



Satsanga

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MANAVA SEVA MADHAVA SEVA

ONLY BIG DREAMS COME TRUE – WE DARE YOU TO DREAM

Children from Alamadhi village taken to IIT every year for picnic cum education tour



Lecture on innovations at IIT



Faculty members from Alamadhi accompany the children. The expenses are sponsored by ENVIKAL, the IIT-Madras Alumni 1970 batch. At the centre is N.T.Nathan, IIT rep. who coordinates the ENVIKAL effort at Chennai.

"ANY DUTY THAT YOU DO WITHOUT ATTACHMENT WILL NOT OSCILLATE YOUR MENTAL JUDGEMENT. WHEN A DOCTOR DOES A SURGICAL OPERATION ON HIS KITH AND KIN, BECAUSE OF ATTACHMENT, HE DEVELOPS A KIND OF FEAR AND LOSES SELF CONFIDENCE AND BALANCE OF MIND AT TIMES; WHEREAS, WHEN HE PERFORMS THE OPERATION ON ANY OTHER PERSON, WHOM HE IS NOT ATTACHED TO, THE DOCTOR'S DEVOTION TO DUTY INCREASES, HE IS CONFIDENT OF THE RESULT, AND THE OPERATION BECOMES A SUCCESS."

-KAMAKSHI BABA

Dear Member

In earlier issues we had presented the experiences of Mee (Lakshmi Venkatesh, niece of Guruji). Recently her family moved to Sharjah. Accustomed to always being in a homely atmosphere, and with domestic assistance available for the asking, Mee faced a different life out there. She faced solitude, indifference from neighbours and a suffocating environment. Maybe for the first time, she began to sense a deep urge to pray to Kamakshi Baba. All through her childhood and college, Kamakshi Baba was an 'uncle', the ever chatting, jovial 'mama', to whom others came to for solace but not she. She had no need at that time to approach Him for solving her problems nor did she face any crisis where she would have to resort to His help. At Chennai she was bold and gutsy, talked tongue in cheek with outsiders for their misdemeanours, but at Sharjah she was jittery. With two infants to handle and with a husband immersed in corporate callings, she had to rely on herself to handle any situation. She then recalled Guruji telling her casually, 'you feel the sun only when the shade of the tree over you is not there.' Yes, she was feeling the absence of the tree which completely had been keeping out the sun.

Here is the unedited narration of one more experience:

"Praveen and Aarthi both of them were down with fever and when we were in the clinic seeking doctors advise, Aarthi turned blue and became unconscious due to very high fever. Praveen was running 104 and Aarthi 102 this was like instant fever without any prior indication of sickness. We were totally devastated. We were in the clinic and the clinic had their own vehicle to cater to the needs of patients. We have no personal mode of transport here and we rely only on the taxi plying on the roads.

We asked the doctor in the clinic to spare us the clinics vehicle to reach the hospital to which they refused. We asked them to call for an ambulance to which they said for such things we will not call ambulance and we were escorted to the doors.

We were in the middle of the road waiting for some taxi to come our way. It was drizzling the climate was

very chill and a cold draft of wind was blowing our way. Praveen was wrapped in a cold wet towel was shivering with fever and was unable to stand upright. Aarthi without any clothes other than my wet cardigan wrapped around her was crying tiredly in my arms. We spent half an hour in this condition in the road. All the taxi which went by us were either full or did not stop.

I was totally shattered. I called out " O BABA PLEASE SEND A TAXI FOR US". To my surprise the very next instant a taxi stopped by us. It was carrying an American national, who took pity on us and lent us his vehicle. He had taken the taxi a block away from the place where we were standing. When the doctors in the clinic with whom we had a long standing relationship refused any help, why would a complete stranger help us. Baba is always by our side to help us out, only thing is we should reach out to him.

It reminds me GURUJI always used to say 'ASK AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN'. Thank you BABA for being with me.

Yours devoted
Meeeeeeeeee.”

MATA KAMAKSHI

BIOGRAPHY OF A BRAHMAJNAANI
KAMAKSHI BABA [GURUJI GOVARDHAN]

PART II
“THE CONQUEST” - CHAPTER XIV

“DHANVEE”

[Vishnu Sahasranamam, 75th nama]
[PUNISH TO PROTECT]

प्रवृत्तिं च निवृत्तिं च जना न विदुरासुराः ।
न शौचं नापि चाचारो न सत्यं तेषु विद्यते ॥

[Bhagvad Gita, ch XVI, shloka 7]

[“The Lord said:

Demoniac men do not distinguish between righteous action and degraded values. They are unclean in mind, ill-advised and ill-behaved, deceptive and untruthful.”]

