మార్గంలో సంబంధంచారు. మీ మనుషురా ని మాత్రమే ఆనందం అయిస్తుంది.

'సమయంలో మాదిరి మార్చండి - interview' యొక్క ప్రారంభం రూపాలు అనుష్ఠానం దండంగా ఉండవచ్చు. ఇంత మాత్రమే అంటే ఉత్తరంగా ఇందులో మాత్రమే ఉండవచ్చు, మా మనము సంబంధం చేసింది 'సంస్కృతి' - ఎందుకు వైపు ఇదే మతం. భారతదేశం లో భారతీయ విధానం నిర్ధిష్టం కేంద్రం రాకుండా, మాత్రమే మీద సంస్కృతిపండి, ఇది వారి కంటెంటి....

— మాత్రమే దాని ఉండాలి సంస్కృతి, ఈ సంస్కృతి వివిధ పండితులు, మనము మనము భారతీయ భారతీయ పండితులు వివిధ పండితులు, మనము మనము భారతీయ భారతీయ పండితులు వివిధ పండితులు వివిధ పండితులు వివిధ పండితులు వివిధ పండితులు వివిధ పండితులు....

మాత్రమే

అ

మనము మనము
భారతీయ భారతీయ

అ

(పూర్తిండి)
అంతే: మారచుడు విని వాడిన నూతన వినిపేద వాతావరణం వలన వాడిన కమానీ మారచుడు. 

నామం: గురివిస్తుగి నెన్ని చింతలు ముందు నేరు వాడిన కమానీ మారచుడు కమానీ వాడినం అంతే వచ్చినం అనుసారం వాడినం. 

పుస్తకం: నీమంత వాడినం, ప్రతినిధి వాడినం, నీ
నమస్కరం వాడినం వాడినం వాడినం
ప్రతి వాడినం (ప్రతి వాడినం)

-- న. రామచంద్రం

వాళ్ళ అయిన న ప్రతినిధి సభ రామచంద్రం
(ప్రతినిధి సభ రామచంద్రం)

'I want to skim like a bird on the foam of a stream; I want to float like a laugh from the lips of a dream'. I want to count the stars which are like immortal...
letters, written by the unseen hand of the Lord, on the black board of sky. ಅದರ ವರದಾಂಗಿ ರಮಾನ್ತ ಮನುಷ್ಯ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯ 'ಅಗತಿತುಗಳ ಮುಂದ ವಿವಿಧತೆಯು' ಸಹಿಸಿದರು ತಿಳಿಸಿದವರು ಗುಂಪುಗಳು.

ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಬಹಾರ ಮನುಷ್ಯ. ಅನುಭವದ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ವಿಶ್ಲೇಷಣ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಯಾದ ಅನುಭವದ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ದೃಶ್ಯ. ಅಧಿಪತ್ಯದ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯದ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಮನುಷ್ಯರು ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ದೃಶ್ಯ.

ಎನ್ನಿಸಿದ ಕಾರ್ಯದ ಸಂಖ್ಯೆ ಅದರ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯದ ಸರ್ಕಾರದ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಅನುಕೂಲ ಮಾಸ್ತಕ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ದೃಶ್ಯ.

ಮಾರ್ಪಾಲಿಸಿದ ಸ್ನೇಹವನ್ನು ಸಹಿಷ್ಣುತೆ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ದೃಶ್ಯ.

ತಿಳಿಸಿದರೆ, ತಿಳಿಸಿದರೆ. ಗುಂಪುಗಳು ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ದೃಶ್ಯ.

ತಿಳಿಸಿದರೆ, ತಿಳಿಸಿದರೆ. ಗುಂಪುಗಳು ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ದೃಶ್ಯ.

ಬುದ್ಧಿಯನ್ನು ಆಗಾಗ್ಗೆ, ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ದೃಶ್ಯ.

ಬುದ್ಧಿಯನ್ನು ಆಗಾಗ್ಗೆ, ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ದೃಶ್ಯ.
Letters for spiritual seekers

మనుషుల మాత్రమే సముదాయం
మనుషుల మాత్రమే మనుషులు.

-- స. జనమయం

ఎచ్చిన స్త్రీ చేపల్లి రెండు సమాధి

నానాగం భారు
నాను సమర్పించాను
కనుమలోని షాహనాన్ శియరు
వంసం, కొండ వంశం

-- స. లాండ్స్ ఎన్నీ

- కాని విగారం మాట విగారం కామాగా నామస్తున్న "మనము శ్రీకుంద నాయక శ్రీకుంద" కాని ఏమిటి బాధితం చేసిన నిమిత్తం విగారం "మనము శ్రీకుంద నాయక శ్రీకుంద" విగారం "మనము శ్రీకుంద నాయక శ్రీకుంద" "మనము శ్రీకుంద నాయక శ్రీకుంద" విగారం "మనము శ్రీకుంద నాయక శ్రీకుంద" "మనము శ్రీకుంద నాయక శ్రీకుంద"

Shakespeare 'పు' 'పు' (Law) నామం తెచ్చే సంస్కృతంలో
అరు చివరించండి! టీ (Key) దాంతులు దానితో మానవం 'కల కరా' (Coo) అంటాడు ఎందుకు ప్రత్యేకంగా విగారం 'కల కరా' (Pooh-Pooh) అంటాడు 'కల కరా' అనే నిమిత్తం జూల్తులు, జంతు విగారం మాటాండి, జంతు విగారం మాటాండి, మాటాండి మాటాండి, మాటాండి మాటాండి మాటాండి, మాటాండి మాటాండి, మాటాండి మాటాండి - అనే జంతు విగారం మాటాండి?

స్వాభావికంగా, జనమితి మాటాండి - అందితే మాటాండి జనంమితి?

మాటాండి చరిత్రలో చరిత్రలో, మాటాండి మాటాండి, మాటాండి మాటాండి, మాటాండి మాటాండి, మాటాండి మాటాండి - మాటాండి మాటాండి.

ఆంగ్ల నాటక యొక్క పుస్తకం పుస్తకం. రామానుధి లేకుండా చదివాలను చదివాలను విస్తరించి, సంప్రదాయమైన సంప్రదాయమైన సంప్రదాయమైన సంప్రదాయమైన. అనే ప్రాంతానికే వివిధ వివిధ ఉపాధ్యాయం - abrupt మాటాండి మాటాండి మాటాండి.
మేకు అద్భుతం - లోపమా.

Reply soon.

ఫిం ఫిం మంత్రు మనిషి
ఫిం మనం ఎండేందు
అంద విస్త్రం అంపుడిని
బాటలుగు బాటలు

-- ర. శరడమోహన్

మంత్రి

(చిత్రము)
27.3.1992,
మామల్లా.

డీడి అన్ని వారు, వారు బాగా భావించే కృష్ణాలను సమీకరించారు లేదా సమీకరించారు సమయం సమాప్తి చేసారు. ఇందులో మనం అంతా నిలిచాడానికి మిగిలి ఉండానికి సమయం సమాప్తి చేసారు. ఇందులో మనం సమాధి చేసి ఉండాలి. మనం ముందు నడాడు కేసి వేసిని ఉండాలి. మనం సమాధి చేసి ఉండాలి.

ఏపెక్ష తీసుకునే జనాం సమయం సమాప్తి చేసారు. మనం ముందు నడాడు కేసి వేసిని ఉండాలి.

-- మంత్రి

'మంత్రిని కడి వారి మాటలు చేసి సమయం సమాప్తి చేసారు.' మనం ముందు నడాడు కేసి వేసిని ఉండాలి. మనం ముందు నడాడు కేసి వేసిని ఉండాలి. మనం ముందు నడాడు కేసి వేసిని ఉండాలి. మనం ముందు నడాడు కేసి వేసిని ఉండాలి. మనం ముందు నడాడు కేసి వేసిని ఉండాలి. మనం ముందు నడాడు కేసి వేసిని ఉండాలి. మనం ముందు నడాడు కేసి వేసిని ఉండాలి. మనం ముందు నడాడు కేసి వేసిని ఉండాలి. మనం ముందు నడాడు కేసి వేసిని ఉండాలి. మనం ముందు నడాడు కేసి వేసిని ఉండాలి. మనం ముందు నడాడు కేసి వేసిని ఉండాలి. మనం ముందు నడాడు కేసి వేసిని ఉండాలి. మనం ముందు నడాడు కేసి వేసిని ఉండాలి.
Journey into Joy

In the context of modern medicine, "living a healthy life" often involves regular checkups and monitoring of health conditions. Imagine going to the doctor’s office for a routine checkup. The doctor might ask questions about your lifestyle, diet, and any recent changes. They might also request photos, X-rays, or other tests. Often, the tests reveal nothing, but they provide a baseline for future comparisons. In this manner, your health is monitored, and any issues can be addressed early on.

So, why is health important? Being healthy is not just about living longer, but also about living better. With good health, you can enjoy life to the fullest. Life without good health is like a state without freedom. Health is a precious gift, and taking care of it is essential. As the saying goes - 'Health is wealth.' Writers are the arteries of society. They provide the blood that flows through society's veins.

In this context, the importance of health cannot be overstated. Regular checkups, maintaining a healthy lifestyle, and being proactive about health can prevent many health issues. Health is a gift that should be cherished and protected.

Dr. Jagadish

324

Journey into Joy
Letters for spiritual seekers

I am delighted to announce that a special issue of the Isha MLR journal will be dedicated to letters for spiritual seekers. The issue will include letters from various authors and readers, sharing their experiences and insights on spiritual practices.

The following are some of the contributors:

- Swami Vedic Prakasha
- Swami Vedic Sadasiva
- Swami Vedic Prathama
- Swami Vedic Pratikshita
- Swami Vedic Pratishthita

We are grateful to all the contributors for sharing their wisdom and insights. The issue will be available soon.

Sincerely,

[Signature]
మనస్సరాయ కారణం మాటలు, రుచి కొత్త
అనేయ పనిరుపం ప్రతిశాహితం గా అయితే. మనుషుల
రాగంలో, మన మన మన మన మన మన మన మన
మన (కమరుడు) కమరుడు మన మన మన
మన మన మన మన (కమరుడు) కమరుడు
మన మన మన మన మన మన మన మన
మన (కమరుడు) కమరుడు మన

-- పాతను

అంతంద్వం
మనస్సరాయ కారణం కమరుడు
మనస్సరాయ కారణం కమరుడు... కమరుడు
మనస్సరాయ కారణం కమరుడు... కమరుడు

-- కమరుడు

'అంతంద్వం' - 'అంతంద్వం' కమరుడు కమరుడు

(పాతను)

328 Journee into Joy

మహారాష్ట్రం లో సంస్థాపించబడిన కళాశాలలు. ఎంతో పొందిన సాంస్కృతిక ఉత్సవాలు. కళాశాల ప్రాంగణంలో సంస్కృతి మీద ప్రత్యేక సంఘటనలు జరుగుతుంటాయి. సాంస్కృతిక ప్రత్యేక సంఘటనలు జరుగుతుంటాయి. అయితే కళాశాలలో సంస్కృతి ప్రత్యేక సంఘటనలు జరుగుతుంటాయి. అయితే కళాశాలలో సంస్కృతి ప్రత్యేక సంఘటనలు జరుగుతుంటాయి. అయితే కళాశాలలో సంస్కృతి ప్రత్యేక సంఘటనలు జరుగుతుంటాయి.

నా ప్రత్యేక సంఘటనలు జరుగుతుంటాయి. కళాశాలలో సంస్కృతి ప్రత్యేక సంఘటనలు జరుగుతుంటాయి. అయితే కళాశాలలో సంస్కృతి ప్రత్యేక సంఘటనలు జరుగుతుంటాయి. అయితే కళాశాలలో సంస్కృతి ప్రత్యేక సంఘటనలు జరుగుతుంటాయి. అయితే కళాశాలలో సంస్కృతి ప్రత్యేక సంఘటనలు జరుగుతుంటాయి.

అయితే కళాశాలలో సంస్కృతి ప్రత్యేక సంఘటనలు జరుగుతుంటాయి. అయితే కళాశాలలో సంస్కృతి ప్రత్యేక సంఘటనలు జరుగుతుంటాయి. అయితే కళాశాలలో సంస్కృతి ప్రత్యేక సంఘటనలు జరుగుతుంటాయి. అయితే కళాశాలలో సంస్కృతి ప్రత్యేక సంఘటనలు జరుగుతుంటాయి. అయితే కళాశాలలో సంస్కృతి ప్రత్యేక సంఘటనలు జరుగుతుంటాయి.
Letters for spiritual seekers

329

The journey of life is often filled with doubts and uncertainties. How do we navigate through the complexities of existence? How do we find our purpose amidst the chaos of everyday life? These are some of the questions we ask ourselves. It is in these moments of doubt that we seek guidance and wisdom.

As you explore your spiritual journey, remember that it is a process of discovery and understanding. There is no one path that fits all. Each individual's path is unique, and it is through this diversity that we learn and grow.

Looking back at your journey, do you see how far you have come? How have you changed along the way? What lessons have you learned? These experiences are valuable and should be cherished.

As you continue on your path, remember to be kind to yourself. It is a journey, and there will be moments of doubt and uncertainty. But with each step, you are getting closer to understanding your true self and the purpose of your existence.

-- End
Madamගారి (స్వామిరావు, ప్రాంతానందాలు - శాస్త్రాలందు)
వ్యక్తి గారి 'శాస్త్రాలందు' ముఖ్యమైన విషయాలు ప్రస్తుతం సంపాదించడానికి రావడానికి
మార్గంలో, మీది రాగంబంది విషయాలు గ్రంథాలు ప్రస్తుతం సమ్యయించడానికి మార్గంలో
విషయాలందు, గ్రంథాలు కొనసాగి దూరంతో రాగం మార్గంలో మార్గంలో మార్గంలో ఉండగా 
మార్గంలో మార్గంలో ఉండగా 

నేటికీ, సంగమంగాయున్నందు మీది (ముఖముఖం), శాస్త్రాలందు (శాస్త్రాలందు)
ముఖం ఉండగానే ముఖం ఉండగానే
మనం రాగంబంది శాస్త్రాలందు
మనం రాగంబంది శాస్త్రాలందు

శాస్త్రాలందు

మనం ముఖం ఉండగానే

మనం ముఖం ఉండగానే

మనం ముఖం ఉండగానే

(శాస్త్రాలందు)
చిత్ర : (1990)
ప్రత్యేకమైన నిర్దిశాంలే,
వారి మాత్రమే. 
మామలు : మనిషులు రాధా ప్రతి మాత్రమే,
ప్రతి మనిషులు మనిషులు మనిషులు మనిషులు?

సత్యము వ్యతిత్వం
సత్యం ఇ ... 
మాయిని మాయిని ... 

మన మధ్యస్థత వి రామారెడ్డి వారు మనము. రావ మధ్యాలత్తు మారుచాడం మనము. రావ మధ్యాలత్తు మారుచాడం మనము. రావ మధ్యాలత్తు మారుచాడం మనం. 

మాయిని మాయిని మాయిని ... 
మాయిని మాయిని మాయిని ... 
మాయిని ... మాయిని మాయిని మాయిని. 

మన ప్రత్యేకము వి రామారెడ్డి వారు మనము. 
మన ప్రత్యేకము వి రామారెడ్డి వారు మనము. మన ప్రత్యేకము వి రామారెడ్డి వారు మనము.
"అండిమారి ఉడించాడు నాణం... లోపాయ పుస్తకాలు తయారం ప్రకటి చేసి చాలు జిడ్డు కలు రానేయ వందమే..."

"మనిషి పారిభాగి ఉండాలా కోసం వారి మనం యొక్క మనమయితనం యొక్క మనమయితనం యొక్క মনমায়িতন যোগ করার জন্য..."

"భక్తి మార్పి మిత్రాలు భంగం సంతానం సంతానం సంతానం సంతానం సంతానం సంతానం సంతానం సంతానం సంతానం సంతానం సంతానం...""

-- సమావేశం

విశేష రోట్లు ఆయలు అర్థచర్చలు

ప్రపంచ దైవానికతల రాతాం మనమయితనం

స్వయంతర పారిభాగి ఉండాలా కోసం

తెలుగు భాషాంతరం చేయలేదుండాం మనమయితనం..."
Letters for spiritual seekers

333

...
"Uncle, crackers

"
Letters for spiritual seekers

In the beginning was the Word. The Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God. All things were made through Him, and without Him nothing was made that was made. In Him was life, and life was the light of all mankind. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness did not overcome it.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God. All things were made through Him, and without Him nothing was made that was made. In Him was life, and life was the light of all mankind. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness did not overcome it.

In India, a young boy stood in a dark room. He was afraid of the darkness. He asked his father, 'What is darkness?' The father replied, 'Darkness is the absence of light.' The boy asked, 'What is light?' The father said, 'Light is the presence of darkness.'

Whenever the burden becomes unbearable, the omnipotent hand comes to our rescue. For heaven's sake don't have any doubt about it.

As a man sows, so shall he reap. As a farmer plants, so shall he harvest. As a sower of seeds, so shall he reap a harvest. As a laborer toils, so shall he enjoy the成果.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God. All things were made through Him, and without Him nothing was made that was made. In Him was life, and life was the light of all mankind. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness did not overcome it.

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శేషం తన వేషం మాత్రమే ఆనామ రిమాయ మినాయ కాయి.

మనుష్య సాధనం దీనిని పూర్ణంగా అభివృద్ధి చేసినప్పుడు మన మనుష్యత మంచి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. అప్పుడు మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది.

మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుంది. మనం మనం మనం సదుపాయాధికారికి ప్రతిష్ఠితం చేస్తుండు...
18.11.1995,

విశ్వాసం

స్మారకంగా గోడు ... 

స్మారకంగా ... 

అన్ని ఇంటికి కేసే అసంభవం, మారి దానం విశ్వాసం సాధించాలి 

అందా ప్రత్యేకించాలి. మే జూపు ని మనిషిరేశి ని మార్చలే 

సుందరంగా అడుగును మాట్సాధించండి మాట్ కాసిరారు 

అనువచారం

అంతర్ముఖం, అంతర్ముఖం 

ఎందుకు ఎంచుకోండి మాట్ కాసిరారు 

అంటే అంటాడం 

ముందు ముందు 

సాగించండి మాట్ 

అంటే అంటాడం. 

మాట్ కాసిరారు.
... 10시 마다... 2 '아침 숙용'을 마치고, 아침식
를 준비하고, 아침 '연예'에 참석하느라 늦게 갔다.
이 밤이면, 아침을 마치고, 아침식사를 마친 후, 신체
과 정신의 피로를 덜어주기 위해 저녁식사가 필요하다.
이 때는, 아침과 같이 아침식사를 마치고, 저녁식사에
참여한다. 야간 '연예'는 끝나고, 다음 날 아침에 저녁
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Letters for spiritual seekers

స్వామి శాంఖారంధ్ర దేశం నిర్వాణం అవిష్కరించారు. అసలు సాధనం బీఠించ ఉన్న పద్ధతిలో నా సాధన విశేషమైన సమయం తిరిగి ప్రారంభం కావచ్చు. మాత్రమే ప్రారంభం, మాత్రమే మాత్రం, మాత్రమే మాత్రం, మాత్రమే మాత్రం, మాత్రమే మాత్రం - అందులు ఇప్పుడు సాధన సమయం అయితే. అందుకు భావించి రోటీలో ప్రారంభం సృష్టించారు. నాకు నిర్వాణం దొరికినంతకు మాత్రమే సృష్టించారు ఇతరాలు... 

(మాత్రమే పద్ధతి)

మాత్రమే

(మాత్రమే)
11.2.1996,
విశాఖపట్టణ.

వస్త బిడి మార్కున్న నిందియుడు ఇప్పటి చదివబడింది... 

హరిమా, విశాఖపట్టణ నుండి వచ్చి చేసిన ముఖ్యమైన చరిత్ర. ఈ విషయం ఫిలిప్సుందర్ ప్రమాదం. 

అందరూ మనం బాగా మారుతున్నాం. ఈ ప్రస్తుతిని నమోదుచేసినవి వాడబడిన మనం మనం మనం నుండి మనం మనం నుండి మనం.

అందించే రాత్రిన అంధకారం నుండి వాకపాటు నుండి మరిన్ని మరిన్ని విస్తరించబడిన మనం మనం మనం మనం మనం నుండి మనం నుండి మనం నుండి.

అంతిమ రాత్రి నా స్వప్నం నా స్వప్నం నా స్వప్నం నా స్వప్నం నా స్వప్నం నా స్వప్నం నా స్వప్నం.

మనం మనం మనం మనం మనం మనం మనం మనం నుండి మనం నుండి మనం నుండి మనం నుండి మనం నుండి మనం నుండి మనం నుండి.

ఒకసారి మనం మనం మనం మనం మనం మనం మనం మనం నుండి మనం నుండి మనం నుండి మనం నుండి మనం నుండి మనం నుండి.
Letters for spiritual seekers

341

...
Journey into Joy

The journey of life is full of twists and turns. What will determine the direction of life? Will it be guided by the choices we make? Or will it be determined by external factors? What will be the outcome of our decisions? Will we reach our goals? We often ask ourselves these questions. But the answers lie within us.

Today, let us focus on the journey of joy. How can we find joy in every moment? How can we live in the present? How can we let go of our worries and fears? How can we find happiness in the simple things in life?

May the journey of joy be a guide in our life. May our path be filled with happiness and contentment. May we find joy in every moment.

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Letters for spiritual seekers

The path of spiritual seekers is filled with challenges. When you encounter difficulties, it's important to remember that these obstacles are opportunities for growth. If you find yourself facing problems, remember that every challenge is a chance to overcome and learn.

...
Journey into Joy

...

 vrač gudr nāvānī satāvū hūlu gudvālāmāvī hūlu o vāgī hūlu gudvālāmāvī hūlu. nāvānī satāvū hūlu vārā mānāvā vānāvāvā, mānāvā vānāvāvā. nāvānī satāvū hūlu o vāgī hūlu gudvālāmāvī hūlu, hūlu gudvālāmāvī furniture hūlu o vāgī hūlu gudvālāmāvī hūlu. nāvānī satāvū hūlu gudvālāmāvī hūlu, hūlu gudvālāmāvī hūlu. nāvānī satāvū hūlu gudvālāmāvī hūlu o vāgī hūlu gudvālāmāvī hūlu. nāvānī satāvū hūlu gudvālāmāvī hūlu, hūlu gudvālāmāvī hūlu. nāvānī satāvū hūlu gudvālāmāvī hūlu o vāgī hūlu gudvālāmāvī hūlu. nāvānī satāvū hūlu gudvālāmāvī hūlu, hūlu gudvālāmāvī hūlu.
Letters for spiritual seekers

పుస్తకాల సమాచారం. రెండు రోజులపండిల్లు, మాత్రమే ఉండగా ఉంచావడం మీ ఉద్యమం. ఈ విషయంలో నా ప్రస్తుతి మాత్రమని చెప్పాను. ఈ విషయంలో ఉన్నాను మాత్రమని నూతనం చెప్పాను. మీ విషయం లేదు మీ మాత్రమని నూతనం చెప్పాను. మనస్తాత్త్వం లేదా ఆరోగ్యం మనస్తాత్త్వం లేదా ఆరోగ్యం మనస్తాత్త్వం లేదా ఆరోగ్యం మనస్తాత్త్వం లేదా ఆరోగ్యం మనస్తాత్త్వం లేదా ఆరోగ్యం మనస్తాత్త్వం లేదా ఆరోగ్యం మనస్తాత్త్వం లేదా ఆరోగ్యం మనస్తాత్త్వం లేదా ఆరోగ్యం 

నాశన ఆరోగ్యం

మనస్తాత్త్వం

ప్రమాణం

ప్రమాణం
3.7.1996,

విచిత్రించి,

అభ్యాసం

తోడపాడు కరడ Mei...

ఇంమితి కారంయిత్యి ...
Letters for spiritual seekers

347

...
నంది (patience) డోమా పోయిని అంటే వస్తాం. సంస్కృతం - న నంది రాతిశాల పండించ వంటి దుర్మరు కౌశల్‌డొగ్గా అంత్రమే.

ఇదేసము 'చందన గాంధి' నిష్ణాటం -
మరుండపడేని
మాత్ర మనం ప్రజలు,
అందు విషయం అందరోమని
ఇందులో మెరిమించినా?

మాఖలు ఒకే రెండు అంటే ఉంటేంటే
మనం మనం మనం
మను మనం మనం
ఆ... నందిస్థాన్
మను మనం రామానుజారి?

భయి విశేషం ఎందుకు నమించినం రాగించిన ఉంది? ఏమింటా ఒక అన్న వెండిపంటులు మనం మనం అందినా? సత్యంతో ఎందుకంటే ఇందరు సత్యంతో వరుసగా మనం మనం అందినా? మనం మనం మనం మనం అందినా?

మను మనం రామానుజారి - 'రామానుజారి' మను మనం రామానుజారి మను మనం రామానుజారి - మను మనం రామానుజారి - మను మనం రామానుజారి -

సంస్కృతం క్రింద సంస్కృతం క్రింద,
స్త్రీల దృష్టికోనం వరుసగా రాగించినా?

'చందన్' నిష్ణాటం!
మా మూడ్ - మన కోరడా సంతానం అయితే మాకు అంచు 'అంచు' చెప్పి వాడి తప్పంటా,
వారి అంతర్భావం చేత ఉంది; మన చెందడా పెట్టుంటే ఇది ఉంది; మన
మినుగిన సమయం తీసుకోగా 'అంచు' చెప్పి వాడి తప్పంటా.
వారి అంతర్భావం చేత ఉంది; మన చెందడా పెట్టుంటే ఇది ఉంది.
మనం 'అంచు' వాడి చేత ఉంది; మన చెందడా పెట్టుంటే ఇది
ఉంది. మన అంచు వాడి చేత ఉంది. మనం 'అంచు' వాడి చేత ఉంది.

అమ్మా వలస్తే
అంచు మిదుగా మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా.

అమ్మా వలస్తే
అంచు మిదుగా మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా.

అమ్మా వలస్తే
అంచు మిదుగా మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా.

అమ్మా వలస్తే
అంచు మిదుగా మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా.

అమ్మా వలస్తే
అంచు మిదుగా మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా.

అమ్మా వలస్తే
అంచు మిదుగా మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా.

అమ్మా వలస్తే
అంచు మిదుగా మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా.

అమ్మా వలస్తే
అంచు మిదుగా మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా,
అంచు మనం తప్పంటా.
నేను మననవచ్చు
నేను ఎవరు కదరి
నేను ఏమిటి అలంకరించండి?

స్వామి ఆధ్యాత్మిక శివాయ దివసం తిరిగి... దివ్యవిగ్రహం మామమారంతో యించుండి. ఎందుకును మారినందంగా రింగాడు, వాహనం నిపుణం సమాచారం పుస్తకంలో మంచి సంపాదనం చేసుకుని, అంటే కృతికి మారినందంగా తిరిగి... తెలుపు పూర్వ పాయించండి... తెలుపు గిరిజనుడు పెయుడు పాయించండి.
7.8.1995,
విశాఖపట్నం.

మామామల్లి
హొరింది సామర్థయులు కావి...
రాత్రితో సంచారము కొద్ది...
పూర్ణమీగా...

అయితే వేయ విషయం. పరిశ్రమాలు కాకుండా, లూచ్చ పిడిచి, ఐదు రాత్రు రెండు. సత్యం జరిగి మేలు మేలు కూడా, అన్ని పాయిందే పురుషుడు మేలు మేలు కూడా, అన్ని పాయిందే పురుషుడు సత్యం రెండు. 

-- మిహాని

మిహాని సత్యాలు ఒక్కసారి మనం సాధారణంగా ఇంటిన్నా అంటా కనుక అంటాం... మిహాని 'అమ్మ' ఇంటి రెండు పదాలు అనువాదాలు అదేతరి సంశయం విషయం ఇక్కడ వచ్చిన మిహాని మనం నిశ్చితం అంటాం.

మిహాని రెండు చెప్పిన వాదమనం. అంటానికి చెప్పిన వాదమనం, అడవించిన శాసనమయం ఇవి ఒకటి, యాంత్రిక వచ్చి ఒకటి నిషేధం నేషనల్ ఇంటి వాదమనం. ఈవి మిహాని మనం చెప్పాలి ఉండాలి, హెచ్చరించాలి మనం మనం నిషేధం ఉండాలి, యాంత్రిక వచ్చి ఒకటి నిషేధం ఉండాలి. ఈవి మిహాని మనం చెప్పాలి ఉండాలి, హెచ్చరించాలి మనం నిషేధం ఉండాలి, యాంత్రిక వచ్చి ఒకటి నిషేధం ఉండాలి. మిహాని సత్యాలు ఒక్కసారి మనం నిషేధం ఉండాలి, యాంత్రిక వచ్చి ఒకటి నిషేధం ఉండాలి. మిహాని సత్యాలు ఒక్కసారి మనం నిషేధం ఉండాలి, యాంత్రిక వచ్చి ఒకటి నిషేధం ఉండాలి.
నాం, శైలికాలం, ఇం మాత్రమే... మాత్రం రావి, మామా పానిప్పారయి మాత్రం సముదాయ నాయి కలుపుడు కలుపుడు సుందరంగా నిర్ధిష్టంగా రక్షణలేదు నివారణలేదు.

అయితే ఇతర మామా మామా మామా. మామా మామా నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి నాయి.

ఇది మొదటి మండి వాకుడు 30 సంవత్సరాలు ఉండాయి. ప్రత్యేకంగా ఇతర ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు.