The train whistled its way out of Baroda junction, and was picking up speed, when four young men hurtled themselves into the ‘unreserved’ compartment at the end of the long train, dragging what looked like a heavy baggage behind them. The compartment was half empty, and they heaved a sigh of relief.

The ‘baggage’ was soon moving and groaning. The men smiled grimly, and continued with their game of cards.

The ticket collector gazed curiously at the ‘baggage’, which had now become more vociferous. One of the young men turned the ‘baggage’ over to reveal two large, imploring eyes, and a fair forehead almost eclipsed by strands of disheveled hair, dark and wavy. He pointed to a side of his own forehead and made rotating movements, with a sheepish grin on his face. The ticket collector seemed to understand and moved away without a further glance in the direction of the beseeching look in the eyes of the ‘baggage’.

The young men continued with their game of cards, using abusive language when the ‘baggage’ squirmed and let out muffled screams. Co-passengers were quite curious now, and started questioning the young men. One of the men told them that the ‘baggage’ was his sister. She was insane and violent, and was being taken to a big hospital in New Delhi. With sympathetic looks, some ‘tut-tutting’ and shaking of their heads, the passengers moved on. The troubled eyes of the ‘baggage’ filled with tears of despair.

The train was rattling along at very high speed. It was a ‘prestigious’ express train service between Baroda and New Delhi, and had very few stops between the two cities. As the ‘unreserved’ compartment filled up, and the whimpers from the ‘baggage’ grew louder, people around protested against such inhuman treatment of a mentally disturbed person, however violent she could be. Bowing to the pressure from co-passengers, the four young men were forced into revealing the contents of the ‘baggage’.

Mayhem had broken loose at the house of Rajeshwar Patel¹, the Station Master at Baroda junction.

¹ All names in this episode have been changed to protect identity

Niraben, wife of Rajeshwar, was making frantic phone calls to friends and relatives, and had asked her husband to come home immediately. Their daughter, Vaishali, a pretty 20 year old fresh graduate, about to be married in a fortnight's time, had not returned home after allegedly visiting a friend a few blocks away. Vaishali's friend was hysterical – she had seen off Vaishali, had seen her walking towards her apartment block. It was a cold, grey afternoon, eminently suitable for a siesta, and most people in the neighborhood had been indoors.

A distraught Rajeshwar could not think of anyone but Govardhan-bhai – the smiling, ever helpful Project Manager from Best and Crompton, commissioned for track electrification at Baroda. People had told him that Govardhan-bhai possessed divine powers that He used to help those in distress.

As Rajeshwar narrated the incident to Him, Govardhan closed His eyes. After what seemed an eternity to the anxious parents, He opened His eyes, and told them with a smile, “You can receive Vaishali tomorrow at Baroda station from the train arriving from Delhi.”

“What....? How....?” The flabbergasted parents could hardly articulate. Govardhan raised His hand. “Go with faith in the Divine,” He said confidently, and walked away into the room He used for prayers.

An innocuous looking bamboo stick reclined close to a framed photograph of the Divine Mother, Kamakshi. Govardhan lifted the stick, and caressed it lovingly before squatting and placing it close to His folded thighs. He closed His eyes once again and lapsed into deep prayer.

Even in her bedraggled state she looked beautiful. She wrenched herself free from the shackles of the ‘baggage’, and tried to beat her tormentors with her fists, “See!” the young men triumphantly told the onlookers. “We told you she is violent!”

They pushed her into a corner of the compartment, till she was wedged close to the toilet. They gagged her and tied her hands and feet, and assured the other passengers that they would ‘take care’ to see she did not harm any of them. She cringed and cried out as they advanced menacingly toward her.

And then it all happened at lightning speed. A mighty blow landed at the back of his head, and the man closest to her lay in a crumpled heap at her feet. Their mouths wide open in disbelief, his friends advanced, and a crippling blow was dealt on the second man's face. He screamed in excruciating pain, as a third punch paralyzed another's arm. Just at that moment, the train screeched to a sudden halt, and the fourth man was thrown out through the half open door.

It was a small station, and a totally unscheduled stopover for the express train. The girl, with astonishing presence of mind, rolled in quick movements to the door, jabbed it open with her shoulder and scrambled out, unmindful of the fact that she could be seriously hurt if she hard-landed on the stone platform.

At precisely the same moment, as if directed by an invisible hand, another train stopped abruptly at the opposite platform. It was an unscheduled halt, too, for the New Delhi- Baroda express train, the pair of the train in which the girl had been trapped. The puzzlement of the guard of the second train turned to consternation, as he found himself staring at the girl, writhing in an effort to free herself. He rushed to her rescue, as did many others from both trains.