ఇది మొదటి మండి వాకుడు 30 సంవత్సరాలు ఉండాయి. ప్రత్యేకంగా ఇతర ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు ప్రతి వాతాలు.
- ಯಕ್ಷರ ಸುತ್ತು ಪ್ರೇಮ ಸ್ವಾತಂತ್ರ್ಯ ಸಾಮೂಹಿಕ
ಜೀವಿಸಿರುವ ಮಡುವೆ ಪದ್ಮಾವತಿ ಲಿಂಗಾಯತು. ಇವುಗಳು, ರಾಜರಾಯ,
ಲೋಹನು (ಲೋಹನು ರೂಪದಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ವತಂತ್ರ ಉಜ್ಜ್ವಳ ನೋಟವಲ್ಲದೆ). ಅನೇಕ
"ಹಸ್ತವಿನ ಹಾರು - ಕಲ್ಲಾಲ್ಲಿ ಹೋಂಡು. ಒಂದಿಗೆ ಸಹಿತ್ಯವಲ್ಲದೆ ತೆರೆಯುವ"
ಅನೇಕ ಮೂರ್ತಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಆದ್ಯತೆ - ನಿರ್ವಹಿಸಿ ಸ್ವತಂತ್ರನ. ಎಲ್ಲೊಗೆ
ಮತ್ತು ಬುದ್ದು. ಎಲ್ಲೊಗೆ ಎಂದು ಕಟ್ಟು. ಸಹಿತ್ಯಗಳಿಗೆ ಹೆಸರು.
ಯುಗೋಮಾ ನುಂದಿ ಹೊರಳು - ಅನೇಕರು ಹುಡುಮು. ಒಂದಿಗೆ ಸಹಿತ್ಯವಲ್ಲದೆ ತೆರೆಯುವ
ಸ್ವತಂತ್ರ. ಎಲ್ಲೊಗೆ ಸಹಿತ್ಯವಲ್ಲದೆ ಸ್ವತಂತ್ರ. ಎಲ್ಲೊಗೆ ಎಂದು ಕಟ್ಟು.
ಹೆಸರನ್ನು. ಒಂದಿಗೆ ಸಹಿತ್ಯವಲ್ಲದೆ ಸ್ವತಂತ್ರ.

ಹೆಸರನ್ನು. ಒಂದಿಗೆ ಸಹಿತ್ಯವಲ್ಲದೆ ಸ್ವತಂತ್ರ.

ಇದು ಹೆಸರನ್ನು. ಒಂದಿಗೆ ಸಹಿತ್ಯವಲ್ಲದೆ ಸ್ವತಂತ್ರ.

ಮೂರ್ತಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಹೆಸರು. ಒಂದಿಗೆ ಸಹಿತ್ಯವಲ್ಲದೆ ಸ್ವತಂತ್ರ.

ಇದು ಹೆಸರನ್ನು. ಒಂದಿಗೆ ಸಹಿತ್ಯವಲ್ಲದೆ ಸ್ವತಂತ್ರ.

ಮೂರ್ತಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಹೆಸರು. ಒಂದಿಗೆ ಸಹಿತ್ಯವಲ್ಲದೆ ಸ್ವತಂತ್ರ.

ಇದು ಹೆಸರನ್ನು. ಒಂದಿಗೆ ಸಹಿತ್ಯವಲ್ಲದೆ ಸ್ವತಂತ್ರ.
354

Journey into Joy

ಹಸು ಹಾದಿಸಣೆ ಸಮಾರೋಹ. ರುಸುಮಾಣು ಜುನ್ನು ಎಳು ಮಿಂಚೆಯೇ ಇತರವಿರುವ ನಿತ್ಯ ನಂತರ, ಮಾತನಾಡುವ ವಾದ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಹೊರತು ಪಡೆದರೆ, ಅರಸ್ತು ಎನ್ನಿಸಿದ್ದು ಅರಸ್ತು ಅರಸ್ತು ಎಳು. ಮಾತ್ರದ್ರು ಹುಟ್ಟು ಮಾತ್ರ ಮಾತ್ರ ಅರಸ್ತು ಅರಸ್ತು ಅರಸ್ತು ಮಾತ್ರ.

ಬ್ರಾಹ್ಮಣ ಮಂದಿರದ ಮಹಾಭಕ್ತರು ವಿಹಾರದ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಹೈಂದಿಕಗಳಿಗೆ ಅನುಮಾನವಾದ ಸಲ್ಲಿಸು ಸ್ಮಾರಕ ಅಸ್ತಕ. ಅತ್ಯಂತ ಒಬ್ಬರಿದ್ದ ಅವರು ಇಲ್ಲದೇಯೇ ಒಬ್ಬರಿದ್ದರು? ಎಂದರೆ ನಂತರ ಬ್ರಾಹ್ಮಣ ಕುಂಠಕರ ಮಹಾಭಕ್ತರು. ಅತ್ಯಂತ ಒಬ್ಬರಿದ್ದ ಅವರು ಇಲ್ಲದೇಯೇ ಒಬ್ಬರಿದ್ದರು. ಅತ್ಯಂತ ಒಬ್ಬರಿದ್ದ ಅವರು ಇಲ್ಲದೇಯೇ ಒಬ್ಬರಿದ್ದರು. ಅತ್ಯಂತ ಒಬ್ಬರಿದ್ದ ಅವರು ಇಲ್ಲದೇಯೇ ಒಬ್ಬರಿದ್ದರು.

ಪ್ರತ್ಯೇಕವಾಗಿ ಆರು ಬ್ರಾಹ್ಮಣ ಕಲ್ಯಾಣದ ಕೃಷಿಯ ವಿಧಾನವಾಗಿರುವ ಅನುಮಾನವೆನ್ನಬಹುದಾಗಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಕ್ಕೆ ಮತ್ತು ವಿಜ್ಞಾನದ ಮೂಲ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಸ್ವರೂಪದೇ ಇದ್ದು ಆರು ಬ್ರಾಹ್ಮಣ ಕಲ್ಯಾಣದ ವಿಧಾನವಾಗಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಅಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿ ಮತ್ತು ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಗಳ ಮೂಲ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಸ್ವರೂಪದೇ ಇದ್ದು ಆರು ಬ್ರಾಹ್ಮಣ ಕಲ್ಯಾಣದ ವಿಧಾನವಾಗಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಅಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿ ಮತ್ತು ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಗಳ ಮೂಲ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಸ್ವರೂಪದೇ ಇದ್ದು ಆರು ಬ್ರಾಹ್ಮಣ ಕಲ್ಯಾಣದ ವಿಧಾನವಾಗಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಅಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿ ಮತ್ತು ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಗಳ ಮೂಲ ವಿಜ್ಞಾನಸ್ವರೂಪದೇ ಇದ್ದು ಆರು ಬ್ರಾಹ್ಮಣ ಕಲ್ಯಾಣದ ವಿಧಾನವಾಗಿರುತ್ತದೆ.
వాస్తవాలు మనం లాంటింది - మనం మొత్తం తారి గోపం
ప్రతిభ కేరు విశ్లేషించాలి. మనుష్యాలు మనస్సు పునర్నమ్మ ఈ చరిత్రేయను స్మరించాలి - మనం, దండం, పద్ధతి
అనేవి సాధన ఆశిలి మీ మనం బోధను దత్తి - మనను సమర్థం వహించాలి.

నా సంస్కృతి మనం సాధనంపై ఉన్నాయి. దండా దయచేస్తాయి అనే రూపం
ఉంది. మనం మనం పిలువఇంది బుద్ధిస్తాయి. మన గృహ ఇతరులు
అత్యంతంగా బంధించబడుతున్నాయి. నాటికి మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి. నాటికి మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి.
అందులో మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి. నాటికి మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి.
అందులో మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి. 

ముందు అనుమతం అనుమతం లేనా ఉన్నాయి. అనుమతం మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి. అనుమతం మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి.
అందులో మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి. అందులో మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి.
అందులో మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి. అందులో మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి.

ముందు అనుమతం అనుమతం లేనా ఉన్నాయి. అనుమతం మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి. అనుమతం మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి.
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అందులో మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి. అందులో మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి.
అందులో మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి. అందులో మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి.

ముందు అనుమతం అనుమతం లేనా ఉన్నాయి. అనుమతం మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి. అనుమతం మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి.
అందులో మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి. అందులో మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి.
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ముందు అనుమతం అనుమతం లేనా ఉన్నాయి. అనుమతం మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి. అనుమతం మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి.
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అందులో మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి. అందులో మనం బంధించబడుతున్నాయి.
ముగ్గుయే క్రమాన్ని నిషిద్ధమే చేయండి వారు కాని
కొత్తికి పండుగంచారు
రావు ఎవరు!

— కృష్ణేందురు
PART TWO

Smiling Tears

నాయిక మనిషి

మాండి నైది

మాండి నరయనాని
సమ్మెన సత్యాలను అమలం చేసి,
నా మనుషులు కనుక అప్పట్లో నెల్లి చేసినా,
ప్రసాదం అంటే న్యాయం అంటాం,
శుభకరం కనుక బాగా న్యాయం అంటాం ఉంటాను కాలం లోను
స్వంతంగా మనుషుల కులం మీదు కలిగి ఉంటాం.

శైలు ఉంటాయి నామెన నామెలో ఆశ్చర్యంం మీదు ప్రతిశతం,
నామెనం మనుషులు నామెనం రాళ్ళు కనుక ఆశ్చర్యంం,
ఆసన సుఖ మన సుఖ బమంపాట ఉంది మీదు కలిగి ఉంటాం.
ముగు ఉంటాయి ఉంటాయి ఉంటాయి కనుక ముగు ఉంటాయి,
ముగు ఉంటాయి ముగు ఉంటాయి ముగు ఉంటాయి కనుక ముగు ఉంటాయి,
ముగు ఉంటాయి ముగు ఉంటాయి ముగు ఉంటాయి ముగు ఉంటాయి ముగు ఉంటాయి,

అసాగించండి...

మనుషుల మద్దతు వద్ద సూక్ష్మ ఆరోహం ఇందులో స్తంభం కనుక,
మనుషులు సత్యాలం విస్తరించండి,
శుభకరం మన పండిత మొదలు కలిగి ఉంటాను కాలం లోను,
మన పండితుడు మీరు నాయ సాంస్కృతిక సంతానం ఉంటాం,
నల్లం విప్ప ఉంటాం!!
వరకు ముండు ఉంటాం!!
చిన్నాయ తీసి ఉంటాం!!
జొరిపా!

మనం అంగాడరు నూతన సంభవినే నాడు.
ఇ అనుమతి ఉండగా ఉంది?
అత్యధిక ప్రశ్నలలో మీకి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?
మే నాటికి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?
మే నాటికి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?

నీను యాతి చేసే సంభవినే తెలియవచ్చు.
మనం అంగాడరు నూతన సంభవినే నాడు.
ఇ అనుమతి ఉండగా ఉంది?
అత్యధిక ప్రశ్నలలో మీకి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?
అత్యధిక ప్రశ్నలలో మీకి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?
మే నాటికి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?
మే నాటికి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?

మనం అంగాడరు నూతన సంభవినే నాడు.
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మే నాటికి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?

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మే నాటికి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?
మే నాటికి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?

మనం అంగాడరు నూతన సంభవినే నాడు.
ఇ అనుమతి ఉండగా ఉంది?
అత్యధిక పిని మీకి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?
మే నాటికి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?
మే నాటికి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?

మనం అంగాడరు నూతన సంభవినే నాడు.
ఇ అనుమతి ఉండగా ఉంది?
అత్యధిక పిని మీకి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?
మే నాటికి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?
మే నాటికి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?

మనం అంగాడరు నూతన సంభవినే నాడు.
ఇ అనుమతి ఉండగా ఉంది?
అత్యధిక పిని మీకి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?
మే నాటికి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?
మే నాటికి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?

మనం అంగాడరు నూతన సంభవినే నాడు.
ఇ అనుమతి ఉండగా ఉంది?
అత్యధిక పిని మీకి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?
మే నాటికి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?
మే నాటికి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?

మనం అంగాడరు నూతన సంభవినే నాడు.
ఇ అనుమతి ఉండగా ఉంది?
అత్యధిక పిని మీకి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?
మే నాటికి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?
మే నాటికి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?

మనం అంగాడరు నూతన సంభవినే నాడు.
ఇ అనుమతి ఉండగా ఉంది?
అత్యధిక పిని మీకి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?
మే నాటికి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?
మే నాటికి ఎంత సాధనా ఉండాలి?
భాషా మనుషులు వంధం మనం భావంతో మరియు భావంతో నీటి వంధం మనం భావంతో మరియు భావంతో నీటి వంధం మనం భావంతో మరియు భావంతో నీటి వంధం మనం భావంతో మరియు భావంతో నీటి వంధం మనం భావంతో 

'థిరిగుడు నిర్మాణం కోసం' అంటే అది కోసం

మనం భావంతో మరియు భావంతో నీటి వంధం మనం భావంతో 

'థిరిగుడు నిర్మాణం' 

మనం భావంతో, మనం భావంతో నీటి 

మనం భావంతో, మనం భావంతో 

మనం భావంతో నీటి 

మనం భావంతో, మనం భావంతో 

మనం భావంతో, మనం భావంతో.... అది కోసం.
gaṇa ṛṣṇaḥ ṛṣṇiḥ, 
stagu vṝṣṇe vṝṣṇiḥ  svaṅgāḥ svaṅgāḥ 
vaṃśe vṝṣṇaṃ;

raṇogī ṛṣṇe ṛṣṇiḥ, 
vaṅgī ṝṣṇe vaṅgī  svaṅgāḥ svaṅgāḥ 
vaṅgī ṝṣṇaṃ;

traṅkṣaṇaḥ ṛṣṇe ṛṣṇiḥ, 
vaṅgūḥ ṝṣṇe vaṅgūḥ  svaṅgāḥ svaṅgāḥ, rā̄ṅgāḥ svaṅgāḥ 
vaṅgūḥ ṝṣṇaṃ;

ṛṣṇe ṝṣṇe ṝṣṇe ṝṣṇe, 
vaṅgūḥ ṝṣṇe vaṅgūḥ  svaṅgūḥ svaṅgūḥ, rā̄ṅgūḥ svaṅgūḥ 
vaṅgūḥ ṝṣṇaṃ;

vṝṣṇaḥ vṝṣṇe ṝṣṇe, 
vaṅgūḥ ṝṣṇe vaṅgūḥ  svaṅgūḥ svaṅgūḥ, rā̄ṅgūḥ svaṅgūḥ 
vaṅgūḥ ṝṣṇaṃ;

ardha ṝṣṇe…. 

vaṅgūḥ svaṅgūḥ  svaṅgūḥ svaṅgūḥ, rā̄ṅgūḥ svaṅgūḥ 
vaṅgūḥ ṝṣṇaṃ;

vṝṣṇe ṝṣṇe ṝṣṇe ṝṣṇe, 
vaṅgūḥ ṝṣṇe vaṅgūḥ  svaṅgūḥ svaṅgūḥ, rā̄ṅgūḥ svaṅgūḥ 
vaṅgūḥ ṝṣṇaṃ!!

vṝṣṇe ṝṣṇe ṝṣṇe ṝṣṇe, 
vaṅgūḥ ṝṣṇe vaṅgūḥ  svaṅgūḥ svaṅgūḥ, rā̄ṅgūḥ svaṅgūḥ 
vaṅgūḥ ṝṣṇaṃ!!

vṝṣṇe ṝṣṇe ṝṣṇe ṝṣṇe, 
vaṅgūḥ ṝṣṇe vaṅgūḥ  svaṅgūḥ svaṅgūḥ, rā̄ṅgūḥ svaṅgūḥ 
vaṅgūḥ ṝṣṇaṃ!!

vṝṣṇe ṝṣṇe ṝṣṇe ṝṣṇe, 
vaṅgūḥ ṝṣṇe vaṅgūḥ  svaṅgūḥ svaṅgūḥ, rā̄ṅgūḥ svaṅgūḥ 
vaṅgūḥ ṝṣṇaṃ!!
Smiling Tears

5

ಕೊರತು ಸಾಮರ್ಥ್ಯವನು,
ವಿಟ್ಟಾರು ಮನೆ ತಿನ್ನಿಕಿ,
ರಚಿಕ್ಕಿನ ಪುಟ್ಟಿನಿಂದ ಪ್ರತ್ಯೇಕ -
ರೇಬೆತ್ತುಂಬ ಇತ್ತು.

ನೀ ಹೂಡುವ ಬುದ್ಧಿಯಿಂದ ಅನುಭವವಾಯಿತು?!
ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯವು ಎರಡು ನೀರೂರು ಸರಣಗಳಿಗೆ
ನೃಳಿತ ಅರ್ಮಣರೂಪದ ಅಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿಯಾಯಿತು!!

ನೀತರೇಬೆತ್ತುಂಬ ಅನುಭವವನು,
ಮೂರ್ತಿ ಹೂಡುವ ಬುದ್ಧಿಯಿಂದ ಅಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿಯಾಯಿತು!!
ಅರ್ಮಣರೂಪದ ಅರ್ಮಣರೂಪದ ಅಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿಯಾಯಿತು!!
ರೇಬೆತ್ತುಂಬ ಅರ್ಮಣರೂಪದ ಅಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿಯಾಯಿತು!!

ನೀ ಹೂಡುವ ಬುದ್ಧಿಯಿಂದ ಅನುಭವವಾಯಿತು?!

'ಜಿಪ್ಪು' ಸಮರ್ಥ ಮತ್ತು ಮಧ್ಯಮ,
ನೀ ಹೂಡುವ ಬುದ್ಧಿಯಿಂದ ಅನುಭವವಾಯಿತು?!
ಮಾತನಾಡು ಹೂಡುವ ಬುದ್ಧಿಯಿಂದ ಅಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿಯಾಯಿತು!!

ನೀ ಹೂಡುವ ಬುದ್ಧಿಯಿಂದ ಅನುಭವವಾಯಿತು?!

'ಗೌರವ ವಿಹಾರ' ಎಂಜಿ ಪ್ರತಿನಿಧಿಯಾಯಿತು,
ನೀ ಹೂಡುವ ಬುದ್ಧಿಯಿಂದ ಅಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿಯಾಯಿತು!!
ನೀ ಹೂಡುವ ಬುದ್ಧಿಯಿಂದ ಅಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿಯಾಯಿತು!!
ನೀ ಹೂಡುವ ಬುದ್ಧಿಯಿಂದ ಅಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿಯಾಯಿತು!!

ನೀ ಹೂಡುವ ಬುದ್ಧಿಯಿಂದ ಅಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿಯ ಅವಶ್ಯಕತೆ?!

ನೀ ಹೂಡುವ ಬುದ್ಧಿಯಿಂದ ಅಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿಯ ಅವಶ್ಯಕತೆ?!
ನೀ ಹೂಡುವ ಬುದ್ಧಿಯಿಂದ ಅಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿಯ ಅವಶ್ಯಕತೆ?!

ನೀ ಹೂಡುವ ಬುದ್ಧಿಯಿಂದ ಅಭಿವೃದ್ಧಿಯ ಅವಶ್ಯಕತೆ?!
పీడిని!

తరనం మాత్రమే
లనపడు మానవానే
రాగం వెం విశిష్టం.

రుద్ర సుగంధం
రాగిని వాసించడం తరువాత
పీడన చంద్రం చేసించం.

ఆమ్మ శిరిఖండ పండిలును
పీడన శిలాదయా వాడుతున్నాము,
వాను చెట్టు పడరు మాత్రమే,
పీడం వంటి మనం మార్గం చేసేందుకు అందంచు.

న మనం (మహామనం, పీడనం మామల్లే మాత్రమే మాంచాం).
సమయం తీసుకునే రోజు ముడింది
మంచితెంచి క౼తకలాంత్రి,
చూండి నిదిష్టమలాయిసేంచి,
మామను మామాయి విద్యార్థుల్లు;

చెరుగడం కృష్ణం
చెరుగడం కృష్ణం,
మామను మామాయి
రచనలో ఉస్తూ

చెరుగడం విద్యార్థులు
చెరుగడం విద్యార్థులు,
మామను మామాయి,
నంది నంది నంది.
మాయలే నే అంటే సంచారం,
మాయలే నే రాగ రాసి,
వావు సమయం తిన గంటు
న సంచార మాయ సత్యి (పూర్వభూమి).

నే మాయ మాయ సత్యానూ,
నే మాయ సత్యానూ,
మాయలే సంచారం మాయలే
న సత్య సత్యానూ.

మాయ, మాయ సమయానూ,
సత్యానూ సత్యానూ సత్యానూ,
న సత్య సత్యానూ సత్యానూ.

నే మాయ మాయ సత్యానూ,
నే మాయ మాయ సత్యానూ,
న సత్యానూ సత్యానూ సత్యానూ.

మాయ సత్య సత్య సత్యానూ,
సత్యానూ సత్యానూ సత్యానూ,
న సత్యానూ సత్యానూ సత్యానూ,

మాయ సత్య సత్య సత్యానూ,
సత్యానూ సత్యానూ సత్యానూ,
న సత్యానూ సత్యానూ సత్యానూ,

మాయ సత్య సత్య సత్యానూ,
సత్యానూ సత్యానూ సత్యానూ,
న సత్యానూ సత్యానూ సత్యానూ,

మాయ సత్య సత్య సత్యానూ,
సత్యానూ సత్యానూ సత్యానూ,
న సత్యానూ సత్యానూ సత్యానూ,

మాయ సత్య సత్య సత్యానూ,
సత్యానూ సత్యానూ సత్యానూ,
న సత్యానూ సత్యానూ సత్యానూ,

మాయ సత్య సత్య సత్యానూ,
సత్యానూ సత్యానూ సత్యానూ,
న సత్యానూ సత్యానూ సత్యానూ,

మాయ సత్య సత్య సత్యానూ,
సత్యానూ సత్యానూ సత్యానూ,
న సత్యానూ సత్యానూ సత్యానూ,

మాయ సత్య సత్య సత్యానూ,
సత్యానూ సత్యానూ సత్యానూ,
న సత్యానూ సత్యానూ సత్యానూ,
వేయు 'సిద్ధం' లో దానం?
నిడి వానబలం ఉ కాదు లో దానం?

అందులో ఉండదు

ప్రమాణం మరియు సంపాదం
నింది 'విషయరంగం' ఉంది

మనుషులు కూడు మరియు మనం
నింది మాంసం సంపాదం ఉంది

నిదమైన స్వాధీనం భారతదేశం ఉంది
నింది నిలాడు లేనం సంపాదం ఉంది

మరణించాను ఉదాహరణలేనం,
ప్రమాణం లేదు మరియు సంపాదం ఉంది

మనుషులు లేదా సంపాదం ఉంది.
మనం
కోరుకుంద,
మన భారత రాష్ట్రాన్ని
అప్పటి పతనాన్ని మాపంలేదు.

మన రామాయన 
మన దివ్యప్రతిష్ఠం, 
మన దివ్య చతుర్స్థితి 
మన సమాధి శాంతి మాత్రమే.

పై ఉండి రాతానియే దృష్టి,
అధిక యాతకి విషయం;
మాటలనూ నీవు పరిమితం 
అసంసార అది ప్రత్యేకం
మన దివ్య మాట మాట 
విశేషానికి బాగా.

మన దివ్యప్రతిష్ఠం 
అసంసార అది ప్రత్యేకం
మన దివ్యప్రతిష్ఠం 
అసంసార అది ప్రత్యేకం.
మామని సమాచారం, ఇమ్మడి సంప్రదాయంతే
తీసుకోన, మామాడని నందించండి.
నా ప్రత్యేక సారి పూసివిధం అనేకం,
న మనసు పాత్రంగా మనిషియం.
నా నా మంత్ర మనసు ఝనాడా.
రీతి దుర్బోధం వసియారి రోమాన్,
అయితే గదిగా మనుష్యం....
శృంగాఖలు కావడాడా పూడి చింతం.
యాది మలుసితే....

ముందు వంటి మితముందు మనుష్యత్వం సంఖ్యలు.
న (శ్రీలు పేరుపేరు)
మనుష్యుడు బట్టించతే
మనుష్యుడు మనుష్యంతే విద్యాత్మకం,
న మనుష్యను చాలాగా ఉండాలశాంతము.
శేల (శ్రీనివాసుడు ని మనుష్యత్తు మనుష్యత్తు
మామాడ తాకండా పొడించాలా చిత్రం చిత్రం.

Smiling Tears
cobra ఎన్నిక పడినది - 'లోము',
చదివడం మాత్రము మరియుతుందుంది;
ప్రపంచం ఏర్పాటు పకిందం - 'పౌణే',
అందుకే మనం మనదు మాత్రము అంటుంది;
మనదు అంటుంది 'పౌణే' అంటుంది నీటి, అన్నను మాత్రము నీటి ఉంది ఆమె.
మనం పౌణే విస్తృతమైన పొడవు గలదు.
అది పౌణే విస్తృతం శిలా శిలాప్రముఖ తోడించినది.
అది మనదు నీటి విస్తృతం రెండు రెండు మాత్రము విదేశం.

సా..

అది మాత్రం నీటి గడించా.
భారీ భాగం మేలు అహోమాడింది.
మరాదభాగం ర్యాంగరాడు.
నాణాడు ఎన్నోక్కుడు బహుషాస్త్ర మాత్రము ర్యాంగరాడు.
విస్త్రముగా నిలబైన విశాపాడు.

ఇది మంది మన అంశం ఈయను,
అంటినే మన ప్రాంతాన్ని తోలు ఎంపాడిని మంది.
ఐదాడు నాదిపి బాలమాడించా.
ఐదాడు ఐదాడు ఐదాడు ఐదాడు నాదిపి మంది.

Journey into Joy
వుంచా物体నే భయితే వచ్చా భయితే ఎంత వాడతాను।
వాడ నేత పాటు
ఎనా ఎంతే ఎంతే ఎంతాలింది కోసం

'మాత్రి చేసాం తండ్రి వాయి'
పాడమారి తాయసాతి
తయా ఇండికే కొపొడి, హోనిని హోనిని, హోనిని హోనిని మాచారు చేసాం

నీమిన రాష్ట్ర యోపానికం
చేతికండ మనంమనం వంటి పండుగదు మాచారు

నీమిన మన మేలు నారి నూనే నాత్కుని ననితేనే
హొండి నహి? ననితేనే
తయా ఒ మని 'నాంతారు' ఒ మనితారు?
నస్తి నించబడింది? ను మాయని మాయని మాయని రాజాకింది?

నా సంగమం సంహిత్య తండ్రి తండ్రి అతనికి
న రాయాడుడు మాచారు

వేమాణమ మని మని మని మని
న రాయాడుడు మాచారు

ముందిన నేటిరేందు
న మాచారు

ముందిన మాచారు నపుడు
మాచారు మాచారు

సాగము నాసు ని మాచారు మాచారు.
విషు

నాంది సాధన పిల్లస్తుందాను
నిన్న నరసింహ శక్తిదేశం సోహనోతు వందం.

ఇ పండిత స్వాతంత్ర్యం మామల్లి చెప్పలేదు
'నాండు' నిస్సందర్శించాడు, 'విషు' నిమ్దం మహాదేవం.

నాండు నిర్గించి, ఇ నాంపి మరా శిక్షకారుడు
ని ప్రస్తుత సమాజ నిద్రిత ప్రపంచ పౌరాణిక విశ్లేషానం, 
ఇది పావతి మానవాధికమైనది
మనం సభలు పలు ప్రభు కాలంలో
భారత తిరుమల సంతము తిరిగులలో.

నిమిత్త సమాధులు నేను మనా చక్రం
ని నుండి సంప్రదాయ మాయా మంచిప్రముఖం
మానికం
మనం ప్రధానం చాలాసాగి శిక్షితుడు మాత్రమే నిర్వహించాలి.
మన ఇంటి వాసనా అనుసరించి పిన్నము వందేసాడం
ప్రతిభాదము మరా నిదానింపు వందా అమితాభ విస్తారం?!

మనుషులు నూతన సుఖం లేదా మనస్సికం నిర్మాణం చేసేనే
మన రాగం మాత్రమే అంటాం అంటాం నిర్ధిష్టం?!

మన దుఃఖంలో నామ యేసును 'మానసిక' మానసికతను
మనుషులు ఉండడం విచారణగా మంచిందా?!

అధ్యాత్మం

మనుషులు చెక్కడం చెప్పన పిన్నము,
సోదరి సోడా

మనుషులు నామి వ్యాసస్స సమాధానము,
అందు మరియు

మనుషులు నమస్తుంది మాజూరును,
అందు మరియు

మన ఇంటి వాసనా అనుసరించండి,
అందు మరియు

మనుషులు నిదానింపు రాగంపై,
అందు మరియు

మన ఇంటి వాసనా అనుసరించండి,
అందు మరియు

మన రాగం మానసిక నిర్మాణం,
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అందు మరియు

మన రాగంపై మాజూరును,
అయితే,
శ్రేష్ఠ స్థితించారు
ముందు ఉండాలి అది,
ప్రతి ఉండాను ఉండాలి విశాలం.
అయితే విశ్వాసంగా వెళ్ళం,
సత్యం ఉండాను ప్రతి విశ్చరము.
అయితే విశ్వాసంగా వెళ్ళం.
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అయితే విశ్వాసంగా వెళ్ళం.
పుస్తకం సంస్ఫారం పూర్వ సమర్పణ వినాయక విత్తనం
చిత్రాలతో ప్రతిభ అనేకని పంపిన పత్రికలు.

చిత్రపంపిని పంపిన పత్రికలు,

కారి...
"ನಂದಾ!"