The guard recognized her. “Vaishali!” he exclaimed, “What is happening?” He helped her to her feet, thanked the crowd, and started walking a limping, sobbing Vaishali to the train bound for Baroda, when

loud thuds and screams behind them signaled that the vendetta was far from over.

The four young men were bleeding profusely, as hefty blow after hefty blow was rained on them by an unseen hand. They screamed for their unknown assailant to stop, they could take it no more. They asked for pardon, for they had deceived her. But the blows did not abate, till all of them lay silent, too bruised even to whimper. The incredulous and puzzled onlookers slowly disbursed, and both trains left for their respective destinations, leaving the four men behind on a deserted railway station.

The guard of the train bound for Baroda was Rajeshwar's friend. With great understanding, he washed Vaishali's wounds, and administered first aid. He did not once ask the girl whose tears would never stop, what had transpired. At the next big stop, he telephoned Rajeshwar, and bade him be present at Baroda station to take his daughter home!

Rajeshwar and Niraben could hardly believe their ears. Did not Govardhan tell them that Vaishali would arrive by this very train?

When Vaishali rushed into her parents' arms, sobbing uncontrollably, their joy and relief seemed to vanish. An overarching undercurrent of anxiety took over. Where did Vaishali go? What happened to her while she was away? Would the episode cast aspersions on her character and mar her married life in future?

No one dared talk while Vaishali went home, bathed, changed and toyed around with a few morsels of food on her plate. Parents and daughter then headed straight to Govardhan's quarters.

A stunning radiance appeared to emanate from Govardhan and engulf all those present, as they sat in front of Him. He was gazing pointedly at Vaishali, eyes lowered, body still trembling with silent sobs. "Why do you cry, my child?" He said softly. "Tell the world you are pure, it was not your fault".

He waited for her outburst of weeping to subside, and told her parents. "You have to believe your child. What she is going to say is the absolute truth. She cannot utter any falsehood in my presence."

Vaishali was walking home after visiting her friend a few blocks away, when the four young men accosted her, saying that her father wanted her to come over immediately to the railway station where he was then on duty. He apparently had to hand over some money to her, required for her wedding expenses. She had been intrigued. "Who are you?" she had questioned the strangers. They were well dressed, and spoke with a sophisticated accent. "We are engineers recruited recently by the Railways department," they told her glibly. "And we are in Baroda on an observation tour. Your father has been very helpful to us, he treats us like his children. Since he is very busy right now, he sent us to fetch you."

Vaishali had wanted to dash into her house to inform her mother, but they effectively dissuaded her. "She has been informed by your father of your accompanying us," they said. Vaishali, a docile girl by nature, found no reason to protest against such logical arguments. She got into the waiting taxi and went along with the four men.

Only when the taxi took a detour did the first flush of doubt creep in. "Where are we going?" Vaishali's voice grew husky with fear. "We are going to New Delhi", said one of the men breezily, "your beauty and homely manners will fetch us a good price there". Their guffaws of laughter almost shook the car, and Vaishali knew instantly that she had been conned.

Once Vaishali knew the truth, the young men had to act fast. They had come prepared with bales and bales of cloth and rope, and created a mute ‘baggage’ out of her. They waited till the train was about to leave, and boarded the unreserved compartment unobtrusively. And all this had happened under her father’s very nose, while he been on duty at the same railway station!

The parents were aghast at this incredible narration, but relieved that their daughter had returned unscathed. Vaishali too looked more relaxed. She smiled and asked Govardhan, “But what I don’t understand is, who beat them up so relentlessly? I could not see any one there!”

Govardhan pointed to the bamboo stick. “You have to thank this fellow for punishing the miscreants. He knows whom to protect and whom to punish.”

“It was a miracle!” exclaimed Vaishali, back to her normal self. “You should have seen the men getting beaten up – no one there, but blow after blow unerringly falling on them! I was too perturbed then to wonder what was happening, but He saved me!” Tears of joy and gratitude welled in her eyes, as she knelt before Govardhan.

“Go, my child,” said Govardhan, “go and embark on a beautiful life ahead. What had to happen has been mitigated by divine forces. The bad patch has passed, giving you the agony that it should, but with no material harm. Forget this as a nightmare, but remember to be more vigilant in future.”

He turned to a transfixed Rajeshwar and Nira. “The same piece of advice to both of you too. Forget the incident, thank the Divine forces, and carry on with your duties.”

We return to the question we raised earlier. Who punished the young men? Did Govardhan punish them? If so, who or what gave Him the authority? As more and more such instances unfold, the answers too would become more visible.