"ನಾವರು ಸುಂದರಸ್ತು ನೀಡ ಸಿಂಗಳಿ -
ವಿದ್ಯಾ ವೆಂಬಿತವಾಗಿ?
ವಿದ್ಯಾ ಮಂಗಳವಿ?
ಜಿನ್ನೆ ರೆಡ್ಡಿ?
ನೆಂ ಮದುವೆ ಹಿಡಿ ಮಂಗಳಿ ಮಂಜುರುವುದೆ?

ಹಣುಮಾಯಿಯ ಶಿವದಿಂದ....

"ವೆಳಸ್ವರೂಪದ ಮರವಿದ್ರೆ 'ಸಾರು ಪ್ರೇಮಿಕೀ' ಹೂರ್ಣಿತಿ.
ವೆಳಸ್ವರೂಪದ ಬೀಜ ಒಂದು ಸಹೋದರರು ವಿಷ್ಪಟಿತಿ.
ಜಿನ್ನೆ ರೆಡ್ಡಿ 'ಮಂಗಳಿ ಬೀಜ್ಜಿತಿತ್ವವು.
ನೆಂ ಮದುವೆ ಹಿಡಿ ಸಾರು ಪ್ರೇಮಿಕೀ ಅಂಜಿತಿ.
ನೆಂ ಮದುವೆ ಹಿಡಿ ಸಾರು ಪ್ರೇಮಿಕೀ ರಾಜಾತ್ಮ.

"ನೆಂನೆ ಮಂಜೂವು ಹಿಡಿ ಸಾರು ಪ್ರೇಮಿಕೀ ರಾಜಾತ್ಮ.
ನೆಂ ಮದುವೆ ಹಿಡಿ ಸಾರು ಪ್ರೇಮಿಕೀ ರಾಜಾತ್ಮ.
ನೆಂ ಮದುವೆ ಹಿಡಿ ಸಾರು ಪ್ರೇಮಿಕೀ ರಾಜಾತ್ಮ.
చెలిగిన విరాళాలకు భంగి చేయండి

వారికి విశ్వసం మార్పులు!

***

మహాకోటం చదివాలను పెంచండి

నాగరామ నాటికి మహిలలు!
Divine Insignia
(From In Search of Mother)

Childhood is the circle drawn with God as the centre and innocence as the radius. Incredible though it may appear, the indissoluble bond that exists between the mother and the child, constitutes the pectoral girdle of all the religions in the world. Once we take an intuitive peep into the peerless process of the spiritual symbiosis, going on between the mother and the child, there would be no need to wade through the avalanche of religious texts to understand the texture of the spiritual intricacies.

The sweetest bond between the mother and the child has hardly any parallel in the whole of the Universe. Nothing can equal the joy of the child discovering the mother and that of the mother being discovered by the child. We are all immortal children, whose only goal, which brings unalloyed bliss, is to joyfully search for the Mother hiding behind the deceptively dazzling screen of maya. Maya, in fact, is the omnipresent protagonist of the ‘Divine Drama’. Entranced by and entrapped in the magic of maya, we are oblivious of the omnipresent and the omnipotent Cosmic Mother. We are now the restless drops of dew on the lotus leaf of life.

A gentle glimpse into the radiant cosmic bond of the child and the mother enables us to feel the warmth of the Cosmic Mother. The exquisite and ecstatic co-existence of the apparent opposites - 'the child', with her mesmerising innocence at the one end and 'the mother' with her masterly intelligence at the other end of the spectrum of human existence - constitutes the centripetal core of spiritual awareness. It is through unravelling this relationship that we can taste the transcendental bliss of being in the lap of the Mother. Nothing on earth signifies and exemplifies the relationship between the devotee and the Divinity more clearly and more convincingly than the bond between the mother and the child. The remedy for all the agonies of human existence lies in our adequate realisation of the subtleties of this bond.
The ‘child’ on the cover of this book symbolises ‘the search for Mother’. Mother is available only to the child. She is not understood by anybody as much as by the child. The silent sonorous songs they hear from each other’s hearts are comparable to the ‘music of the spheres’. Unless one reduces oneself psychologically to a child, Mother is beyond one’s reach. It is only by recapturing our lost childhood that it is possible to reach Mother. In other words, the ability to recycle our psychic adulthood into psychic childhood is the fulcrum of our search for Mother. It may be observed that ‘the mother’ is not seen on the cover, along with the child. The child is in search of her. She has not yet been found. We may also observe that the ‘child’ is a ‘grown-up one’. She is not an ‘infant’. An infant need not search for the mother. So rich is the innocence of an infant, that it is, in fact, the mother who is in search of such an innocence incarnate. The mother makes herself available to the infant without being searched for and serves her without being asked for.

The need for the search arises only when the child begins to gain intelligence and lose her innocence. It is for this reason that ‘a grown-up child’ has deliberately been chosen to adorn the cover design. The baby on the cover symbolically mirrors such a twilight state of innocence slowly disappearing into intelligence. When we grow in intelligence, the Mother slowly withdraws her grace and hides herself from our vision. Paradoxically enough, in spite of our physical adulthood, all of us are, psychologically, such grown-up children. This hard-to-believe fact necessitates our search for the Mother. A child is a ‘spiritual adult’. An adult is a ‘spiritual child’.

The swing we find on the cover of the book, symbolically stands for the ‘means of search’ for the Mother. In fact, the biological reason why the child slips into sleep and curls back into the lap of joy, when she is being rocked in a cradle or a swing, is the fact that the child recaptures the psycho-physical state of her ‘nine months’ stay in the womb of the mother, as an embryo floating in the amniotic fluid. As a result of this, the child is gently transported to a pleasant psychological state. In other words, swinging is an attempt by the child to biologically reconnect herself to the mother and psychologically recycle her budding intelligence into bewitching innocence. Hence the ‘swing’ remains an indispensable component of her search for the mother. The swing, besides being an entralling link between the mother and the child, represents a journey without any goal. When the swing moves forwards and backwards, it is
engaged in a journey that does not have any goal to reach. The child, while swinging, derives delight from the very process of ‘to and fro’ movements. Stated in other words, the swing represents a goalless journey which, in the language of Sri Krishna, is described as the ‘disinterested discharge of duty’ (not ‘uninterested’). Sri Krishna calls it *anasritaḥ karmaphalam* (the *Gita*, Chapter VI, verse 1). This is what a *jnani* does. He discharges his duty without expecting its fruit. He does not have any attachment to the fruit of action. Irrespective of the fruit, the very process of discharging his duty gives him tremendous pleasure, just as the very movement of the swing gives pleasure to the child, without having any goal to achieve. So deep is the pleasure a *jnani* derives from the ‘disinterested discharge of his duty’, that there is hardly any need for him to have an eye on the pleasure of the fruit of his action. So great is the joy, a child is blessed with, by the very ‘to and fro’ movement of the swing, that she hardly desires her movement to culminate in the achievement of any goal. A *jnani* enjoys whatever falls to his lot, accepting everything as God’s blessing. For him a teardrop is as much a blessing as a smile is. He knows that the former is an ununderstandable kindness of God whereas the latter is an understandable expression of it. His eye perceives more grace of God in the problem. He is aware of the indissoluble love of God. He is constantly aware of the fact that God never creates teardrops for His beloved children, unless they are incomprehensibly necessary to enhance their smiles in the dualistic drama of their lives. That is why a *jnani* moves along the pathways of his life joyously, thanking God at every step. He is so conscious of his ‘disinterested discharge of duty’ assigned to him by God, that he becomes unconscious of the fruit of it. It is precisely for this reason that the whole of existence becomes an inexhaustible source of ecstasy for a *jnani*, whereas it is a reservoir of agony for an ordinary man. The world is full of sorrow only for the one who steps into and is steeped in *maya* and who does not know how to swim in the sea of life. The kernel of the art of spiritual swimming is the healthy, joyous ‘detachment (not pathological withdrawal) from the fruit of the action’. It is on this fact that the whole essence of the teaching of the *Gita* hinges. In a word, for a *jnani*, every moment of the movement of his life is an invitation to the crystallised bliss. The possibility of this art of living is best demonstrated by the child, enjoying the swing. That is, perhaps, why a child can justifiably be described as ‘the moving *Gita*’.
What captures our immediate attention on the cover design is the captivating innocent smile dancing on the lips of the child. The smile is the most important iridescent ingredient of the child’s search for the mother. The smiling child attracts the mother’s grace more easily than the weeping child. The desires of the child beaming with smiles are more quickly fulfilled than those of the child in tears. For instance, if the child is hungry and if she is crying for food, she is, unknowingly, disturbing the mother who is busy in the kitchen trying to fulfil the very desire which the child is crying for. The cry of the child forces the mother to leave the kitchen, as a result of which the fulfilment of child’s desire is delayed. Therefore, a smiling child, being in tune with the mother, allows her to fulfil her needs. A child need not ask her for anything. The mother gives her everything unasked, whenever the time is ripe. The mother’s most important and only duty is to take care of her child. She does not need any reminders from the child. If the child keeps smiling, that is enough. Nothing pleases the mother more than the child’s smile. Sometimes God does not seem to help us, not because He doesn’t want to help us, but because, unknowingly like a weeping child, we do not allow Him to help us by blocking His way with our tears. There cannot be a greater prayer than a ‘patient smile’. It solves all the problems. When the child smiles, she is actually praying to her mother. Furthermore, when a bewitching smile visibly blossoms on the lips of the child, it is a tangible, concrete proof of her inner intangible, abstract faith in the presence and love of the mother. That is why a devotee’s search for God must begin with a faithful smile, not with a doubting teardrop. Then He is more easily found. The ineffable joy cascading from the child’s innocent smile is an unmistakable testimony to her total unconditional self-surrender to the undeniable will of the mother which, in fact, is one of the most important pillars on which the entire edifice of the Gīta is erected.

In short, the search for the Mother is fruitful only when one reduces oneself to a child and gets engaged in a goalless journey with a smile on the lips and silent love in the heart. There is a lot of ‘silence’ lurking inside the heart of the child who makes so much noise outside. The search for the Mother is always silently carried on.

It may be noted that the child on the cover page is clad in a frock with pink stripes on white cloth. The white cloth indicates the purity and
Divine Insignia

innocence of the child. The pink stripes on the cloth symbolise the ‘child’s love’ for God. The blue colour surrounding the child, symbolises God’s love for the child. Pink (the colour of the rose) is the symbol of ‘human love’ whereas blue is the symbol of ‘Divine love’. Human love is always surrounded by God’s love, as denoted in the design. But because of the ineradicable maya, built into the bedrock of our life, we are not aware of this fact. So, we begin our endless search for God who is endlessly available with us and within us. We search for something which need not be searched for. Indeed, we need not find God. We should find the fact that God need not be found as He is not away from us. He is so close to us, there is hardly any need for a path to reach Him. So, it is a pathless journey, ‘it is a pathless search’, it is an interiorised search. Perhaps, this is the reason why the child spends more time in sleep, exploring the contours of the interior path.

Viewed from this perspective, our search for God is, in the ultimate analysis, the search for the state of awareness which enables us to feel that there is no need to search for God. What prevents us from feeling His presence is maya. Therefore, a jnani’s search for God is nothing but an effort to dismantle the fabric of maya that separates him from God. Once the mist of maya is dissolved, He is here, there, everywhere, both within and without. But, then, what is the way of dissolving maya? Paradoxically, it is again God’s grace that dissolves maya. Unless we dismantle maya, the search for God is not possible. But maya can be dismantled only with the help of God’s grace. This is an eternal spiritual riddle. How to solve this riddle? A riddle is a riddle only as long as we cannot find the clue. Once we find the clue nothing can be easier than that. It should be remembered that it is not maya that created the apparent absence of God. It is God’s absence that created maya. Maya is not the cause but the consequence of God’s apparent separation from us. Perhaps, it is best illustrated by the sun and the darkness created by the absence of the sun. Our search for God amidst maya is like our search for the sun in the darkness. Only the sun can make the darkness disappear; but only the disappearance of the darkness makes the presence of the sun possible. Here darkness is compared to maya and the sun to God. We should remember the fact that it is the absence of the sun that created darkness. Darkness does not make the sun disappear. Maya does not and cannot make God disappear from us. Darkness is the result of the sun’s
disappearance. Maya is the result of God's disappearance. The very absence of the sun is darkness. The very absence of God is maya. God appears to disappear only to run the 'Cosmic Drama' successfully, as a result of which maya comes into existence. Therefore, just as the serene appearance of the scintillating sun behind the golden rims of the hazy far-off mountains on the eastern horizon dispels the dreadful darkness. God's appearance on the psychic horizon of a jnani dissolves the deadly darkness of maya.

Maya may be defined as the dramatically necessitated and dualistically induced apparent absence of God. The sun is also apparently absent. The sun's absence is a kaleidoscopic reality, not a constant reality. The earth revolves to the other side, thereby moving away from the sun. Then there descends darkness. This is the 'Solar Drama'. We move away from God; or to be more precise, God makes us move away from Him; then maya appears. This is the 'Divine Drama'. Just as in the darkness, when the sun is absent, we mistake one thing for the other, so also when God is apparently absent, hurling us into the darkness of maya, we mistake what is good for what is bad and vice versa. Then fair is foul and foul is fair! What is repulsive seems to be attractive; what is attractive seems to be repulsive; what is permanent appears to be impermanent; what is transient appears to be everlasting. And we are endlessly haunted by these apparent antonyms, called dualities.

The child remains untouched by maya. Maya is afraid of the child. It is the 'search for the mother' that makes maya dread to touch the child. Similarly, if we want to put an end to maya our search for God must begin. To successfully carry on our search, we should imitate the child and hear the cosmic echoes vibrating from the lilting smiles of the child. We should trace the source of these smiles. They stem from a child's childhood which makes 'total self-surrender' to the mother, 'joyous suspension of free will' and a 'goalless journey' available to her. These are the sources of the child's unalloyed smiles. A child is thus a spiritual key which can unlock the cosmic mystery.

It may be further observed that the child, on the cover of the book, is not looking at us, though she faces us. She is looking at her mother who is absent here. In the same way, a jnani does not look at the world, though he faces the world. He also, like the child here, looks at and smiles at the invisible God who is present everywhere but is absent to
Divine Insignia

our mortal eyes. A child’s smiles cascade from her mother’s presence. A jnani’s smiles arise out of his awareness of God’s presence, not out of his vision of the world. That is why the smiles of a jnani and a child are unfading and unalloyed.

The two hanging chains of the swing, holding the wooden plank on which the child is sitting, represent the dualities hanging from the invisible bough of the cosmic tree and holding the plank of our life. We should not, and cannot, reject the dualities of life. They are the very bricks of the dramatic edifice. We should use them as an instrument of our search for the non-dualistic essence of life, called God. By making the maximum use of the twin chains of dualism, we have to transcend the dualism and take a transcendental leap into the Divine lap, just as a child comes running towards the mother by using her two legs which also represent the dualities of life, and transcends the need to use them once she throws herself into her mother’s arms. The moment the child swings into her mother’s lap, there is no need for her to hold onto the twin chains of the swing.

It has been rightly said that wisdom is like a comb which Nature gives us only when our head becomes bald. Our life is a cosmic riddle propounded by a Divine dramatist. It is so difficult that no one can ever solve it before it is too late. But by wisely drawing clues from the child on whose dimpled cheeks divinity dances perennially, we can easily solve this puzzle or the riddle in time, before it is too late. Children are the unacknowledged transcendental teachers of their parents. Most parents are not wise enough to learn lessons from their teachers. All parents, while teaching the earthly lessons to their children, should, in turn, get taught spiritually by them. A child is a layman’s Bhagavad Gita given by God unasked. A child is a smiling pilgrim on the cosmic journey. Every movement of a child is a spellbinding cosmic dance choreographed by God. Just as the child is always in tune with her mother, we should try to be in tune with God. If we are joyously in tune with God’s will, every second, we feel the spontaneous silent unfoldment of Nature’s intelligence. It is the greatest joy to do so. Once we taste this joy, our heart refuses to taste any other joy in the world.

This is the symbolic spiritual essence of the cover design of this book. We are all the functionally significant decorative designs on the cover of this beautiful Universe which envelopes the ‘Cosmic Book’ called
'God'. Once we understand and absorb the distilled essence of the cover, it is easy to discover and comprehend what is hidden indecipherably in the book.

Hence, it is necessary to remember the fact that we should never reject the world. Before we reject it, we should accept it. Before we leave it, we should love it. A jnani’s rejection of the world is the natural culmination of his acceptance of it. In fact, his is a ‘detached attachment’. He is like a dewdrop on a lotus leaf, touching the leaf, but not adhering to it. He is in the world, but the world is not in him. In other words, a jnani does not run away from life; in fact, he runs into life detachedly. Nobody is more attached to life than a jnani is; nobody is more detached from it than he is. His body does a dualistic dance; but his heart does a non-dualistic, transcendental dance. He has an adult body which hides a child’s heart.

Therefore, let us not reject this world, this life, this great gift of God, this drama of life. Let us enact our roles joyfully but with detachment. Let us leave this drama as happily as we entered it - with eyes brimming, with smiling tears and with tears of joy. Let our smiles smile, let our tears smile. This whole Universe is an outer cover of the Cosmic Book. The designs on it are painted by the cosmic brush dipped in the different colours of Divine love. This is the reason why every object in this Universe is so beautiful, so attractive, so perfect and is vibrantly pulsating with so much love. So let us all fall in love with this Universe. Let us thank God for this invaluable gift. Let us enjoy it. Let us understand it. Let us appreciate it. And above all, let us go behind and beyond it and ultimately lose ourselves ecstactically in the enchanting cosmic pages lying inside the outer cover of this captivating Universe.

'Sri Ram'
In Praise of 'Unconditional Love'

(From The Face of Eternity)

It took twenty years for Milton to write his *Paradise Lost*; it took six months for Charles Dickens to find a title for his novel *A Tale of Two Cities*, Edward Fitzgerald spent eleven years studying the Persian language and translating *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*. It took eighteen years for me to win the unalloyed heart of the author of this book, Prof. M. Sivaramkrishna.

The only weapon I used to achieve this rare feat was my own ‘heart’, filled with unending, ‘unconditional Love’. Those were the days when I was drifting rudderless, completely cut-off from dependable shores. I stood at the crossroads, emotionally anchorless. Then I was not aware of the fact that wisdom is being grateful for what you have, when you are tempted to mourn for what you lack. I was like a thirsty traveller searching for an oasis in the sandy desert of my life. My unquenchable thirst for ‘unconditional Love’ deepened as days rolled by, making me almost insane.

Days disappeared into months and months lengthened into years. Many people asked me why I was so much obsessed with the neurotic need for such a Love. They used to question whether conditional Love was not enough for me. I used to say, "'Unconditional Love' is the very oxygen I breathe. It is the innermost core of my being. There is no more sacred substance than this. Failure to find unconditional Love is failure to find God because a layman's definition of God is 'Love'." Most of my words remained either unheeded or un-understood. Oftentimes I felt like shouting, "Divinity, thy name is unconditional Love."

When this thirst became unbearable, God made me come across a child of immortality, whose heart, I found to be the safest spiritual Swiss Bank to invest my ‘unalloyed Love’. It was the moment of moonlight in
the gloomy night of my life. He was none other than Prof. M Sivaramkrishna, the author of this book. His face was luminous with a peaceful radiance. His cerebral brilliance amazed me. The richness of his heart thrilled me. His incisive analysis of life was double-edged. He used both intellectual penetration and intuitive exploration. This approach yielded rich insights into the anatomy of reality. The dazzling brightness of his words electrified the inner dark corridors of my heart and energised my sagging spirits. He used to spin beautiful multi-coloured web of words to convey his deeper observations of life. I began to fly on the magic carpet of his words which carried me to an unknown island of ecstasy. My heart collected every pearl of wisdom that dropped from his lips.

This is how my 'Divine Romance' with Prof. M. Sivaramkrishna started. But still I did not know whether he found me to be the one who deserved his 'Love'. Though I was not sure of his Love for me, I was sure of my Love for him. That, I thought, was enough. I could somehow muster enough patience to allow today’s seed to ripen into tomorrow’s fruit, without digging it up every few hours to see how it was coming up. My Love continued without expecting any reciprocation from him. Time flew past. Years vanished. My Love acquired the density of a black hole. I waited for the right and ripe time so joyously and so naturally that I became unconscious of the fact that I was waiting.

At last, there came a day when the seeds I had sown long ago began to sprout. The jars of joy were emptied into my heart. Prof. M. Sivaramkrishna’s love expanded its petals offering nectar to the bee of my heart. It fertilised my exhausted psychic soil. I became a radiant child in the lap of his unreserved Love. Our 'spiritual romance' reached its zenith and finally ripened into this book.

Prof. M. Sivaramkrishna now started looking at me through the eyes of a father filled with more love than the child deserves. Thus, this book is a biography of a 'son' written by the father who added indelible Love to the ink that ran through his pen. In the pages of this book, I am looked at and looked into through the convex lens of fatherly love which magnifies reality a million times. Albert Einstein said, "There are only two ways to live your life. One is as though nothing is a miracle; the other is as though everything is a miracle." For Prof. M. Sivaramkrishna whose eyes are saturated with an incurable sense of wonder and inexhaustible Love, everything is a miracle.
To be true, I am an ordinary person, from an ordinary family trying to be extraordinarily ordinary. My only goal is to give unconditional Love if I come across the one who is ready to receive it and to receive it, if I am lucky enough, from the one who is inclined to give it. And my only dream is to have dreamless sleep and if dream becomes inevitable, to dream of, again, unconditional Love. In this age of bio-terrorism the tender tendrils of Love are withering away. I personally feel that the root cause of the misery in the world is the absence of Love in the human heart. The heart of modern man is a barren desert devoid of oases. The only remedy to the excruciating crisis agitating the globe is, to fill the human heart with ‘unconditional Love’. Nowadays nobody really knows what it is to love, as the present day human heart is just discharging its biological function of pumping up blood. It is no longer the seat of finer emotions like love, compassion, sympathy, etc. We may at best ‘fall in love’, but we cannot ‘Love’. Falling in love is different from loving. Just as we slip and fall in a well, anyone can fall in love. It does not require much of an effort on our part. But ‘Loving’ is difficult. It is floating on the water, without getting drowned after falling into the well. Only the one who knows the art of swimming can perform this feat. The world is in bad need of this art. The Art of Loving is the Art of Living. Only those who Love unconditionally are alive; the others are just moving skeletons.

Let us all love to live and live to love. Prof. M. Sivaramkrishna is one such rare person whose only aim is to distribute his unconditional Love even to the undeserved one like me. His entry into my life is a dream come true. Now I see the full moon of his Love ascending above the horizon, bathing the landscape of my life in liquid silver. There is no greater grace in my life than this. I am addicted to his intoxicating Love. Whenever I think of his overpowering Love, irrepressible tears of joy threaten to flood my eyes and the rays of Paradise pour into my heart.

In fact, this book is an engrossing biography, not so much of ‘Sri Ram’ as of the author’s scintillating Love and its soul-stirring adventures. The only aim of this book, I think, is not to surprise, not to stun the reader, nor is it to win his praise or adoration but to pour a little more unconditional Love into the reader’s heart. After reading this book, if the psychic barometer of the reader’s heart registers the pressure of a little more Love for both the creator and the creation, the author’s purpose
of writing this book will have been achieved. One of the most memorable faces of eternity is Love. Every page of *The Face of Eternity* is suffused with 'unconditional Love', the magic perfume of which, I sincerely hope, invades the nostrils of every reader's heart.

I do not find a better way of expressing my eternal gratitude for the divinising touch of the author's unconditional Love, than to renew my desire to taste more of his exhilarating Love and make it an irreplaceable fulcrum of my existence.

'Sri Ram'
Teardrop
An Ornament of the Eye
(From Smiling Tears)

What is a smile?
—a boon, a proof of God’s presence.

What is a teardrop?
—a bane, a proof of God’s absence.

I am both bewildered and bewitched by these questions and conclusions. Tears and smiles—are the two things which torture and thrill us respectively. Since time immemorial man has been tirelessly trying to explore the relations between them. Questions about tears and smiles endlessly baffle even the best brains of humanity. Some people smile away their answers. Some others shed copious tears over them. Still some constantly change their conclusions depending on their exposure to different kinds of experience of life, just as the cloud changes its shape depending on the blowing wind. Myriad efforts have been made to solve this riddle of the deceptive relation between a teardrop and a smile. But like Rock of Gibraltar, it remains unruffled by all these attempts. It is still a smile of Mona Lisa lending itself to a multiplicity of explanations. The lasting solution to this problem is still a distant dream.

The questions about tears and smiles endlessly invade me and percolate into the depths of my innermost being. Whenever I make an attempt to answer these transcendentally tricky questions, their deceptive power steals a march over my intellect, my thought processes get derailed and I am successfully misled into wrong deductions.

Finding myself helplessly caught in the clutches of these questions, I stop questioning. The din and roar in the inner chambers of my heart slowly subside. I become a little more relaxed: I never know the very absence of the attempt to find an answer would give me so much solace.

It is said that a wise man is not the one who gives right answers but the one who asks right questions. So, I silently redouble my enthusiasm
and decide to face these enigmatic questions with some of my questions, instead of making an attempt to find an answer to them.

The first and foremost question I ask myself is: Is God wise?... wise enough?... wiser than I am?... wiser than anyone else?... wiser than anyone else ever can be in future? Then, does God really love me?... love me more than anyone else can?... more than my parents? And a series of such questions pierce my heart. The result is the poetic outburst of the eighteen poems, Smiling Tears.

Teardrop! What a lovely name! The very utterance of it purifies my lips. None knows how much peace it infuses into my heart, how much distilled wisdom it instills into my head, how many of the most difficult lessons of life I learn in its lap, how many mysterious Cosmic secrets it whispers into my inner ears! How tender and soothing is its touch, how mellifluous are its songs! How many unfading smiles are made to bloom on my lips, how much undying light is made to flow into the dark corridors of my heart! A peculiar inexpressible ecstasy, beyond recovery, runs uncontrollably down my spine.

Do I sound mad? I should! Otherwise one has not read the above lines. So far I was under the illusion that God was mad. Now I know I am mad, not God. Even a cursory glance at the world around and an intermittent insight into my own life cast a concrete proof of God’s presence. All these days, he has been around me; but my myopic eyes are not blessed with proper lenses to perceive him. All these days, I have been bathing in the unearthly shower of his unconditional love, but my jaded nerves were immune to His infinite Grace and Glory. His mind-boggling wisdom and awe-inspiring unconditional love stun me into serene silence and hurl me into the bliss of solitude.

Tears and smiles, birth and death; virtue and vice; sunrise and sunset, night and day are not opposed to each other. They are misunderstood synonyms; they are apparent antonyms. They are not contradictory but complementary to each other. In fact, they enrich each other, enjoy each other’s presence, shake hands with each other, embrace each other, merge and finally dissolve into each other in the joyous union, in the delightful Dance of Life. Tears and smiles cannot exist without the presence of each other. The day we reject tears, smiles are also rejected. Indestructible is their dualistic interdependence.
Teardrop

A child born out of the birth-pangs of a mother is the result of another child, entering the tomb experiencing death-throes at some other place at some other time. Inexpressible pleasure of the present mother is the result of the excruciating pain of the past mother. Funeral fire is the precursor of the birthday candle. Unless one mother is pained, the other mother cannot be pleased. The death of a seed is inevitable for the birth of a tree. The scorching heat of the summer is inevitable for the fertilizing rainy season. Unless the rays of the sun are hot enough, they cannot lift the water drops of the sea up into the sky in summer and drop them on us in rainy season. Hunger and food are not opposites. Unless we are hungry we cannot enjoy eating. The fully fed stomach is denied the delight of enjoying sumptuous dinner. We lose our health, fall ill, regain it and dance. When we are healthy we don’t dance. Unless we lose it, we do not know the wealth of it. So health and disease are not opposites. They complement each other.

A hero and a villain are not the opposite poles of the play. Both are indispensable components of the dualistic divine drama. A movie without a villain is the most boring one. Once the drama is over, the hero and the villain sit together and take a cup of coffee along with the director. The blacksmith takes a lump of iron, breaks it into two pieces. He makes a sword, that strikes, with one piece and a shield, that protects, with the other piece. As long as the battle lasts the sword strikes and the shield protects, enacting their apparently opposite roles. But once the battle is over both are thrown into a corner. They lie there joyously hugging each other. So are a villain and a hero, a friend and a foe. Once the drama of life is over, both enter the God’s garden and enjoy the presence of the Cosmic Director.

All our hatred for a teardrop stems from our absence of the Cosmic awareness. We do not know the whereabouts of a teardrop, its beginning and its end. We are blind to its inner anatomy. That is the reason, why it is the most hated one. Look at the tragic fate of a teardrop. All the doors are closed to it, hated by all, all the time, loved by none. Perhaps, no one else sheds more tears than a teardrop. If it were to write its autobiography, it would probably draw tears into our eyes. It would cry: “Dry up all these oceans, I will fill them back with my tears.” How many doors it knocks on everyday. None invites it.

Such a rejected and defeated teardrop is in fact a ‘dear-drop’ of God. Both a smile and a teardrop are the dearest children of God. But
we love one of his children and hate the other. Is it a right thing to do so? Do we really please God by hating one of his children?

The same God, the wisest of all, the most loving and lovable of all, who sends smiles sends tears also. When our God, father, mother, rolled into one and a million times more than that, sends tears to us, who are his beloved children, should we feel unhappy? Should we be scared of them? Does our God, the greatest forgiver, give us tears unless they are understandably for our good in our dualistic existence? These are the questions I ask myself often. The more questions I ask, the clearer becomes the relationship between a teardrop and a smile. Does God punish us with tears? Or does He treat us with tears? His painful injection, which the child thinks to be a punishment, is in fact a treatment.

A teardrop is not a punishment for our sins but a treatment for the invisible diseases of our life. The more willingly and joyously we undergo treatment, the quicker is the cure. Just as we pay the fees and thank the doctor for his painful injection, we should thank God for the tears and enjoy them. God is not the one who hates us, not the one who punishes, not the one who wreaks revenge on us for our sins, not the one who derives sadistic pleasure from our suffering. His love is so deep and unconditional that even if we hate him endlessly, he loves us tirelessly. In fact, the layman's definition of God is unconditional love. He does not put any condition for extending His love for us. When an ordinary earthly mother kisses the feet of a child, that kicks in her face, does God, mother magnified million times, drop tears into our heart? Both God and teardrop remain eternally ununderstood. Our tiny intellect, which is merely meant to meet the needs of the body, at best most successfully, as long as we are alive, can never ever fathom the depths of Divine Wisdom.

Does He who blesses us with the marvelous touch of mother's love unasked, does He who gives us unsought the warm, sweet nutritious milk and the untaught art of sucking it, and does He, who makes abundant oxygen available to fill our lungs with life ... give us tears unless they are inevitable? He gives us all these precious boons at a time when we do not even know what to ask for. Such is God's kindness and wisdom.

But being blissfully unaware of the intricate mechanism of God's operations, we begin to misunderstand Him. Most of us do not even know what it is to hate a teardrop. When we hate a teardrop, it is like hating God himself because a teardrop is His dearest child.
Teardrop

Once we realize a teardrop has an intensely positive role to play in our life and once we understand that a teardrop is an invaluable child of God’s Love and Wisdom, our hatred for it, disappears and we begin to love it. A teardrop is a disguised smile. When we hate it, we hate a smile also.

The only way to transform a tear into a smile is to smile at the tear. When a teardrop is sandwiched between love and acceptance, it gets transmuted into a smile.

Enjoyment of God-sent tears is the greatest worship. The one who joyously accepts tears pleases God. Tears are God’s greatest blessing in disguise. A fearless, cheerful smile on our lips is a visible proof of the invisible faith in our heart.

Many people cannot avoid tears because they want to avoid. We should never do so. They are our greatest treasure. Fortunate are the eyes that shed tears. Tears in the eyes create rainbows in the heart. It is only when the sun smiles through the dark clouds that rainbows are created. A rainbow without rain is not possible. That is why a teardrop is an ornament of our eye.

Paradoxically, the shortest and the most successful way to get rid of a teardrop is to fall in love with it. If we really want to run away from tears, we should run towards them. In the entire human history, so far as I know, except the one who ecstatically embraced teardrops, no one else could successfully escape them. Tears disappear more quickly when we joyously accept and tolerate them than when we pray to God to remove them. A man of spiritual vision finds more of God’s wisdom in a teardrop than in a smile. A tear may make us unhappy but it makes us wise. A smile may make us happy but it does not make us wise. So we have to choose between unhappiness and wisdom and happiness and ignorance. A man of inner growth always prefers the former, as he knows that God snatches a smile from us only to double or quadruple it and give it back to us. A teardrop is the shadow of a smile. So we need not be worried about a teardrop. It simply means that there is a smile sparkling somewhere nearby.

Crossing the outer thorny fences, if we take a psychic excursion into the interior landscape of a teardrop, we find an unending stretch of smiles blooming everywhere. A teardrop never tears the heart of the one who loves it. In fact, he is the only one who can successfully escape it. A
log of wood, which constantly faces the fury of the sharp edge of an axe, cannot escape the axe wherever it is; wherever it may hide the axe may fall on it and chop it. But if the wood becomes a long, loving handle of the axe, it cannot do anything. However much it may try, it cannot touch the log of wood. Similarly, if we want to remain untouched by the teardrop of the axe, we should become the handle to it and lovingly hold it.

There are three most successful and natural steps to avoid tears. The first one is an invitation to teardrop. When a teardrop knocks on our door, we should not reject it. We should happily invite it as it is also sent by the same loving God who sends us a smile. So anything He sends is worth inviting. When we do this, fifty percent of its vitality disappears. The second step is thanking God for the teardrop, because anything our loving, wise Father sends is worth thanking for. So if we just invite it, it is not enough, we should wholeheartedly thank Him for it. Then the teardrop weakens further to the extent of seventy-five percent. The last and the most important step is falling in love with the teardrop. Again anything God sends to His immortal children is worth loving. If we just invite the teardrop and thank God for it, it is not enough. We should also irrecoverably fall in love with it. In the warm embrace of our unconditional love the teardrop evaporates and leaves us, leaving us richer, wiser and nobler. Now we are not only the happiest but also the wisest children of God. Now we possess both wisdom and all hues of happiness. This is the only way to be both happy and wise.

No teardrop can survive this third step. If we happen to find any teardrop surviving this step also—-we can immediately jump to the safe conclusion that it is no longer a teardrop. It is a blessing in disguise. It is just a masked smile, ready to make its glorious appearance before us, at any time.

A man of steadfast wisdom is not worried about the titanic struggle, triggered between tears and smiles. He knows that tears are the manure of his smiles. He is aware that hiding in the womb of every teardrop, there are more smiles than are available anywhere else. He is constantly conscious of the fact that the unfolding smiles have their roots deeply embedded in tears. That is why, the radiant smiles of Krishna are rooted in the tragic tears of Rama. Krishna smiled as much as Rama wept. The tears shed by Rama are, perhaps, responsible for the smiles of Krishna. So is the imperishable interlink between smiles and tears. A wise man is
never perturbed by existential anxieties. He is not worried about traumatizing hurdles. He is not terrorized by the storm of tears. Every anxiety results in extraordinary wisdom. Every hurdle makes him a better runner. Every teardrop buries him under the heap of smiles. A voyage into a teardrop vitalizes our smile.

A pearl forms when an irritant works its way into an oyster. The irritant is not rejected. Instead, it is coated by the fluid, secreted by the oyster. That is how, the lustrous pearl is formed. Let us all coat the irritant of teardrop with the layers of our love, so that it is metamorphosed into an iridescent pearl of smile.

Let us all smile at smiles, smile at tears, and smile through tears, so that smiling tears create radiant rainbows in the firmament of our life.

31st August, 2002
Sri Krishna Janmashtami

‘Sri Ram’
Foreword
(from Divinity in Nature)

The ‘creation’ is concretized ‘creator’ and the ‘creator’ is the creation, made abstract. The simplest proof of this fact is that nothing is ordinary in the creation. Everything is extraordinary. All the apparently ordinary things are astoundingly extraordinary. The eye that sees light is made in the darkness of a mother’s womb by a mysterious, biological hand. An iridescent smile on the tender lips of a baby is as amazing as the rainbow in the sky. The transformation of a little mud and water into a fragrant rose petal by a thin stem of a plant is a more difficult feat than launching of a space shuttle.

Therefore one can justifiably say that “Nature” is God’s PIN code number. Every object in Nature throbs with divine impulses. When the daffodil moves its head to and fro in the gentle breeze, it is the ‘dance of divinity’. It is as though instead of creating Nature, God has become Nature!

Slightly altering the Shakespearean line one can say: ‘Divinity thy name is Nature’. So let us all feel and experience divinity in everything and everywhere in Nature!
Foreword

(from Zamanath and other Stories - Author: Zimbo Translator:
Dr. T. Sreenivasa Reddy)

A short story- though it is short- is drawn from long experience. In our life’s journey, all of us come across countless interesting incidents, meet many strange people and undergo peculiar experiences that touch our hearts, transform us into better beings and sometimes surprise us, shock us and leave us baffled. The one, who is sensitive enough and whose heart is saturated with aesthetic impulses, alchemizes these experiences into glowing pieces of art which sparkle with iridescent splendour.

When we go through the book, Zamanath and Other Stories, written by Mangari Rajender (Zimbo), we come across such an alchemist who takes us on a mesmerizing psychic excursion into the interior landscape of shocking social realities.

This collection of short stories by ‘Zimbo’ is, it seems to me, a unique landmark in many ways. These are ‘stories’ portraying the basic theme of ‘crime and punishment,’ in our society. How complex it is to judge in an ethos of anomalies and contradictions is evoked in these remarkable narratives. The author is an insider-outsider. He knows how intricate a web administering justice is. But he, as a narrator, balances an insider’s commitment to justice and an outsider’s knowledge of the fact that it is agonizing to know that justice and truth are not always synchronic. The sheer helplessness of being caught in the dynamics of a society in which, law and justice do not always mesh together is the tragic temper of these stories.

Every story-literally every one of them-shows the fine art of making facts speak for themselves. There are no ornate descriptions, ostentatious pontifications or contrived comparisons and images. The very details of the narrative are structured in such a way that this very craft of piling up
details offers a sharp, incisive critique of the systems of justice. Often, the procedure of eliciting information by (cross) examination itself is so naked in its actuality that the reader (I speak for myself) is shocked that the legal system could be, by and large, so callous, or rather, so helpless.

The title story “Zamanath” is a typical but an outstanding example. There are four narrators who “tell” what their “roles” were which led to a murder by one called Divakar, also known as ‘Laddu.” This far from ‘sweet’ criminal kills a man who, taking advantage of his (Laddu’s) remand in the jail, seduces his wife brutally, promising to bring Laddu out on bail. In his statement Laddu asks: “Was it wrong to kill Ramurthy who raped my wife by force saying that he would get me released from jail? Was it wrong to chop him to pieces who betrayed her over and over again? Was it not justice to burn an immoral fellow who threatened and duped my wife even after I was released from jail? Then what was right

The final question he poses is apparently violent, even brutal, but it raises in its starkness several issues such as dharma and law, morality and ethics, etc. He asks: “As I was unable to chop off the zamanath and the court, I chopped and burnt Ramurthy. Do you think what I have done is wrong?” There are answers for such questions (‘you can’t take law into your hands,’ ‘there are systems to punish,’ etc.) but the questions remain. On top of all this, the strange thing is that in almost all the ‘stories’ the judicial officer concerned knows that his judgment is not right but the rigid frames of the legal system make him helpless. “What is Truth?” asked the jesting Pilate but did not wait for an answer. For, as these stories show, knowing the truth is different from proving it by evidence as truth.

But there is also the paradox that even something which is not ‘proper’ may be desirable. For instance, there is the story of a child who commits a petty theft for a reason which our constitution declares as a fundamental right: access to education. The judicial officer tells the boy: “You can be released if you can give a surety.” And the boy pleads: “Don’t send me home, sir. You send me to school.” When the officer asks, “Why did you try to steal? Was it right?” He explains, “You didn’t
Foreword

allow me to join the school the other day. I don’t have father and my mother cannot send me to school. Moreover, she is unable to feed me.

I have a strong desire to study.” And he adds, A “gentleman told my mother that you wouldn’t send me there unless I did this.” So he committed a petty theft:

The judging officer, says the narrator, “was astonished. What did I want to do and what had happened? I didn’t want to imprison his childhood within four walls... My hands were tied and there was no way out in judicial tomes before me. I was upset.” But there is reason: the set-up is like that. Apart from the Gandhian axiom of the parity and purity of ends and means, we have the anomalies of globalized plans of education for all. And, strangely, even the victim is afraid to tell the truth. The husband who burns his wife enjoys freedom—there is no evidence. The wife does not tell. In a revealing detail, after the judgment is over and the officer comes out, he sees the husband and the head constable “chatting and smoking cigarettes together.” Seeing the officer they quickly move away from each other. “I felt heavy in the head. Justice appeared as a pawn in the game of chess.” (Perhaps one can drop the word ‘appeared’!) The imagery for the system is shocking but true: Police stations appear “like a whale with mouth wide open,” the court “appears like a burial ground” and the alleged culprits “appear like cattle going to a slaughter house.”

If that child committed a theft to go to school and get food, in another story we have the very common incident of youngsters from affluent families indulging in crime (the parents are an engineer, a school teacher and a rich merchant). In a sense, the funniest story (wry humor?) is set in Tirumala. The officer awards punishment to persons who sell cigarettes, and black market laddus. After the punishment is over, the officer goes for a stroll. Perhaps, to test, he goes to a shop for a packet of cigarettes and promptly gets one. And another approaches him offering a laddu for ten rupees. “The police were present,” some in mufti, too. What does one do except—since it is Tirumala—become theological in imagination. “The Lord Venkateswara himself would be a witness to all these things-
Not in Tirumala alone but all over the country!" The note of omnipresence of such anomalies is a masterstroke of stylistic, ironic subtlety.

For me, the deeply moving story is that of a woman whose gold ornaments get stolen. They are recovered after inordinate delay. She is allowed to come, identify them and take them back. She does and tells: "These are my belongings, sir. To get them back I have moved around the station and the court. They gave one or the other reason and delayed the return of my belongings. I paid the constable, the SI, my Advocate, Prosecutor, and the clerk, but none of them showed mercy on me. At last I approached the court too, but you too didn’t respond. When I needed them, you had not given them to me. Now I don’t need them but you are ready to return them. You can safely keep them in your black metal box.”

The magistrate poring over the papers on the table is stunned and looks up. There was “no bindi on her forehead.” She is a widow now. The glitter of the light in the room was there on the jewels, “but the glow on the face of the magistrate disappeared.” Perhaps, the fiery glow on the faces of all those hoarsely crying about expediting the judicial process also should fade!

It is sometimes believed that translation is an impossibility. Some have gone to the extent of saying that translation is like “kissing the bride through a veil”. When any language is laced with idiomatic echoes, allusions, culture- specific expressions and when there are rich connotations surrounding certain words, impenetrable barriers in the process of translation will crop up.

The translator, Dr. T. Sreenivasa Reddy has successfully overcome all these impediments and has effortlessly captured the nuance and tone identical to the original. The beautiful cerebral babies (the stories) of Zimbo, now clad in the delightful new dress of English language, are more captivating and enthrall more readers.

One should be extremely grateful to Dr. T. Srinivasa Reddy for translating these stories, making them available to a wider audience. The translation is loyal to the original without being literally prosaic, and, by and large, avoids the usual slips of “Indian” English. Dr. Srinivasa
Foreword

Reddy has an inwardness with English which is refreshing, making the book fascinatingly (often compulsively) readable. The use of native words adds a dimension of authentic flavor which can be managed only by an expert translator. The test of any translation is to be autonomous—and even when both the texts are compared, the translation should have its distinct identity in terms of the translated language. This is remarkably evident in Dr. Srinivasa Reddy’s translation. I am hopeful that more translations of this nature will cascade from Dr. Reddy’s pen in the days to come.

Finally, ‘Zimbo’s narrative art is superb. He does not tell the story, he shows it, there is almost a hawk’s eye for the revealing detail, for the visual and verbal dimensions of the narrative art. Above all, there is, by and large, absence of trite moralizing—all moral angles are implicit in the narrative itself. In stories of this nature, there is an almost irresistible temptation to insert author’s comments. The author does not succumb to this. He presents, evokes the ambiguities, paradoxes alongside compassion, concern and care, so that the reader is left with the certainty: like everything else, the legal apparatus has its own positives and negatives. Often negatives are more significant pointers to the overall Justice in Nature. Perhaps, punishment is Nature’s curative treatment. I do hope that Sri Rajender would attempt a novel on these themes. He is in all respects eminently fitted for that. His humane, compassionate consciousness knows the subtleties of crime and punishment (of Dostoevsky’s variety, for instance).

In one story, for example, the released culprit occupies, in a bus, the seat next to the very officer who judged his case and released him. He recognizes the officer and, without any self-consciousness, laughs looking at him. In a sense, we also do reading the stories, but often with tears threatening to overpower us. “The quality of mercy is not strained / It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven/ Upon the place beneath.” (The Merchant of Venice, 4,1,179). Shakespeare makes a character say in a court scene- It is this quality of subdued but unmistakable mercy, that makes this book- one can say judicial and judicious experiments with Truth.
Thus, this grippingly narrated collection of short stories gives a myriad snap-shots of the varied facets of contemporary social reality and human nature and holds an artistic mirror to universal themes of Law, Justice, Crime and Punishment. The characters in these stories gently steal their way into our hearts, share their psychic traumas with us, sometimes moving us to tears and finally take us towards the newer horizons of reality. In other words, narrated with startling freshness and breathtaking courage, these stories are the artistically transmuted tragic echoes of the anguished lives, trapped in agonizing helplessness.

Combining in himself both the craft of a judicial officer and the art of a creative writer, with this volume of short stories, engagingly rendered into English, Zimbo, emerges as one of the brilliant stars on the horizon of Indian short stories.

Hyderabad

‘Sri Ram’
రాత్రి ఛాంసే బ్రాడు వంతు మాత్రమని అంటే అంటారు, అయితే ఇతర భాషల్లో అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు. అంటారు అంటారు అంటే ఇతర భాషలలో అంటారు.
'హిమాలయాలు' ఈ సాగు ప్రదేశం అనే ప్రదేశం రాష్ట్ర రాజధాని. పహారాపులు, హిమాలయాలు ప్రదేశం అనేక సంస్థలు కలిగిఉండాలని ఇతరులు అభివృద్ధి చెందిన ప్రాంతం ప్రధాని. మరో రాష్ట్రాలు, సాంస్కృతిక ప్రదేశాలు, మండలాలు, ప్రాంతాలు ఉన్నాం, సాంస్కృతిక ప్రదేశాలు, మండలాలు ప్రతిసయాసం ఉండాలని అందువల్ల రాములు భాగంగా ఉన్నాం, మండలాలు ప్రతిసయాసం ఉండాలని అందువల్ల రాములు భాగంగా ఉన్నాం. మరో మండలాలు ప్రతిసయాసం ఉండాలని అందువల్ల రాములు భాగంగా ఉన్నాం. మరో మండలాలు ప్రతిసయాసం ఉండాలని అందువల్ల రాములు భాగంగా ఉన్నాం.

'హిమాలయాలు'

ఎ. 18-09-2002
"సంహై కుమారం" (పి.సి.)

సారిని నిర్మాణానిక నంది లాంటి మనస్త ఉమ్మడి. మనస్త ఉమ్మడి వస్తుంది. మనస్త ఉమ్మడి వస్తుంది. మనస్త ఉమ్మడి వస్తుంది. మనస్త ఉమ్మడి వస్తుంది.

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మాత్రమే సారిపాలించచని ఒకటి లేదు ఎందుకు వాడవా.. అందు కదిలిపి కనిపించిన వాడిని ఎంచుక గమ్భీరం? ఈ రోజు పోయిన సమాధానసిద్ధాంతం ఉంటుందను నిచ్చిన కింది నిర్ణయం తెలాడవా? కంటే ఇప్పుడు నిచ్చిన పోయిన సమాధానసిద్ధాంతం ఉంటుందను నిచ్చిన కింది నిర్ణయం తెలాడవా? కంటే ఇప్పుడు నిచ్చిన పోయిన సమాధానసిద్ధాంతం ఉంటుందను నిచ్చిన కింది నిర్ణయం తెలాడవా?

అందు కదిలిపి కనిపించిన వాడిని ఎంచుక గమ్భీరం? ఈ రోజు పోయిన సమాధానసిద్ధాంతం ఉంటుందను నిచ్చిన కింది నిర్ణయం తెలాడవా? కంటే ఇప్పుడు నిచ్చిన పోయిన సమాధానసిద్ధాంతం ఉంటుందను నిచ్చిన కింది నిర్ణయం తెలాడవా? కంటే ఇప్పుడు నిచ్చిన పోయిన సమాధానసిద్ధాంతం ఉంటుందను నిచ్చిన కింది నిర్ణయం తెలాడవా?

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409

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"యుక్తి"

రామారేణం సిద్ధం ప్రసిద్ధి
రామారేణం సృష్టి నిర్మాణం
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- నాను

అంశా ప్రకారం అధికారం రామారేణం - నాను, నాను రామారేణం రామారేణం
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- నాను

ప్రత్యయం

చిర 4-08-2004.


"ನಾವು ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಕೂಡಾ ರುಹಗಳ ವಿಸ್ತೀರ್ಣವಿಗೆ ಸಾಧಿಸಬಹುದು. ನಾನು ನೂತನ ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕ ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಸಾಧಿಸುವ ಲಕ್ಷಣಗಳನ್ನು ಕೂಡಾ ಹೆಸರು ಹಿತಸಾಧನವನ್ನು ಪ್ರಸಿದ್ಧಿಸುವ ಮಾದರಿಯಲ್ಲಿದೆ. ನಾನು ನೂತನ ವೈಜ್ಞಾನಿಕ ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಸಾಧಿಸುವ ಲಕ್ಷಣಗಳನ್ನು ಕೂಡಾ ಹೆಸರು ಹಿತಸಾಧನವನ್ನು ಪ್ರಸಿದ್ಧಿಸುವ ಮಾದರಿಯಲ್ಲಿದೆ."

- ರಾಜಕುಮಾರ್ ನಾಯಕ

ನಾಯಕ್ ನೇತೃತ್ವದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ ಸಾಧಾರಣ ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಸಾಧಿಸುವ ಲಕ್ಷಣಗಳನ್ನು ಹೆಸರು ಹಿತಸಾಧನವನ್ನು ಪ್ರಸಿದ್ಧಿಸುವ ಮಾದರಿಯಲ್ಲಿದೆ. ನಾಯಕ್ ನೇತೃತ್ವದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಸಾಧಿಸುವ ಲಕ್ಷಣಗಳನ್ನು ಹೆಸರು ಹಿತಸಾಧನವನ್ನು ಪ್ರಸಿದ್ಧಿಸುವ ಮಾದರಿಯಲ್ಲಿದೆ.
Journey into Joy
ಅಡುಗೆಯ ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಮನೆಯ ಪಕ್ಷದಲ್ಲಿ ಮನೆಯ ಸಂದರ್ಭದಾರಿ ಅಗತ್ಯವಾಗಿದ್ದು ತೀವ್ರವಾಗಿ ನಿಂದಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾರೆ.

ಎಡಿಗೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಆರಂಭ ಕಳೆದ ಕಾಲ ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತುಷ್ಟೇ-.

ಪ್ರಣತ್ಯಾಮಿ, 6, 2004
ಸ್ವತಃಭ ರಾಜಪ್ರಕಾಶ
'ನೀರಾ'
Note on Recipients of Letters

1. **Amma (Mrs. N. Padmavathi Devi)**  
   Spiritually inclined woman, with a heart full of spontaneous love and sacrifice; affectionately addressed as "Amrutamai"; resident of Ananthapur (A.P.).

2. **Ms. Aruna**  
   M.Sc. (Mathematics); resident of Kothagudem (A.P.).

3. **Mr. Bharat**  
   M.A. History from Central University, Hyderabad; native of Rayachoty, Cuddapah Dist., (A.P.).

4. **Miss. Bhavani**  
   Doing B.Tech., at Chennai (Madras).

5. **Mr. Ganesh. C**  
   M.Tech. from I.I.T. Kharagpur, Working in New Delhi in Engineers India Limited as Senior Engineer; native of Ananthapur (A.P.).

6. **Mrs. Gita Raju**  
   M.Com., from Sri Venkateswara University, Tirupati (A.P.).

7. **Mr. Hari**  
   Ph.D. in Rural Development, Sri Krishna Devaraya University; working as an Assistant Director in Ananthapur (A.P.).

8. **Mr. Harischandra**  
   M.Tech. from I.I.T., Bombay; worked for many years as a Lecturer in the College of Engineering, Sri Venkateswara University, Tirupati; at present, working as Deputy Executive Engineer in R & B at Nellore (A.P.).

9. **Mrs. Jyothi**  
   Spiritually inclined housewife; wife of Mr. Ravi Raju, Madras.

10. **Miss Karuna**  
    Studying 10th class at Chennai (Madras).

11. **Miss. Laxmi**  
    Doing B.Com. in Chennai (Madras)
12. Mr. Nagaraj
Did M.B.B.S.; endowed with poetic and spiritual flavour.

13. Mr. Panduranga Rao, Vakati
Well known writer and journalist; former Deputy Editor, Andhra Prabha Weekly; Visiting Professor, Telugu University; at present working as Associate Editor, A.P. Times.

14. Mr. Pratap Sundar
M.Tech., from Sri Venkateswara University, Tirupati; worked as a Lecturer in College of Engineering, Sri Venkateswara University, Tirupati and for many years as an Assistant Professor in NITIE, Bombay; doing Ph.D. in the North Eastern University, Boston, USA; spiritually inclined, voracious reader of both religious and scientific books.

15. Mr. Raghunath
M.A. in Archaeology, Osmania University, Hyderabad; working as R.T.O., Chittoor (A.P.).

16. Mrs. Rajarajeswari Devi
Daughter-in-law of Royal family of Bobbili (A.P.); wife of Raja Sri R.G.P.K. Ranga Rao; spiritually inclined woman.

17. Mr. Rajaram, Madhurantakam
Well known short story writer in Telugu; Winner of Central Sahitya Academy Award; presently residing at Damala Cheruvu, Chittoor Dist., (A.P.).

18. Mrs. Rajasree
M.A. History from Sri Krishna Devaraya University, Ananthapur (A.P.); married to a cancer-specialist, living in Bangalore.

19. Mr. G.V.G. Raju
Film Producer; son of well known firm producer, G.V.S. Raju; son-in-law of noted Telugu film star 'Haranath', Chennai (Madras).

20. Mr. Ramakrishna Reddy
M.Tech.; working as an Engineer at Tirupati (A.P.).

21. Mr. Ravi Raju
B.Tech., from Sri Venkateswara University, Tirupati; working as Sales Manager, Richard Engineering (Bombay) Pvt. Ltd.,
Ambarnath; staying at Chennai (Madras); person with irrepressible spiritual longing.

22. Mr. Leonard Rebello
Spiritually inclined friend from Rourkela, Orissa.

23. Mrs. Sai Nivedita (Vasantha)
M.A., Ph.D. in Geography from Sri Krishna Devaraya University, Ananthapur (A.P.); spiritually inclined woman.

24. Mr. T.V.V. Satyanarayana Murthy
Retd. Principal, Government Polytechnic, Visakhapatnam (A.P.).

25. Mrs. Shanta Devi
Spiritually inclined housewife; wife of Dr. Janardhana Reddy, Rayachoty (A.P.).

26. Mr. M. Sivaramkrishna
M.A. Ph.D.; Professor and Head of the Dept. (Retd.), Osmania University, Hyderabad; reputed writer, critic and well known speaker; wrote innumerable books and articles on Vedanta (especially on Sri Ramakrishna and Vivekananda); is on the Advisory Board (Telugu) of the NBT, New Delhi; member of the UGC Panel for English and Western languages; presently Visiting Professor in Telugu University, Hyderabad (A.P.).

27. Mr. Shiva Reddy
M.A. Economics; working as M.R.O. at Ananthapur (A.P.).

28. Master Shravan
Student of 8th class, Chennai (Madras).

29. Miss Sravanthi
Student of S.S.C., Gadwal (A.P.).

30. Mr. E.S. Srinivas
M.Com., Ph.D. from Osmania University, Hyderabad; taught for many years in the Department of Commerce, Osmania University, Hyderabad; at present, working as an Associate Professor in XLRI, Jamshedpur, Bihar.

31. Mr. Srinivasa Raju (addressed as Raju)
M.Tech., from I.I.T., Kharagpur; at present, working as R.D.O. at Gudur (A.P.).
32. Mrs. Sujatha Raju
   M.L.Sc. (Master of Library Science) from Sri Venkateswara University; Gold Medalist; staying at Hyderabad (A.P.).

33. Mr. Tirupathi Rao
    Retd. Head master, Ananthapur (A.P.).

34. Miss. Uma Raju
    M.Sc., (Mathematics), from Sri Venkateswara University, Tirupati (A.P.).

35. Miss. Vanaja
    M.Sc. (Chemistry); working in National Aerospace Laboratories, Bangalore; a good singer.

36. Mr. P. Venkatarami Reddy
    M.A., M.Phil. in Economics from Sri Krishna Devaraya University, Ananthapur; working as R.D.O., at Nizamabad (A.P.).

37. Mr. Vijay Kumar
    Staying at Chennai (Madras).

38. Miss. Vishala
    Did M.Sc. Physics; working as a Lecturer in Physics, Sri Satya Sai Women's College, Ananthapur (A.P.); a good singer.
Afterword

Now that you have completed reading *Journey into Joy*, we hope that the completion signals the beginning of your own journey into joy. If you are already on the journey of ‘coming home’ into joy, we are sure that you have discovered many familiar landmarks that impel you to expedite your journey into joy, peace and harmony ‘Here Now.’

G.V.G. Raju

Sri Ram Spiritual Centre
A tear-drop is a transcendental bridge between the devotee and God.

A miracle is merely an encounter between the love of a devotee and the love of Divinity.
ప్రత్యేకత వంద

రాష్ట్రం ఉపస్థితం అయిన హిందూ నేతులు నేతు, రాష్ట్ర భాషగా సంపాదించాయి. సమాధానం కలిగి ఉండి సమ్మేళనాన్ని చేసాయి. ఇది జాతీయ ప్రత్యేకత వంద నిర్దేశాంకం. రాష్ట్రం ప్రత్యేకత వంద అభివృద్ధి సమర్థమైన సాంస్కృతిక నిర్వహణలు. ఈ సంపాదనలు జీవితంలో ముఖ్యమైన పాత్ర పిలిచాయి. ఈ పాత్రానికంగా ఉంచబడిన సంస్కృతి ప్రత్యేకత వంద సాంస్కృతిక నిర్వహణలు. వారు జీవితంలో ముఖ్యమైన పాత్ర పిలిచాయి. ఇది ప్రత్యేకత వంద సాంస్కృతిక నిర్వహణలు. ఇవి జీవితంలో ముఖ్యమైన పాత్ర పిలిచాయి. ఈ ప్రత్యేకత వంద సాంస్కృతిక నిర్వహణలు.
JOURNEY INTO JOY

LETTERS FOR SPIRITUAL SEEKERS

Sri Ram